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PETERSON'S

1857

MAGAZINE

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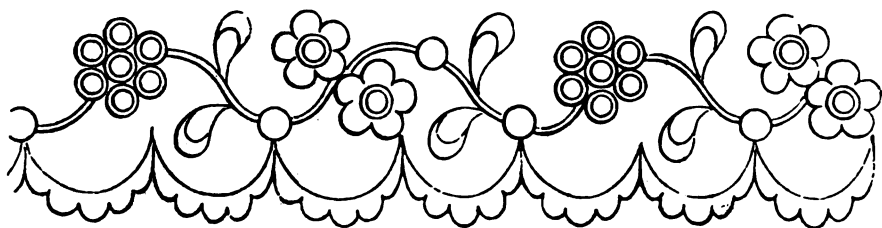
SLEEVE.



SLEEVE.



SILK BASQUE.



TRIMMING FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



THE MATILDE.



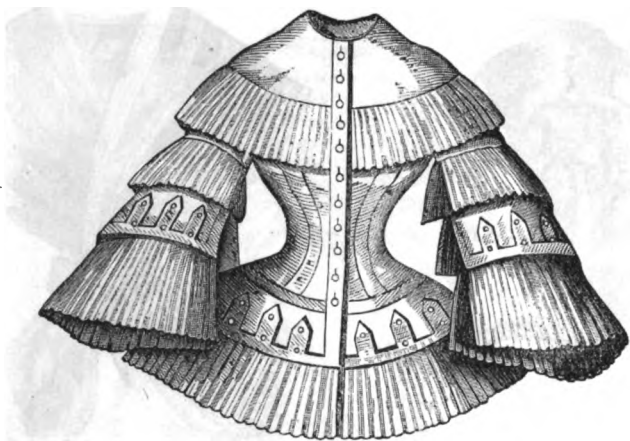
CAP.



ANTOINETTE FICHU.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.



BASQUINE.



BLACK CLOTH BASQUE.



LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.



FICHU BODY.

“GENTLY TOUCH THE WARBLING LYRE.”

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.



The vocal and piano accompaniment is divided into two systems. The first system features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings *sf* (sforzando) and *p* (piano).

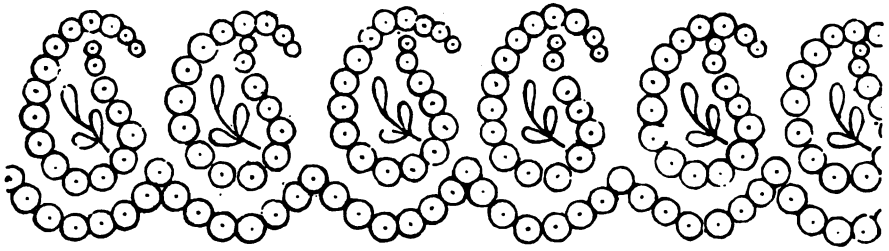
Gent - ly touch the warbling lyre; Chlo - e seems in - clined to rest; Fill her soul with

fond de - sire; Soft - est notes will soothe her breast. Pleasing dreams as - sist in love; Let them all pro - pi - tious prove.

Pleasing dreams as - sist in love; let them all pro - pi - tious prove.

2.

On the mossy bank she lies,
 (Nature's verdant velvet bed)
 Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
 Forming pillows for her head.
 Zephyrs waft her odors round,
 And indulging whispers sound.



EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL.



THE MUSCOVITE.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

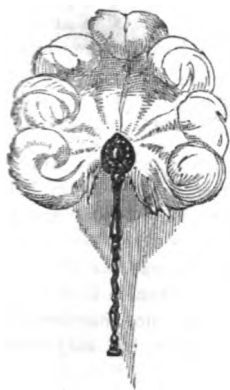
VOL. XXXI.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1867.

No. 1.

A THOUSAND YEARS OF FASHION.

BY GARRY STANLEY.



the Conquest, and the remains of which we still see in the wagoner's blouse.

Next came the gay and gallant Normans, when enormous trains, long sleeves, and vast veils were all the rage, as may be seen in this cut, representing a lady of the time of Henry I. Of all

races, which have ever lived, the Normans best deserved the name of high-bred. They ate daintily, and were fond of music and poetry; and their dress partook of the same magnificent and refined tastes. The displays of costume, at their tournaments, were always superb and costly. The gentlemen appeared



VOL. XXXI.—1

A glance at English fashions, for the last thousand years, exhibits a strange variety of costume. First came the Britons, dressed in skins; to these succeeded the Romans, in their scarlet-edged togas; and finally, about eleven centuries ago, the Saxons, in their simple tunics, which were worn, by the masses, even after

either in armor, or in rich and sumptuous velvets and furs. But little change, in the fashion of female dress occurred, till the time of Edward III. A "lady of high degree," as seen in this engraving, now wore a velvet chemise, trimmed with rich fur; a jacket fitting tight to the shape, embroidered in gold and silks; and a mantle of gold and silver cloth, sometimes studded with jewels.

The costume of the common people continued, in a great degree, what it had been in the old Saxon times; for the peasantry were still of Saxon race; and to this day, the peasantry in most countries of Europe adhere to the fashions of their ancestors, and know nothing of Parisian modes. Knights and nobles dressed as grandly, and wore as many velvets, furs and jewels, in those times, as their wives and daughters. The ordinary costume was tight hose; a velvet doublet; a rich cape; and a curious-looking hood, as seen over the page. The taste for gay colors was very great now. The doublet was often scarlet; the mantle blue, with whitelinings: the hose blue; and the shoes scarlet, trimmed with gold.

The wars of the Roses diminished, in some degree, the extravagance of the nobles; and the costume of the ladies became less costly and





splendid. But when Edward IV. found himself firmly seated on the throne, he revived the taste for sumptuous apparel. A very handsome man himself, he delighted in handsome dress. The celebrated Lord Hastings owed his rapid rise, in part, to his skill in the toilet. Contemporary writers describe elegance and luxury as having attained a point in this reign, which had never been equalled in England. The style of costume, however, remained mostly unal-

tered, the change being chiefly in the character of the material. It was at this time that plate armor attained its perfection. Those magnificent suits, of embossed Milanese steel, which are preserved as such rare curiosities of art, belong to this and the next age.

The next radical change in costume appears about the time of Henry VIII., a portrait of whom we annex, habited in a garment of cloth of gold, worn over a jacket of rose-colored velvet. His boots were of yellow leather. The fashion for ladies, in his day, may be seen from the portrait of his second wife, the ill-fated Anne Boleyn, which we give in the next column.



The fashions still remained splendid to the last degree. Henry himself never appeared, even on the most ordinary occasions, without a chain of costly rubies, and rings of the greatest value on his fingers. His court imitated his example, and many well born gentlemen, who came up to London



from their country residences, were ruined by the extravagance of the day. At the interview, between Henry VIII. and Francis I., on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," the aggregate value of the dresses worn by the courtiers was almost incre-

dible. Yet, with all this splendor in apparel, the domestic arrangements were vastly below what they are now, both as to the table and as to the furniture. The ladies drank beer and ate beef for breakfast; salted meat was almost the daily food of the nobility, when on their estates in the country; and the presence-chamber, even of the queen, had no carpet, but only rushes strewn on the floor.

The fashion, in Queen Elizabeth's time, was very peculiar. Here is a portrait of the "virgin queen," with her fanciful head-dress, like a





huge heart worn behind; her head buried in a ruff; and her long-waisted, formal stomacher. Splendor in dress still prevailed, and continued till the Great Rebellion, half a century later. George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, wore a dress, so covered with jewels, that he never went out in it without losing some.

We now come to a more graceful style, that of the cavaliers of

Charles I. It is a costume made immortal by Vandyke, and one of the most picturesque ever worn. The ladies of the time had their hair low on the forehead, and parted in ringlets; but otherwise the style did not vary materially from what it had been, for a century, except when Queen Elizabeth made long waists and ruffs fashionable. In the reign of Charles II., there were more or less modifications in style. At one time, that king sought to introduce cloth dresses, for gentlemen still wore velvets and silks, and affected high colors; but the fashion did not prevail. The famous gallery of Court Beauties, painted by Sir Peter Lely, shows how voluptuous was the female mode of costume. The Diary of Pepys abounds with hints as to the prevailing styles. One of his wife's most elegant dresses was of cloth laced with silver.

The cavalier costume gradually passed into that of the "fine gentleman" of George I. In the next cut, we see how

Addison, Swift, Bolingbroke, Steele, Walpole, and other wits, orators and statesmen of that day dressed. This costume continued, with some variations, up to the era of the French Revolution. Washington was married in a coat not very dissimilar, and Hancock presided over

the first Congress in a laced coat substantially of this pattern. At one time, the cuffs of gentlemen's coats were heavily loaded with lead, in order to make them hang down low from the wrist.



The influence of the French fashions began now to tell on the style of ladies' dresses.

The hoop was all the rage, from the beginning of the century, up to almost its end. About the time of Queen Anne, a "lady of quality" cut an odd figure, as our concluding engraving shows. For a time, as here seen, the

dress was made without a waist behind; a fashion long retained in court dresses; and indeed now attempted to be restored at the Tuileries. Afterward, long stomachers became all the rage, and hoops of enormous magnitude. Heavy brocades, as in our day, were now very fashionable. The French Revolution finally dethroned the hoop, and made a complete change in costume, inaugurating the era of short waists and narrow skirts.



Fans have been fashionable for ladies from the time of Henry VIII, and were substantially the same as now, as the feather-fan, used for our initial letter, and which was a gift to Queen Elizabeth, will show. About a century ago, enormous Spanish fans were fashionable. The fan, in the hands of a graceful woman, is a very beautiful accessory to dress.

LIFE.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

A PASSING hour for joy, and love,
Then grief and sorrow come,
And dim the star of hope above,
With shadows of the tomb.

Ah, why so brief the moments here
Of smiling youth, and gladness?
Why doth there ever hover near
The mystic cloud of sadness?

The sunny memories of the past,
With backward gaze I view,

When 'round my way, too bright to last,
The myrtle blossoms grew.

But now the cypress wreath is mine,
The morning light is gone,
No longer bloom the rose, and vine,
Around my pathway lone.

But may the amaranth for me,
Be twined by those I love,
And sacred kept, till I shall be
Called to my home above.

ANOTHER YEAR.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

ANOTHER year hath sped its round!
To many hearts a weary sound,
A dull and leaden tread;
Oft fraught with days of dark despair,
And lonely nights of earnest pray'r
To lie among the dead!

A few short years of hopes and fears,
Of alternating smiles and tears,
Resign us to the tomb!

'Tis hard to see the path we made,
Half lost amid life's darker shade,
Of idleness the gloom!

Oh! let us strive to earth to give
Some tribute that shall long out-live
Our forms beneath the sod;
And as we in affliction's school
Impressive learn life's golden rule,
Put all our trust in God!

VERSES.

BY MRS. C. H. CRISWELL.

I THINK of one who is not near,
Whose manly form I do not see,
I think of him, for he is dear—
But thou art not he.

I know not whither he has gone,
I cannot tell where he may be,

Yet throbs my heart for him alone—
But thou art not he.

He loves me—though I know it well,
He never breathed the thought to me
His image in my heart doth dwell—
But thou art not he.

THE TUTOR'S TRIAL.

BY A. L. OTIS

There are fiery trials in these days as in the days of old. Our trembling, shrinking souls pass through them, and whether triumphant or conquered, are no more scatheless than were the feet of the victims of by-gone superstition.

When a young man of twenty-three, in my first tutorship, I passed through mine.

I was educated for the church, but before my studies were complete, my health utterly failed, and several years were spent in endeavoring to regain it, by rest and travel. It was partially restored, but I found that every attempt at severe study, brought back the same frightful headaches. I then sought an easy tutorship to maintain my independence.

I was staying at the house of a friend, when in answer to my advertisement the first applicant came. I was seated in the library, adjoining the parlor, and overheard the conversation between the gentleman, who wished for my services, and my friend.

"I require," said the former, "a gentleman and a scholar, but above all things, a high-minded person, who will have a just sense of his responsibility, and be able to inspire respect. He must be qualified to teach the modern languages, drawing and music. I should decidedly object to his being either young or handsome."

"My friend Kennedy," was the reply, "answers your description exactly, except that he is young, but an uglier fellow never lived. He would suit you perfectly in that respect—and in having a gentle, unassuming dignity, &c., &c. I will ring and ask if he is at home."

I was summoned I suited the gentleman, Mr. de Ville, exactly—*humph!*

The next month saw me installed in office in his southern home—not exactly in office either, for my pupil had not returned from a visit to her aunt. I sat, however, in the school-room, a most luxurious apartment, opening on a verandah, and looking down across the lawn to the live-oak woods, with their long swinging moss, whence emerged the hard, well-kept road to the house. Through a vista nature left open on purpose, I could see the lazy ocean basking in its autumn haze. Directly under the window was the front-door of the mansion. I was sitting at this window, awaiting with some curiosity the arrival of Miss Clara de Ville, and her escort of

brothers, who were to approach by the forest road before mentioned.

I heard them long before I saw them, and I could distinguish a girl's merry laugh above the tramping and snorting of the horses, and the deep, hearty voices of her jovial escort. All this was like a romance to me. I felt as if I were in one of Walter Scott's novels. I thought of Rashleigh Osbaldistone and the captivating Di Vernon.

As the party neared the house, I saw that no Di Vernon was approaching, though the lady was a graceful rider. Her figure was petite, but fully developed, but her face was the face of a child. The soft, rich, rosy complexion, large, dark eyes, clustering hair, and the simplicity of expression, made it look to me like one of Greuse's sweetest baby-faces, animated into quick, healthful life. Every feature was fine, but rounded, and dimpled like a cherub's.

As her stalwart brother approached to lift her from her horse, she clasped both arms around his neck, and almost blinded him with kisses while he carried her in.

I fell in love at first sight! Had I come here for this? Mr. de Ville had naturally guarded his daughter from the danger of a handsome tutor. Why had I not inquired, whether the beauty of my pupil was likely to imperil my peace of mind?

Clara was only fifteen, and intensely ignorant, especially of all conventionalities, from being motherless and sisterless. At first she treated me as if I were a thousand years older and wiser than herself—much as other school-girls treat their teachers, with a mixture of respect and fear. I could not bear this; I had a right to encourage her to feel a certain degree of affection for me—a scanty measure indeed—and soon won.

Then she freely gave me more, made me her confidant; that is, told me of her quarrels with her brothers, when she got into any, grumbled because her father would not let her go hunting with them, and found fault with her aunt, if she was not sufficiently indulgent to her little ladyship in the matter of dresses or sweetmeats.

And this baby held my heart in her hand? Even so.

A year passed by. I taught her with my

whole heart, and she acquired surprisingly fast. Yet she remained, in manner, as entirely child-like as before, and almost every day her artless words brought terms of endearment to my lips that I dared not utter. I tried to remain only the teacher and friend.

I have said she made me her confidant, and one day she told me that she was betrothed—but it was while a baby, and by her father, to young William Merkeley, her brother's friend. She told me that this was the greatest secret she had ever had to keep—for her nurse, Mammy Nelly, had only informed her of her betrothal one time when she was in a passion, to amuse and pacify her. She had promised, with her hand on the Bible, that she would never betray her knowledge of it.

Then she looked up affrighted, and said,

"And I have just broken my promise! Oh, Mr. Kennedy, what does make me tell you everything?"

"It was very wrong in old Nelly to exact such a promise, and worse still to betray the confidence reposed in her."

"But you wouldn't tell on her, would you? She would be punished, you know."

She smoothed my cheek imploringly as I sat beside her desk.

"Old Nelly deserves nothing better," I replied, only to be more persuaded.

She stole her arm around my neck, and looked into my face with such beseeching sweetness, that I said, hurriedly, with a faltering tongue and burning brow,

"No, no, my darling, Nelly is safe. Her disgrace would be your suffering, and yours a hundred fold mine," and there was more in my tone than my words.

I felt like a guilty wretch the next moment, for with an awakened, puzzled look and a quick motion, the little caressing hand was withdrawn, and a vivid blush suffused her down-cast face.

What mischief might I not have occasioned! Clara's aunt Olivia, the duenna of the school-room, usually slept profoundly in her bamboo easy-chair throughout the lessons—as comfortable a duenna as can be imagined. But after that I had rather she had been as fierce and wakeful a dragon as ever guarded damsel, so much did I fear myself, and that I might not have sufficient strength of mind to hold that young heart at a distance: that heart that I longed to inspire with the warmth of mine, instead of chilling and repelling it.

Of course, my manner became cold and constrained. Clara felt it instantly, and shrank

from me. She no longer came with childish confidence; but kept a humble and reserved silence. She was grieved too, for I often caught her brimming eyes resting sadly on my face.

Deer-hunting was a favorite sport with her brothers. Clara often petitioned her father to let her go once with them. Mr. de Ville at last gave his consent, provided I would go, not as a participant, but simply as her protector, lest interest in the chase should lead me to forget her, or consent to some rash riding.

A party of young gentlemen from the neighboring plantations, among them William Merkeley, were to go with us. It was a gay, light-hearted cavalcade that set forth that morning. Even I felt as if I swept the sky in my elation, when we dashed forward on our eager steeds. Clara was full of exuberant joy, and I could not keep my eyes from dwelling on her beautiful face, as we subsided into an easy gate, and rode side by side.

My countenance, ugly as it was, knew how to tell its tale eloquently, and the tale it told gave pleasure, though both the giving and receiving were unconscious.

We unintentionally lagged behind the rest of the party, and where the sweeping moss hung like a misty veil around us, Clara turned blushing to me, and riding closer said,

"Mr. Kennedy, you have not lost all respect for me?"

I was extremely surprised, and stammered,

"What do you mean, Miss Clara?"

"I should have told you before how very sorry I have been, and how willing to do better, but you were so displeased I did not dare."

I felt myself growing more and more confused, more and more crimson. I ventured no reply, and she continued,

"Of course, it was a wicked thing to break so solemn a promise, even if it was made only to Mammy Nelly."

I gave a sigh of relief. I thought or feared at first that she alluded to her childish caress.

"I thank you for letting me know by your displeasure, how serious my fault was, but I am glad you are going to smile upon me again."

"Heaven itself smiles upon you!" I could not help replying.

"Ah, I will never break a promise again after this lesson, trust me," she said, solemnly; and then with her peculiar appealing look, added, holding out her hand, "I am entirely forgiven?"

"Surely," I answered, not daring to hold her hand a moment, lest the impulse to press it to my lips should master me.

Having my forgiveness seemed to make her

supremely happy, for she laughed aloud, and giving the rein to her ambitious horse, we were soon speeding forward like the wind to overtake the party.

The woods had been encircled by huntsmen. We found ourselves near William Merkeley, who doffed his cap, when we rode up; his countenance brightening with the hope of distinguishing himself before Clara. He was a handsome fellow, with a fine manly form, and resolute, gallant bearing. His blue eyes and bright hair caused me a pang of jealousy. I watched Clara. She was bashful and silent, perhaps because she suspected he knew of their early allotment to each other; but she looked very like a girl in the presence of him she loves, and I trembled with doubt.

The circle of hunters drew closer, and suddenly a deer sprang through the underbrush, its pretty head turned back to look at its pursuers.

"Save it! Oh, don't kill it!" cried Clara, as she saw William taking aim, his face fierce with a hunter's eagerness.

The excitement, the instinct of the sportsman overcame his momentary hesitation, he fired, his ball passed just behind its ears, it sprang forward and fell dead almost at our horses' feet.

William gave a shout of delight; Clara screamed and hid her eyes, then burst into tears. I led her horse away, but she took her hand from her face, and looked back, just as Merkeley stood over the deer, and sounded a quick call on his hunting-horn.

I observed with indignation, that Clara was utterly forgotten in the excitement of victory, and felt that should she marry Merkeley, she would one day be a neglected wife. I observed also that he looked romantic and handsome enough to be Robin Hood himself, and again I glanced uneasily at Clara. Her eyes flashed with contempt, and she exclaimed,

"Horrid savage!" again bursting into tears, and adding, "How could he kill that pretty creature that was running to him, as if for protection! I hate him as I do a butcher."

I felt ashamed of a secret joy, and, therefore, defended William Merkeley, and asked her what she expected to see at a deer-hunt.

She begged me to take her home. I said we could not leave the party without mentioning our intention of returning. So we turned our horses' heads and rode back, just in time to see Merkeley with the deer's tail in his cap, take his place, proudly, at the front of the party. This distinction, witnessed by Clara, made his color mount high, and he threw disdainful

glances at me, probably feeling that I was only a would-be rival, and one to be scorned.

The hunters were glad to excuse us doubtless, for after polite expressions of regret, they immediately proposed riding to a more distant, and better hunting-ground. They wished us a pleasant ride home, and several advanced to pay a few parting compliments to Clara, among them William Merkeley. He pushed eagerly forward, carrying his gun very carelessly. The trigger caught on some part of the harness, and the gun going off, the charge entered my arm.

No one who has not received a shot, knows the stunning shock it gives one. I was leaning over, adjusting Clara's curb-rein, and the first I knew of my mishap was that I was under her horse's feet. He reared, but there were strong hands near to control him and save her. She was led away and my arm examined. The bullet has passed through it, it was only a flesh wound, and of no consequence. Half a dozen handkerchiefs were tied around it to stop the profuse bleeding, and I insisted upon mounting and accompanying Clara home.

Her younger brother, and William Merkeley, who apologised moodily for his clumsiness, offered to go with us, the party to await their return; and we set out. Clara tacitly refused to leave my side, so the two young men rode in front, talking over their sport, and we followed in silence, I, pale from loss of blood, Clara from the terror she had suffered. She often asked me gently if I felt much pain. Gradually she began to talk more as usual, and at length leaned forward to whisper almost in my ear,

"My father's plans are thwarted, for I will never, never marry William Merkeley."

Arrived at the mansion, William stood ready to assist Clara to dismount. I saw her frown and pretend to be engaged in hanging her whip on the pommel. I alighted quickly, although I felt the blood, which had ceased flowing, gush from my wound, and approached to give her my hand. She touched the rein, met me half way, and placing her hand on my shoulder, sprang lightly down. With a cold good-morning to Mr. Merkeley, she entered the house.

Young de Ville recommended me to his aunt's care, and the two gentlemen rode off.

Miss Olivia made me lie down on the drawing-room sofa, and sent for lint and bandages. Remembering after taking off some of the handkerchiefs, that she had written directions for the treatment of gun-shot wounds in some forgotten drawer, she left me to search for them. The lessened pressure let the blood flow freely. I grew very faint. I tried to call for ~~her~~, but

could not raise my head or make a sound. The frightened blacks who surrounded me ran for Miss de Ville. They met Clara just outside the door, and I heard them exclaim that I was dying.

She came in, trying to hasten, but almost fainting at every step. She sank down beside the sofa speechless, her head on my shoulder, and her cheek to mine.

Again the blood sprang from my wound with the bound of my heart, but I dared not give way to feeling or lose my presence of mind.

"Miss Clara," I made an effort to say, "do not be alarmed, I am only a little faint. Be so kind as to bring me some water."

Clara raised her head with a sigh, and sent her servant for it. Then our eyes rested on equally pale countenances. I could not bear to see her suffering so severely from sympathy with me, and said,

"Go, dear pupil. You must not stay here."

"I will stay," she answered, passionately. "Who shall make me go? Not father nor aunt: I care a thousand times more for you than either. I will die if you die. I will not live without you, I cannot."

"For heaven's sake, hush," I cried, in alarm, glancing uneasily at the sable faces around us.

She sent them away with a quick, imperious gesture.

"Now," she murmured, "now, let me stay, let me tell you before you die. Oh! if I were dying I would beg to have you near me! I would not send you away."

I could say no more, but fainted outright, though the cry Clara uttered penetrated my insensible ears. It recalled her aunt, and they were endeavoring to resuscitate me when the surgeon arrived.

In a week I was able to resume my duties again, though still rather weak—but I had had time for reflection, and I knew I was in honor bound to resign my situation, and leave Clara to forget her childish affection, which now threatened to ripen into a deeper feeling.

My bitter trial was beginning. I had seen nothing of her during my slight illness, because they said her nerves had received a severe shock, and it was best not to let her see my pale face, lest it should recall her alarm.

The surgeon having given me permission to ride on horseback, I resolved to leave the next day: and on the evening before my departure, I lay upon the school-room lounge, looking toward the west, where the vivid red met the star-spangled black of the upper sky with a strange tropical effect, no medium, no half tints, nor twilight.

I thought bitterly of the sacrifice honor required of me. My heart yearning for Clara's love, I must leave behind me every chance of ever obtaining it. And when I thought of her sweet loveliness, and of the child-like, but most ardent and unexpected affection for me she had manifested so lately, I groaned in spirit to think that I must banish myself, to remain forever a discontented, restless, sad man. I was absorbed in grief, and did not hear a footstep, or suspect a presence, until I felt a soft, young cheek pressed to the hand that shaded my eyes, and then many kisses, gently, rapidly falling on my brow. Then I heard the throbbing, panting heart they came from. I arose dizzily and seating Clara, stood before her for a moment in silence, passionate words thronging to my lips, but vehemently repressed by a sense of right.

While thus combatting my thoughts Clara was weeping. At last she spoke words that petrified me.

"Father is very angry with me. He says he will no longer call me daughter. I have come to you for comfort. You are good, and kind, and dear to me."

"Why is he displeased?" I asked, with effort.

"Mr. Merkeley proposed for my hand to-day. Father gave his consent and sent him to me. I refused him."

"And your reason?"

"I dislike him. Oh, why will they force me from my school-room? Why can't I be a child a little while yet? As long as you will teach me I never want to grow into a young woman. Why must they take me from this dear, old school-room?"

I resolved to speak now of my departure, though not to give the true reason for it.

"But, my dear pupil, you are a young woman, and the school-room is your place no longer. Do you not know that my stay here as your teacher is to be very short now?"

"Oh, no, no, no," she cried, in an eager, frightened tone, holding up her clasped hands; but almost instantly she buried her face in them and remained silent.

"Yes," I said, "very soon—and, Clara, as this quiet room has been witness to our happy studies and hours of conversation, I wish it to be the scene of our farewell. And this dusky summer eve will conceal any unmanly emotions, so I will say farewell now—and, Clara, it is too painful to be borne longer, and so—God bless you, and farewell forever."

I placed my hand for one moment upon her bowed head, and afraid to stay longer lest either she or I might be hurried into fond, indiscreet

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11



J.D. Gross.

THE BUTTERFLIES.

Expressly for Peterson's Magazine

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words, I left the room and went straight to Mr. Kennedy's eyes out, because her father wanted her to marry

Miss Markeley."

On the fourth day I proceeded on my journey. I looked from the steamboat deck with availing eyes toward the home that sheltered Clara, and thought with pain that I was, perhaps, leaving a broken heart behind me. I had chosen a place on the lonely upper deck, where I could indulge my thoughts undisturbed, but my privacy was soon intruded upon. A veiled lady approached me, and with a glad, fervent pressure placed her hand within my own. It was the daring, self-willed child.

"Why are you here? How came you here?" I asked, half in alarm, half in joy.

"They persecute me at home," she replied. "I know you love me better than any one on earth does, and Mr. Kennedy—I—"

Her imploring eyes were turned to mine, and her beautiful, blushing face spoke love on every swift change.

I knew it all before, or the rapture would have overcome me. I only turned sick at heart.

It was my trial by fire.

She watched my face. Its paleness seemed to alarm her. A pang of terror and shame at the thought that perhaps I did not love her, seemed to strike her dead, and she fell at my feet fainting.

When she revived to perfect consciousness, which was not for a long time, we were in a carriage, her nurse Nelly, Clara and I, and almost at her father's door.

She did not speak one word to me, but tried to bury her face in her nurse's lap. I knew she must be prepared for our arrival, and whispered,

"Clara, honor only keeps me silent. To your father first I must declare. In an hour, I hope all will be well. Cheer up, dear Clara, and every heavenly persuasion to our aid will be so well for you. Your father cannot but win his heart against them. We are here."

Clara, when assisted from the carriage, hurried up stairs to hide herself in her own apartment, while I explained to Mr. de Ville. Clara had left home the day before, and had remained all night in the agony of a father's sorrow. Her father had been taken so little hearing of his daughter's elopement that he was still confined to his bed. His sons were making every effort to trace her.

Mr. de Ville's first impulse was to upbraid me, but justice prevailed, and he moodily thanked me for restoring her to him. Then I plead my suit, but he would not listen to me until after the return of his sons, and then they all used their influence in my favor.

the drawing-room impatiently. He sat at his daughter's opposite, and watched her plans. Before I could

I wish to consult you. You have been with my daughter, and can tell me, I hope, to listen to reason."

I could not help him in this. He came to him to request an audience. I was sorry I could not do so, but I felt that I was unfit for my duties, and that I was only a burden on his hospitality in staying.

I alluded to the state of my mind, and strove earnestly to induce me to leave. The next morning saw me riding sadly on the road which had once brought me a vision of delight on my way to —, and a farewell for the North.

Mr. de Ville's prejudices, and the little upon the first love of so young a girl, and for so unprepossessing a person, I never said one word of my love for her to

the first day than the next. I received a kind invitation to spend the evening at the mansion, and took that occasion to see Mr. de Ville's horse and servant, and I felt too weak to travel in that manner, and should take the steamboat the next

Mr. de Ville, however, to do so. A fever, which seemed to make me delirious, attacked me, and I was so vehemently to retain my consciousness, and not betray Clara or myself, that during the hours of stupor I began to conquer

Mr. de Ville was at first much alarmed, and he sought to acquaint the de Villes with my condition. He waited with impatience the arrival of the messenger to see me, for I felt as if I had been months from Clara, and longed to see her. She was well. But I waited in vain every day to inquire after my health.

It was Clara's own messenger. In my hours of weakness I began to have a truer estimate of her love for me, and to fear that she would be the displeasure of the family upon me by announcing it. I desired my host to

particularly about the health of the de Villes the next time the messenger came, and thereby obtained the consoling news that "all were well but Miss Clara, who was crying her



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words, I left the room and went straight to Mr. de Ville.

He was pacing the drawing-room impatiently. I knew he was chafing at his daughter's opposition to his long-cherished plans. Before I could speak he said,

"Mr. Kennedy, I wish to consult you. You have much influence with my daughter, and can prevail upon her, I hope, to listen to reason." He then stated the case.

I replied that I could not help him in this matter, since I had come to him to request an immediate discharge. I was sorry I could not give longer notice, but I felt that I was unfit for the resumption of my duties, and that I was only trespassing on his hospitality in staying.

He supposed I alluded to the state of my health, and strove earnestly to induce me to stay; but the next morning saw me riding sadly along that forest road which had once brought me such a vision of delight on my way to —, there to embark for the North.

I knew too well Mr. de Ville's prejudices, and I depended too little upon the first love of so young a girl, and for so unprepossessing a person as myself, to say one word of my love for her to her father.

I went no further the first day than the next plantation. I received a kind invitation to spend the night at the mansion, and took that occasion to send back Mr. de Ville's horse and servant, saying that I felt too weak to travel in that manner, and should take the steamboat the next day.

I was too ill, however, to do so. A fever, which threatened to make me delirious, attacked me, but I strove so vehemently to retain my consciousness and not betray Clara or myself, that after a few hours of stupor I began to conquer the disease.

The family was at first much alarmed, and went over to acquaint the de Villes with my state. I waited with impatience the arrival of some one of them to see me, for I felt as if I had been parted months from Clara, and longed to hear that she was well. But I waited in vain. They sent every day to inquire after my health, but no one came to see me. It was Clara's own servant who was the messenger. In my hours of quiet reflection I began to have a truer estimation of her love for me, and to fear that she had brought the displeasure of the family upon herself by confessing it. I desired my host to inquire particularly about the health of the de Villes the next time the messenger came, and thereby obtained the consoling news that "all were well but Miss Clara, who was crying her

eyes out, because her father wanted her to marry Massa Merkeley."

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Mr. de Ville's first impulse was to upbraid me, but justice prevailed, and he moodily thanked me for restoring her to him. Then I plead my suit, but he would not listen to me until after the return of his sons, and then they all used their influence in my favor.

Meanwhile I had not remained at Mr. de Ville's, but had gone to the same plantation I was so kindly received at before. Clara's brothers called on me there, and on leaving me Hubert, the eldest, said,

"Kennedy, I have always liked and respected you, and if you will take our mad-cap sister after she has played such a prank, I shall always think her more fortunate than she deserves to be."

"No," cried Henry, her youngest and favorite brother, "not more fortunate or happy than she deserves, for Clara is an angel; but as happy as any wife is likely ever to be, if a good, kind, honorable fellow for a husband makes her happiness."

I was summoned to Mr. de Ville on the same day, and found, when I entered the room, Clara

standing by his bedside. He held her hand firmly, for she had tried to escape, saying in a tone meant to be pleasant, but very sarcastic in reality,

"No, no. No running from your punishment. Hear from Mr. Kennedy's own lips that you have presented him with your love, and that he refuses such a graceless daughter for a wife, or takes you unwillingly."

"Clara, come. Come, my Clara," I said, holding out my arms, and passionately longing to shield her from her father's mocking reproaches. "He knows, and you know, and God knows that I have long, long loved you from the bottom of my soul."

She threw herself upon my heart.

Oh, that all trials borne might bring so great a reward.

THE RIVER OF TEARS.

BY W. D. THOMAS.

Through a valley drear and lonely
Floats a dark and sullen stream,
Visited by shadows only—
Never by a sun-bright beam;
On its shore the funeral willows
In thick, shadowy clusters grow,
And their branches sweep its waters
As they onward flow.

Heavy mists are ever trailing
O'er that river's lonesome shore,
And a mournful sound of wailing
Haunts the air forevermore;
Not a flower, sweetly blooming,
Ever decks that gloomy land,
But the sedge its dews are weeping
All along the strand.

Warbler of the forest never
There, amid the umbrage sings,
But above the moaning river,
Ravens flap their midnight wings;
And along its shores at even,
Paled Memories ever glide,
Bathing oft their faded tresses
In its rolling tide.

Dwellers by that lonesome river—
All who breathe its haunted air,
Wildly ring their hands forever,
Half in madness—half despair;
Cheerless, hopeless dawn the morrow—
Not a ray of light appears
In the shadowy Vale of Sorrow—
By the Stream of Tears.

THEY TELL ME THAT THE HAND OF TIME.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

THEY tell me that the hand of Time
Has rudely swept aside
The lustre of thy youthful brow,
Thy beauteous, blooming pride;
But if thy heart is still the same,
From base suspicions free,
Thou still indeed art beautiful
And lovely unto me.

For in thy pure, angelic soul
True beauty ever dwells;
And truth and virtue there exist
Like pearls in Ocean's shells;
And having thy fond, truthful heart
I have an untold prize;
For in the temple of thy soul
Thy beauty never dies.

THE PALE-FLOWER.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

"WELCOME, my old friend. When did you arrive? I feel as if a mountain breeze was blowing through the library; for you bring the aroma and freshness of your Alleghanies with you."

It was my old friend, Jeremy Short, now in his eightieth year, and still as hale and hearty as most men at sixty, thanks to a life spent among the hills! I had not seen him for nearly two years. In a moment, I had his hat and cane; John was despatched for his trunk; and we were sitting cozily by the grate-fire, "immortal Will Shakspeare" looking down on us, from a copy of the veritable Ellesmere portrait.

I had been reading "Hi-a-wa-tha." My old friend took it up.

"Minnehaha," he said, "what a beautiful name! How like." And he sighed.

"Like what?" I asked, after a pause, during which we both contemplated the fire.

"Like the name of one I knew, fifty years ago, when I was at the Black Hills. Poor Meneteah! The wild flowers have been blooming over her, for half a century. She died to save my life."

I had long known that there was a romance of some kind connected with the old man's life; but had never heard the details. The present seemed a favorable opportunity. I gave him a cigar, for the weed always opens the heart, and directly he spoke as follows, first shutting the library doors, that no profane listeners might intrude on the sacred narrative. I give it, as near as possible, in his own words.

When I first saw the upper Missouri—he said—there wasn't a white man had ever crossed the Black Hills, or woke with his rifle the echoes of the Rocky Mountains. Lewis and Clarke were boys at school. The vast prairies, which lie at the base of the Corderillas, stretching for hundreds of leagues toward the Mississippi, had never heard the voice of a pale-face, or been pressed by the foot of civilization. All was wild, solitary and sublime. Even the traders hadn't yet penetrated this wilderness; and the beaver built, the buffalo herded, the eagle soared, and the red-men hunted safe from Christian rapine and wrong.

St. Louis was then a frontier town, and still

in possession of the French—what changes fifty years have made!—and it was quite a common thing for the Sioux to come down there to trade. A young brave of that nation was there, when I was; I met him at the governor's; and we soon got quite intimate. He was a noble fellow, as tall and graceful as an Apollo, and with a volume of sinew that might have been the model for a Hercules. We went so far as to change names; and so he always called me "the War Eagle." At last he asked me to visit his country, and hunt buffalo with him beneath the Black Hills. Young and venturesome, it was the very thing I wanted. It was something to penetrate where no white man had ever been. So bidding adieu to civilization, I shouldered my rifle, and plunged into the pathless wilderness under the guidance of my young Sioux brave.

You've never crossed the prairies, have you? You may travel for months upon them without seeing a hill, meeting a tree, or speaking to a human being. The sun rises and sets on a boundless expanse of green. At times you will find the prairie as level as the ocean in a calm: then for weeks you will travel among rolling uplands like the same ocean in a storm; and by-and-bye you will come upon short, steep hills, like the cross chopt seas at the mouth of a tide river. Now a herd of a hundred thousand buffaloes will go trampling by, shaking the solid earth like an earthquake: and now the shadowy outline of some Indian horseman will be seen sweeping gracefully along the far-off horizon. Amid such scenes we journeyed for weeks. When hunger overtook us we would bring down a buffalo, light a fire, select the choicest morsel, and have a feast worthy of kings; and at nightfall, spreading our buffalo robes beneath us, we lay down on the velvet turf, with the balmy winds lulling us to sleep, and millions of stars glittering in the calm, blue sky above. It was a wild but fascinating life, full of ever brilliant variety! Now we would be smoking in the wigwam of some friendly brave, and now passing some tribe of hostile Indians. At such times what a choice fellow was my Sioux brave! How he would palaver to the old chiefs, and talk of the great-medicine-man, as he called me! Or if he thought this wouldn't do, how stealthily he would creep

around their villages in the night! Once or twice we had to cut our way through: and we only escaped a thousand Pawnees, encamped on the Platte, by gliding with the current past them in a bark canoe during a night storm. At last we beheld the Sioux village, far down on the horizon; and a hundred warriors, discovering us at once, galloped on their fiery steeds, waving their lances, and shouting wildly to welcome us. They no sooner learned what I was—for few of them had ever before seen a white man—than they almost dragged me from my horse, and bore me in triumph to their village.

Here I lived for months. Here, too, I met the sister of my Sioux friend, a being all beauty and grace, and with a complexion so fair that she was called "The Pale-Flower." Few in any clime are so beautiful as was Meneateeah. She had an eye like a gazelle, dark and languishing; hair, soft and silky, like the tresses of a mountain-nymph; and a form as light, elastic, and sylph-like as ever trod greensward, or haunted the classic woodlands of old Greece. Ah! sir, she seemed, half the time, floating in air. And then how artless she was. It's no use to deny it; woman is sweet, endearing woman the wide world over:—and what with chattering in bad Sioux, and telling moonlight tales of my own land, I got to look upon her almost as a sister, and the dear creature—I really believe—thought of me with even tenderer emotions. But if she did, her tongue never breathed it. I fell sick once, and she was my nurse. I really think if it hadn't been for her kindness I should have died. She bathed my fevered head, sang me songs to lull me to repose, and almost wept for joy when I recovered.

Well—to hurry on—the Sioux, at this time, were at war with the Pawnees, and it was not till half a year after my arrival, that a great smoke was held between the hostile chiefs, and the hatchet buried in the big lodge of the village. As soon as this was settled, my Sioux friends found leisure to escort me to the Rocky Mountains, where we went for a great hunt.

In a fortnight we reached our destination—and I stood upon one of their lofty peaks, amid the region of eternal snows. What a magnificent scene! Below—peak, cliff, and gentle slope fell down into the plain on either hand, while far away to the west, over forest and river, the setting sun sunk into the vast Pacific. The eagle sailed unharmed in these solitary recesses, and the sun shone down on clouds thousands of feet below. Now the hoarse roar of a cataract broke majestically on my ear, and now the imprisoned wind, like stifled thunder, was heard far down

some dark ravine. I lifted up my voice, waking the echoes that had slumbered since creation. A crowd of sublime emotions thronged in my bosom. Never had civilized foot stood where I stood. A continent was beneath me; its past history a dream; the names of the races that peopled it unknown. The graves of nations were under my feet.

I well remember when, on our return, we first caught sight of the Sioux wigwams, dwindled on the horizon to a speck; and the eagerness with which we pressed on across the prairie to reach our homes before nightfall. Suddenly we saw a crowd issuing from the village, and with slow and solemn steps approaching us. The crowd was headed by the old men; and contained scarcely a single warrior. Instead of the wild, tumultuous joy, which attended our first arrival, when a hundred braves swept huzzaing around us on their fleet horses, we were met with solemn silence, and all the stoicism of the Indian character. The cause was soon explained. A party of our Sioux friends, when returning from a visit to a neighboring village, had been waylaid by the Pawnees, who, after murdering the braves, had carried off the women as captives. My sweet prairie-flower was one of the prisoners.

"Does my white-brother hear?" said her brother, turning to me with unnatural calmness, but a fire burning in his dark eye that boded a fearful vengeance, "does my white-brother hear?"

I answered that I would go with him, to the world's end, to rescue Meneateeah. A smile of approval lighted up the countenance of the young chief, as he said in his deep, guttural tones,

"Good—very good. The War-eagle and his brother will be after the dogs of Pawnees before sunset."

The proposition was hailed with a shout; we made our preparations for the war-party; and before the moon was an hour high, we were already far upon the track of the flying Pawnees.

All night we continued the pursuit, and only toward morning paused for a little rest. In an hour or two we resumed our march, and night had long settled on the prairie before we halted to bivouac till morning. We had moved for some hours with extreme caution, for we suspected the enemy to be in our near neighborhood; and accordingly when we stopped, runners were sent out to reconnoitre the Pawnee camp; and scouts stationed to prevent all possibility of surprise.

At my urgent request I had been permitted by the young chief to accompany him to one of these outposts where he proposed to spend the night.

It was a still, hazy evening. A few stars flickered through the mist; the moon waded heavily amid the clouds above; and occasionally the wind moaned across the silent prairie, with a low, mournful sound. In an hour, however, the clouds totally obscured the light, and a thick, palpable darkness settled down around us. Occasionally a low sound, like the stifled neigh of a horse, would be heard amid the stillness; and then the wailing tones of the night-wind would come to the ear with a strange, mysterious sound. A couple of hours had passed, when I fancied I heard a cry, like that of a human voice, coming out of the darkness a short distance ahead. I put my ear to the ground, and—as I live—heard voices conversing. What they said, however, was in a language I knew not. I looked hurriedly around to apprise my companion of our danger; but I found myself—I could scarcely credit it—alone. For one minute I fancied I saw a dark form, stealing along in the uncertain gloom; but even while I looked the shadowy appearance vanished. Left to my own resources, I did not quail. Hurriedly throwing my rifle across my arm, with one foot extended, and every sense alive with excitement, I waited the approach of my foes. Had the chance been given me I should have sold my life dearly; but all at once, as a dark form rose suddenly before me, I felt myself tripped up, and fell prostrate on the prairie. In another instant four swarthy figures sprang up at my feet, and I found myself a prisoner. My hands were instantly bound, and I was hurried off toward the Pawnee camp. The Indians had approached by crawling noiselessly on their hands and feet; and while I was looking for them in the gloom, they had me already in their power.

Never shall I forget the emotions of that night. I well knew the manner in which prisoners were treated, and I looked forward to a death of torture. Morning at length dawned; but it brought me no comfort. The savages who held me in their custody seemed to enjoy a fiendish delight in anticipating the tortures they intended for me. I tried in vain to open a conversation with them; but they pretended not to understand me, maintaining a dogged silence. At last we reached their village. It was only the signal for new insults. Boys, women, and children thronged around, heaping opprobrious epithets upon me, jostling, pelting, spitting upon me, and shouting in derision at my bonds. I knew it was useless to talk of mercy—I'd sooner die than show the white feather—and so I took it all as cavalierly as if I'd been used to such things from a boy. I was carried triumphantly

to a lodge in the centre of the village, and left to the gaze of the idle and curious, while the old men deliberated about my fate.

What were my emotions during that terrible day! It was one thing to appear stoical; but another not to feel. I shuddered to think of my probable doom; and I saw no hope of averting it. My Sioux friends, I doubted not, would hasten to my rescue; but I had seen enough of the strength of the village in my hasty passage through it, to feel certain that its warriors trebled the force of my friends. There was no gleam of hope. But I resolved to die as became me.

At night the lodge was deserted, though a couple of warriors kept watch beside the door. After a day of agony I was glad to find relief even in a last, troubled sleep; for I felt that I should never enjoy another.

I was buried in deep repose, when I fancied I heard my name breathed beside me, and awaking at the sound I started half up and gazed around me.

It was deep in the night; and everything in the village was silent. The fire had gone out in the lodge, and its whole interior was wrapped in darkness. The door was open, and through it a solitary star glimmered in the heaven; while the dark form of one of my jailors sat motionless and statue-like in the dim obscurity. I was about returning again to my rude pillow, satisfied that the sound I had listened to was caused by my fancy, when I heard my name repeated distinctly in a whisper at my elbow, and turning suddenly around, I beheld, to my surprise, the form of Meneateeah. Astonishment for a moment deprived me of speech, and before I could recover my utterance, my companion placed her finger on her lip, silently motioning toward the immovable sentinel at my door; at the same instant, before I could comprehend her meaning, she had severed the bonds from my hands and ankles. I started to my feet with a joy words cannot explain. But a motion from my deliverer again warned me to be silent. She beckoned me to follow her, and hastily lifting one corner of the tent, ushered me into the fresh night air. Pausing but a moment to listen if our escape had been detected, she again imposed silence upon me by a gesture, and led the way swiftly and silently out of the camp.

I was too well acquainted with Indian life not to know that we momentarily run the greatest risk of discovery, and that certain ruin awaited us if surprised in attempting an escape. Acute in ear, prompt in action, relentless in revenge, it was an act amounting to madness to attempt flying from our savage foes. As we stole

noiselessly through the village I scarcely dared to breathe, lest we should arouse the sleeping inmates within. Once, the bay of a distant dog startled us as it broke athwart the night. Once, the wind sighing over the prairie was magnified into the voices of pursuers. Meneateeah still glided before me, occasionally pausing to listen, and then stealing softly among the wigwams toward the outskirts of the village. Not a word as yet had passed between us; and I could not account for her opportune aid. How had she obtained her liberty? By what means was her prison-house gained unobserved? Even amid all our danger I could scarcely refrain from inquiring; but my sweet guide always silenced me by the same hurried gesture. We had just reached the edge of the village, when suddenly a dark figure emerged into the light! it was a Pawnee scout returning from the prairie. We had scarcely time to glide behind the shadow of a lodge when he came so close that I could have touched him. I felt my companion tremble violently. For a moment I held my breath in agony. But directly the scout passed us, and was lost to sight behind the clustering lodges. With a thrill of joy we found ourselves in another instant on the open prairie. A momentary ejaculation of gratitude to God burst from my bosom, and then turning to my guide, I inquired in what manner she had been enabled to lull suspicion and come to my aid.

Until this moment Meneateeah had not only uttered no word, but had scarcely lifted her eyes from the ground. When she did so now, it was with a timid, uncertain glance, half in doubt in what manner I would regard her conduct. The excitement which had hitherto sustained her had passed away, and her native modesty began to assert its supremacy. Her words, though soft as music, were trembling and low.

"The Pale-flower has done a strange thing in the eyes of the white-warrior—has she not? The maidens of his own land come not to the lodges of their enemy to set free their warriors, and Meneateeah should not have done so even though she loved the War-eagle like a brother."

"No, no," said I, taking her hand, "the War-eagle owes his life to Meneateeah. The Pale-flower is dear to the white-warrior—what can he do to repay her?"

"It is good then—Meneateeah has not done wrong?" said the Indian girl, looking up into my face, with her dark eyes swimming with the tears of joy she could not repress.

"No, my sweet preserver," said I. No one but a brute could have withstood that look. I pressed her to my bosom; I kissed away her

tears; while she, in all her artless happiness, leaned on my shoulder.

"But how did you escape yourself?" said I, after a few moments' silence, "and when did you learn I was a prisoner? Will the Pale-flower tell her brother?"

She looked up into my face with a glance of unreserved confidence, and narrated her capture, and the succeeding events up to her appearance in my lodge.

The real object of the attack, she said—and her sunny cheek and bosom crimsoned as she spoke—was to secure her as the bride of a celebrated young Pawnee chief. He had seen her at the village, when attending the council prior to our departure for the mountains, and inflamed by a passion for her had disregarded the admonitions of the old men, and wantonly waylaid the peaceable company with which she was travelling. As soon as they reached the Pawnee village she was adopted into the family of her conqueror, and though loaded with ornaments, and treated like a princess, had been narrowly watched to prevent her escape. To every entreaty to wed him, however, she had turned a deaf ear. At last intelligence arrived that a medicine man of her tribe, a pale-face warrior, had been brought in prisoner, and was the next morning to be burned at the stake in the centre of the village. In an instant she determined to rescue me. Assuming a sudden cheerfulness, she no longer turned a deaf ear to the gallantry of her captor, but promised to be his at the end of the moon, the Great Spirit having warned her in a dream to name that time. Now the Pawnees are superstitious, and even the ardor of a lover is nothing to a dream. So the young brave made a virtue of necessity, and was glad to wait a fortnight to secure a willing bride. In the extravagance of his joy, he did what Meneateeah had expected, he gave orders that she should be no longer treated as a captive. She contrived, during the day, to learn where I was confined. Night came. She affected to sleep, but in reality was waiting for the village to be buried in repose. Long after midnight, she rose stealthily from her couch, escaped unnoticed from the lodge, and succeeded in setting me free.

"Whist, whist," said I, as she ceased her narrative, and I pointed to the now distant village, which we had left already miles behind, "is not that the barking of dogs?"

She started, like a frightened fawn, and then, as the sounds broke distinctly on the still air, said, in a voice of alarm,

"The Pawnee braves are up—they find that the War-eagle is flown. See, they seek him,"

and as she spoke, the flashing of lights, among the lodges, along the horizon, told that our enemies were awake to their loss.

What was to be done? We had scarcely an hour's start, were without horses, and uncertain whither to go in order to reach our friends. We might in fact be further from them now than when we left the village; for the night was so dark that we could not see a dozen yards before us: and, from the absence of both moon and stars, I knew not whether morning was near or distant. Our enemies, on the other hand, would soon be on our trail, and were moreover mounted on the fleetest horses. Discovery I knew would be death. But I cheered the noble girl beside me, and we hastily pushed on. Nimble as a mountain deer, my companion advanced with a rapidity that set even me at defiance. But we soon found that nothing could save us. Already the loud shouts of our pursuers, as they followed up our trail, grew nearer and nearer. In spite of every exertion, by the end of half an hour, it became evident that they would soon overtake us. I had no arms, and what defence could I make? But, thank God! the increasing darkness had been the sign of day-break, and the grey morning slowly appearing, disclosed to my joy, a party of men advancing toward us, whom, even in the uncertain light, I knew to be Sioux warriors. Their numbers too proved that our own brave party had met with that which had set out before. They were still far down on the horizon however, and our pursuers were rapidly pressing on our rear.

"There is hope," said the Indian girl in a tone of joy, but joy on my account more than on hers. "the scalp of the War-eagle shall not dry in the Pawnee lodge. He will return to his people. See—the braves of my tribe are nigh."

"You are weary, Meneateeah," said I, perceiving she fell behind as she spoke, "you cannot go on any longer. I will remain with you, and meet our fate. Or, stay, I can bear you in my arms."

"No, no," said she eagerly, "the Pale-flower is not weary. But if the Pawnee's arrow is sharp, had it not better pierce the weak girl than the great brave?"

"What!" said I, stopping suddenly, but half penetrating her meaning.

"Only that the Pale-flower can die for the white-warrior," was her simple answer, as she drew her robe around her, and looked into my face, "but hark! the Pawnee dogs see us—fly—fly!"

Had you been there, on that treeless prairie, and seen a horde of enraged savages galloping in

your rear, waving their arms frantically on high, and shouting, with demoniac exultation, over the anticipated slaughter of their victims, you would have some idea—I may say—of what danger really is. But the noble devotion of the sweet girl's words drove all this for a moment from my mind; and it was not till she urged me again to hasten that I forgot my admiration of her in the sense of our mutual danger. I cast a hurried look behind, and saw that before five minutes, unless some miracle happened, the Pawnee lances would be driven through us. Our only hope was in the succor of the Sioux, who were now sweeping down on their fiery horses, with the speed of a whirlwind. Two warriors from their body, as well as one swarthy savage from our pursuers, were respectively far in advance of their several parties; and if we could escape the latter, we should gain the protection of our friends before the rest of his force could come up. Aware of this the Pawnee was urging his steed forward with incredible velocity. All at once I saw him drop his spear, and I shouted encouragingly to my companion, thinking that we were at length safe. But the wily savage, fearful that one might escape, if he trusted to his lance, had only resigned it for a more effective weapon. Rapidly assuming his bow, he fitted an arrow to the string, and riding at full speed to within a dozen yards, he drew the weapon along his right thigh, and let fly the missile with a short quick cry, and a force that would have driven it through the bosses of a Grecian buckler. Truly and unerringly sped the shaft, aimed directly at my heart, and in an instant I would have fallen its prey, had not Meneateeah, perceiving the mark, sprung with a rapid gesture before me, and received it in her bosom. But she was avenged, for, at that instant, the arrow of the foremost Sioux quivered to the feather in the Pawnee's breast. The blood gushing in torrents across my preserver's breast withdrew my attention, however, from the combatants, so that I neither saw nor heard anything of the ensuing conflict. I caught her hastily in my arms, forgetting everything in that moment's agony. Poor, sweet, devoted being—she had first periled, and now sacrificed her life for mine! I would have given worlds to have saved her.

"Meneateeah—my preserver. Oh, she is indeed gone," I exclaimed, wiping away a few drops of the sanguinary torrent from her face.

Her eyes had been closed, but as I spoke, she opened them faintly, pressed my hand, murmuring in tones scarcely audible, "will the—white-warrior—think sometimes—of poor—Meneateeah?"

I answered by a gesture, for I could not speak. Hot tears rained down my cheek. I turned away that she might not see them.

"The—white brave will—see his—lodges and tribe. The Pale-flower—is happy."

I could not speak. I pressed my lips to her cold, cold brow.

"Brother—fare—well;—the Great Spi—rit waits," she slowly articulated. A faint smile flickered across her features; her head fell heavily upon my bosom; she was dead! She was dead, but her last thought had been one of joy, that, by the sacrifice of her life, I should behold my home once more.

With the consciousness that all was over, a

total forgetfulness of everything, but her fatal devotion, came over me. I remained stupified, with her form resting in my arms, gazing intently on the features of the murdered girl. How long it may have been, I know not; but a deep guttural voice at length startled me.

"War-eagle," it said, "it is the brother of the Pale-flower speaks—look up—she is avenged."

I raised my head. The chief stood before me, every muscle rigidly set, as he held above his slaughtered sister, the trophies of the Pawnee's fate.

Not a man of that band of murderers ever reached their camp. They died beneath the arrows of the avenging Sioux.

MY SISTER.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

Once I had an angel sister,
Lovely as a Summer's dream,
With a voice as sweet and gentle
As the music of a stream;
All so beautiful and holy,
Was the love-light of her eyes;
Sister angels must have lent it
From their home within the skies.

Fair and sunny were her tresses,
As a waving tress can be;
Kind in heart and pure in spirit
None more happy were than she;
Ever patient, meek and holy,
Lifting up herself to God,
Striving to make others happy,
Wherefore'er her footsteps trod.

Her young heart was ever happy,
Holding in it something dear,
Some kind word—a gleam of sunshine,
That would never fail to cheer;
But the angels, on their pinions,
From the glory-homes afar,
Came and bore her spirit upward,
Where the pure and sinless are.

Now I love to think her spirit
"Comes to visit me in dreams,"
That it gently hovers o'er me,
Like the shadow over streams.
Well I know of all the pictures
That now hang on mem'ry's wall,
That of my departed sister,
Is the dearest of them all.

I KNOW BY THE SMILE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BERNARDO TASSO.

BY J. H. MCNAUGHTON.

I know by the smile
That deepens, the while,
The rose-tinted glow of thy cheek,
That safe in thy heart,
Untainted by Art,
Doth slumber the passion I seek.

No rude storm shall blow,
Nor Kamsin shall know
The flame that illumines my soul—
Ah! gently, and meek
As the bosom I seek,
Is the sigh Zephyr wafts to my goal.

Elysian bow'rs,
Enguarded by Hours,
May never allure me again,
The sweet-scented grove
Shall tempt me to love,
When night-birds repeat the sweet strain.

Then chide not, nor blame,
If swift to a flame
That slumbering passion shall rise,
Thou'lt know of a truth,
That love in thy youth
Is the sweetest cup man can devise.

ANNE GAGE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

THE Hamans lived in Washington. They were of that class, so numerous and respectable, in that city of magnificent distances, denominated poor and proud. The daughters, Mary and Augusta, were both beautiful. Mary was tall, princess-like, with flashing black eyes and a brunette. Augusta was medium in size, with rich hazel orbs, graceful manners, and as haughty as if she were not poor. Both looked forward to marriage as a cure for all the ills that poverty is heir to. Mary had more than attracted the regard of a United States Senator, a widower and very handsome, who was on his way, at the time our sketch opens, to the city of Washington, and to his honorable seat.

Some domestic scenes are particularly pleasing, others *vice versa*. We will introduce our readers into the family of Mr. John Haman, who had kept his carriage, and who had been reduced, it was rumored, by the heartless extravagance of his wife and daughters. It is nine o'clock in the morning. By a pretty, air-tight stove a faded woman lingers, nearly smothered in the crimson cushions. She is reading a novel, an absorbing and affecting romance, as is evidenced by the two pale streaks meandering through her rouge. In one hand she holds a little screen to keep the sunshine from her face, being too lazy to change her position.

Enter her daughters negligently dressed, their beautiful faces disfigured with frowns, muttering spitefully at the rain.

"I wish Anne Gage would come here!" cries Augusta, fretfully. "She is only a dress-maker and used to muddy streets; it is ridiculous that she will not go out to work."

"Oh! dear," echoed Mary, "if papa could only have kept our carriage, selfish man! He might, I know, if he had pleased; the streets are not fit to walk, and our trimmings must be bought, our dresses must be fitted."

"Take an omnibus," pipes a voice from the crimson cushions, and all is still again. The hero is just emerging from a cave five miles long, and hurrying to the assistance of his lady-love, who in a white satin dress struggles with banditti.

"An omnibus!" cried the beautiful girls, together, with curling lips. "Of all things, mother,"

added Mary, "that you should propose an omnibus, you who would not go to the Denham's great party because you could not have a carriage—an omnibus! ridiculous!" she added, in a tone the reverse of respectful.

"But you can stop at the Capitol gate!" answered Mrs. Haman, lifting her eyes from her book. "You won't meet anybody that is anybody at this time of the day. Only wear thick shoes if you have any mercy on my ears, and don't trouble me with your cough all winter as you did last. I beg you, girls, look in the mirror," she added, with more energy, "and glance at your very prepossessing faces. I wonder how they would strike one in a ball-room? It does seem strange that you are never happy at home, but always sighing and lamenting."

"Well, it's so hard to do without a carriage, and we have been so used to it."

"Herman Greenville is coming," said her mother, significantly.

Augusta thought of his great fortune and noble face, and was reconciled. True, he had not seen her for three years, but he had corresponded with her father all that time, and always reverted to her in pleasing terms. She felt sure of him, because she was so beautiful.

An expensive shopping tour finished, the young ladies deigned to re-enter the lumbering omnibus. A handsome, frank-looking man, very tall and broad-shouldered, and with the air of one who feels himself headforemost in the nobility of intellect, had just taken his seat, and Augusta crimsoned at his eager glance of admiration. She remembered those sparkling eyes, that full, broad brow, though evidently she had grown beyond his knowledge. It was Herman Greenville. Again the omnibus stopped; a pale, sweet-featured girl, attired in deep mourning, came gracefully but slowly in. Her dress was poor, but genteel; her face one of that rare type that is never forgotten. A beautiful smile took the place of her anxious, worn expression, and she spoke in a sweet, low-toned voice to Augusta. The haughty girl gave her one glance of scorn, and turned her handsome head toward her sister, who responded with an insulting smile. Instantly a look of keen pain darkened the face of the stranger. He noted how the poor child's color

changed, leaving that fair cheek deathly pale. He saw how vainly she strove to keep back the tears that would come, and turned aside that none might see the quivering lips.

That night Herman Greenville sat in a humble room, listening to a tale of sorrow. He heard how a friend he had once valued died in poverty and want. He learned what a young, delicate girl, bred in affluence can endure, when cruel necessity compels. Dear Anne Gage, with her own hands she had supported a widowed mother, and two little sisters, nobly scorning the charity for which her reputation must suffer; he saw, too, the unnatural brightness of that mournful eye—the deep flush on her cheek, and he said, mentally, “She is too gentle, too modest, too beautiful for such a life!”

“What are you doing now?” he asked.

“Making silk dresses for Mary and Augusta Haman,” she replied, sadly smiling; and then she told him how she had known them in better days—for she felt an unaccountable yearning to confide in him, because he had known and loved her father—and how they seldom spoke to her now except on matters of business; and then her lips quivered again—he knew for what recollection.

She could not understand his kind manner, and when he said, “My child, put by that work,” she looked up wonderingly in his handsome face. But before long she comprehended his meaning—ah! it was a happy day for her when she first saw Herman Greenville.

“I can’t think what to make of it!” exclaimed Augusta, sinking breathlessly into a seat. “Anne

Gage has taken the liberty of sending our dresses home. I went there to take her to task about it, but she had three or four dress-makers there herself, and brocade and satin lay round in heaps. She looked so little like herself I hardly knew her; bright, fresh, handsome—absolutely beautiful; and her mother told me she would be married in a week. Who even can it be to, I wonder? I’m sure I can’t think. A rich and honorable man, her mother said; strange, isn’t it?”

“By-the-way,” asked Mrs. Haman, after commenting upon this strange news, “does Mr. Greenville appear in the least lover-like? It seems to me not.”

Augusta blushed. “You see him only in company, mamma,” she answered. She was ashamed to confess that all her art, her beauty, her youthful fascination were thrown away upon this elegant man. Her own heart had become deeply interested, and she had determined upon playing some new trick of coquetry, when one day she grew deadly pale upon the receipt of a delicate bridal card.

Mrs. and Mrs. Herman Greenville, Anne Gage.

“It was your conduct in that omnibus!” exclaimed Mary. “I saw the change come over his face! I knew him—I knew it was Mr. Greenville. Oh! Augusta, your pride!”

“To think that my dress-maker should marry a Senator,” gasped Augusta; “I never shall want to look her in the face—and she is more than my equal now.”

“Yes,” exclaimed Mrs. Haman, with a woe-begone visage, “Anne Gage is to-day the richest woman in Washington.”

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

BY MARY E. WARD.

Lowest, darker grow the shadows
As the glorious sun descends,
And with brightly gleaming dew-drops
Every leaf and floweret bends;
Then the moon, in silvery splendor,
Wends her way through starry skies,
While the welcome spirit slumber
Comes and shuts my weary eyes.

Bids my mind forget the present,
Takes me to my home again,
Where encircled with love’s sunshine,
I forget all care and pain;
Tells me of a gentle mother,
Lowly wrapt in earth’s embrace,
Whose pure, Heavenly spirit praises
Him who saved her by his grace.

Then my darling infant brother
Floats before my mental gaze,
And the happy hours departed
With the smiles of other days;
Then I think of him in Heaven,
Robed in raiment pure and white,
Yet not purer than the spirit
Born of Heavenly love and light.

Thus when grief and cares surround me,
Spirits bright seem hovering near,
Ever watchful of the wanderer
Who hath none on earth to cheer;
And when life’s dull day is ended,
And death’s twilight shadows come,
Then will angels, pure and glorious,
Gently bear my spirit home.

MY AUNT EDITH'S LOVE.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, AUTHOR OF "THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER," &C., &C.

I.

"Now in her snowy shroud she lies—
Her lily lid half veil her eyes—
As if she looked with wild surprise
Up at her soul in Paradise."—CHIVERS.

I WAS nine years old, and my mother only twenty-five, when over our house fell a great darkness, the bitterness, and the shadow of death. My mother was very beautiful. "Sweet Effie Snow" had been the name by which all the villagers called her in the happy days of her childhood; happy, save that she had never known a mother's love. She had scarcely missed it, however, so tenderly had she been cared for by her widowed father, and her elder sister, Edith. At fifteen, her girlish heart had yielded itself up in passionate adoration to my stately, noble father, and she had become his wife.

He was many years older than she, and the world used to call him grave and stern, but he was never so to her; his fairy, his darling, his little "snow-baby," as he used, laughingly, to call her. A very handsome man was my father; his figure was dignified and noble, and his dark, deep eyes were fuller of tenderness than any eyes I ever looked into, save, well, it's no matter for the exception, perhaps, your own heart is making one also. They had lived together, my parents, a kind of enchanted life, full of beauty, of love, of dreams; leading through green meadows, into which no apple of discord had ever fallen; beside the still waters of peace. I was their only child, and they never tired of me, or of each other. Day after day, in the long, blue summer, mother would tie on her light straw hat, and we would all three go forth together, into the fields and woods, and there my stately father would lie, hour after hour at her feet, and read to her old legends of knights and ladies, and tender lays of "the love that hopes, and endures, and is patient."

At last, they told me, God was going to give me a baby brother or sister. I was sent to spend a few days with a friend, two or three miles away, and when I came back, I was told I should find the sweet, new-comer. I shall remember to my dying day, how my mother drew me to her, and kissed me again and again, her brown eyes all luminous with tears.

"No other child shall ever be to us like this, our first one, shall there, Guy?" she said, with faltering voice.

He bent over her, and kissed her. "No, Effie, no, little snow-darling, no other ever could be. I think a first child is like a first love. It touches a chord that has never before trembled, and both are sweeter than anything that can ever come again."

I went away with my heart thrilling to her murmured words, and the passionate clasp of her tender arms; with my cheek wet with her tears.

Three days after I stood alone, toward night-fall, at the gate of my friend's house. I saw a carriage whirling swiftly down the road. It stopped, and my father sprang from it, in a restless, hurried manner, very unlike himself. He caught me frantically in his arms, and strained me to his bosom.

"My own child," he murmured, "poor little lamb, poor, lonely, desolate little thing; come, I must take you home with me."

My child-heart grew heavy with an undefined fear. I went away for my things, and in the meantime, my father, had a few moments conversation with the lady of the house. When I came back he lifted me tenderly into the carriage, and we drove rapidly away.

"Is there a new baby?" I asked, my childish eagerness overmastering my terror at his altered manner. I have learned since, that a great sorrow can seldom school itself to make choice of words. My father answered me with a startling abruptness.

"My child," he said, "you are my only child still; your mother is dead!"

I threw myself into his arms. I sobbed wildly. My figure shook in his clasp, and I felt other tears falling thick and fast among my curls. I do not think he had wept before. His eyes had looked tearless, his face rigid, but it did him good now. After a little while he smoothed my hair tenderly, and holding me closer to his bosom, he said,

"My little girl must not weep so. God will take care of her, and some day, if she is very good, she will go and see her mother in heaven."

I saw he was struggling to regain his composure, and I aided him by controlling myself, and only weeping very quietly.

When we reached home, he, himself, took off my bonnet, and hung it up, smoothed back my hair, and then, taking my hand, led me into the parlor. There, upon a bier, my mother lay. I thought I had never seen her so beautiful. The lids were closed over her eyes, her shining hair lay about her face and marble shoulders, in rich heavy curls; she was clad in white, and on one fair arm lay a new-born babe, like its mother, dead. Its tiny fingers were clasped around a just opening white rose-bud, and all about, both mother and child, flowers had been arranged, with surpassing taste. The radiance of the setting sun just touched the glittering curls with gold, and illumined the dead face with a look of saintly peace.

For a moment my father gazed calmly upon her wondrous beauty. Then loosing my hand from his clasp, he sank down on his knees beside her, with his arms thrown across her form. She did not look like one dead, but far more like the snow-image to which he used playfully to liken her. Death had but heightened the exquisite fairness, which, in life, made her name of Effie Snow so singularly appropriate.

"Oh, my own Effie," he cried out, in his deep agony, "would to God I could have died for thee; my darling, my beautiful, my lone life's pearl. Come back, oh, sainted one, to your place in my bosom, or ask the God who has called you, to summon me hence, also."

I crept up to him, and stole between his arms, very nigh his heart. I laid my head upon his breast, and then I said, "Don't die, dear papa; who would take care of Katie?"

He elapsed me fervently to his bosom. "No, I will not die. I will do the work Effie left to me, in her last moments. She bade me live to bring up her child, to make you fit to meet her in the beautiful city, whither she was going. Katie, child, we are all the world to each other now."

II.

"Eyes not down-dropt nor over-bright, but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,
Clear without heat, undying, tended by
Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
Of her still spirit; looks not wide dispread,
Madonna-wise on either side her head;
Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The Summer calm of golden charity."

TENNYSON.

THREE weeks after my mother had been buried, I entered my father's library one morning. He was just sealing a letter, and looking up as I entered, he said,

"I have been writing to your aunt Edith. Your mother wished me to ask her to come and take charge of you, You need—every girl needs a woman's guidance to grow up the true, pure woman I would see my daughter. Your aunt Edith reared your mother, and my only prayer is that she may make you like her. I don't know why she has never married, for she is one of the noblest persons I ever knew."

"Is she any like—like my mother?" I faltered. I could not learn to speak those words calmly.

"No, Katie, very little. She is twelve years older, a great deal quieter, a great deal less impulsive, a great deal less beautiful, and yet, there is a kind of family resemblance. You have never seen her since you were a baby."

For some reason, I knew, aunt Edith had never visited us. She used to plead her incessant care of my aged grandfather, but, I know, this reason had never quite satisfied my mother, who loved her older sister with an intense affection. She used herself to go back sometimes to the old homestead, but since I was a year old, she had never taken me. The year before her death, she had gone home to her father's funeral, and I remembered her saying she had tried in vain to persuade Edith to return with her.

"Will she come, do you think, father?" I asked, looking up.

"Yes, I think so, when she knows it was Effie's dying wish." A quick change passed over his face as he said these words. He couldn't yet hear the sound of that sweet name Effie, even on his own lips, without an underthrill of agony. My mother had been loved; oh! how I thanked God in after years for the knowledge, truly and well.

Soon a letter was received in reply. My aunt Edith would come. To her, she said, the call of Effie's wishes was a sacred one, for no one on earth could loved her bright, beautiful child-sister as she had done. She did not wish my father to come after her, as he proposed; he must not leave Katie; she could come just as well alone.

In two weeks she came. From the first moment she won my heart. She was a pale, quiet woman, with a few threads of grey, among the soft tresses of her plainly banded, brown hair. Her mouth, I always notice mouths, was very sweet in its expression, lovely, with a patience it must have been years in learning. Her chief claims to the possession of beauty resided in her eyes; large, brown eyes, very like my mother's, save that instead of the joyous,

"——— looks like birds
Flying strait way to the light."

There lay in their depths the shadow of a lifetime's sorrow. They were very full of tears when she kissed me, as tenderly as my mother used, and called me her Effie's child, her own darling. I saw the color slowly rise to her pale cheek when my father said, holding her hand,

"You will promise to be a mother to her, Edith?"

She kept her word faithfully. From that hour I was never suffered to know the grief of the motherless. Her kind care was ever about me, her ear ever open to my sorrows, and her heart was my pillow every night. Dear aunt Edith! How many times I tired her, and yet how un-failing was her patience. I think, too, that her gentle presence softened my father's grief. There was something of his dead Effie in her brown eyes, and in the sweet, womanly taste which beautified his home, the quiet grace which lent such a charm to her every movement.

Six years had passed thus, and it was my fifteenth birth-day. I went alone, as I had done, on every birth-day since my mother died, into a little dressing-room, opening out of her nuptial chamber, which was preserved sacred to her memory. Here everything spoke of her. The pictures upon the wall were the work of her hands; the lounges were covered with cushions which she had embroidered; on a little stand in the corner was an antique crystal vase, which she was wont to fill every morning with flowers; and in front of the window stood the desk, at which she had written so many hours. I do not think my father had ever entered this room since her death. I think he could not have borne it. Even I went there, as I said, but once a year.

For the first time I sat down before her desk, and opened it. The first thing which met my eye was a closely written sheet of paper. I glanced at it, at first, not knowing for whom it was intended, and when I saw it was addressed to my father, I read on, I could not help it. It was evidently written at different times, not long before her death. Its contents formed a kind of letter of farewell. It said:—

"My husband, my heart's most precious treasure, I feel a presentiment that soon I am going to leave you. It may not be, and yet something tells me, a still, small voice, which day and night speaks to my ear, that ere long your feet will roam alone over the meadows, will climb alone the paths of the woodland. In a few weeks my hour of trial will come, and then I think the Heavenly Father will summon me. They will lay a dead babe upon my dead breast, and you,

my beloved one, will kneel in despair beside me. Oh, then, I pray my God, that light from heaven may shine through the clouds upon you, and the blessed hope of the resurrection may make rain-bows of your tears.

"Oh, my husband, blessed be God, we have loved each other. No memories of harsh, unloving words, no shadow of unshared grief, no mist of unsoothed tears can come between us, making the heavy sorrow of this parting heavier. Not one thought even of bitterness, has saddened the ten sunny years that I have walked, or sat, by your side, or slept in your bosom.

"Ten years, and yet it seems but the other day, that I was trimming roses in my hair, and putting on my blue dress in my own childhood's home, because I expected my noble lover, and he liked blue dresses and roses. We have not grown old much since then. We have only grown together; each day dearer, more precious, more necessary to each other. And now, I must go forth without you, oh, I feel that I must. Every moment the voice in my heart says so more loudly. For the first time in ten years we must be separated, and I must go forth alone into the valley and the shadow of death. But I fear no evil. On the summits of the distant hills, I can see the eternal light of heaven, and I know that angel pinions will bear me over the deep waters that lie between. In my soul is no doubt, nor even sorrow, for the future years that lie betwixt us seem very short, and I grieve only for you, and for our child.

"I wish Edith to take care of her; and now, my husband, it will not be wrong to tell you a secret; the only one, beloved, that I ever kept from you. Edith loves you. Before we were married, I made the discovery, but I would not so wrong her pure heart as to let even you know it. This is why she never married; why she was unwilling to visit us. She never dreamed that I suspected her secret, but I did, and, oh, Guy, over and over I blessed her in my heart, as I saw the secret tears fall upon the bridal robes she was fashioning for me. The night before our marriage I slept, as I had done all my life, in her arms. When she thought me sound asleep, she gently put me from her, and rising, knelt down before the bed, and prayed for us. Oh, Guy, such a prayer I have never heard. There was in it deathless love; wild, passionate tenderness; such faith as could remove mountains; above all, self-immolation, and the smothered wail of a breaking heart.

"Not for one moment did she grudge me your love. She would have died to make me happy. How I longed to let her know that I understood

her, but for this, my appreciation of her spotless delicacy was too exalted. But now, standing near to death, as I fear I am, I must tell you, the love of such a woman as Edith is a priceless treasure, a blessing unspeakable. Guy, there is no jealousy in death. I think she would make your lonely life brighter. No where else could you find such a mother for our child. If you can love her, I wish you would woo and win her. Let her long-enduring love have its deserved reward.

"I do not ask you to continue to love me best. I know your heart, and it is needless. Edith is far more worthy than I am, but then she can never love you more, and well I know the place your child-wife has held, must forever remain vacant. We have loved too tenderly; there have been too many blessed interchanges of hope and happiness in the golden past, for any other ever to be as much one with you as Effie; but Edith, my sister, is a noble woman, and I do think she would make your life brighter. If you love her, if you woo her, so wooing, you have your wife's blessing."

For many moments I sat, holding the letter in my hand, my tears falling fast. It was such a revelation to me from the young life, so early closed; the young heart long ago turned to grave mould; the pure soul, waiting even now, for its beloved, far upon the distant hills of heaven.

At length I arose, and folding the letter, sought my father in his library.

"Papa," I said, "dear papa, here is a letter for you, which I found to-day in my mother's desk. Have you ever seen it?"

"No, my child!" His voice trembled, and so did the hand which he reached forth to take it. He held it, without unfolding it, and seemed to wait for me to retire.

"Papa," I said, once more, as I opened the door, "I read it; I could not help it, for it was from her; please to forgive me?"

Three weeks after, he asked me the question, which I had been all the time expecting.

"Katharine, my child, you know the contents of that letter, would you be willing to call your aunt Edith, mother?"

"More than willing, my father; glad; only, papa, please to forgive me; but you would not love her, would you, quite as well as——"

"As Effie, Katharine? ah, my child, you little know the heart. There is no love like first love; no light can brighten the set of day like its morning sunshine."

A few moments afterward, I saw him walking in the garden beside aunt Edith. It was quite

late when they returned, and her face was very pale, but the life-long sorrow in her brown eyes had given place to something I should have called happiness, supreme happiness, but that it was too holy.

In a few weeks they were married. Aunt Edith looked very lovely in her sober grey silk, with the few white roses I would twine in her soft hair.

From that day, my father's health, delicate for several years, began visibly to decline. Oh, how patiently she nursed him. To be in his presence, to hear him sometimes call her his wife, seemed happiness enough for her. Day and night she hovered over him like a guardian angel, and when at last, in the solemn midnight, his summons came, she knelt at his bed's head, and supported him on her arm.

For awhile his mind seemed wandering. He talked as if his dead Effie were once more beside him, and they were roaming over the fields, as of old. "This brook is too deep for you, my wee-thing, my snow-baby," he said, in such tender tones as soften a proud man's voice when he speaks to one dearer than life. "Wait a moment; there, I will carry you, so, in my bosom, you fairy, you brown-haired little darling."

Again he seemed to think her tired, and he called her to come and hide her bright head on his shoulder, and let him hold her until she got rested. At last, he opened his eyes, and reason seemed coming back to him. He groped among the bed clothes with his hands, and said feebly,

"She is gone, is she not, my Effie? A shining band, with bright wings, carried her away; this is not her; this is Edith. Good Edith, dear Edith, you have been very kind to me, and God will bless you. I am going now, and I leave my Katie in your care. Kiss me, loved ones, both of you. Hush, I hear them singing; and Effie! I see her all in white; where she said she would wait for me; the other side of the ever-flowing river. Father in heaven, receive, receive my spirit."

There was one low moan; the sole token of the anguish of dissolution: then, with wide open eyes, and a quick, glad cry, as if for him, the day was dawning, his soul passed, and I was left in the solemn midnight—doubly orphaned! Edith was a widow.

She considered me a sacred charge; she lived to see me happy in a home of my own, with fond hearts about me, and then she died, as she had lived, faithful to the one love of her patient life.

THE DEAD BRIDE.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

CHAPTER I.

"Why so thoughtful?—so melancholy, I might almost say—my darling mother?" said Eva Maynard, after she had for some time silently watched her mother's countenance.

"Have not I cause, Eva, when the close of another week robs me of my daughter?"

"Nay, dear mother, not so. In Eustace you will gain a son."

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps, mother? Oh! that is unkind. Surely you cannot doubt that Eustace loves and respects you as he ought? Do you think your Eva could love any one who did not love her mother?"

Eva wound her arms round her mother as she spoke, and looked half reproachfully in her face.

"No, my dear," replied Mrs. Maynard, parting the thick curls from Eva's forehead, and kissing it. "I have no such thought. I believe Eustace feels toward me as he ought; and I am sure that he loves you with unbounded tenderness."

Eva's arms involuntarily pressed her mother closer.

"But," continued Mrs. Maynard, "there is something singular in his perfectly unconnected situation, and notwithstanding his apparent frankness——"

"Apparent!—dear mother, your love for me makes you unjust to Eustace. Is it his fault that his parents are dead? Is it his fault that when he found the property they left him, too small to support him in the rank to which he was born, he resolved to make himself independent of his unkind relations by his own industry? Surely, mother, you would have done just so. And is it not natural that a spirit so lofty as his, should shrink from remembering those who scorned his orphan poverty? Oh! he possesses every virtue."

"He possesses your heart, at least," said Mrs. Maynard, smiling faintly. "And that conviction, Eva, together with my failing health—do not look so pale, my child! has won my consent to this, I fear, premature union. You are very young, and although Frederic Eustace appears to possess many noble qualities——"

"Appears—oh! mother."

"My dear child, every man, even the most worthy, is under a mask in the presence of the woman whom he loves, and wishes to win. They use a sort of involuntary, unconscious hypocrisy, in trying to appear to the best advantage. A woman can seldom judge correctly of a man's character, especially on one essential point, temper, unless she sees him habitually in the society of his own family. Frederic's temper is, I fear, not very good."

"But not bad, mother, surely. Hasty he is, indeed—but his anger is like a flash of lightning—gone as soon as seen."

"Yes, Eva; but does the lightning never kill with its momentary glance?"

A shade of care darkened Eva's brilliant face—she bent her head, and sat with her eyes fixed on the carpet. But she was seventeen, and in love. A rapid step sounded in the hall. "Here is Frederic!" she exclaimed, springing with renovated smiles to meet him.

In the conversation which ensued, Mrs. Maynard hinted at the subject she had been discussing with Eva.

"My dear madam," said Eustace, "I thought these matters had been fully discussed, when you blessed me with the promise of Eva's hand. I have told you that my errors have been many, my faults of character and temper, great. That the latter are so still I do not deny; but I have striven, I do strive to correct them; as much because I feel that I ought, as because I would fain be all that Eva wishes."

"You are all that Eva wishes!" exclaimed the ardent, artless girl, extending her hand to him, while her bright eyes glittered through tears.

"Oh! Frederic," said Mrs. Maynard, "I give you the only treasure of a widowed mother. My affections consent, but my reason hesitates. My child's happiness depends on you. Deserve her confidence, or you will break my heart."

"As I hope for peace and pardon hereafter, my life shall be devoted to guarding her happiness," replied Frederic, solemnly, and with deep emotion.

CHAPTER II.

THE bridal day arrived. In the morning, Frederic called at Mrs. Maynard's, and finding

Eva alone, he drew out his pocket-book, and took from it a knot of white ribbon.

"Do you remember this, Eva?" said he.

"Oh! yes," replied Eva, smiling and looking kindly at her lover. "I gave it to you on the day when you rescued the poor dog."

"It was your first gift to me, Eva. I value it more than I can tell you. Will you gratify a fancy I have about it, and wear it on your dress to-night? Will you, dearest?"

"Certainly, if you wish that I should."

Evening came. It had been Frederic's express desire that the ceremony should be private; therefore Eva's bridesmaid, Miss Hamilton, Mr. Sanford, who attended Eustace, and Mr. Harrell, the clergyman, were the only persons invited.

Eva stood in blushing beauty to pronounce her vow. The rite was completed. Frederic folded her to his heart, and imprinted the bridal kiss upon her cheek. A quick, loud ring was heard at the street door. It opened—strange voices were heard in the hall—the door of the drawing-room was thrown wide, and several rough-looking men rushed in. Eva clung to the arm of her bridegroom, who stood pale and motionless. The clergyman gazed in astonishment from the strange intruders to the ghastly Eustace. Mrs. Maynard, surprised, but surmising some mistake, looked to her son-in-law for explanation. His altered countenance sent a thrill of terror to her heart, and she felt that he was too surely the object of their pursuit. Trembling with undefined fears, yet striving to command herself, she advanced, and in a trembling voice, demanded their business.

"We mean no offence to you, ma'am," said the foremost of the men, taking off his hat—"and we are very sorry to come this way into any lady's house, 'specially at such a time"—looking at the clergyman, "but the thing is, we must do our duty. Officer, there is your prisoner," pointing to Eustace.

"Prisoner! for what?" exclaimed Mrs. Maynard. "What does this mean? Prisoner! Mr. Eustace, speak—explain?"

Eustace answered not, but his eyes grew wilder, and his cheek more lividly pale. Eva hung almost lifeless on his arm.

"Why, ma'am"—hesitated the man who had spoken before—"you see, the gentleman there—but the young lady looks faint—hadn't we better talk about it in another room? Officer!" His companion, directed by a look, stepped forward, and put his hand on the shoulders of the bridegroom. "You are my prisoner, sir." Eustace sprang from the touch, and shook off the grasping hand.

"Never! Eva—dearest Eva!"

He clasped her wildly to his bosom, and drew a pistol from within his vest. The officer seized his hand—they struggled—the pistol went off, and its contents lodged in the breast of Eva.

"Great God! he has killed my child!"

Eustace stood for an instant in motionless horror—then with a dreadful cry, flung himself beside his murdered bride. There was no one to hinder him, for even the officers of justice stood in compassionate and speechless inaction.

"Fly for a surgeon," said Mr. Harrell to Sanford, as they placed the bleeding Eva on a sofa. He obeyed. Mr. Harrell supported Eva, while her mother and Miss Hamilton removed that portion of her dress which covered the wound. But the unaimed bullet had been mercifully sure. Eva was dead.

"She is dead! quite dead! Eva, oh! my child!—my child!"

Eustace sprang from the floor.

"Dead! Eva! my wife! Childless mother, do not curse me. I am very guilty. I killed her, but that crime was not a wilful one. Better so than to die of shame for her husband's guilt. My wife, my victim. Oh! Eva! Eva!"

The calm, unnatural tone in which he had spoken, changed as he pronounced her name; he sank beside the sofa on which lay the beautiful dead, and burying his face in his hands, gave way to the dreadful convulsions of masculine anguish.

Mrs. Maynard wept, almost as bitterly for the living as the dead. Lucy Hamilton hung sobbing over her lifeless friend. The good clergyman felt that the time for speaking words of comfort was not come, and sat in pitying silence, inwardly imploring pardon for the guilty and support for the afflicted. The officers stood aloof in almost tearful commiseration.

At length Eustace arose—gazed long and fixedly at his lifeless bride, kissed her pale lips, and her calm, cold brow—detached something from her bosom which he placed in his own, and silently surrendered himself to the officers, who in equal silence led him away.

CHAPTER III.

SOME years after this time, a gentleman who had gone out to Australia as a missionary, was taking his evening walk in the vicinity of Sydney. As he passed a small hut, a woman stepped out, and pausing at the door, said to another woman who stood within it,

"Well, I'll come and stay the night with you. I think it will be the last that he will trouble anybody. He's going fast."

"Is any one ill there, my good woman?" inquired the missionary, pointing to the hut.

"Yes, sir," curtsying, "a poor fellow of a convict, sir; in a consumption, I take it. I think, as I was just telling his nurse, sir, that he will never see to-morrow."

"Is he sensible?"

"Oh! yes, sir; only just weak and faint from the sickness."

"Do you think a visit from me would be agreeable or useful to him, my friend? What sort of person is he?"

"Oh! thankful and glad he'd be to see you, sir, I'll answer for it—and as for him, he's as kind and good a creature, only always sorrowful-like, and never having much to say, but always ready to do a good turn for anybody."

"What is his name?"

"William Smith is his name, sir; but our folks call him the gentleman, as much as anything else. When he came here first, sir, about four years ago, his hands were soft and white, and his skin looked as if the sun never shone on it. Hard labor changed his looks, sir, but it could not change his ways. I'll uphold him born and bred a gentleman, at any rate. But I'm keeping you here, sir; this way, if you please." And she led the way into the cottage.

The little building was divided into two rooms. They were small and low, and the scanty furniture was of the coarsest kind, but everything was scrupulously neat. The woman tapped softly at the door of the inner room—the nurse opened it, and the missionary stood beside the bed.

The interview was long and interesting. At intervals, as his strength permitted, the dying man related a portion of his history. It was a tale of sin and sorrow, but it was also a tale of penitence. Bitterly did the sinner lament his guilt, and earnestly did he cling to the Cross of Calvary for pardon. His name, he said, was not that by which he was known; he would not reveal his true one, for he had virtuous relatives. He was an only and indulged child—his parents died just as he became of age; they had always lived beyond their means, and he found himself penniless. He had been inured to no privations, accustomed to no restraints, and the habits of the boy could not be relinquished by the man. Allowed to choose his own companions, he had

been drawn into dissipation, addicted himself to gaming, and when he stood orphaned and destitute in the world, the tempter was not wanting to urge his frenzied passions, till from the victim he became the accomplice. He forged bills to a large amount—and fled—

His voice failed, and he sank fainting on his pillow. The missionary wiped the death-damp from his brow, and administered a cordial. The invalid revived, and feebly pressing the kind hand that enfolded his, in broken accents continued his confessions.

"I loved, and was beloved. The influence of virtuous affection purified, in a measure, even my polluted mind. I learned to loathe the life I had led. I had been successful at cards, and with the sum thus obtained, I meant, as soon as I was married, to engage in business, and renounce my vile companions and sinful pursuits forever. But a dreadful accident——"

His voice failed again, and a slight convulsive movement agitated his frame. It subsided, and he spoke.

"I cannot tell it! My flight was traced. I was taken, tried, sentenced to death. My sentence was changed to transportation. Blessed exile! It was here I learned on whom to depend for pardon. It was here the fountain that cleanses from all sin, was unsealed for me."

He paused—closed his eyes, from which the light of life was fast departing—and folded his emaciated hands in prayer.

The missionary watched and prayed with him, throughout that solemn night. He spoke little more, except to murmur a few words of prayer; but once, when the missionary stooped over him to observe his changing countenance, he opened his eyes, motioned faintly to place his hand on his breast, and whispered, "Bury it with me."

Before sunrise he was dead. His humble funeral was soon arranged, and remembering his last request, the missionary drew from his pocket the article he had taken from the bosom of the deceased, in order to place it in the coffin. It was a small morocco case, such as are used to hold miniatures. He opened it. It contained a ringlet of light brown hair and a knot of white ribbon, deeply stained with blood. On the satin lining of the case were marked these words, "Eva to Frederic."

LINES.

When first my afflictions you heard me rehearse,
You gaped and you stared:—God be praised 'twas
no worse!

But when I repeated them smoothly in rhyme,
You thought it was "wonderful," "glorious," "sub-
lime!"

THE YOUNG WIFE; OR, LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Wednesday, September 4th.

WELL, we're all snugly settled at last. What a love of a home Paul has gotten me! so comfortable, and cozy, and to a degree elegant. I'm going to be a jewel of a wife, too! My pen isn't quite used to writing that word yet, though it's been my name two months—two such happy months! They flash up through my memory now; all brightness, all joy, all love! That best, crowning word.

I wonder why it is that most married women seem to find wifehood such a disappointment. Sometimes I ask myself, if all the years that God may give Paul and me to walk together, will be like the days that are gone? They shall be, if I can make them so, I'm determined. Pshaw, Paul and I will never quarrel; never have little petty disputes, and discords, as other husbands and wives do. These are the very words I said to aunt Hope, when we stopped there on our wedding tour, and she smiled, such a tender, sad, significant smile, that it haunted me all day.

What a lonely woman she is. And how she has kept the fresh, warm heart of her youth down almost to the shadow of old age! I shall never forget what she said to us, that night we passed at her house.

We were sitting on the sofa, Paul and I, making some plans for the future, when she suddenly spoke, more to herself than to us, I believe. "Husband and wife! and yet what perfect children you both are."

Paul bridled up a little at this. "What do you mean, aunt Hope? Here I am twenty-seven years old, and I should think I might have outgrown my childhood by this time."

"I know it, my boy, but you haven't ears, you never will, I'm afraid. Not that you're deficient in manliness, or strength of purpose, though.

"But you were a spoiled child, when they brought you to me, and it was too late to cure you. I am sure you couldn't endure trouble, any better now than you would then, and you've all the old impatience, all the quick temper, all the proud, obstinate will, with all the beautiful

impulses, with all the warm, deep, generous heart that made me love you so tenderly then, that makes you so very dear to me, now, Paul, my child."

He rose up, went to aunt, and put his arms round her neck: somehow, he looked just like a boy then; "Aunt Hope," and there was a little waver through his tone, "you always understood me better than any one else in the world did, and influence me, as no one else in the world could. Oh! you can never feel how much faith it has given me in myself, to think, that you knowing me best, loved me best!"

I listened to all this in silent, observant surprise. Paul "quick tempered, and obstinate?" I kept asking myself. He whose gentleness, I had thought, so ennobled his manhood.

I expect my face told my thoughts, as it, always does, for Paul glanced at me, and exclaimed, "Well, darling, has aunt Hope scared you? It's too bad, to let you know what a terrible husband you've gotten, after all—isn't it?"

"No! only Paul, you won't ever be cross and quick tempered to me, will you?" Somehow the words came right out from my heart.

He passed his hand over my hair so tenderly. "No, indeed, I won't, my Gertrude. Just see, aunty, how you've frightened the child—the child, oh, thank God! she is this, and will be in spirit, and in truth all the days of her life!"

"So she will, Paul," answered aunt Hope, looking at me with her soft, tender eyes, but it is sometimes dangerous for two children to be together."

"Not where love is the great harmonizer, between them, aunt Hope," I interposed. Before she could answer, somebody called. And as we left the next morning, we had no time to renew the conversation. "God be with you!" these were her last words to me, as she held both my hands in hers, and the sweet solemnity of her tones have rung down to me ever since.

I am not one bit afraid though. If Paul has really "quick temper," he couldn't have lived with me two whole months without indicating it. Of course, he had some faults when he was

a boy, like everybody else, but he's certainly very near perfection now.

Yesterday, I made some pound-cake, under Mary's supervision, and Paul said it was perfectly delicious. Of course, I don't know the first thing about housekeeping, for, alas! I never had a mother to teach me, and only graduated at boarding-school last spring; but we have the best cook and chambermaid in the world. I'm going to be very economical, and only keep two domestics. That's Paul's ring at the door, bless his heart!

October 3rd.

A month has passed, a month of our house-keeping! It has gone very pleasantly. And on the whole our domestic machinery has worked finely. I do wish, I could have a little more supervision of it, but Biddy considers the kitchen her especial domain; and I like to keep her good-natured.

Paul is the same tender, loving husband. I've half a fancy though, his business annoys him some; last night, when he came in, instead of playfully dislodging me from our rocking-chair, tilting it himself, and pulling me down into his lap, as he always does, he only kissed me hastily, and then laid on the sofa. I really can't talk at all, to-night, for I'm about as blue as an indigo bag. I tried to find out what the matter was, but he wouldn't tell me, and pretty soon the supper bell rang. He brightened up over his coffee, though, as he always does. It's lucky Biddy understands making this just to suit him, for Paul is certainly quite an epicure.

In the evening we had a company, and he was in fine spirits. After all, it was true what aunt Hope said, "Just like a boy." This morning at breakfast he looked sober again, and said, as he glanced over the grocery bill which Biddy gave him,

"Whew! has all that sugar and flour gone so quick? Why, we're running up a pretty score at this rate, Gertrude."

"Well, you see, dear, Biddy has the management of these things," I answered, feeling a little as if his tone implied a reproach. "It would be better for me, I 'spose, to distribute these things, but I don't know how much she requires for her bakings, so I leave the thing wholly in her hands. Sometime I'll learn, Paul."

"Well, that's a good girl, my pet," with one of his old smiles. "It can't be expected you'd come well qualified from the school to the kitchen, but all wives learn these things by intuition, I imagine."

Dear me! I always thought they did too, if I ever thought anything about it. But I begin to

see I was mistaken, or else nature never endowed me with this blessed intuitive faculty, for I have a kind of nervous horror of going into the kitchen, for Biddy is so experienced a cook, while I am such an ignoramus, we seem at once to change relations, and she to be mistress, for, after all, any kind of knowledge is power.

Well, it'll all come out right, I guess, and I won't ask Paul for that silver cream-jug I intended to. I'll be economical, any way. Times are hard, and I know his business troubles him. Poor fellow, his little wife shall be his comforter.

November 7th.

What a dull, grey, gloomy, wind-shrieking day it is. The weather always influences my spirits, and this or something else makes me feel woe-fully depressed this morning. As for Paul, he's a perfect barometer. I begin to understand more and more what aunt Hope meant when she called him a boy. But, dear me, I'm nothing but a girl too, just stepping over my twentieth birthday, and I don't know how to manage a man—a man that is sometimes, I begin to think, often-times a boy. I don't believe I fully understand him. I mean certain of his moods, and yet he is so noble, so tender, so loving, only it takes such a very little thing to upset him.

Then, of course, I'm not an angel, for all he always insisted upon it. Grandma always let me have my own way in everything at home, and hardly ever contradicted me in my life. I remember what uncle Will said when he passed a month at our house some half-dozen years ago. "Well, Jane," drawing me up close to his heart, and looking in my eyes with those bright ones, which they say are just like my mother's. "It's not your fault that the child isn't a spoiled one. Nothing in the world but her good disposition has saved her, and that not more than half, I'm afraid. Gerty, what if you should ever have any trouble?"

"I'd send straight for you to take it off my shoulders." I laughed, pulling his hair, and then he chased me off into the garden. Oh, those dear old times.

But I begin to think what uncle Will said was true, and that I'm not as amiable as folks have given me credit for being. I know I was pettish to Paul this morning, but I really did feel as if he might be more considerate. Biddy is getting to be so irritable and insolent, that we shall have to dismiss her if things go on at this rate. But she does suit so nicely when she's a mind to, that we have borne silently this aggravating disappearance of crockery and groceries, half dollars and handkerchiefs, till it's becoming too much for our pockets and our patience. This morning

breakfast was late, the day was cloudy, and the coffee was wretched, a conjunction of unfortunate circumstances, any single one of which would put somebody I love better than all the world beside, greatly out of humor.

He tasted the coffee, and angrily pushed it from him. "What miserable stuff, Gertrude."

"I am very sorry, Paul; but what can I do? Biddy is getting so careless!"

"Well, you must pardon me for saying, Gertrude, that if, as mistress of the household, you would take a little more interest in your culinary affairs, we should both be saved annoyance."

A great sob rose to my throat, but I was too proud to let him know it, so I swallowed it down, and said calmly as I could, "You know I never was accustomed to passing any time in the kitchen, and when I do go down there, Biddy is so insolent it's difficult to refrain from turning her out of the house. Besides I couldn't make the coffee. It didn't happen to be one of our exercises at school."

I was sorry for this bit of irony the moment it had passed my lips.

"Those miserable boarding-schools," he retorted. "If I ever have a daughter she shall never put her foot inside of one, that's certain. They prepare a woman for domestic life, for household cares and duties, about as well as an education in the Cannibal Islands would for a school-teacher."

"Well, then, Paul, if any man, fully conscious of this, marries such a woman, he should, it seems to me, have some consideration for her ignorance."

My voice trembled, my face must have told him how much my heart was pained.

"Well, well, Gertrude, talking about the matter doesn't do any good. We must make the best of it, I 'spose. Will you try one of these half-burned biscuits?"

I was thankful enough when the breakfast was over, for it was no easy matter to keep back the tears from my eyes.

He kissed me when he left, but oh! it was so coldly, so unlike his old kisses. I suppose mine reciprocated this. Didn't I run up stairs as I heard the hall door close, and throwing myself on the bed, didn't I cry as I thought I should never cry for words of yours, oh, Paul Lincoln, all the days of my life?

And now what shall I do? If there was only somebody to tell me. If I only knew how to cook a dinner I'd discharge Bridget this very hour; but if Paul should come home, and there should be nothing to eat, I don't know as the house would hold him.

Then Bridget won't take a word from me, and it's so vulgar to quarrel with an inferior. We shall be obliged to send to the city for another girl, though it's not very easy getting them out here in the country. Ugh, how the wind blows! but colder over my heart blow those words, the first unkind words of Paul, my husband.

November 9th.

How like a dream the last two days are to me. As for Paul, he seems like another man. I suspect we are both to blame, and yet I have tried very hard to do right, but he has no pity upon my inexperience. I see now how little patience and endurance he has. I who thought he would lead me very tenderly over all the rough places of my life.

Yesterday Bridget left in a pet, because I ventured to invade her domain, and by virtue of my authority inspect her work. It would be hard to tell what didn't go with her in the way of silver spoons and pillow-cases, forks and napkins, to say nothing of smaller articles.

Of course all the work devolves on Rosy and me, and it would be difficult to decide which is the most verdant mistress or maid. Paul has had some vexatious business matters to attend to, so he can see nothing about a girl to-day.

The dinner was a perfect failure. It makes me sick to think of it; but, oh, that is not so bad as the thought of Paul's face!

"Gertrude," he said, pushing back his knife and fork, after sundry ejaculations over the tough meat and some bread, "what did you ask me to come to dinner for?"

His manner irritated me, and I was nervous and tired out with my unusual work, so I answered pettishly, "Because as I had passed all the morning in getting it for you, I thought you might condescend to eat it."

"Well, you were mistaken. I don't wish to find fault with you, Gertrude, but I really think any man who provides for his household as I have tried to, has a right to expect something better than this mess."

This was more than I could bear. The latent termagant which I begin to discover in my nature spoke up, "Well, it's a great pity, Paul Lincoln, that you didn't marry a housekeeper for your wife. I'm sure you'd have been much happier than I can ever make you."

"But if I have found out my mistake too late, you are hardly the one to remind me of it, Mrs. Lincoln," Paul answered, as he pushed back his chair and left the room.

"Oh, Paul, come back, come back and recall those terrible words!" my heart called out to him as the hall door struck so heavily.

He will be sorry for them, I know he will when he gets to the store this afternoon, and thinks it all over, and he will long to lay his proud head on his little Gertrude's shoulder, and tell her he is very sorry for his harshness.

Oh, me! what bitter tears are drowning my eyes, and my head aches wearily, not so wearily though as the heart beneath it, and there is none to comfort it, oh, Paul, my husband!

November 10th.

The rain is over, and the sun shines again. There are tears now in my eyes, but oh, thank God, they are not the tears of yesterday.

I was really ill with a prostrating nervous headache when Paul returned home last evening. I should have gone to meet him, but the least movement sent such a racking pain through my head, that I was obliged to lie perfectly still.

"Rose, where is Mrs. Lincoln?" I heard him call out from the sitting-room.

"Shure, sir, and it's the awfullest headache she's got, and she's been up stairs with the wet bandages on her forehead all the afternoon."

He came bounding up to me. Oh, all the old sober tenderness was in his tones, as he drew his arms about me and asked, "Gertrude, my darling, have I done this?"

I could not answer him. I could only lie there in his arms and sob convulsively. All his anger, all his pettishness were gone then. He took the blame wholly to himself, and prayed me to forgive him in such repentant tones, that I could not bear it.

"No matter, now, it is all over; and you love me? Only tell me that, and I shall not care for the suffering."

"Better than my own life, Gertrude, my pearl," he said it, as he used to, under the old locust tree, at grandmam's. And it soothed my heart, as much as his cool fingers did the pain of my forehead.

I spoke.

"And you will never speak like that to me again, Paul?"

"I hope not, Gertrude, but I hardly ever promise. You see, I come in sometimes, worried and annoyed with my business; and my temper will, very likely, get the upper hand of me; I shall be ashamed of it afterward, like any other foolish boy. You see aunt Hope was right. But despite all these things you will love me, you will help me to be stronger, Gertrude, my wife."

"To be sure I will, darling. But you know I need help too. Do you remember what uncle Will said, when he heard of our engagement. 'Two spoiled children. What a pity!'"

November 1st.

Our home is very bright, very happy now; and for the new great joy of perfect reconciliation that is born in my heart. I go about the house, singing snatches of old songs from morning till night. I am sure the clouds will never rise, or the rains fall as they did last week.

We have such a treasure of a new girl, too; sent up, yesterday, from the city; so neat, intelligent, faithful. I intend to pass one or two hours every day in my kitchen, until I get to be a model housekeeper. To think that so much of one's matrimonial happiness, depends upon the bread and butter. Oh! the difference between fact and fiction.

November 28th.

I do believe Paul has a little jealousy in his composition. The idea never struck me until last night; but I could see he didn't like it very well, because I chattered so long with Dr. Morford.

The doctor is young and certainly a very agreeable man, but then, he can't be compared with Paul.

He is a general admirer of ladies, I believe, but that speech of his sister Mary's was so terribly malapropos, and then all the other guests heard it. She is such an artless creature, and never thought how it sounded. "Don't you think, Mr. Lincoln, you ought to be a little jealous of Charlie, he admires your wife so much? Why, would you believe, he said to cousin Harry, the other day, I'll tell you what, if that little specimen of angelhood, Mrs. Lincoln, hadn't been tied fast, before I saw her, I should have made quite a desperate effort to secure her."

I saw Paul's brow darken, even amidst the laugh that courtesy compelled from him.

"Dr. Morford is a very agreeable man, don't you think so, Paul?" I asked, carelessly, after the company had departed; and we came back to the parlor, for he didn't speak. And the silence seemed rather awkward.

"You seemed to find him so, at least, Mrs. Lincoln, judging only from your devotedness to him, all the evening."

"My devotedness to him! How absurd, Paul. Of course, as his hostess, I owed him some attentions, and he detained me by the piano, talking about those pictures."

"Of course, he did. I presume, from what his sister said, he would like to detain you through life; and, possibly, that might be a mutually satisfactory arrangement."

"It might be, if I had not found one whose infinite superiority of heart and mind to Dr.

Morford's, precludes the possibility of my ever wishing this." I stood still, looking up straight into Paul's eyes, as I said these words.

His brow cleared, he drew me to his heart. "Gertrude, I was very foolish, but for the sake of the great love that made me all this, forgive me?"

Of course, I did bless him! But who would have suspected a man would be jealous of such a little matter. I begin to think the "lords of creation" are, at heart, very much like women, after all.

December 8th.

Our first snow fall! How I love to stand at the window, and see the white flakes float down from the soft, woolly-looking clouds. Afar off the hills wear their white mantels of the storm like "crowned majesties," and the earth all about me seems better, and purer for this new baptismal.

I do love the snow so, and always did from that time, when dear grandma, used to hold me up to the window to watch the coming down of the sky feathers. I do hope, busy as Paul is just now, he can find time to take me out sleighing this afternoon, if the clouds break, and they begin to look thinner in the west.

Afternoon.

Well, my sleigh ride is all up with, and it is such a disappointment! I could cry just as well as not, though I didn't tell Paul half how badly I felt at his refusal. It was so cool, too, that it was twice as hard to bear.

But then he is so troubled, I ought to excuse him, though he did say, "If Munson Great don't meet his notes, we can never have any sleigh rides; as I see, my expenses, this year, have been about twice as large as I expected." I'm sure I begin to be as economical as I can; but, men, the very best of them, are unreasonable sometimes, I find. There go the sleigh-bells. How their sweet jingling music breaks up to my room like a call, "Come out and join us." Hark! they have stopped at our door.

December 12th.

It is a week since I took up my pen to talk with you, old friend and confidant. A week? Oh, looking back it seems a year, an age, whose pages from life's great lesson book have been burned into my heart? But, thank God, I take up my pen now a wiser and a better woman.

I left my journal, last week, so abruptly, to find doctor and Miss Morford in the parlor. They had come to take me out sleighing, and would listen to no refusal. I knew the ride was just what I needed, physically and mentally, but then, what would Paul say to going with the

doctor? It was this query which gave the awkward hesitation to my manner, and the perplexed expression to my face; but I had no good reason for declining the invitation, and I couldn't give the true one.

"We're only going to the Farm tavern, and we'll return before dark, so I'm sure you can't refuse," prayed the soft voice and sweet face of Mary Morford.

"As Mary's going, I'm sure Paul couldn't be silly enough to care," I thought to myself, and then half desperately I answered, "Yes, I will go." We started off in high spirits. I always enjoy riding, intensely, and as our light cutter swept like the wing of a bird through the sheets of snow, I forgot everything, even Paul's possible displeasure: and Mary's laugh and mine rang out through the bare old woods which flanked either side of the road, like that of two wild, merry-hearted children, and so we were.

"Halloo! halloo!" The loud call floated out to us on the brisk wind, and looking back we saw a sleigh hurrying toward us, the driver standing up in the vehicle, and making all sorts of ludicrous and frantic pantomimes.

"If it isn't cousin Henry!" cried Mary, as we drew up, and in a moment he was with us.

"Jump in here, you good-for-nothing," was the gentleman's first cousinly salutation to the lady after he had recognized me. "I stopped at the house for you, and learned from your mother that you and Charlie had started for the Farm, so here I've ridden at break-neck speed for three miles to overtake you."

Of course, under these circumstances I could do nothing but excuse Mary, and she was soon ensconced with her cousin, while the doctor kept on in high spirits. We passed several parties from the village, with whom we exchanged cordial greetings before we reached the Farm tavern. Quite a large company had gathered here, among which were several friends of the doctor's.

They insisted upon his remaining to tea, which the host promised should be ready by seven. My position was equally awkward and unpleasant. They pressed me on all sides to remain, and I could only plead as excuse for my declining to do this, that Mr. Lincoln expected me to tea.

"But by half-past eight I will set you down at your own door, Mrs. Lincoln; and your husband will certainly be willing to trust you with me for an hour and a half longer."

I was not quite so sure of that, but overborne at last by numbers and volubility, consented to remain.

But the afternoon's happiness was over. Thoughts of Paul's return, wearied and worn

with the day's business, of his surprise and disappointment, to say nothing of his displeasure at my absence, effectually banished all my pleasure, and I am sure I was little social addition to the company.

The supper of course was later, and occupied more time than was predicted. As soon as it was over I peremptorily insisted upon leaving, so amid the regrets of the company, the doctor and I started for home.

Oh, how rejoiced I was as we drew up before our door.

"Rose, is Mr. Lincoln at home?" was my first breathless query.

She answered quickly,

"No, ma'am, he's been walking up and down the sitting-room for the last hour, and a few minutes ago he went out."

"Shan't I come in and remain with you, Mrs. Lincoln, until your husband's return?" asked the chevalier doctor, whose attentions had really become almost intrusive during our home ride.

I replied,

"Thank you, doctor, I can by no means permit it. You promised to return to the Farm immediately, and they are expecting you. Mr. Lincoln will be in soon, I am certain." And so he left me.

God grant, in His exceeding mercy, that I may never again endure the agony and suspense of the half hour that followed. "Where had Paul gone? What would he do?" These were the two fearful questions that kept sounding through my soul, as I walked up and down the room, listening for his footfall.

At the end of that time the bell rang sharply. I did not wait for Rose, I hurried with throbbing heart to the door. Several men stood there with a burden.

No wonder that one long, wild shriek went out into the still night air, for it was Paul, my husband.

"Is he dead? Is he dead?" I asked, as my heart fluttered, and then seemed suddenly frozen within me, while one of the gentlemen drew me back.

"Oh, no, my dear madam, and we hope not seriously injured. He started out to the Farm this evening on horseback. The animal which he rode was a very vicious one, but all the rest at the stable were in use. The horse proved unmanageable, and Mr. Lincoln was thrown."

They carried him up stairs, applied restoratives, and sent for a surgeon. I did not leave the room. I stood by him until they said his arm was broken, and that it must be set immediately.

He opened his eyes then, and when he saw me leaning over him, the wildness went out of his first glance, and a faint smile wavered round his lips.

"Oh, Paul, Paul, thank God you are come back to me!" He read all my truth, all my love in my face, and needed no further explanation; so I offered none.

The operation was performed skilfully and quickly.

They would not permit me to be in the room—I who would so gladly have borne all the suffering for him. But I cannot, cannot write of that time.

For the last week I have hardly left his bedside, and he says I am the best nurse in the world.

He is so gentle, so patient, so uncomplaining; and thinks more of my fatigue than he does of his own pain.

This trial has lain both our hearts very bare to each other, and we have promised, with God's help, that the future shall not be as the past.

Paul had heard of my ride with the doctor, from some of the party who passed us on our way to the Farm. When he came home and learned I had not returned he was almost, if not quite frantic.

At last he could endure it no longer. He rushed to the stable, procured the only horse that was not in use, and started off for me. "Well," he concluded, "I was a madman, Gertrude, and the fall brought me to my senses!"

And I answered,

"But you forgive me now, Paul, that you understand it all?"

"I have nothing to forgive, darling," and the kiss that his lips reached up to me was the seal to the new compact of our love.

Day before yesterday, I stole so softly into the room that Paul did not hear me, and once he groaned out sharply with the pain of his arm.

"Is it so bad as that?" said I, bending over him with my tear-filled eyes. He looked up and smiled. No man on earth has the smile of Paul Lincoln!

"Oh, a broken arm isn't half so bad as a broken heart, darling," he said.

I put down my wet cheek to his; and I know that was the best medicine.

December 16th.

Good news! good news! Aunt Hope is coming to us to remain until spring, and under her teachings I shall become a pattern housekeeper very soon.

Paul, too, is improving very rapidly. Not in our own strength as in the heretofore, but in

God's, who giveth us the victory, shall we go on } "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He
the way He hath appointed. } shall direct thy paths."

THE FOREST SHRINE.

BY MRS. LOUISE A. WÆRTHEM.

Oh, for a temple to my God
Within some forest lone,
Its pillars should be forest trees,
Through which the wild winds moan,
Its roof should be the deep blue dome,
Where cloundlets love to lie,
Ay, changing with each passing breeze
Bright fancies of the sky.

Some bold and rocky mountain height
Should guard this sacred fane,
Filled with the presence of that God
We here ne'er seek in vain;
Wild flowers should deck the rifted wall;
The birds on every tree
Should join with voices jubilant,
And sing their praise to Thee.

The music for this woody shrine
Should be of solemn tone,
An organ choir of wood and wave,
Played by the wind alone;
The minstrel brooks may prelude sweet,
Low rippling through the dell,
The mighty winds alone can bid
The glorious anthem swell.

I'll build a rustic altar there,
All draped with fern and moss,
A place there on, oh, Saviour dear,
An emblem of Thy Cross:
An elemental offering
Of water from the spring
That gushes 'mid the spongy moss,
In Thy great name I'll bring.

A flowery branch—a living coal
I'll also offer Thee,
To symbolize the pardon bought.
For me, great God, for me;
My prayer and praise wilt thou accept,
Aye, from a purest shrine,
And write me in Thy Book of Books
The humble servant thine.

Sweet solitude doth minister
At this most holy shrine,
Revealing to the inmost soul
The holy, the divine;
Ay, Truth e'en like the cherubim,
With golden wing outspread,
Doth hover o'er this forest shrine,
And Heavenly wisdom shed.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

A young child sat on the old door stone,
And looked toward the distant West,
Where the blue sky bent to the bluer hills,
And thus to his heart addressed,
"Sure a fairer sky is behind those hills,
That hide from my longing view
The sun-bright fields and gushing rills—
Oh! I wish that I only knew!"

The boy grew tall, as the sunny years
Of childhood had passed away,
Till hopes, and joys, and doubts, and fears,
Came up with each coming day.
Then the strong man bowed at a gentle shrine,
And worshipped a human thing,
That weak, and erring, he deemed divine—
But the angel has taken wing.

And far away in the spirit land,
That angel now waits for him,
To lead him up with a gentle hand,
But the eyes of Faith are dim.
Then the hope of fame to his aching heart
Came up, like a dream of light,
He has followed it on, though the way was dark,
And ends in the gloom of night.

A wanderer sits on the old door stone,
Where the child sat, years ago,
An old man, weary, sad, and lone,
Sits rocking him to and fro.
He has come at last to his boyhood's home,
And he bows his aged head,
Oh! never again from that place to roam—
That lone old man is dead.

THE WINGS OF AFFECTION.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

ONE day, I received a letter, and straightway locked myself into my own room to read it, as I understood was the practice of heroines in the same circumstances. I had not finished the first page, when I heard a violent rattling of the door-handle, and "Here, child? what have you got this door locked for?"

I sprang to open it, and my mother entered, holding an open letter. "This is from your uncle Suydam," she said, "and I suppose yours is, also. You see what he wants. Your aunt is sick, and wishes you to come and stay with her. It will be lonely for you, my dear, but such a comfort to her, that you ought to make the sacrifice."

Thus my brother and sisters talked to me all the morning, till I began to experience quite a Florence Nightingale sort of feeling. I devoted the rest of the day to writing sundry notes, in my most elegant hand, cancelling various engagements, on the plea of a "sudden summons out of town, to the bedside of a sick relative." I drove down Bleeker street, the next morning, feeling very much elevated above all other girls, my sisters in particular: they were not flying on the wings of affection to be ministering angels at the couch of illness! There is nothing like the spirit of self-complacency for aiding one to keep one's temper. It made me callous to all the unpleasantness of my dusty ride in the cars. I reached my uncle's, near Baltimore, just at dark.

"Throw off your bonnet, my dear child," said my uncle, "I am glad to see you, and wife will be glad too. She has been looking for you all day."

It's pleasant to be wished for, so I adjusted my under-sleeves, and very dutifully answered, "If aunt feels half as much pleasure in having me near her, as I expect to have in attending upon her, I shall be very glad."

"Humph!" said my uncle.

I was sitting by my aunt, about nine o'clock, when my cousin Harry beckoned me out of the room, whispering, "Come, coz, and eat a little supper."

"Oh! I can't, Harry. I have had my tea, and I can't leave aunt Margaret."

"Nonsense! you'll get over that. A few lessons from my mother will do the business."

"Arn't you ashamed, Harry! when your mother is so sick."

"Oh, yes! I know my mother is sick, and of course, I'm very sorry; but she is in no danger that I know of; and I've no sentiment about me. This exclusive devotion to anything less than an angel, isn't the thing it is preached to be. Better come down and have some cold chicken."

I ran down to the dining-room. My cousin Tom stood by the sideboard, already deep in the discussion of the chicken. "Here is a nice bit of breast for you, Annie," said he. "Of course, young ladies never take anything but a piece of the breast. I would offer you this merry thought, if you had drawn down your face to such a 'becoming sobriety'—isn't that the term?"

I had scarcely got a bit of chicken on my fork, when my aunt's bell rung loudly, and in a moment a servant entered to say that Mrs. Suydam had sent for Miss Hill.

"Remember what I told you, Annie," cried Harry, as I ran off.

I drew a very advantageous comparison between my cousin's lack of sympathy, and my own superabundance of it.

The next day passed off very well, though my aunt seemed to think that she had all the nerves and feeling—I had no right to any. She took a fancy that everything tasted better prepared by my hands. Very affectionate of her, to be sure, and sounded very prettily to tell—but not quite so agreeable in practice. Oh! dear! how many hundred times a day, did I run up and down stairs.

"Good times for the shoemakers," cousin Harry said.

The second night after my arrival, I was suddenly awakened, with,

"Miss Annie! Miss Annie! My patience! how sound you do sleep. Mrs. Suydom wants you."

I fancied my aunt was dying, and sprung out of bed in a fright.

"Oh, Miss Annie, ye may stop a bit, and put on your dressing-gown," said the old nurse. "I fancy ye'll not be coming back soon."

Hardly understanding her words, I hurried to aunt's bedside.

"Annie," said she, "I can't sleep. You can't be very tired, my dear, and I want you to read to me a little while."

Read! in the middle of the night! Why, I could scarcely keep my eyes open, and my head was dizzy with my hasty awakening. However, I found a book, and drew the candle toward me. But the letters were all confused. I snuffed the candle. It was no better—I could hardly distinguish a word.

"Will, my dear, go on, go on?" said my aunt.

Go on! it was easy to say go on. I rubbed my eyes hard with both hands, and then dashed into a chapter of Hervey's Meditations.

I raised my eyes once and looked around, and felt almost inclined to laugh at my situation. Almost, I say, dear reader. You would have laughed, but my laughing was a different thing. Bending over a book at two o'clock in the morning, with aching eyes, by the light of a dim candle, while all that breaks the silence is my own husky voice, and the heavy breathing of the sleeping nurse, is rather dismal. My conclusion after my first peep in the glass, the next morning, was that such escapades were not favorable to the complexion, and I had some thoughts of going into a pet, but I was not quite ready to come down from the heroine height on which I had placed myself, so I repeated Sir Walter Scott's beautiful lines on Woman, and went to prepare my aunt's gruel.

"Oh, Annie," was her exclamation, when she tasted it, "this is too salt. I can't eat it."

"Annie," cried she, as I presented a second bowl, "I believe you are beside yourself this morning," (and well I might be with my throbbing headache.) "You have put too much sugar in this; and see, you have let a drop fall on the waiter. I never could take it after that."

I made a third bowl, and put neither sugar nor salt in it, but carried them both up to her with the gruel. She assumed an expression of martyr resignation, and salted and sweetened it.

I wonder how many times that day aunt Margaret wanted her pillows shook up, and if I did it to her satisfaction one time in twenty. I took up a book in the course of the morning. She immediately said, "Annie, do put away that book; the turning of the leaves sets me crazy."

I then brought out a purse I was knitting. "Annie, you must not knit. I cannot bear the click of the needles."

The room was too dark to sew, so I sat for hours every day in utter idleness.

My aunt seldom asked me for anything when I was going about the chamber. Someway she

never thought of what she wanted till after I had sat down. I would rather have risen any other time than just then. She seemed to think herself wronged if my time and strength were not incessantly employed in attending upon her. Oh! sometimes mind, heart, and body were completely wearied out. And yet my aunt, when in health, was a remarkably amiable and considerate woman.

"Annie, said Harry to me, "you must come down stairs this evening; I met young Tallmadge to-day, and told him you were here, and he said he'd call to-night."

My aunt generally settled for the night about eight o'clock, but that evening I thought she never would settle. Her contradictory requirements put me in such a fever that I spilled half a bottle of quinine over my new light silk apron, donned expressly for Mr. Tallmadge. How well I read the elevation of the eyebrow with which that gentleman's glance rested on the stain.

My cousin Tom was a very quiet, convenient cousin, and he got the chess-board and engaged his father in a game; while Harry took a book. My conversation with Mr. Tallmadge, was sinking into a low tone, and becoming interesting, rather sentimental, perhaps it might be called tender; when Susan opened the door, "Please, Miss Annie, Mrs. Suydam wants you to dress her blister again."

Dress a blister! what an interlude to a flirtation. Tom laughed aloud, and I bit my lips, and murmuring something about my time being entirely devoted to my aunt, got out of the room as fast as I could.

"Never mind, Annie," said Harry, the next morning, "you appeared very interesting, I assure you."

Interesting, truly! I wonder if I looked interesting the next night at one o'clock, groping my way down stairs, in my night-dress, to get cold meat for aunt Margaret. I am naturally a great coward, and trembling, starting at every sound, I made my way to the cellar, and found the sirloin of beef. Aunt Margaret took the knife in her own hand, and cut and cut, and eat and eat, till I stood in mute consternation. That very day she had refused to take some Panada, on the ground that she was too weak to bear anything but arrow-root or toast-water.

One hot July afternoon—how well I remember it! my aunt said, "Come, Annie, I want you to read aloud."

"Ma'am," said I—I heard perfectly well.

"I want you to read to me."

It was then two o'clock; I read till half after three without stopping for more than half a

minute. "Are you not tired, aunt Margaret?" I said.

"No, not at all," was her reply.

I was, though. The clock struck four—half-past four—five. I laid down the book, and pressed both hands to my forehead.

"Go on, my dear," said aunt Margaret, after a pause, "it is the only thing that calms my nerves.

Another hour passed. My chest ached terribly, and my voice was almost gone.

"It is long past six, aunt Margaret," I said, "don't you think you had better try to sleep now?"

"No, no, I can't sleep. Can't you read a little longer. Try."

"I'll try," I said. And I waded through two or three more chapters. All at once the room grew dark, the page swam before me, and I fell from my chair with a dim consciousness that I was fainting.

When I recovered I found myself upon my own bed. I was not asked to read aloud again; but instead, my afternoons were employed in fanning aunt Margaret until my arms felt ready to break. And so I was heartily glad when the time come for me to go home, after six weeks stay in Puston? As I was packing, I got a little of my sentiment out of my trunk, (where I had prudently placed it the first week after my

arrival) as I expected my aunt to thank me with tears in her eyes, for my exertions in her behalf. I had prepared a beautiful disclaimer, and altogether arranged the whole farewell scene very handsomely.

"Well, good-bye, my dear Annie," said aunt Margaret, as I entered in my travelling-dress, "You have been very kind, my dear child, and you know I am much obliged to you. You have done your best, I'm sure, but——"

"But," I trembled.

"But, the truth is, young persons, however well-meaning, don't do very well in a sick-room. Good-bye, my dear, I hope you will have a pleasant journey home."

A cold shower-bath could not have produced a greater re-action. I had worked myself up into something like the feelings of a ministering angel, and now I was at once handed down to the very earthly position of "a well-meaning young person."

I am thankful I was prevented from reading my aunt a lecture upon Invalid Exactions, and finishing it with an illustration of Ingratitude, which was on the end of my tongue. I kept my temper, however, and managed to bear Harry's teasing about blisters, and exclusive devotion, all the way down to the depot. That is the last time I have ever "flown on the wings of affection to the couch of illness."

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

BY GEORGE M'DONALD.

Little white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone
Little white Lily
Sunshine has fled;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, "It is good
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food
Little white Lily
Drest like a bride!
Shining with whiteness,
And crowned beside!"

Little white Lily
Droopeth in pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.

Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling,
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said, "Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have nice rain!
Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full!"

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet:
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
"Thanks to the sunshine!
Thanks to the rain!
Little white Lily
Is happy again!"

LOVE'S LABOR WON.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," &c.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER FIRST.

THE IMPROVISATRICE.

Hers was the spell o'er hearts
That only genius gives,
The mother of the sister Arts,
Where all their beauty lives.

VARIED FROM CAMPBELL.

"BEAUTIFUL."

"Glorious."

"Celestial!"

Such were the exclamations murmured through the room, in low, but earnest tones.

"So fair and dark a creature I have never seen," said the French ambassador.

"The rarest and finest features of the blonde and the brunette combined; look at her hair and brow!—it is as if the purple lustre of Italia's vines lay upon the snow of Switzerland's Alps," said a young English gentleman, of some twenty years of age, and from whom the air of the university had scarcely yet fallen.

"You are too enthusiastic, Lord William," gravely observed an elderly man, in the dress of a clergyman of the Church of England.

"Too enthusiastic, sir! ah, now! do but see for yourself, if it be not profane to gaze at her. Is she not now—what is she? queenly? Pshaw! I was, when a boy, at Versailles with my father; I saw Marie Antoinette and the beautiful princesses of her train; but never, no, never have I seen beauty, and dignity, and grace like this. You have the honor of knowing the lady, sir?" he concluded, turning abruptly to a member of the French Legation, standing near him.

"Oh, yes, monsieur, I have that distinction," said the affable Parisian, with a bow and smile.

"And her name is—?"

"Ah! pardon me, monsieur—Mademoiselle Marguerite De Lencie."

"Oh! a countrywoman of your own."

"Excuse, monsieur—a Virginie."

"Ah, ha! Miss De Lencie, of Virginia," said the young Englishman, who having thus ascertained all that he wished to know, for the present, now, with the characteristic and irresponsible bluntness of his nature, turned his back upon the small Frenchman, and gave himself up

to the contemplation of the lady seated at the harp.

This conversation occurred in a scene and upon an occasion long-to-be-remembered—the scene was the saloon of the old Presidential mansion at Philadelphia—the occasion was that of Mrs. Washington's last reception, previous to the final retirement of Gen. Washington from office. The beauty, talent, fashion and celebrity of the "Republican Court" were present—heroes of the Revolutionary struggle—warriors, whose mighty swords had cleft asunder the yoke of a foreign despotism; sages, whose gigantic minds had framed the Constitution of the young Republic; men whose names were then, as now, of world-wide glory and time-enduring fame; foreign ministers and ambassadors, with their suites, all enthusiastic admirers, or politic flatterers of the glorious New Power that had arisen among the nations; wealthy, aristocratic, or otherwise distinguished tourists, whom the fame of the young commonwealth, and the glory of her Father had attracted to her shores; women also, whose beauty, grace and genius so dazzled the perceptions of even these late *habitués* of European courts, that they avowed themselves unable to decide whether were the sons of Columbia the braver, or her daughters the fairer!

And through them all, but greater than all, moved the Chief, arrayed simply, as a private gentleman, but wearing on his noble brow that royalty no crown could give.

But who is she, that even in this company of splendid magnificence, upon this occasion of supreme interest, can for an hour become the magnet of all eyes and ears?

Marguerite De Lencie was the only child of a Provençal gentleman and a Virginia lady, and combined in her person and in her character all the strongest attributes of the northern and the southern races; blending the passions, genius and enthusiasm of the one, with the intellectual power, pride and independence of the other; and contrasting in her person the luxuriant purplish black hair and glorious eyes of the Romanic nations, with the fair, clear complexion and roseate bloom of the Saxon. Gifted above most women

by nature, she was also favored beyond most ladies by fortune. Having lost her mother, in the tender age of childhood, she was reared and educated by her father, a gentleman of the most accomplished cultivation. He imbued the mind of Marguerite with all the purest and loftiest sentiments of liberty and humanity, that in his country somewhat redeemed the wickedness of the French Revolution. Monsieur De Lancia, dying when his daughter was but eighteen years of age, made her his sole heiress, and also, in accordance with his own liberal and independent principles, and his confidence in Marguerite's character and strength of mind, he left her the irresponsible mistress of her own property and person. Marguerite was not free from grave faults. A beautiful, gifted and idolized girl left with the unrestrained disposal of her time and her ample fortune, it was impossible but that she must have become somewhat spoiled. Her defects exhibited themselves in excessive personal pride and extreme freedom of thought and speech, and some irradicable prejudices which she took no trouble to conceal. The worshipped of many suitors, she had remained, up to the age of twenty-two, with her hand unengaged and her heart untouched. Several American women had about this time married foreign noblemen: and those who envied this superb woman, averred that the splendid Marguerite only waited for a coronet.

When at home Miss De Lancia resided either at her elegant town house in the old city of Winchester, or upon one of her two plantations, situate, the upper among the wildest and most beautiful hills of the Blue Ridge, and the lower, upon the banks of the broad Potomac, where she reigned mistress of her land and people, "queen o'er herself."

Marguerite was at present in Philadelphia, on a visit to her friend Miss Compton, whose father occupied a "high official station" in the administration. This was Miss De Lancia's first appearance in Philadelphia society. And now that she was there, Marguerite, with the constitutional enthusiasm of her nature, forgot herself in the deep interest of this assembly, where the father of his country met for the last time, socially, her sons and daughters.

In accordance with the elegant ease that characterized Mrs. Washington's drawing-rooms, several ladies of distinguished musical taste and talent had varied the entertainment of the evening by singing to the accompaniment of the harp, or piano, the National odes and popular songs of that day.

Then ensued a short interval, at the close of

which Miss De Lancia permitted herself to be led to the harp by Col. Compton. She was a stranger to most persons in that saloon, and it was simply her appearance as she passed and took her place at the harp, that had elicited that restrained burst of admiration with which this chapter opens.

She was indeed a woman of superb beauty, which never shone with richer lustre than upon this occasion, that I present her to the reader.

Her figure was rather above the medium height; but elegantly proportioned. The stately head arose from a smoothly rounded neck, whose every curve and bend was the very perfection of grace and dignity; lustrous black hair, with brilliant purple lights like the sheen on the wing of some Oriental bird, was rolled back from a queenly forehead, and turned over a jeweled comb in a luxuriant fall of ringlets at the back of her head; black eye-brows distinctly drawn, and delicately tapering toward the points, were arched above rich, deep eyes of purplish black, that languished or glowed, melted or flashed from beneath their long lashes with every change of mood; and all harmonized beautifully with a pure, rich complexion, where the clear crimson of the cheeks blended softly into the pearly whiteness of the blue veined temples and broad forehead, while the full curved lips glowed with the deepest, brightest flush of the ruby. She was arrayed in a royal purple velvet robe, open over a richly embroidered white satin skirt; her neck and arms were veiled with fine point lace; and a single diamond star lighted up the midnight of her hair.

Having seated herself at the harp and essayed its strings, she paused, and seemingly unconscious of the many eyes rivetted upon her, she raised her head, and gazing into the far off distance, threw her white arm across the instrument, and swept its chords in a deep, soul-thrilling prelude—not to a national ode or popular song, but to a spirit-stirring, glorious improvisation! This prelude seemed a musical paraphrase of the great national struggle and victory. She struck a few deep, solitary notes, and then swept the harp in a low, mournful strain, like the first strokes of tyranny, followed by the earliest murmurs of discontent; then the music, with intervals of monotone, arose in fitful gusts like the occasional skirmishes that heralded the Revolution; then the calm was lost in general storm and devastation—the report of musketry, the tramp of steeds, the clashing of swords, the thunder of artillery, the fall of walls, the cries of the wounded, the groans of the dying, and the shouts of victory, were not only heard, but

seen and felt in that magnificent tempest of harmony.

Then the voice of the improvisatrice arose. Her subject was the retiring chief. I cannot hope to give any idea of the splendor of that improvisation—as easily might I catch and fix with pen, or pencil, the magnificent life of an equinoctial storm, the reverberation of its thunder, the conflagration of its lightning! Possessed of Apollo, the light glowed upon her cheeks, irradiated her brow, and streamed, as it were, in visible living rays from her glorious eyes! The whole power of the god was upon the woman, and the whole soul of the woman in her theme. There was not a word spoken, there was scarcely a breath drawn in that room. She finished amid a charmed silence that lasted until Col. Compton appeared and broke the spell by leading her from the harp.

Then arose low murmurs of enthusiastic admiration, restrained only by the deep respect due to the chief personage in that assembly.

"La Marguerite des Marguerites!" said the gallant French attache.

"A Corinne! I must know her, sir. Will you do me the honor to present me?" inquired the English student, turning again to the Frenchman.

"Lord William!" interrupted the clerical companion, with an air of caution and admonition.

"Well, Mr. Murray! well! did not my father desire that I should make the acquaintance of all distinguished Americans?—and surely this lady must be one of their number?"

"Humph," said the clergyman, stroking his chin, "the marquis did not, probably, include distinguished actresses, Lord William."

"Actresses! have you judgment, Mr. Murray? Do but look with what majesty she speaks and moves!"

"So I have heard does Mrs. Siddons. Let us withdraw, Lord William."

"Not yet, if you please, sir! I must first pay my respects to this lady. Will you favor me, monsieur?"

"Pardon! I will make you known to Col. Compton, who will present you to the lady under his charge," said the Frenchman, bowing, and leading the way, while the clergyman left behind only vented his dissatisfaction in a few emphatic grunts.

"Miss De Lancie, permit me to present to you Lord William Daw, of England," said Col. Compton, leading the youthful foreigner before the lady.

Miss De Lancie bowed and half arose. She

received the young gentleman coldly, or rather absently, and to all that he advanced she replied abstractedly, for she had not yet freed herself from the trance that had lately bound her.

Nevertheless, Lord William found "grace and favor" in everything the enchantress said or did. He lingered near her, until at last, with a congee of dismissal to her boyish admirer, she arose and signified her wish to retire from the saloon.

The next day but one, was a memorable day in Philadelphia. It was the occasion of the public and final farewell of George Washington and the inauguration of his successor. From an early hour the city was thronged with visitors, who came, not so much to witness the instalment of the new, as to take a tearful last look at the deeply venerated, retiring President.

The profound public interest, however, did not prevent Lord William Daw from pursuing a quite private one. At an hour as early as the laxest etiquette would permit, he paid his respects to Miss De Lancie at the house of Col. Compton, and procured himself to be invited by his host to join their party in witnessing the interesting ceremonies at the Hall of Representation.

The family, consisting of the colonel and Mrs. Compton and their daughter Cornelia, went in a handsome landeau, or open carriage.

Miss De Lancie rode a magnificent black charger, that she managed with the ease of a cavalry officer, and with a grace that was only her own.

Lord William, on a horse placed at his service by Col. Compton, rode ever at her bridle rein—and if he admired her as a gifted improvisatrice, he adored her as an accomplished equestrienne, an excellence that of the two his young lordship was the best fitted to appreciate.

Afterward, in the Hall of Representation, he was ever at her side, nor could the august ceremonies, and the supreme interest of the scene passing before them, where the first President of the United States offered his valedictory, and the second President took his oath of office, win him for a moment from the contemplation of the queenly form and resplendent face of Marguerite De Lancie.

When the rites were all over, and their party had extricated themselves from the outrushing crowd, who were crushing each other nearly to death in their eagerness to behold the last of the retiring chief; when they had seen Washington enter his carriage and drive homeward; in fine, when at last they reached their own door, Lord William Daw manifested so little inclination to take leave, and even betrayed so great a desire to remain, that nothing was left Col. Compton

but to invite the enamored boy to stay and dine, an invitation that was unhesitatingly accepted.

Dinner over, and lights brought into the drawing-room, and Lord William Daw still lingering!

"Unquestionably, this young man, though a scion of nobility, is ignorant or regardless of the usages of good society," said Col. Compton to himself. Then addressing the visitor, he said, "The ladies, sir, are going, this evening, to the new theatre, to see Fennel and Mrs. Whitlock in *Romeo and Juliet*. Will it please you to accompany us?"

"Most happy to do so," replied the youth, with an ingenuous blush and smile at what he must have considered a slight departure from the formal manners of the day, even while unable to resist the temptation and tear himself away.

In a few moments the carriage was at the door, and the ladies ready.

Miss Compton and Miss De Lancie, Col. Compton and Lord William Daw filled the carriage, as well as they afterward filled the box at the theatre.

The play had already commenced when they entered, and the scene in progress was that of the ball at old Capulet's house. It seemed to confine the attention of the audience; but as for Lord William Daw, the mimic life upon the stage had no more power than had had the real drama of the morning to draw his attention from the magnificent Marguerite. He spoke but little; spell-bound, his eyes never left her, except when in turning her regal head her eyes encountered his—when, blushing like a detected school boy, he would avert his face. So, for him, the play passed like a dream; nor did he know it was over until the general rising of the company informed him.

Every one was enthusiastic. Col. Compton, who had been in London in an official capacity, and had seen Mrs. Siddons, averred it as his opinion that her sister, Mrs. Whitlock, was in every respect the equal of the great tragedienne. All seemed delighted with the performance they had just witnessed, excepting only Lord William Daw, who had seen nothing of it, and Marguerite De Lancie who seemed perfectly indifferent.

"What is your opinion, Miss De Lancie?" inquired the youth, by way of relieving the awkwardness of his own silence.

"About what?" asked Marguerite, abstractedly.

"Ahem!—about—Shakspeare and—this performance."

"Oh! Can I be interested in anything of this kind, after what we have witnessed in

the State House to-day? Least of all in this thing?"

"This thing?—what, Marguerite, do you not worship Shakspeare and Mrs. Whitlock then?" exclaimed Cornelia Compton.

"Mrs. Whitlock? I do not know yet; let me see her in some other character. Shakspeare? Yes! but not traditionally, imitatively, blindly, wholly, as most of you worship, or profess to worship him; I admire his tragedies of *Lear*, *Richard the Third*, *Macbeth*, and perhaps one or two others; but this *Romeo and Juliet*, this love-sick boy and puling girl—bah! bah! let's go home."

"That's the way with Marguerite! Now I should not have dared to risk my reputation for intelligence by uttering that sentiment," said Cornelia Compton.

"Never fear, child! naught is never in danger," observed Col. Compton, with good-humored, though severe raillery.

While Lord William Daw, with the morbid and sensitive egotism of a lover, inquired of himself. Does she intend that remark for me? Does she look upon me only in the light of a love-sick boy? Do I only disgust her then? Thus tormenting himself until their party had entered the carriage, and driven back once more to Col. Compton's hospitable mansion, and where his host, inwardly laughing, pressed him to come in and take a bed and breakfast.

But the youth, doubtful of the colonel's seriousness, piqued at his innamorata's scornfulness, and ashamed of his own devotedness, declined the invitation, bowed his adieus and was about to retire, when Col. Compton placed his carriage and servants at Lord William's disposal, and besought him to permit them to set him down at his own hotel, a service that the young gentleman with some hesitation accepted.

In a few days from this, Gen. Washington left Philadelphia for Mount Vernon. And Col. Compton, who went out of office with his chief, broke up his establishment in Philadelphia, and with his family set out for his home in Virginia.

CHAPTER SECOND.

"THE LOVE CHASE."

—When shines the sun aslant,
The sun may shine and we be cold;
Oh! listen loving hearts and bold,
Unto my wild romaunt,

Margaret, Margaret.

E. B. BROWNING.

COL. COMPTON, and his family, travelling at leisure in their private carriage, reached the Blue Ridge on the fifth, and Winchester on the

seventh day of their journey, and went immediately to the fine old family mansion on the suburbs of the old town, which was comfortably prepared for the occupancy of the proprietor.

Miss De Lancie's elegant house on Loudoun street, under the charge of an exemplary matron, was also ready for the reception of its mistress; but Marguerite yielded to the solicitations of her friend Cornelia, and remained her guest for the present.

Compton Lodge was somewhat older than the town; it was a substantial building of grey sandstone, situated in a fine park shaded with great forest trees, and enclosed by a stone wall; it had once been a famous hunting seat, where Lord Fairfax, Gen. Morgan, Major Helphinstine, and other votaries of St. Hubert, "most did congregate;" and even now, it was rather noted for its superior breed of hounds and horses, and for the great foxhunts that were there got up.

Marguerite De Lancie liked the old place upon all these accounts, and sometimes when the hunting company was very select, she did not hesitate to join their sylvan sports: and scarcely a hunter there, even old Lord Fairfax himself, who still in his age, pursued with ever youthful enthusiasm, the pleasures of the chase—aquitted himself better than did this Diana.

But now in March, the hunting season was over, and if Marguerite De Lancie preferred Compton Lodge to her own house, it was because, after a long winter in Philadelphia—with the monotony of straight streets and red brick walls, and the weariness of crowded rooms—the umbragous shade of forest trees, the silence and the solitude of nature, with the company of her sole bosom friend, was most welcome.

The second morning after their settlement at home, Col. Compton's family were seated around the breakfast table, discussing their coffee, buckwheat cakes, and broiled venison.

Marguerite's attention was divided between the conversation at the table, and the view from the two open windows before her, where rolling waves of green hills, dappled over with the white and pink blossoms of peach and cherry trees, now in full bloom, wooed and refreshed the eye.

Col. Compton was sipping his coffee and looking over the "Winchester Republican," when suddenly he set down his cup, and broke into a loud laugh.

All looked up.

"Well, what is the matter?" inquired the

comfortable, motherly Mrs. Compton, without ceasing to butter her buckwheat.

"Oh! ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed the colonel.

"That is a very satisfactory reply, upon my word," commented the good woman, covering her cakes with honey.

"Don't—don't—that fellow will be the death of me!"

"Pleasant prospect to laugh at—that!" said his wife, twisting a luscious segment of her now well sauced buckwheat around the fork, preparatory to lifting it to her lips.

"Oh! do let us have the joke, if there is a joke, papa," pleaded Cornelia.

"Hem! well listen then!" said Col. Compton, reading.

"Distinguished arrival at McGuire's Hotel. Lord William Daw, the second son of the most noble, the Marquis of Eaglecliff, arrived at this place last evening. His lordship, accompanied by his tutor, the Reverend Henry Murray, is now on a tour of the United States, and visits Winchester for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the history and antiquities of the town!"

"That is exceedingly rich! that will quite do!" commented the colonel, laying down his newspaper, and turning with a comic expression toward Marguerite.

She was looking, by-the-bye, in high beauty, though her morning costume was more picturesque than elegant and more careless than either, and consisted simply of a dark chintz wrapper, over which, drawn closely around her shoulders, was a scarlet crape shawl, in fine contrast with the lustrous purple sheen of her black hair, one half of which was rolled in a careless mass at the nape of her neck, and the other drooped in rich ringlets down each side of her glowing, brilliant face.

"Hem! the antiquities of Winchester. I rather suspect it is the juvenilities that our young antiquarian is in chase of. Pray, Miss De Lancie, are you one of the antiquities?"

Marguerite curled her proud lip, erected her head and deigned no other reply.

"Unquestionably you also have conquered a title, Marguerite; when you are married, will you place me on your visiting list, Lady William Daw?" asked Cornelia Compton, with an arch glance.

"Cease," said Marguerite, peremptorily, "if I were to be married, which is utterly out of the question, it would not be to a school boy, let me assure you!"

"If you 'were to be married, which is utterly out of the question'—why you don't mean to tell

us, that you have foresworn matrimony, Marguerite? What do you intend to do? go into a cloister? Nonsense! in nine months you will marry," said Col. Compton.

"I marry? ha! ha! ha! there must first be a great improvement in the stock of men! Where is the unmarried son of Adam that I would deliberately vow to love, honor and obey? Why I should foreswear myself at the altar! Of all the single men I meet, the refined ones are weak and effeminate, and the strong ones are coarse and brutal! I'll none of them!" said Marguerite, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Thank you for making my husband a sort of presumptive exception," said Mrs. Compton.

"Will you call upon Lord William, this morning, papa?" inquired Miss Compton.

"My dear, believe me, the opportunity will scarcely be allowed. His lordship will not stand upon ceremony, I assure you. I expect to hear his name announced every moment."

And then, as in confirmation of Col. Compton's predictions, a servant entered and handed a card.

"Humph! where have you shown the gentleman, John?"

"Into the front drawing-room, sir."

"Nonsense—bring him in here."

The servant bowed and left the room.

"Such a free and easy visitor is not to be treated with formality. It is as I foresaw, ladies! Lord William Daw waits to pay his respects."

At that moment the door was once more opened, and the visitor announced.

Lord William Daw was a pleasing, wholesome, rather than a handsome, or distinguished-looking youth—with a short, stout figure, dark eyes and dark hair, a round rosy face, and white teeth, and an expression full of good-humor. Frank and easy among his friends, and disembarrassed among strangers to whom he was indifferent, he was yet timid and bashful as a girl in the presence of those whom he admired and honored; how much more so in the society of her—the beautiful and regal woman who had won his young heart's first and deepest worship. With all this the youngster possessed an indomitable will and power of perseverance, which, when aroused, few men, or things could withstand, and which his messmates at Oxford denominated (your pardon super refined reader) an "English bull-dogish—hold-on-a-tiveness."

Lord William entered the breakfast-room, smiling and blushing between pleasure and embarrassment.

Col. Compton arose and advanced with a

cordial smile, and extended hand to welcome him. "Heartily glad to see you, sir! And here are Mrs. Compton, and my daughter, Cornelia, and my sweetheart, Marguerite, all waiting to shake hands with you."

The ladies arose, and Lord William, set at ease by this friendly greeting, paid his respects quite pleasingly.

"And now here is a chair and plate ready for you, for we hope that you have not breakfasted?" said the host.

Lord William had breakfasted; but would do so again. So he sat down at the table and spoiled a cup of coffee and a couple of buckwheat-cakes without deriving much benefit from either. A lively conversation ensued.

"The history and antiquities of Winchester, sir," said Col. Compton, with a half suppressed smile, in reply to a question of the young tourist. "The history is scarcely an hundred years old, and the antiquities consist mainly of some vestiges of the Shawanees' occupancy, and of Washington's March in the old French and Indian war! but the society, sir—the society representing the old respectability of the state may not be unworthy of your attention."

Lord William was sure that the society was most worthy of cultivation, nevertheless he would like to see those "vestiges" of which his host spoke.

"The ladies will take their usual morning ride within an hour or two, sir, and if you would like to attend them, they will take pleasure in showing you these monuments."

Lord William was again "most happy." And Col. Compton rang and ordered "Ali," to be brought out saddled for his lordship's use.

Within an hour after rising from the table, the riding party, consisting of Miss Compton, Mrs. De Lancie, Lord William Daw, and a groom in attendance, set forth. The lions of Winchester and its environs were soon exhausted, and the party returned to Compton Lodge in time for an early dinner.

Lord William Daw sojourned at Winchester, and became a daily visitor at Compton Lodge. Col. Compton, to break the exclusiveness of his visits to one house, introduced him at large among the gentry of the neighborhood. And numerous were the tea, card, and cotillion parties, got up for the sole purpose of entertaining the young scion of nobility, where it was only necessary to secure Miss De Lancie's presence, in order to ensure his lordship's dutiful attendance. Mr. Murray chafed and fretted at what he called his pupil's consummate infatuation, and talked of writing home to his

father, "the marquis." Marguerite scorned, or seemed to scorn, his lordship's pretensions, until one morning at breakfast, Col. Compton, half seriously, half jestingly, said,

"Sweetheart, you do not appear to join the respect universally shown to this young stranger.

"If," said Marguerite, "the young man had any distinguished personal excellence, I should not be backward in recognizing it; but he is at best—Lord William Daw! Now who is Lord William Daw that I should bow down and worship him?"

"Lord William Daw, my dear, is the second son of the most noble, the Marquis of Eaglecliff, as you have already seen announced with a flourish of editorial trumpets, by our title-de-spising and very consistent democratic newspapers! He is heir presumptive, and as I learn from Mr. Murray, rather more than heir presumptive to his father's titles and estates; for it appears that the marquis had been twice married, and that his eldest son, by his first marchioness, derives a very feeble constitution from his mother; and it is not supposed that he will ever marry, or that he will survive his father; ergo, the hopes of the marquis for re-union rests with his second son, Lord William Daw; finis, that young nobleman's devoirs are not quite beneath the consideration even of a young lady of 'one of the first families of Virginia,' who is besides a belle, a blue, and a freeholder."

"Marguerite's future marchioness of Eaglecliffe, when you are married will your ladyship please to remember one poor Cornelia Compton, who lived in an old country house near Winchester, and once enjoyed your favor?" said Miss Compton.

Marguerite shrugged her shoulders with an expression, to the effect that the future succession of the Marquise of Eaglecliffe was a matter of no moment to her.

But from this time, Marguerite's friends accused her, with uncertain justice, of showing somewhat more favor to the boyish lover, who might one day set the coronet of a marchioness upon her brow. When rallied upon this point, she would reply,

"There are certainly qualities which I do like in the young man; he is frank, simple and intelligent, and above all, is perfectly free from affectation, or pretension of any sort. Upon individual worth alone he is entitled to polite consideration."

There was, perhaps, a slight discrepancy between this opinion and one formerly delivered by Miss De Lancie; but let that pass; the last uttered judgment was probably the most righte-

ous, as growing out of a longer acquaintance, and longer experience in the merits of the subject.

Thus—while Lord William Daw prolonged his stay, and Mr. Murray fumed and fretted, the months of April, May and June went by. The first of July the family of Compton Lodge prepared to commence their summer tour among the watering, and other places of resort. They left Winchester about the seventh of the month.

Lord William Daw had not been invited to join their party, nor had he manifested inclination to obtrude himself upon their company, nor did he immediately follow in their train.

Nevertheless, a few days after their establishment at Berkeley Springs, Col. Compton read in the list of arrivals the names of "Lord William Daw, Rev. Henry Murray, and two servants."

Enough! The intimacy between the young nobleman and the Comptons were renewed at Berkeley. And soon the devotion of his youthful lordship to the beautiful and gifted Marguerite De Lancie was the theme of every tongue. To escape this notice, Marguerite withdrew from her party, and attended by her maid and footman, proceeded to join some acquaintances at Saratoga.

In vain! for unluckily Saratoga was as free to one traveller as to another, provided he could pay. And within the same week of Marguerite's settlement at her lodgings, all the manœuvring mammas and marriageable daughters at the Springs, were thrown into a state of excitement and speculation, by the appearance among them of a young English nobleman, the heir presumptive of a marquise.

But alas! it was soon perceived that Lord William had eyes, and ears, and heart for none other than the dazzling Miss De Lancie, "la Marguerite des Marquerites," as the French minister had called her.

Miss De Lancie's manner to her boyish worshipper was rather restraining and modifying, than repulsing or discouraging. And there were those who did not hesitate to accuse the proud and queenly Marguerite of finished coquetry.

To avoid this, the lady next joined a party of friends who were going to Niagara.

And of course it was obvious to all that the young English tourist, travelling only for improvement, must see the great Falls. Consequently, upon the day after Miss De Lancie's arrival at the Niagara Hotel, Lord William Daw led her in to dinner. And once more the "infatuation," as they chose to call it, of that young gentleman, became the favorite subject of gossip.

A few weeks spent at the Falls brought the

last of September, and Marguerite had promised, upon the first of October, to join her friends, the Comptons, in New York.

When Lord William Daw learned that she was soon to leave, half ashamed, perhaps, of forever following in the train of this disdainful beauty, he terminated his visit and preceded her eastward.

But when the stage-coach containing Miss De Lancie and her party drew up before the city hotel, Lord William, perhaps "to treat resolution," was the first person to step from the piazza and welcome her back.

Col. Compton and his family were only waiting for Marguerite's arrival to proceed southward. The next day but one was fixed for their departure. But the intervening morning, while the family were alone in their private parlor, Lord William Daw entered, looking grave and troubled.

Col. Compton arose in some anxiety to welcome him. When he had greeted the ladies and taken a seat, he said,

"I have come only to bid you good-bye, friends."

"I am sorry to hear that! but—you are not going far, or to remain long, I hope," said Col. Compton.

"I am going back to England, sir," replied the young man, with a sorrowful glance at Miss De Lancie, who seemed not quite unmoved.

"You astonish us, Lord William! Is this not a sudden resolution?" inquired Mrs. Compton.

"It is a sudden misfortune, my dear madam! Only this morning have I received a letter from my father, announcing the dangerous illness of my dear mother, and urging my instant return by the first homeward bound vessel. The Venture, Capt. Parke, sails for Liverpool at twelve to-day. I must be on board within two hours," replied the young man, in a mournful voice, turning the same deeply appealing glance toward Marguerite, whose color slightly paled.

"We are very sorry to lose you, Lord William, and still sorrier for the occasion of your leaving us," said Cornelia Compton. And so said all the party except—Miss De Lancie.

Lord William then arose to shake hands with his friends.

"I wish you a pleasant voyage and a pleasant arrival," said the colonel.

"And that you may find your dear mother quite restored to health," added Mrs. Compton.

"Oh! yes, indeed! I hope you will, and that you will soon visit us again," said Cornelia.

Marguerite said nothing.

"Have you no parting word for me, Miss De

Lancie?" inquired the young man, approaching her, and speaking in a low tone, and with a beseeching look.

Marguerite waved her hand. "A good voyage, my lord," she said.

He caught that hand and pressed it to his lips and heart, and after a long, deep gaze into her eyes he recollected himself, snatched his hat, bowed to the party and left the room.

Col. Compton, in the true spirit of kindness, arose and followed with the purpose of attending him to his ship.

"There's a coronet slipped through your fingers! Oh! Marguerite! Marguerite! if I had been in your place I should have secured that match! For, once married, they couldn't unmarry us, or bar the succession either, and so, in spite of all the reverend tutors and most noble papas in existence, I should in time have worn the coronet of a marchioness," said Miss Compton.

"And you would have done a very unprincipled thing, Cornelia," replied her mother, very gravely.

The blood rushed to Miss De Lancie's brow and crimsoned her face, as she arose in haste and withdrew to her own chamber.

"But, mamma, what do you suppose to have been the cause of Marguerite's rejection of Lord William's addresses?"

"I think that she had two reasons, either of which would have been all sufficient to govern her in declining the alliance. The first was, that Marguerite could never yield her affections to a man who has no other personal claims upon her esteem than the possession of a good heart and a fair share of intelligence; the second was, that Miss De Lancie had too high a sense of honor to bestow her hand on a young gentleman whose addresses were unsanctioned by his family."

The next day Col. Compton and his party set out for Philadelphia, where, upon his arrival, he received from Mr. Adams an official appointment that required his residence in the city of Richmond. And there in the course of the month he proceeded with his wife and daughter.

Miss De Lancie went down to pass the autumn at her own house in Winchester, where she remained until the first of December, when, according to promise, she went to Richmond to spend the winter with her friend Cornelia.

The Comptons had taken a very commodious house in a fashionable quarter of the city, and were in the habit of seeing a great deal of company. It was altogether a very brilliant winter in the new capital of Virginia. Quite a constellation of beauties and celebrities were there

assembled, but the star of the ascendant was the splendid Marguerite De Lancie. She was even more beautiful and dazzling than ever; and she entered with spirit into all the gaieties of the season. Tea and card parties, dances and masked balls followed each other in quick succession.

It was just before Christmas, that the belles of the metropolis were thrown into a state of delightful excitement by the issue of tickets from the Gubernatorial mansion, to a grand ball to be given on the ensuing New Year's Eve. Great was the flutter of preparation, and great the accession of business that flowed in upon the milliners, mantua-makers and jewelers.

Miss De Lancie and Miss Compton went out together to select their dresses for the occasion. I mention this expedition merely to give you a clue to what I sometimes suspected to be the true motive that inspired Cornelia Compton's rather selfish nature, with that caressing affection she displayed for Marguerite De Lancie. As for Marguerite's devotion to Cornelia, it was one of those mysteries or prophecies of the human heart, that only the future can explain. Upon this occasion, when Miss De Lancie ordered a rich, white brocade for her own dress, she selected a superb pink satin for her friend's; and when from the jeweler's Marguerite's hereditary diamonds came, set in a new form, they were accompanied by a pretty set of pearls to adorn the arms and bosom of Cornelia. Col. Compton knew nothing of his guest's costly presents to his daughter. With a gentleman's inexperience in such matters, he supposed that the hundred dollars he had given "Nellie" for her outfit had covered all the expenses. And when Mrs. Compton, who better knew the cost of pearls and brocade, made any objection, Marguerite silenced her by delicately intimating the possibility, that, under some circumstances, for instance, that of her being treated as a stranger, she might be capable of withdrawing to a boarding-house.

The eventful evening of the governor's ball arrived. The entertainment was by all conceded to be, what it should have been, the most splendid affair of the kind that had come off that season. A suite of four spacious rooms, superbly furnished, and adorned and brilliantly lighted, were thrown open. In the first, or dressing-room, the ladies left their cloaks and mantles, and re-arranged their toilets. In the second, Gov. Wood stood surrounded by the most distinguished civil and military officers of the state, and with his unequalled, dignified courtesy received his guests. In the third, and most spacious saloon, where the floor was covered

with canvass for dancing—the walls were lined with mirrors, and festooned with flowers that enriched the atmosphere with odoriferous perfume, while from a vine-covered balcony a military band filled all the air with music. Beyond the saloon, the last, or supper room, was elegantly set out. The supper-table was quite a marvel of taste in that department; just above it hung an immensely large chandelier, with quite a forest of pendant brilliants; its light fell and was flashed back from a sheet of mirror laid upon the centre of the table, and surrounded by a wreath of box-vines and violets, like a fairy lake within its banks of flowers; on the outer edge of this ring was a circle of grapes with their leaves and tendrils; while filling up the other space were exotic flowers and tropical fruits, and every variety of delicate refreshment in the most beautiful designs.

The rooms were filled before the late arrival of Col. Compton and his party. The ladies paused but a few minutes in the dressing-room to compose their toilets and draw on their gloves, and then they joined their escort at the inner door, went in, and were presented to Gov. Wood, and then passed onward to the dancing-saloon, where the music was sounding and the waltz moving with great vivacity.

The entree of our young ladies made quite a sensation. Both were dressed with exquisite taste.

Miss Compton wore a rich rose-colored satin robe, the short sleeves and low corsage of which was trimmed with fine lace, and the skirt open in front and looped away, with lilies of the valley, from a white sarsenet petticoat; a wreath of lilies crowned her brown hair, and a necklace and bracelets of pearls adorned her fair bosom and arms.

And as for Miss De Lancie, if ever her beauty, elegance and fascination reached a culminating point, it was upon this occasion. Though her dress was always perfect, it was not so much what she wore as her manner of wearing, that made her toilets so generally admired. Upon this evening her costume was as simple as it was elegant—a rich, white brocade robe open over a skirt of embroidered white satin, delicate falls of lace from the low bodice and flowing sleeves, and a light tiara of diamonds spanning like a rainbow the blackness of her hair.

As soon as the young ladies were seated they were surrounded. Miss Compton accepted an invitation to join the waltzers.

Miss De Lancie, who never waltzed, remained the centre of a charmed circle, formed of the most distinguished men present, until the waltzing was

over, and the quadrilles were called, when she accepted the hand of Col. Randolph for the first set, and yielded her seat to the wearied Cornelia, who was led thither by her partner to rest.

It chanced that Miss De Lancie was conducted to the head of the set, then forming, and that she stood at some little distance, immediately in front of, and facing the spot where Cornelia sat, so that the latter, while resting, could witness Marguerite. Now Cornelia really very much admired Miss De Lancie, and thought it appeared graceful and disinterested to laud the excellency of her friend, as she would not have done those of her sister had she possessed one. So now she tapped her partner's hand with her fan and said,

"Oh, do but look at Miss De Lancie! Is she not the most beautiful woman in the room?"

The gentleman followed the direction of her glance, where Marguerite was moving like a queen through the dance, and said,

"Miss De Lancie is certainly the most beautiful woman in the world—except one," with a glance, that the vanity of Nellie readily interpreted.

The eyes of both turned again upon Marguerite, who was now standing still in her place waiting for the next quadrille to be called. While they thus contemplated her in all her splendid beauty, set off by a toilet the most elegant in the room, Marguerite suddenly gave a violent start, shivered through all her frame and bent anxiously, to listen to some thing that was passing between two gentlemen, who were conversing in a low tone, near her; she grew paler and paler as she listened, and then with a stifled shriek, she fell to the floor, ere any one could spring to save her.

Cornelia flew to her friend's relief. She was already raised in the arms of Col. Randolph, and surrounded by ladies anxiously proffering vinaigrettes and fans, while their partners rushed after glasses of water.

"Bring her into the dressing-room, at once, Randolph," said Col. Compton, as he joined the group.

Accordingly Miss De Lancie was conveyed thither, and laid upon a lounge, where every restorative at hand was used in succession, and in vain. More than an hour passed, while she lay in that death-like swoon; and when at last the efforts of an experienced physician were crowned with thus much success, that she opened her dimmed eyes and unclosed her blanched lips, it was only to utter one word—"Lost"—and to relapse into insensibility.

She was put into the carriage and conveyed

home, accompanied by her wondering friends and attended by the perplexed physician. She was immediately undressed and placed in bed, where she lay all night, vibrating between stupor and a low muttering delirium, in which some irreparable misfortune was indicated without being revealed—was it all delirium?

Next, a low, nervous fever supervened, and for six weeks Marguerite De Lancie swayed with a slow, pendulous uncertainty between life and death. The cause of her sudden indisposition remained a mystery. The few cautious inquiries made by Col. Compton resulted in nothing satisfactory. The two gentlemen whose conversation was supposed by Miss Compton to have occasioned Miss De Lancie's swoon, could not be identified—among the crowd then assembled at the governor's reception, and now dispersed all over the city—without urging investigation to an indiscreet extent.

"This is an inquiry that we cannot with propriety push, Nellie. We must await the issue of Miss De Lancie's illness. If she recovers she will doubtless explain," said Col. Compton.

With the opening of the spring, Marguerite De Lancie's life-powers rallied and convalescence declared it itself. In the first stages of her recovery, while yet body and mind were in that feeble state, which sometimes leaves the spiritual vision so clear, she lay one day, contemplating her friend who sat by her pillow, when suddenly she threw her arms around Cornelia's neck, lifted her eyes in an agony of supplication to her face, and cried,

"Oh, Nellie! do you truly love me? Oh, Nellie! love me! love me! least I go mad!"

In reply, Cornelia half smothered the invalid with caresses and kisses, and assurances of unchanging affection.

"Oh, Nellie, Nellie! there was one who on the eve of the bitterest trial, said to his chosen friends, 'All ye shall be offended because of me.' And his chief friend said, 'Although all should be offended yet will not I,' and furthermore declared, 'if I should die with thee, I will not deny thee in any wise.' Oh! failing human strength! Oh! feeble human love! Nellie! you know how it ended. 'They all forsook him and fled.'"

"But I will be truer to my friend, than Peter to his master," replied Cornelia.

Marguerite drew the girl's face down closer to her own, gazed wistfully not into but upon those brilliant, superficial brown eyes, that because they had no depth repelled her confidence, and then with a deep groan and a mournful shake of the head, she released Nellie, and turned her own face to the wall. Did she deem Miss

Compton's friendship less profound than pretensions? I do not know; but from that time Miss De Lancia maintained upon one subject, at least, a stern reserve. And when, at last, directly, though most kindly and respectfully, questioned as to the origin of her agitation and swoon in the ball-room, she declared it to have been a symptom of approaching illness, and discouraged further interrogation.

Slowly Marguerite De Lancia regained her strength. It was the middle of March before she left her bed, and the first of April before she went out of the house.

One day, about this time, as the two friends were sitting together in Marguerite's chamber, Cornelia said,

"There is a circumstance that I think I ought to have told you before now, Marguerite. But we read of it only a few days after you were taken ill, and when you were not in a condition to be told of it."

"Well, what circumstance was that?" asked Miss De Lancia, indifferently.

"It was a fatal accident that happened to one of our friends. No, now! don't get alarmed—it was to no particular friend," said Cornelia, interrupting herself upon seeing Marguerite's very lips grow white.

"Well! what was it?" questioned the latter.

"Why, then, you must know that the Venture, in which Lord William Dow sailed, was wrecked off the coast of Cornwall, and Lord William and Mr. Murray were among the lost. We read the whole account of it, copied from an English paper into the Richmond Standard. Lord William's body was washed ashore, the same night of the wreck."

"Poor young man, he deserved a better fate," said Marguerite.

Miss De Lancia went no more into society that season; indeed, the season was well over before she was able to go out. She announced her intention, as soon as the state of her health should permit her to travel, to terminate her visit to Richmond, and go down to her plantation on the banks of the Potomac. Cornelia would gladly have attended her friend, and only

waited permission to do so; but the waited invitation was not extended, and Marguerite prepared to set out alone.

"We shall meet you at Berkeley or at Saratoga, this summer?" said Cornelia.

"Perhaps—I do not yet know—my plans for the summer are not arranged," said Marguerite.

"But you will write as soon as you reach home?"

"Yes—certainly," pressing her parting kiss upon the lips of her friend.

The promised letter, announcing Marguerite's safe arrival at Plover's Point, was received; but it was the last that came thence; for though Cornelia promptly replied to it, she received no second one. And though Cornelia wrote again and again, her letters remained unanswered. Weeks passed into months and brought mid-summer. Col. Compton with his family went to Saratoga, but without meeting Miss De Lancia. About the middle of August they came to Berkeley; but failed to see, or to hear any tidings of, their friend.

"Indeed, I am very much afraid that Marguerite may be lying ill at Plover's Point, surrounded only by ignorant servants, who cannot write to inform us," said Cornelia, advancing a probability so striking and so alarming, that Col. Compton, immediately after taking his family back to Richmond, set out for Plover's Point, to ascertain the state of the case in question. But when he arrived at the plantation, great was his surprise to learn that Miss De Lancia had left home for New York, as early as the middle of April, and had not since been heard from. And this was the last of September. With this information, Col. Compton returned to Richmond. Extreme was the astonishment of the family upon hearing this; and when month after month passed, and no tidings of the missing one arrived, and no clue to her retreat or to her fate was gained, the grief and dismay of her friends could only be equalled by the wonder and conjecture of society at large, upon the strange subject of Marguerite De Lancia's disappearance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IMPROPTU.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

Though the broad leaves essay to hide
The dangling grapes from view,
The keen-ey'd vintager detects
The purple glimmering through.

So doth the Christian's eye discern
Behind each sombre woe,
Some latent joy he never knew
It was such bliss to know!

CROCHET INSTRUCTIONS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

We have been so often applied to, by new subscribers, for the meaning of the abbreviations in crochet, that we start the new year with a brief explanation of them. Those to whom they are already familiar—for we have given them on a former occasion—will excuse, on this account, their repetition.

CHAIN STITCH (abbreviated into *ch.*) is the foundation stitch in crochet. A loop of thread made on the hook, and through this the thread is drawn, forming the first chain stitch; draw the thread through this one, and a second is formed. Continue the process until you have done the required number.

SLIP STITCH (*sl.*) is a stitch chiefly used for the veinings of leaves, and similar parts, in imitations of Honiton lace. It serves, also, to carry the thread from one part to another, without either breaking it off or widening the work. Insert the hook in the stitch next to that already on the needle (unless the directions particularly say, *miss* so many) and draw the thread at once through both stitches. Repeat.

SINGLE CROCHET (*sc.*)—Insert the hook in the chain, and draw the thread through it; this forms a second loop on the hook. Draw the thread through these two by a single movement and the stitch will be completed.

DOUBLE CROCHET (*dc.*)—Raise the thread over the hook, so as to pass it round, before inserting the latter in the chain; draw the thread through, and you will find three loops on the hook; bring the cotton through two, which makes *one* instead of those taken off. Thus two are still on the needle; finish the stitch by drawing the thread through these.

TREBLE CROCHET (*tc.*) is a stitch precisely similar to the last; but as the thread is passed twice round the hook before the insertion of the latter in the chain, there will be *four* loops on, when the thread is drawn through. Bring the thread three times through two loops to finish the stitch.

LONG TREBLE CROCHET (*l tc.*) has the thread twisted *three* times round the hook, before it is passed through the chain; consequently, it will require the thread to be drawn four times through two loops to finish the stitch.

To work through a stitch, is to draw the

thread *under* instead of *in* it. This is stronger than the usual method, but not so neat: it is, therefore, rarely used for anything but very open work.

SQUARE CROCHET is that which is made entirely in small squares, those which form the pattern being closely filled in, and the ground open. Open squares are formed thus: 1 *dc.* 2 *ch.*, miss 2, repeated. Close squares contain three *dc.* stitches, thus; 1 *c.* 1 *o.*, would have 4 *dc.* 2 *ch.* Every pattern in square crochet requires a foundation chain of stitches which can be divided by three and leave *one* over; as it is obvious that if an open square were the last on the pattern, a *dc.* stitch would be required to form the square at the end.

Sometimes a very large piece of work may be made in treble square crochet. In this work, a close square of 4 *tc.* stitches; an open square, 1 *tc.* 3 *ch.*, miss 3. This style requires the pattern to be divisible by four, with one stitch over.

The stars, daggers, and asterisks used in printing knitting and crochet receipts, signify that any stitches given between two similar marks are to be done as many times as directed; thus, \times 3 *dc.* 2 *ch.* \times three times, means 3 *dc.* 2 *ch.*, 3 *dc.* 2 *ch.*, 3 *dc.* 2 *ch.*

When one repetition occurs within another italics are used at each end of the part. * 1 p. 2 k. 1 p. 1 k. (*a*) m. 1, k. 1 (*a*) 6 times * 8 times, means that one complete pattern being finished, when you have made 1, knitted 1, 6 times, 8 of those patterns, beginning again each time at the first *, will be required for the round or row.

All the definitions of the stitches being now given, we cannot add, in any way, to the clearness of those instructions; but we have from time to time received queries regarding certain processes in crochet, which we will now in endeavor to answer.

1st. **THE MODE OF WORKING PURSES AND OTHER ARTICLES IN VARIOUS COLORS.**—In many of the fashionable purses, the ends are worked in patterns formed of four, five, or even more colors. These ends are done in *sc.*, and no loose threads are visible on the wrong side. The manner of working is this: the threads, of

all the colors but the one in use, are held along the forefinger of the left-hand, parallel with the work in progress and close to it; these threads are then worked over, in the same manner you work over a cord or twine in a mat. When the color has to be changed, do it as follows:

TO CHANGE THE COLOR.—At the last stitch of the color you are using, insert the hook, and draw through the loop with it; but *finish* the stitch with the new color, working in the old one with the others.

TO WORK WITH BEADS IN SC.—Thread the beads first on the silk, or other material; and then, in working, drop them where required, on the *wrong* side. Thus, any pattern worked from an engraving, is worked from left to right of the engraving, the side shown being the reverse side of that worked. The reason of this is, that a more even surface is obtained on the wrong side of sc., the chain-work visible on the *right side* causing it always to appear in lines.

TO JOIN A THREAD.—In sc. this should be done as I have already described for beginning a new color; namely, by finishing a stitch with the one you wish to join, and holding in the ends. When a join occurs in dc., let it come, if possible, in a part where there are many consecutive close stitches; as you cannot so easily and imperceptibly work in the threads, if there

be much open work. Some people knot the ends of thread or silk, but I always prefer the mode I have given: it is much neater, and more durable, if from one to two inches are left of the ends, are worked in.

One other instruction may be useful; namely, that from passing from one round to another in open patterns, such as mats, cardigans, &c., generally the thread is broken off at the end of every round. As this is very untidy, a better way is, after finishing the round, to *slip-stitch* along the edge to the part where the next is to be begun, then make a chain of two, three, or four stitches, twist it, and reckon that as the first sc., dc., or tc. stitch with which the round may begin. It will quite have the appearance of one; and you may then proceed according to the instructions. Generally the rounds begin nearly or exactly in the same place.

With regard to the asterisks, daggers, and other printers' marks, used in repetitions, it is only necessary to remember that in every row or round where *one* of a kind occurs, another of the same sort is sure to be found; and that the repetition is from one to the other of the same sort of mark, at whatever distance from each other they may be placed in the row, or however many of a different kind may be found interesting.

THOUGHTS IN THE WOODS.

BY J. DENNIS.

'Tis sweet to live in God's free air,
Undazzled by the city's glare,
'Midst meadows, streams, and mountains;
To wander through the forest glade,
Or tired at length, to seek the shade,
By one of Nature's fountains.

Nursing bright thoughts beneath the trees,
Or listening to the Summer breeze,
Which bloweth fresh upon me;
Whilst joyous hopes within me rise,
Of happier scenes beyond those skies,
Which now are smiling on me.

The little flow'rets by the side
Of the clear stream, seem half to hide
Their beauty, half to show it;
More proud, perchance, if they could dream,
How oft their fragrance forms a theme,
For lover and for poet.

How blithely doth the blackcap sing!
The joyous lark with eager wing,
Shoots upward—wild with gladness;

The wood-pigeon's soft under-tone,
Recalling joys forever flown,
Fills all my soul with sadness—

A sadness sweet, though fraught with pain
The days long past return again,
By all their hopes attended;
And strains of never-changing truth,
And low-toned voices heard in youth,
In one fond union blended.

A face appears to soothe and bless,
A maiden stoops to my caress,
Oh! vision fair, but fleeting;
If fancy such a phantom shows,
How dear the form from whence it rose!
How sweet her angel-greeting!

Ah! were she here, whose modest grace
Lends double charms to Nature's face,
My bliss would be completer;
But severed far by mounts and streams,
'Tis only in the hour of dreams,
I e'er may hope to meet her.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY GABRIEL LEE.

SITTING at my writing-desk, I look at a miniature which I chanced to find in searching over some memorials of the past. It is that of a young girl with dreamy, hazel eyes, lips of intense redness, and a pale, oval face, around which cluster large, thick curls of chestnut hair. It is a likeness of myself as I was at eighteen, and so many years have passed since then, that nobody could accuse me of vanity in saying that the picture is certainly a very pretty one. I glance at the mirror opposite and see the once chestnut curls, now faintly lined with silver, laid in sober bandeaux on each side of a pale, and somewhat care-worn face; I see shadows of coming wrinkles, and lines of sorrow which time has made about the mouth; and so seeing I close the miniature with a sigh, and lay it out of sight.

I am now going to relate to you what may excite your derision and contempt, that which you may pronounce strange and unlikely. But we all stand upon different levels, and look out upon diverse views, some see more, others less: one has a wider stretch of sky, another a broader range of earth; but each one beholds that which is visible to himself alone, and not to another.

There was a large family of us, seven children in all, and I was the second sister. We lived in a quiet, respectable street, occupied for the most part by unpretending wooden houses, with here and there a brick one of somewhat more imposing structure. Should a stranger pass through this street a few times on week days, and notice the children playing in front of the doors, the girls for the most part arrayed in simple calico dresses and brown linen pinafores, (for there was a singular uniformity in the customs and opinions of the inhabitants of this street) and the boys in dark suits that defied being readily soiled: and then again should he turn his steps hitherward of a Sunday, and observe the cleanliness of the Saturday washed paving-stones, and the scrupulously neat door-steps, at the same time pausing to sniff the various scents wafted from the different domicils, all betokening the preparation of the Sunday's dinner, the presence of roast beef, with that of an occasional pair of roast fowls, being the most apparent:—this stranger, I say, would come to the conclusion

that our street was occupied by plain, respectable people, who, by working hard, managed to get along comfortably through the week, and save enough to make a little extra appearance on Sunday. And this mythical personage, the stranger, would have been correct in his conclusions. Correct with but one exception. Upon the junction formed by the street in which we lived with another of more pretentious character, stood a residence which was emphatically the house par excellence of the street. Why the owner chose the site to which I refer I do not know. There were plenty of places with high-sounding titles, such as Waverley Place, or Union Place, or even Fifth Avenue, whose surroundings would have toned in with its appearance far more appropriately. But at all events there it stood, towering above the neighboring dwellings, and built of solid brown freestone, with verandahs of quaintly traced iron, and broad, high, marble steps. Everybody in the neighborhood regarded this house with a singular mixture of wonder, veneration and curiosity, with which was mingled, I am compelled to say, a slight touch of spleen. Many of the neighbors met for a little friendly gossip. Almost the first question asked was, "Anything going on at the house?" One might have thought Congress was referred to, only the speakers were usually ladies. That which we called "the house," was also replete to me with singular interest. It may have been because there was so little in our daily commonplace life, to satisfy the yearnings of a thoughtful, dreamy child like myself. And passing by, this to me, wonder-exciting abode, I saw the shutters of one of the windows, opening on the verandah, pushed aside, and a beautiful and richly dressed lady step out. Leaning one white jeweled hand on the railing of the balcony, she turned her proud, beautiful head, encircled by thickest braids of blackest hair, from side to side, meanwhile glancing impatiently up and down the street as if expecting some one, then seemingly dissatisfied by the survey, stamped her foot slightly, and with her silken dress changing and glistening in the sunlight like a many-hued serpent, passed in and closed the shutters behind her. I watched for some time, hoping this vision of a lady would return. Bu'

finding my waiting vain, went home with a strange, aching feeling at my heart I had never felt before. Now I know in the sight of that proud, fair lady, with her eager, beautiful face, her expectant, graceful attitude and elegant attire, each part in perfect keeping, my childish sense of beauty had, for the first time, been completely and fully satisfied. Thus I now account for the feeling of craving that came upon me then for the first time, and which we must all feel sooner or later.

Ever after this incident, I indulged in the strangest speculations regarding this lady, of whom I had caught a transient glimpse, and whom I never saw again. Nor was I without food with which to nourish these fancies. Just across the way from us lived a dapper, bustling little woman, named Mrs. Gray, whose interest in anything concerning "the house" was astonishingly intense. Whenever she came, I knew what topic would be sure to be the first discussed, and creeping into a corner, would listen with breathless attention as she rehearsed the last piece of gossip in reference to her favorite theme.

I remember to this day with a smile, the eagerness with which I listened to the little woman's gossip, and my intense carefulness in refraining from the slightest noise, for fear of being ordered up stairs. It chanced that Mrs. Gray's servant was fourth or fifth cousin to a servant living at the house; and one day, when the family were out of town, the latter had taken the former through this, to us, mysterious abode, and disclosed to her astonished vision stealthy glimpses of its glories. After that, wonderful were the tales related by Mrs. Gray, who had carefully gleaned every particular from her willing domestic. We children listened with open mouths, as she told how even the carpets in the bed-rooms were "rich velvet tapestry," and of the conservatory, with its splendid flowers and gold fish, and the aviary or "arary," as Mrs. Gray called it, and of the parlors, which, to use her phraseology, were fairly running over with riches, and all filled with "statues and picters." Often after this I imagined the lovely lady I had seen, as wandering through these elegant apartments, making them bright with her face of restless, flashing beauty. I thought of her wandering amid the flowers and bending to inhale their fragrance, as listening to the singing of the birds in the aviary, perhaps now and then condescending to allow some favorite to peck at a lump of sugar held in her dainty fingers, and fancied her life altogether to be one of immeasurable pleasure.

I am thus particular in speaking of my early impressions with regard to this abode we all styled "the house," because around it, for a long time, clustered my childish fancies and dreamings, and afterward—but of that by-and-bye. As I have mentioned, we were a large family.

But years passed away, and our home circle became greatly diminished. Our father and mother died, and then we were all scattered. My two sisters married, and three of my brothers moved off into the country, leaving me with one remaining brother in the home of my childhood. At length he too followed the example of the rest, and took unto himself a wife, leaving me alone. Not but in the meantime I too might have married, that is to say, I had received what the others called "good offers." But I had always said that I should never marry unless my heart went with my hand, so they contented themselves with calling me "old," "cold-hearted," &c., and leaving me in quiet possession of my own way.

After I had lived about two years like the individual in the nursery fable, "all by myself," a distant relative of the family, who had been residing abroad for a long time, having amassed a fortune returned home, and finding me, who had always been a favorite with him when a girl, thus lonely, insisted that I should come and be his housekeeper.

The journey to my new home was not a very lengthy one, for by a strange coincidence my relative, Mr. Evelyn, chose for his abode the very place which had excited the wonder and admiration of my childhood, viz: "the house," which dignified the street on which it stood. Mr. Evelyn was a bachelor of about sixty, and passionately fond of the society of young people. It therefore was not at all a matter of surprise to me when he insisted that his favorite nephew, Harry Evelyn, should make his house his home. Harry was a young man of about twenty-two or three, frank and noble-looking, with graceful, dashing manners, yet possessing a certain staidness of manner withal, which he inherited from his uncle. Between him and myself there sprang up, with almost the first clasping of hands, a warm friendliness and sympathy. It is true that he was very young, ardent and impassioned, and I very much his senior. But under these added years, there beat a heart as impetuous and impassioned as that of a young girl of sixteen. I had mingled but little with the world, and the delicate bloom upon the clusters of hopes and dreamings hanging in the vineyard of my fancy, had never been destroyed by the rough

touch of experience, so I could fully sympathise with the thousand hopes and plans which Harry, in the frankness of noble-hearted manhood, poured out into my willing ears. Every evening we three, Mr. Evelyn, Harry, and myself, sat in the superb, but delightfully comfortable library, and were as happy as any three people could be. Harry seldom went out in the evening, and he and I would sit and play chess together, while Mr. Evelyn looked on with delighted interest, or else busied himself with the columns of a newspaper, now and then reading aloud such scraps of intelligence as might chance to strike his fancy. Or perhaps Harry and I would converse together: he it may be relating the various incidents that had befallen him in his travels, for although young, he had spent much of his time in journeying from place to place. With frank, free gestures and animated utterance, he would describe and imitate the various oddities and geniuses he had met with; until the library rang with our laughter, in which Mr. Evelyn could not resist joining with a heartiness that was delightful to contemplate, albeit the marble busts of Plato, Socrates, and other men of ancient days, looked down from above in silent astonishment at such unbecoming levity. Being thrown so much together, Harry and I became more and more intimately acquainted; and when one evening, in his sweet, rich tones, he half in playfulness, half in tenderness, called me "Sister Margaret," my heart gave one wild beat of joy, and I was as happy as a queen for the rest of the evening. Oh! those were golden evenings, I can never forget their splendor, it lightens my pathway still. But an interruption came.

One morning Mr. Evelyn, with a great appearance of mystery, told us that he expected a relative of his to pass the winter with him. In answer to our numerous questionings, he would only say that the expected visitor was a lady, bearing the name of Alice Evelyn, for although merely a cousin, she bore the same name as himself. Whether she was old or young, handsome or ordinary, Mr. Evelyn laughingly refused to gratify our curiosity by informing us, saying we must wait until her arrival. At last she came, and turned out to be young, pretty and graceful. As merry as a lark, she made herself at home immediately, and went dancing about the house, filling the place with singing and laughter wherever she came.

The moment my eyes rested upon Alice Evelyn, the thought flashed through my mind that somewhere I had seen her face before, but where, although it seemed almost as familiar as my own, I in vain attempted to remember.

Every evening as before, except when there was company, we sat in the library, but there was a change soon. Harry no longer sat beside me talking in his cordial, friendly way, of anything and everything that glanced through his thoughts; knowing well whatever topic he chose would be sure to interest me. Although kind as ever, now he remained all the evening long beside Alice Evelyn's chair, watching her as she bent over her embroidery-frame, and trying every wile to induce her to lift her eyes to his, or what was his delight to see her upon his utterance of some merry thought, throw back her little ringleted head, and burst out into one of her peals of merry, girlish laughter. Or else he turned over the leaves of her music-book, listening, meanwhile, with rapt attention to her music. In fine, whatever he did was with reference to her; and even when he was conversing with others, I saw him glance at Alice furtively, as if everything else was of little interest to him, except as it brought him in contact with herself.

At last, what I might have seen was inevitable, if I had not blindly closed my eyes against the admittance of the thought, came to pass. One evening Alice had gone out, she had been with us about three months then; and Harry, after restlessly walking up and down the room, now and then stopping to run his fingers over the keys of the piano, finally threw himself down beside me, and with his face flushed and "glowing like a star," told me of his love for Alice, and how it was returned, and that one day she had promised to be his wife. As he spoke of her beauty, her goodness, her thousand winning ways, I looked into the depths of my own heart, and with a shudder realized that even as he loved Alice, did I, a woman, love him. With not a tremor in my voice I wished him all happiness, then presently withdrew to my room. There with hands clasped against my heart, and fierce burning tears falling from my eyes, I walked to and fro, moaning, only moaning, in a wild, desperate hopelessness. Suddenly a wild, strange thought lightened through my brain. With trembling, eager hands, I took the miniature of myself from its resting-place, and gazed upon it. A deadly, icy chill passed through my frame, for the face that returned my gaze was the same that Alice Evelyn wore. Hers was the same broad, low forehead, the hazel eyes, with the dreamy look in them, the same pale, oval face, surrounded by thick chestnut curls, with its faint flush of color in the cheeks, and lips of intense redness. And thus gazing, I knew then and there, that my destiny was at fault, that

had I been born some years later, the love that Harry had given Alice Evelyn, would have been mine. "Mine, mine," I said fiercely to myself, "mine forever, and not heaven, or hell, or death, should have taken it from me." Then my heart, in a mad, desperate struggle, fluttered and beat against the iron bars of its cruel destiny, until it was torn, and crushed, and bleeding with the hopeless contest. Strange I should never have discovered the likeness Alice Evelyn bore to the miniature before. The resemblance was almost exact, save that about her mouth, there was an inconsistency, a fickleness and indecision of character expressed, which I did not find in the miniature.

And now day after day, for three months, my life was one of silent agony. Agony that I strove to hide with smiles, as we seek to cover the ghastliness of newly made graves with flowers.

Each caress! each look of love! each epithet of endearment, bestowed by Harry upon Alice, was like a sharp instrument piercing a sore and bleeding nerve. For I felt, you may call me a monomaniac if you will, I care not, that all of these belonged to me. All this time, Alice flitted around me, sometimes coming, as was her wont, and laying her hands on my head, asking what ailed the "poor old lady," as she jestingly called me. Could I have had my will I could have dashed from me the hands so soft, yet whose touch was madness to me, fiercely crying, "Alice Evelyn you have robbed me of my birth-right." Did I ever wish that small ever-restless head, with its innumerable glancing curls of chestnut gold, was laid low in the grave ere ever it crossed my sight? God forgive me if I did, for I was wild with hopeless love and despair, and knew not what I wished.

At the end of three months, Alice went home to prepare for her bridal, and I was left again alone with Mr. Evelyn and Harry. Alice wrote to us frequently, and I well knew whenever Harry received her letters, by the flush of joy that illumined his face, and the brilliant light that shone in his eyes.

One morning, about two months after Alice had left us, Harry brought the letters into the breakfast-room, and after dealing out to Mr. Evelyn, and myself, our portion, sat down to read his. He had only one and that was from Alice I knew, for I saw him, when he thought himself unobserved, stealthily press the superscription to his lips. I watched as with eager haste he broke the envelope. With parted lips he began to read, when a change came over his face, and dashing the letter from him, with a cry of anguish I may never forget, he rushed

from the room. Mr. Evelyn caught up the letter and read it, ejaculating continually through his teeth, "The heartless jade, the good-for-nothing jade," then in a tone of infinite tenderness, "poor boy, poor darling! Poor Harry." I meantime sitting by pale and breathless with anxiety. When he had finished reading it, Mr. Evelyn threw the letter on the floor and crushed it under foot. Then with his usually mild eyes flashing with anger, he told me that Alice had written, saying, that upon her return home, she had met with a former lover from whom she had been alienated by some trifling quarrel, but a perfect reconciliation had been effected, and they were to be married. And then the epistle ended with hoping that Harry would find some one more worthy of his love than ever she had been. I listened to all this; fierce anger burning in my heart against her, who had thus dared with wanton hand to shatter the fairest fabric of love that had ever been reared in a human heart. But this feeling speedily gave way to deep, tender pity for Harry's anguish. For this whole day he remained secluded in his room, walking up and down almost incessantly. All through the night, I could hear him overhead, pacing to and fro. I could only lie awake and pray for him, as in the silence of the night each footfall fell distinctly upon my ear, it seemed as if he were walking upon my heart, that heart which would have bled its every drop to save him from the slightest pain. When the two days were ended, Harry left his room and mingled with us again, pale and silent, yet with a calm, high look in his eye, that told he had chained and fettered his agony, perhaps conquered it, I could not tell. It was an inexpressible happiness to know then in his trouble he looked to me for comfort. Sometimes he would come to me, and laying his head on my shoulder, say, "I am so tired, Margaret," he always called me Margaret now, for I liked it best. And then I could crush down the agony in my own heart, and talk to him soothingly of things he liked most, until he would lift his dear, handsome face, and say, "Thank you, dear Margaret, I am better now." So the week passed on, with but little change, until Harry was taken very ill. At first it was only a slight cough, which scarcely attracted our notice, but which rapidly grew worse and worse, until he was confined to his room, and high fever set in. Day and night for weeks I watched beside him, caring for, and taking, no rest. For the most part he was delirious, and yet all through his delirium he knew me, and called on me, and only on me, accepting nothing from any hand but mine. And so amid the anguish of seeing him

ill and suffering, a beautiful flower of joy sprang up, that filled the atmosphere of the sick-room with its delightful fragrance. At length, Harry, to our inexpressible delight grew better, and at last was able to sit in bed, propped up by the aid of pillows.

One day, at this time, I sat beside him sewing, and in taking some article from my work-basket, something dropped. I did not notice it, but let it lie upon the floor. Presently I was startled by a loud cry, and looking up saw Harry sitting erect in bed gazing at a miniature, which I immediately recognized as mine. It was that I had heard drop, and he must have stooped unperceived by me, and picked it up; how it came in my basket I do not know.

Harry turned to me and grasping my arm, gasped out,

"Where did you get this?"

"It is mine," I said, tremblingly, "as I was at eighteen."

He scanned eagerly every feature of my face.

"It is very much like you now," he said, at length. "Strange I should never have discovered any likeness between you and her before." He gazed steadily at the picture for awhile longer, then playfully taking my hand, said half jestingly, yet with a look of bitterness in his eyes, and a strange tenderness in his voice, "Margaret, you tell me you are almost forty. What a pity you had not been born twenty years later; then I might have seen and loved you. But you," he added, after a slight pause, "you would never have proved false to me."

With what bitter, stinging power the words thrilled through my heart. I shuddered to hear the thought from his lips, that had been both my delight and my anguish for months. I tried to take the miniature from him, but he held it firmly in his grasp; and after looking at it earnestly, placed it under his pillow, nor could my entreaties win it from him, so I was forced to humor him.

Soon after, I returned to my sewing, and bending steadily over it, strange, haunting thoughts of what might have been passed through my mind. This thought ever confronting me with its sad, despairing eyes, that if Harry could but have seen me now, as I looked in the miniature, he might have called me wife; and children, his children and mine, might have nestled against my heart. I felt this thought to be utterly vain, perhaps blasphemous, and tried to drive it from me.

But it would not go. Still it haunted me. Still it would come with its sad, despairing eyes,

and gazing into mine, lay its cold, spectral finger on my heart, speaking never a word, but smiling a wan, dim smile, that seemed to say, "I can never leave you, but shall haunt you always."

As I have said, we all thought Harry convalescing, when in some mysterious manner he caught fresh cold, was thrown back into a fever, and became again delirious. Day and night as before I watched beside him. At last, after days of moaning and fever, he fell asleep. All day long he laid in a calm, still sleep, and toward night awoke. He called me to him—I was the only one in the room. "Margaret," he called softly, "Margaret." I came. The broad, full moon was rising out of the east, and shone brightly upon his face, while in the darkness of the rest of the room stealthy shadows crept to and fro. "Margaret," he repeated, "death has laid his hand upon my eyes, and cleared away all mists and doubts. And now I know that you, and you alone, possess my love. Had I lived, God and yourself willing, you should have been my wife, and none other. The world might have laughed: but though you are so much older than I, we are one in spirit, and I know your heart is still as young and fresh as when you bore the face now smiling beneath my pillow. Margaret, my blessed, faithful Margaret, remember I am waiting for you:" and so he died. Died without a pang in my arms, with his head upon my heart. I closed the white lids over the calm, sweet eyes, then with bitter weeping, kissed for the first time the lips that were mine in death, and which I felt assured would be mine in heaven. I heard a step in the hall, and fearing in my agony I might say words that should fall upon no other than the dead ear beside me, passed out, leaving my darling in the might of his youth and beauty, lying dead in the tender moonlight, and around him the stealthy shadows creeping to and fro. Oh, Harry, those shadows have been with me ever since. As I passed out I met Mr. Evelyn at the door. I said simply, "Harry is dead." I had no strength for more, and then went to my room to wrestle alone with my anguish.

Does any one dare to say that the dying words of my darling were spoken in delirium? Hush, sneerer, I know it is false. The other night I dreamed a dream. I thought I died, and passing heaven's gates, Harry came to meet me, saying, "I have waited so long for you, Margaret." And at the moment I knew my countenance was changed, and that I bore the face of long years ago when a girl. Now waking, I know this is not a dream, but that when I sleep my last sleep and wake in heaven, I shall wear the face of my

youth, for in heaven it is not as on earth: there the countenance is as the heart, and the one whose heart is freshest shall wear the youngest face. And then I know that two lives, separated by an inscrutable chance in life, will blend in one and be made perfect in death. Is it wrong, thus believing, to desire to die? If so, God forgive me, for it is my only wish.

A PICTURE FROM MEMORY.

BY MISS CAROLINE E. FAIRFIELD.

Brow as marble grand and fair;
Shaded by brown curling hair:
Two blue eyes, soft glances stealing,
Fountains deep of tenderest feeling.
Straight as pine on mountain way:
Smiling as a Summer's day;
So he looked, my bonny lover,
E'er he roamed the wide sea over.

Dewiest of Summer eves,
Golden lay the piled sheaves;
And the purple sunset glory
Crowned the ruin old and hoary;
Where we met, our labor o'er,
Vows of love to plight once more;
For my laddie he must leave me,
Must of love and hope bereave me.

'Gainst a broken arch he leaned,
Half by drooping ivy screened;
Lest I might with love's wild gladness
Mark his pallor and his sadness.
Whispering so fond and low—
Chiding tears that could but flow—
Gaily half, and half in sorrow,
"Light for now, from henceforth borrow."

My hand it lay in both of his:
On my forehead fell a kiss:
Then with love's assurance bolder,
Dropped my head upon his shoulder.

"Oh! my love," I sobbing cried,
"What were all the world beside,
So thy smile I miss forever;
So the seas our fond hearts sever.
Chests of treasure, mines of gold,
All of fame the world can hold,
Can they make our hearts grow nearer?
Can they make our love grow dearer?
All the lands beyond the seas
Cannot yield us joys like these.
Know'st thou not I love thee, only?
Why wilt leave me sad and lonely?"

Closer my frail form he drew;
Fondly beamed his eyes of blue:
"Weep not, darling, for thy lover,
That he goes the deep sea over;
On the sea and on the shore
Thy face shall haunt him evermore;
And the dark and briny ocean
Shall but prove my love's devotion."

So he left me as the day
From the pale sky fled away;
And the drenched, weeping morrow
Mourned with me in my sorrow.
Summer ceased and smiled again,
But no easing knew my pain,
For the sea-weed and the billow
Are my lover's shroud and pillow.

SUNSET.

BY MRS. DEBORAH FIDLEY.

The sun's last rays are streaming
Across the hill and plain;
The nightingale is singing
Her plaintive evening strain.

The bee with honey laden
Hastes to its sweet repose;
The butterfly is resting
Within its fav'rite rose.

The kine are in the meadows—
The sheep are in the fold;

And lights in casements gleaming
Like plates of furnished gold.

The pearly dew-drops glisten
Upon the velvet lawn;
The Cistus' flowers are folded
Until the morning's dawn.

The play-worn child is sleeping
Upon its mother's breast;
For Nature's voice is calling
The weary to their rest.

"HOW I FELL IN LOVE."

BY KATE BRADFORD.

"DID I ever tell you how I fell in love, Kate?"
"Never, though I heard you say one day that it was done by steam."

"Even so, Kate. Do not look so incredulous; but just move this way a little, so that I can look at you, and you shall hear all about the affair."

"Once upon a time, to begin in orthodox story fashion," said the fair speaker, laughingly, "I received a letter from a friend, residing some hundred miles distant, informing me that she was soon to be married and inviting me to be bridesmaid. What girl ever resisted such an invitation, especially the first one she had? Accordingly, the second morning after the reception of Anna's letter, I was on my way to the Lynchville depot, six miles from our quiet home. A shrill whistle announced the arrival of the train, the moment we whirled up to the platform; and I had barely time to procure a ticket, and make a hasty leap on board the car, when the train moved from the depot."

"I had passed nearly through the forward cars, in search of a seat, braving, as I might, the stare of some half dozen comfortably seated men, and was becoming quite embarrassed, when a gentleman rose and politely proffered his place. I accepted it gladly, and turning to thank him, I encountered a pair of black eyes, whose glance fairly made me start. An undefinable feeling, at the same time, so unnerved me, that I sank into the seat without opening my lips; but with burning cheeks."

"The motion of the cars, however, gradually lulled me into good-humor, and I could not forbear indulging in a smile, when recalling sister Lill's parting injunction: 'Don't show your face at home again, Miss Josie,' she said, 'till you find a husband. Old maids are becoming obsolete in this region.' For I had reached the mature age of twenty-five, without having once succeeded in falling in love, though I had tried a score of times. Bouquets and billet-doux, long sighs and sugared words had been alike ineffectual. My gentlemen acquaintances voted me an iceberg, while my lady friends had long since pronounced me an embryo old maid. And in fact I had begun to look upon myself as past remedy."

"Suddenly I started from a prolonged reverie,

as the conductor touched my arm, and said, 'ticket, madam.' I noticed that several seats had received new occupants, also that the owner of the black eyes was enjoying a cushion by himself nearly opposite. In a few minutes we arrived, at — junction, and most of the passengers left the cars to obtain refreshments. Through the open doors of the restaurant, I had a good opportunity to observe with what astonishing rapidity Yankees can eat. The most amusing tableau, however, was a long, lean, round-shouldered Jonathan, who stood with a huge sponge-cake, elevated at an obtuse angle with his chin, his characteristic go-aheadativeness plainly showing itself in the rapid progress which his teeth made through it. Haste was needless, however, on this occasion, for we were detained half an hour beyond the usual time by the non-arrival of the northern train. Again in motion, the engineman sought to repair lost time by increased speed. Suddenly, the car wheels left the track. One glance sufficed to show me that we were on a high embankment, and that a fall down the ragged steep was inevitable. For an instant, we remained poised on the edge of the bank, and then toppled over with a terrific crash. Down, down we went, the clangor of falling objects mingling with appalling shrieks. Something obstructed our path a moment; and then on we rolled again. It seemed as if every heart throb were an age, and every breath a miserable eternity of suspense, as we plunged down into the abyss."

"The great mass at last halted with a quivering motion that seemed a death shudder."

"A momentary silence succeeded, and I feared all except myself had been killed. All at once my fears were relieved by a prolonged 'who-o-o:' and directly the same voice, that of the hungry Yankee, cried, 'wonder if they kalkilate on stoppin' at this ere station ev'ry trip,' and immediately a carroty-head peered over a heap of rubbish near by. 'Mighty Jerusalem!' the speaker continued, 'but didn't them wimmin screech some though,' and he slowly scrambled to an upright position. 'Stop your noise,' cried a sharp voice, 'and help to extricate these ladies. I don't know but half of them are dead.' 'By hokey, they didn't squeal much like dead folks,'

retorted the imperturbable Jonathan, as he untwisted his long limbs from a pile of cushions, and commenced operations by tearing the skirts of my dress nearly off. I hastened to speak, 'If you will only remove the seats I can rise without any difficulty,' said I, not caring to be wholly disrobed. Just then a long drawn-breath escaped from some object beneath me, and looking more closely, I became conscious that my head was in affectionate proximity to a black satin vest. My tormentor had been thrust aside to give place to more skilful hands, so I ventured to remark to the gentleman below, that he would soon be relieved of his heavy burden. A smothered sound, however, was the only response, and fearful that he was very seriously hurt, I attempted to sit erect. Several unsuccessful efforts convinced me that my hair had become hopelessly attached to somebody's vest buttons. What could I do? Here was an unthought-of dilemma. Fortunately, one hand was at liberty, and there was a penknife in my pocket. It was the work of a moment to procure it, and having opened it with my teeth, the refractory curls were severed. Those engaged in removing from my person fragments of the wreck, were too intent upon their own labors, to notice mine; and when my limbs were at length freed, it was with an indescribably blissful sensation of relief, thrilling every nerve, that I rose to my feet. A glance revealed the reason of the strange reply I had received from the stranger to whom I had been compelled to present a tress of my hair. In the violent concussion, his hat had been completely driven over his face, and all his tugging to remove it only seemed to fasten it more firmly. 'I'll fix that, friend,' said the owner of the carrotty locks, at the same time producing a ponderous jack-knife. Without waiting to witness the result of his surgery, I made my way to the end of the car, in compliance with a request of the conductor, who stood ready to assist me through an aperture that might once have served for a window. Being almost the last who crawled from the wreck, on regaining the open air, I found myself in the midst of a large crowd, where each one was inquiring of his or her neighbor, 'Is anybody killed?' We were a grotesque-looking company. Bonnets and hats were crushed into the most comic shapes, while the faces beneath were begrimed with blood and dirt, as distorted by rapidly developed 'bumps,' in many cases imparting the most ludicrous expressions. My own face was dripping with oil, from a shattered lamp, which, mixed with ashes from the stove, formed a cosmetic decidedly more plentiful than

agreeable. In endeavoring to remove the compound, I found that my face was a good deal cut and swollen. 'Thank God,' escaped from many lips unused to praise, as, at that moment, we heard the welcome shout, 'All safe, nobody killed.' The engine lay half buried in the earth, hissing and groaning, and belching forth clouds of smoke from its fiery nostrils. The cars were heaped in a confused mass behind it, the rear one alone remaining upon the track.

"A lady whose nose had obtained a prodigious size, owing to a too intimate acquaintance with the stove-pipe, suggested that we should ascend the bank, and find a more comfortable seat, than the fence upon which we were perched. Repairing my dress with a few pins, I started, feeling very strong, but had proceeded only a few steps, when a dizzy sensation came over me, and I found myself falling. Suddenly a strong arm was thrown around me, and my bruised head again rested involuntarily against a black satin vest. Recovering a little, great was my surprise and embarrassment, at finding myself supported by the black-eyed gentleman, who had given me his seat; and I verily believe I did not breathe, for a full minute after seeing my curls dangling from his vest buttons.

"I said to myself, 'What if he should discover that they have been severed from my head?' The idea of such a possibility gave me strength, and I tried to free myself from his grasp; but he held me firmly, as one would an obstinate child, saying meanwhile, in a soothing tone, 'You are weak, madam. Allow me to assist you. In such perils we should forget that we are strangers.'

"My momentary strength had departed and I submitted. The ascent was steep, and we sunk deep in the moist sand. I trembled violently from excitement and fatigue, and when we reached the car, my companion lifted me to the foot-board, without waiting to ask leave. Having secured me a comfortable seat, he was lost in the crowd before I had time to thank him.

"It was nearly dark when the train telegraphed for arrived. With a farewell glance at the wreck, we hurried into the cars, feeling sincerely thankful that matters were no worse. Of course nobody was to blame for the accident. Be sure the engine-man saw a bad rail, but hoping to get safely over it, had not in the least lessened his speed. The risking his own and a few hundred other lives was a mere trifle, in comparison with being half an hour behind time.

"I was meditating on the probability of my friends at home learning of the accident before I should have an opportunity to inform them of my safety, when the current of thought was

broken by the voice of my unknown friend, craving permission to occupy the vacant seat beside me. It was readily granted, although I secretly wished him a thousand miles distant. I feared his presence, for it seemed that he possessed some invisible power over me, which my will was impotent to subdue.

"After a few common-place remarks had passed between us, I leaned my aching head against the window, and pretended to sleep. I was thoroughly chilled by the damp night air, having lost my thick shawl, that aunt Mattie persisted in hanging over my arm, the last thing before I left the house. I roused suddenly from my feigned slumber and 'faced about,' as I felt a hand laid gently on mine. 'I fear you are taking cold, madam. Will you have the kindness to accept the protection of my shawl?' said my companion, with a slight shade of anxiety on his countenance. With a muttered assent that he might, or might not have understood, I suffered him to wrap me in its ample folds. He had doubtless noticed my involuntary shiver, and straightway took means to warn me of danger. I was pondering these things in my heart, when some one familiarly accosted him by the title of 'doctor.' 'So then,' I reflected, 'in looking after my welfare, he was only following his professional instinct,' and my vanity sunk proportionately. Gradually, I fell asleep again; and when I awoke, the crescent moon was looking me in the face, its brightness enhanced by a wall of black clouds bounding the western horizon. I hailed it as a happy omen, and turned to call the attention of my companion to it. Lo, the seat was vacant! I was greatly disappointed. After vainly waiting for his return a half hour, I ventured to ask the conductor if the gentleman, who occupied the seat beside me, had left the cars. 'He did not know,' he said, 'but would ascertain.' In a few minutes he returned to inform me that my companion got off, two or three stations back. So there was nothing left for me, but to retain the shawl, at least until I could obtain some clue to the owner.

"Anna's merry face put on an oddly-fitting, lugubrious expression, when soiled and battered, I presented myself at her door, a few hours after, about sunrise. 'Misery, Jose,' said she, untying my oil-perfumed bonnet-strings, 'I should have gone crazy, had I even imagined you were in that horrid smash. We heard that several were killed and a score dreadfully mangled. Oh! dear, what should I have done, had I known you were there?'

"I gave Anna a minute detail of the accident, making a mental parenthesis only where the

'doctor' was concerned. But I experienced considerable difficulty, not only in attempting to conceal his connection with the affair, but in hiding the loss of the locks I had given him; for I knew very well, that, were either known, I should be bantered without mercy.

"Anna and I were sitting, one day, in the midst of a melange of dry-goods, gravely discussing the respective merits of flounced and plain skirts, when we heard footsteps grating along the graveled walk. Anna peeped through the blind. 'Who is Ned bringing with him?' she said. 'It will be just like him to fetch a stranger in here where we are at work,' and seizing a pile of silks and muslins, she hastily tumbled them into the china closet. The cashmere, that we had been measuring, somehow got twisted around my chair, and I was nervously endeavoring to free myself, as my friend's *fiance* entered the room, closely followed up by a gentleman, whom he introduced as 'Dr. Neal, an old chum.' There stood I, the proverbially self-possessed and dignified Josepha Hadley, blushing and stammering like a school boy, making his first declamation; for the doctor stood before me, his magnificent eyes sparkling with a half-amused, half-gratified expression, as he expressed his pleasure at this unexpected meeting.

"Ned and Anna stared at us in unfeigned astonishment. Dr. Neal gave them a clue to the mystery, by remarking, 'I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Hadley at the scene of the accident on the ——— railroad.'

"After the departure of the gentlemen, Anna rallied me without stint. She declared there was more connected with the affair than either Dr. Neal or myself was willing to acknowledge. 'Very true,' thought I, 'so far as I am concerned.' I finally communicated to her all the particulars, save the cutting off my curls.

"The doctor became almost as constant a visitor as Ned. He was a resident of Mobile, and had come North to visit his mother, who was quite aged and infirm. He possessed, in a high degree, that peculiar charm of manner which characterizes the well-bred Southerner. Anna declared she could hardly help falling in love with him herself.

"One morning, I entered the back parlor, bonnet in hand, having just returned from a walk. I did not expect to see any one but Anna. The doctor was there, however. He had brought some engravings for our inspection. He always found some excuse for coming. I was about seating myself, when Anna exclaimed, 'Goodness, Jose, what ails your head?'

I glanced at the mirror. In taking off my bonnet, my hair had been disarranged, and the remains of the severed locks were sticking out at all sorts of angles. 'How came your hair cut off in that style?' she continued. 'On whom have you bestowed your radiant tresses; and who was wicked enough to covet such an abundance as you have dispensed with? Your blushes are proof positive of guilt, so please confess without any demurring.' I saw the lightning flash of intelligence that passed over the doctor's face, and felt assured my secret was no longer hid from him. Just then, Anna was called away, and we were left alone. I could have cried with vexation. I tied my bonnet-strings in more knots than I could pick out in an hour. With a sudden

movement, Dr. Neal placed himself at my side, and laying some light brown curls in my lap, said, in a low tone, 'I will not retain them longer, Josie—Miss Hadley, without you wish.'

"Obeying my first impulse, I threw them into the fire. With a cool 'good-morning, Miss Hadley,' the doctor retired from the house. A moment after, hearing Anna's step in the hall, I picked up an engraving, and when she came in I was completely lost in a view by moonlight.

"The following day I received an invitation to become Mrs. Neal, which, as you know, was accepted privately in my friend's green house, and afterward publicly ratified at Florence Cottage. Sister Lill declares I am the only one who ever thought her advice worth following."

THE HEART-BROKEN.

BY MARY W. JANVEIN.

Oh! I feel so sad to-night, mother—

Such a woe is on my breast;
And my fevered brain is all on fire,
And I cannot, cannot rest!

Fold me up close to you heart, mother—

There would I breathe to thee
That which is making this life of mine
A burden of misery.

The winds are out to-night, mother—

The storm is on the hills;
The clouds brood dark, and the drifting snow
The cottage pathway fills;

But a wilder storm is within, mother—

For doubting fears and woe
O'er my spirit are weaving a shroud,
As over the hills, the snow.

A year hath encircled round, mother—

A long and a weary year,
Since the stranger came to the cottage door,
And begged for a shelter here:

And you know how he tarried long, mother,
And he seemed so loth to go,

Tho' the storm-clouds passed from the skies above,
And away from the hills the snow.

He whispered sweet words at parting, mother—
He said he would come again

When the song of the harvest hymn was heard,
As the reapers gathered the grain;

Ere the Autumn leaves had fallen, mother,

Ere the woodland flowers had died,
Would he come again to our home on the hills,
To woo and to win a bride.

The violet sprang up in the wood, mother,

In the sweet and early Spring—

And the Summer sun looked down in pride
Where the wild-bird furled her wing:

And the trees on the hill-tops stood, mother,

Like a band of monarchs old—
Of regal pomp were their crimson robes,
And coronals of gold.

And then I looked down in the valley, mother,

Watching and waiting for him—
For the flowers were dying along the wood,
And the harvest was gathered in:
And the nuts rattled down in the forest, mother,
Under the squirrel's tread—
And the maple boughs were bright as fire,
And the Sumach's fruit as red.

All the day long I waited, mother,

The livelong, wearisome day
I watched, till the sun went down in the West,
And twilight had melted away;

And at night, when the stars came out, mother,
The stars so holy and pale—

I listened again, till their light grew dim,
For his footfall in the vale.

But he came not! Never again, mother,
To the cot on the steep hill-side

Will the false one come—for in sunnier climes
He wooeth a fairer bride!

His love was but morning dew, mother—
He hath forgotten his vow:

Eye and lips were alike untrue—
Another enchains him now!

The dove that goes forth in the morning, mother,

For a free and a joyous flight,
Comes wearily back to the sheltering nest
Wounded and bleeding at night:

Now fold me up close to your heart, mother,
And mother dear, do not weep—

For the archer's arrow hath entered my breast,
And I fain would fall asleep!

HOW MRS. JONES MADE A FRIGHT OF HERSELF.

BY SMITH JONES, JR.

I CAME home, the other day, and found Carrie Hastings calling on Mrs. Jones. Carrie is the pet of the place. She's not a regular beauty, but has such exquisite taste in dress, knows so much about household matters, is so intelligent, and has such a flow of spirits, that everybody likes her. There was an atmosphere as of June roses and bright skies, about the room, when I came in: all because Carrie was there.

She had scarcely gone, when Mary Ann, dear soul, exclaimed, with that beautiful enthusiasm so natural to women about such things.

"Did you see that 'love of a bonnet,' which Carrie had on? That reminds me, I must have a new bonnet, dear. You like to see your wife looking prettily, don't you?"

As she spoke, she put her lips saucily up to me, with a way such dear creatures have, so that, if I'd been hung for it the next minute, I couldn't have helped kissing her.

"And now you'll give me the bonnet, won't you, dear?" she said, her head leaning on my shoulder, and she looking up at me, her lips pouting again bewitchingly.

What could I do? I took out my pocket-book and handed her some money, taking toll of course, which, by-the-by, she seemed to think—I believe all women do—a receipt in full.

A few days after, the new bonnet came home. Mary Ann, honest soul, put it proudly on.

I gave a long whistle.

"Why, what's the matter?" she cried, turning quickly around; and her face fell, as she said, "don't you like it?"

I answered, "I'm not much of a judge of such things, my dear; but the bonnet seems to me to be old-fashioned."

"Old-fashioned!" This was said in a voice of pitiable dismay.

"Yes! old-fashioned, my dear. Not of course as old-fashioned as a Dunstable, or the oddities worn when your grandmother was young; but still behind the times, obsolete, old foggyish, ante-diluvian."

The dear soul was ready to burst into tears at this climax. She had, by this time, taken the bonnet off, and was holding it on one hand, ruefully turning it around. Just at this crisis Carrie came in.

"Ah!" I cried. "Here's the very person. Carrie understands these matters better than either of us. What do you think, Carrie, of my wife's new bonnet?"

Carrie, her attention thus directed to the new bonnet, took it contemptuously between her thumb and finger, and holding it at arm's length as if a nearer approach would contaminate her, regarded it silently for some time. At last she said, looking at my wife,

"My dear, where *did* this thing come from?"

Mary Ann—I pitied her—turned all colors of the rainbow; and finally stammered out,

"I bought it at Miss Brown's."

"Well, my dear," was the consoling reply, "the pattern is as old as the hills."

"She told me," answered my wife, fairly crying with vexation, "that it was the very newest style."

"I don't see how it was possible for her to say so," answered Carrie, indignantly. "It's real imposition."

"But she showed me the pattern in a Magazine. You know she takes one of the three dollar books——"

"Three dollar books," interrupted Carrie, beginning to laugh. "I see it all now."

Carrie went on.

"It was given, as the newest style for bonnets, in the very last number but one, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well," answered Carrie, "that very pattern is about a year old, which, in these times, my dear, means half a century in times as they used to be. I remember now I saw it in my Magazine, last winter."

"Do you take a Magazine?"

"Yes!"

"Which?"

"Peterson's to be sure. It's the only one whose fashions can be depended on. People compliment me, on my taste in dress; but the merit really belongs to Peterson's Magazine. Then it's such a racy, wide-awake affair. None of your stupid things, full of twaddle, with stories that drizzle, drizzle, page after page, and haven't a bit of sunshine or liveliness. I tell Miss Brown she'll get the apoplexy, some day, reading the dull, heavy stories in her book; and

that the coroner's jury, if it tells the truth, will bring in a verdict *died of a three dollar Magazine.*"

We all laughed. I asked,
"How about the size?"

"Peterson gives nine hundred, double column octavo pages a year, the three dollar books only twelve hundred. The proportion for a two dollar Magazine would be eight hundred pages. So, you see, he gives a hundred pages extra, to say nothing of the superiority of the literary matter. Think of it! He has Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Alice Cary, and all the very best writers."

She paused for breath. In a moment she resumed.

"You should compare Peterson's with the Magazine Miss Brown takes. I borrowed her December number, the other day, to do it. Peterson had twenty-five patterns for the work-table, hers only twenty-one; Peterson ten stories, hers only five. Yet Peterson's is but two dollars a year, and hers three."

"And the plates?"

Carrie laughed outright.

"Oh! I wish you could compare them. Come down, some evening; I'll borrow Miss Brown's Magazine; and then we can examine its engravings and those of Peterson's together. The taste

and elegance are all on Peterson's side. The other sometimes stumbles on a pretty thing; but it seems to be all accident —"

"As Pope says," interrupted I,

'The thing itself is neither rich nor rare
We wonder how the dickens it got there,'

eh! Carrie?"

"Exactly," and she nodded. "Then, too, a club of eight can get Peterson's for a dollar and a quarter a year. Only think of it. Fashion, art, taste, poetry, household knowledge, and such delightful love stories for only a dollar and a quarter a year."

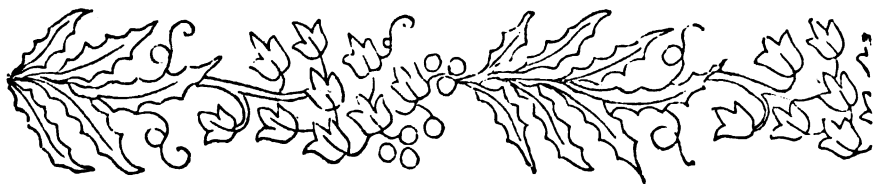
I sprang up from my seat.

"Mary Ann," I said, "you shan't look like a fright any more. I'll be a public benefactor. I'll subscribe for eight copies of Peterson, even if I have to give them away, the first year."

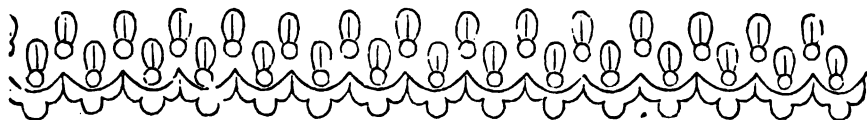
"There'll be no danger but what you can get twenty subscribers, if you only show people a specimen, and let them see what Peterson is," said Carrie.

Carrie was right. I have got already a club of twenty-five, and among the number is Miss Brown, who says she can't be behind the times any longer, and has, therefore, given up her three dollar Magazine and substituted Peterson. The days of the antediluvians, I tell her, are over.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



INSERTING.



EDGING.



LETTERS FOR MARKING.

HOOD IN BRIOCHE PATTERN.

BY ESTHER COPLEY.



PINS No. 10. Berlin Wool. Cast on twenty-six, work one row plain. 2nd Row O S K. 3rd Row, O S T, which pattern is to be continued.

4th Row, stop short one brioche stitch (that is three loops) at the end of the row, and return.

6th Row, stop short two stitches.

8th " three stitches.

10th " four stitches.

12th " five stitches.

14th " six stitches.

16th work to the end.

This completes the first of eighteen goars, by which the round is formed.

17th Row, work the entire row, and at the end cast on two loops more, which in returning work O S K, thus making an additional stitch as rib.

18th Row, as 4th.

20th as 6th.

22nd as 8th.

24th as 10th.

26th as 12th.

28th as 14th.

30th as 16th.

31st as 17th, that is, casting on two additional loops at the end, to be worked in the succeeding row.

There is to be one more similar increase, viz., in the 35th Row, the first row of the 4th goar. Then proceed regularly till fifteen goars are completed.

In the first row of the sixth goar reduce a stitch thus:—Commence the row by *not* bringing the wool in front, but plain knit four stitches, that is, the loops that would have formed two brioche stitches, keeping as one the stitch and the loop that crosses it. On coming again to that part, bring wool in front, slip two of the plain stitches as one and knit the other two as one. Next row knit the two stitches as one with the loops as two. Repeat this decrease in the first row of the seventeenth goar, and also of the eighteenth. For the last row of the eighteenth goar, (the row that runs the whole length) cast off double with the cast on stitches. This is to be done on the wrong side, and taking as one the stitch and the loop that crosses it.

For the roll pick up the selvedge loops of the straight part, that is, of the twelve front goars—seven from each, eighty-four in all—work these "O S T," so as to form twenty-eight brioche stripes. Work forty rows thus, then stop short two stitches at each end, then four, then six, then eight, then ten, then twelve. Next work to one end, then to the other, then four rows on the whole length, and cast off.

For the curtain. If the first four rows be worked in shaded wool, it forms a sufficient border and looks very well. If this be not approved, a narrow edging may be worked and used as a foundation in the manner directed in No. 9; but the texture being thicker, so great a width is not required—ninety, or at most one hundred loops will be sufficient. If the shaded wool edge is chosen, work 1st Row "O S R" the three rows "O S T" the full length of the row.

If an edging, work one row "O S K" and one "O S T" before narrowing, with which, in either case, proceed as follows:—

Work half the row and one brioche stitch (three loops) beyond it, observing in every alteration the rule given for avoiding the appearance of a hole, by carrying the wool round the stitch beyond.

Turn back and work two; turn back and work three. So proceed increasing in every row till all the stitches are taken up. One plain row, taking as one the stitch and the loop that crosses it. One row ||:T:|| Cast off and sew to the sloping back of the hood. The top is to be

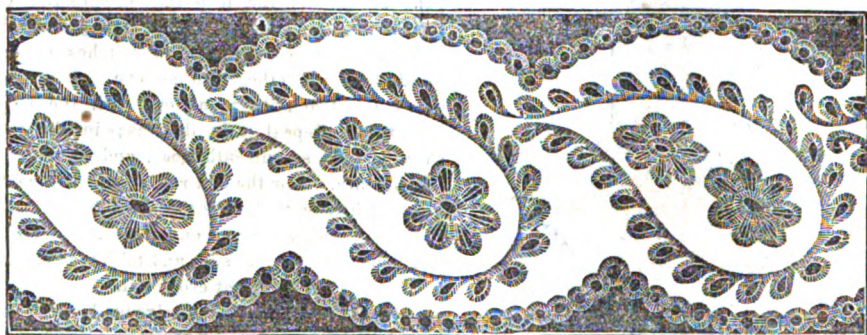
drawn together and finished off with a chenille tassel or silk button. The front requires a little soft wadding to fill it out, as it is not intended to roll more than once.

Without tassel or trimmings this makes a simple useful garden bonnet. The size may be increased at pleasure by casting on at first two

or four more stitches; every two additional stitches providing for an additional rib in the round of the crown, and for two additional rows in every goar. This makes a good bonnet for an older child, the roll being worked in imitation fur, and the curtain edged with the same. (See the design.)

BRODERIE INSERTION.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.



MATERIALS.—Fine French muslin; embroidery { rento bars, which are seen in the stars, to be cotton, No. 5; and point-lace cotton. The Sor- done in Mecklenburgh thread No. 100.

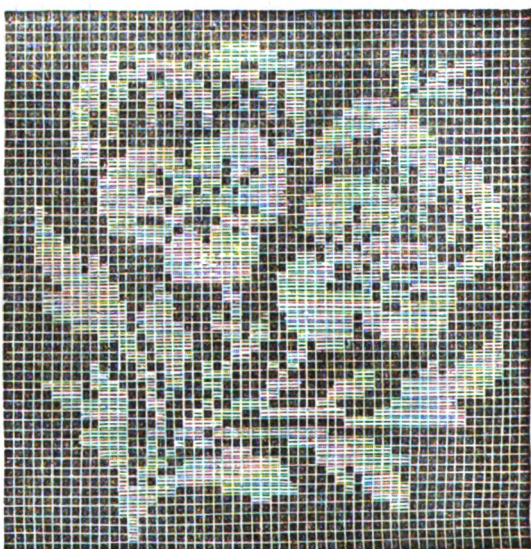
DARNED NETTED WINDOW CURTAIN.

BY M^{RS}. PULLAN.

This is one of the prettiest and most useful objects upon which a lady can bestow her attention and skill. The workmanship is simple, and presents no difficulties whatever. Our young friends will be surprised at the effect it produces when finished.

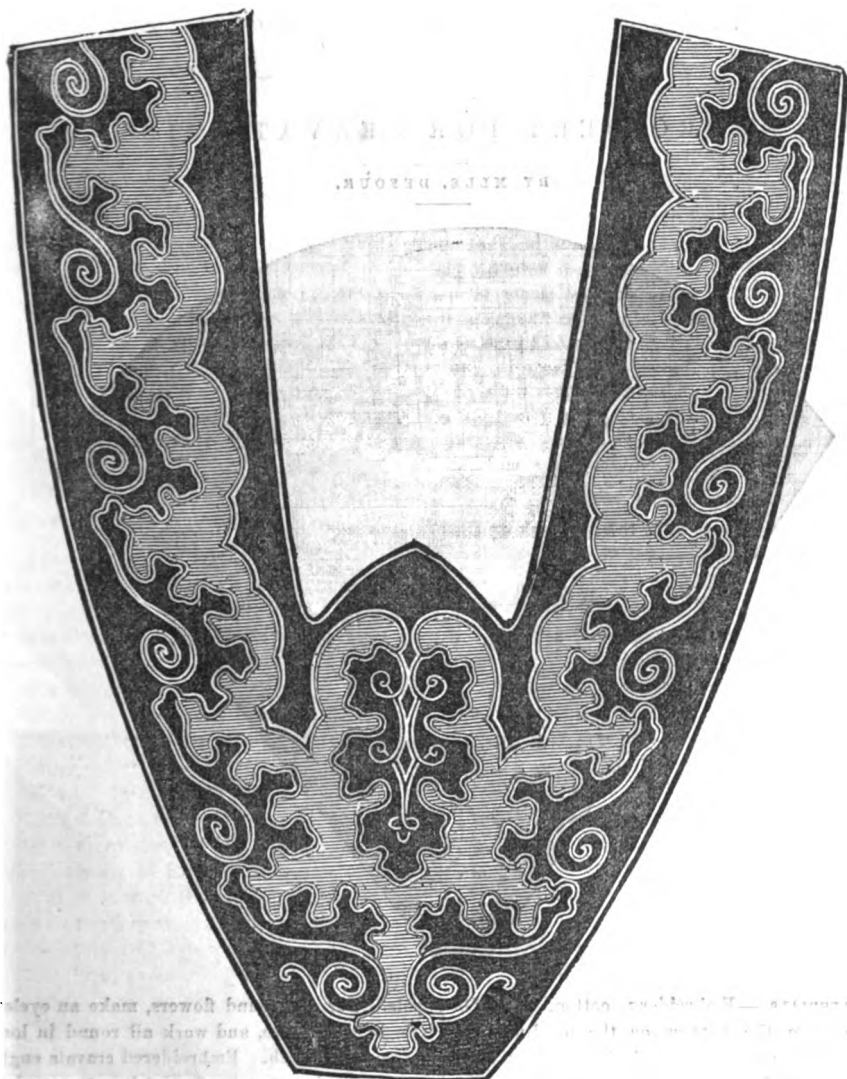
For the netting, medium crochet cotton; for the darning, flower and leaves to be in Berlin wool, of the natural colors. When the netting is completed, and before you begin to darn, have the curtain washed and slightly starched, and pin it out on the carpet in a proper shape to dry. After this, it will be much easier to work.

If more ladies would spend their leisure hours in making economical, useful and beautiful articles like these, it would be a good thing. A woman never looks more interesting than when thus engaged.



SLIPPER IN APPLICATION.

BY MRS. PULLEN.



MATERIALS.—Half a yard of the finest black white thread. Then draw the pattern, enlarging cloth; nearly the same quantity of scarlet or it to the required size. Draw only one half of crimson velvet, or cloth. Gold thread of the the slipper, and mark the other half from it. finest quality, No. 3, two skeins, and fancy cord The parts engraved in white horizontal lines are of the color of the velvet. to be in velvet, which is cut out in the proper

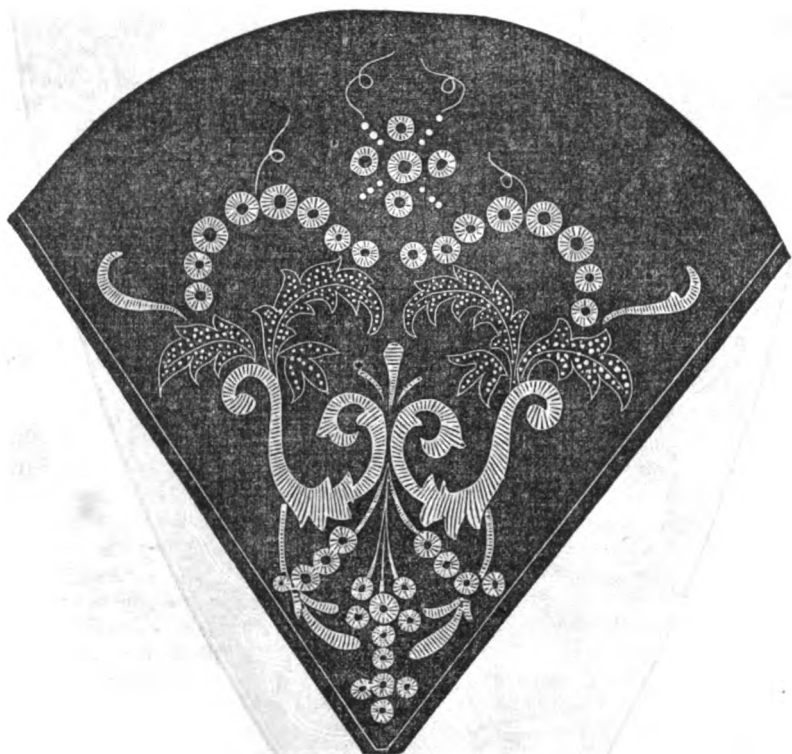
Cut out of a sheet of foolscap paper the exact shape required for the slipper; lay this on the size required for the slipper; lay this on the piece. cloth, and mark the outlines of the slippers with

Take a broad paint-brush, and wash over the

back of the velvet lightly with very thin glue, then lay it on the cloth, and tack it to keep it in its place. Lay it, with the velvet side downward, on a thickly-folded cloth, and put some books on it as weights, until the velvet and cloth adhere. The velvet chosen should be of the best description, with a very short pile. If at all crushed, a warm iron may be held upright and the back of the cloth passed lightly over it. This will raise the pile. The edges of the velvet are finished off with two lines of gold thread, between which the fancy cord is laid. They are respectively to be sewed over with silk of the same colors, and the ends drawn through the cloth. Quilted silk or satin should be used for lining these slippers.

EMBROIDERY FOR CRAVAT-POINT.

BY M^{RS}. DEFOUR.

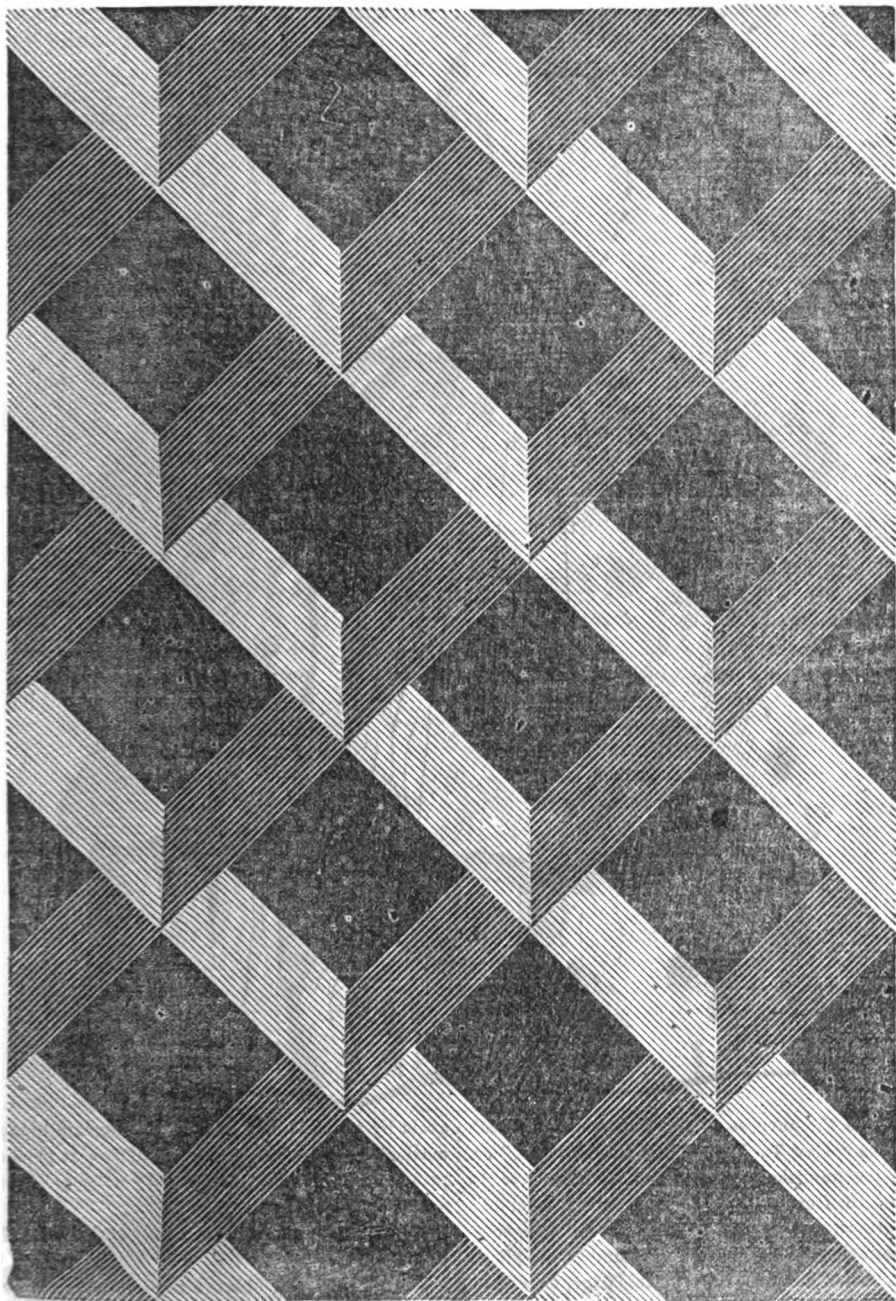


MATERIALS.—Embroidery cotton, No. 80. Trace from the pattern on the muslin. The thick parts are to be worked in raised satin stitch. The leaves have the edge sewed over very closely, and the interior filled up with spots. For the round flowers, make an eyelet-hole in the centre, and work all round in long button-hole stitch. Embroidered cravats ought to have handsome ends of point-lace to complete them in first-rate style.

NEW PATTERN FOR PATCHWORK IN SILK.

As the time of the year has come for those happy in-door evenings with their pleasant and easy occupations which help to make home so dear, we think it requisite that we should offer a suggestion for one of those tasteful works which are of ceaseless variety in their execution,

and are, when completed, worthy of becoming family heir-looms. The pattern supplied in our illustration is most effective. The contrast of color must, of course, be left to the taste of the worker, the only thing necessary to observe being the depth of shade, the dark, the neutral, and the light, being all equally important for the general effect.



TUNIC BODY FOR A DRESS WITH TWO SKIRTS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

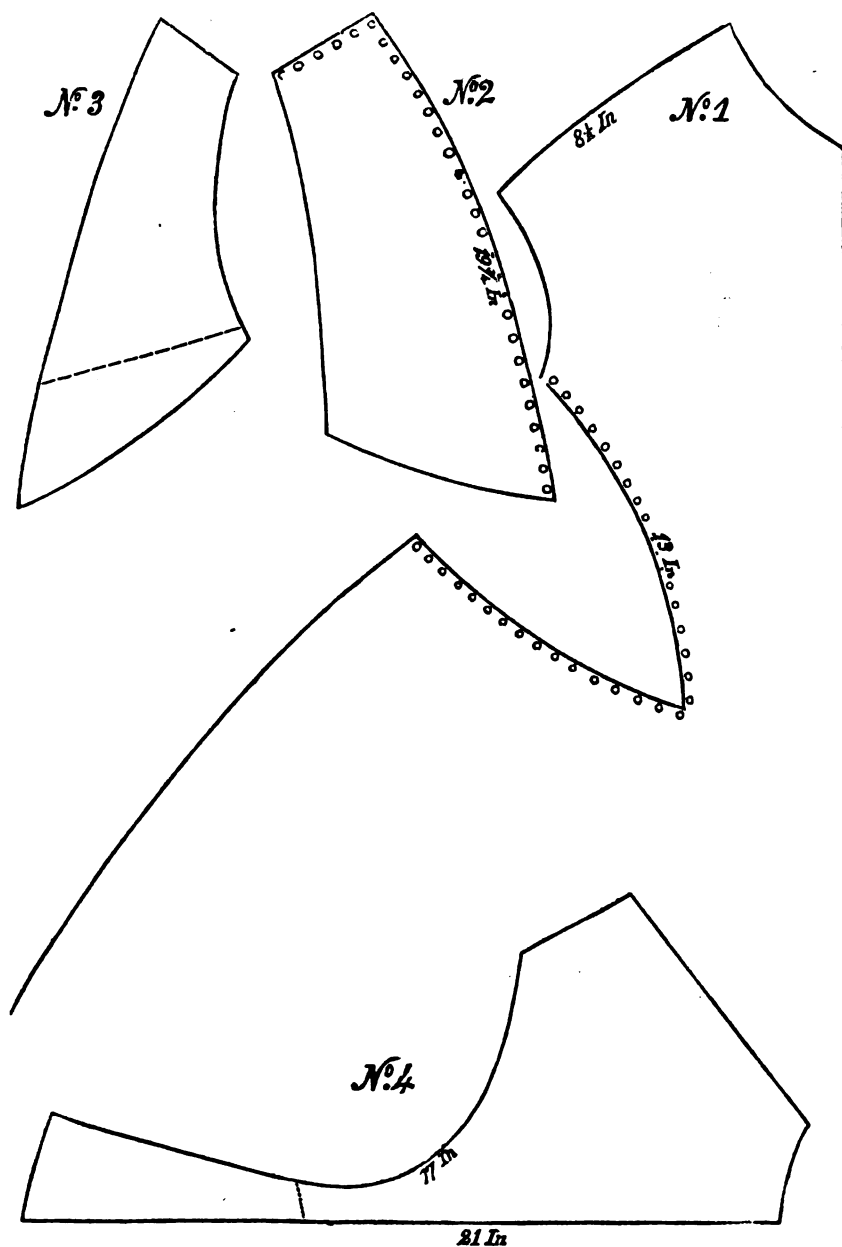


It is the purpose of this department to teach ladies "How To Make Their Own Dresses," or, as the publisher's prospectus has it, to give "a pattern, from which a dress, mantilla, or child's costume, can be cut, without the aid of a mantua-maker." In the present number, we give a pattern of a Tunic Body, on this page, for a dress with two skirts; and on the opposite page, a dia-

gram by which it may be cut, the diagram being marked, with inches, so as to enlarge it to the proper size for a lady of ordinary height. The scale is one inch to five.

No. 1. Front of the tunic body and skirt all of one piece.

Our readers will observe that we have not indicated the whole length of the front, which



must come low enough to be graceful, generally just below the knee.

No. 2. Side-piece of front; the *crosses* and *rings* are to meet the same marks on pattern No. 1.

No. 3. Side-piece of back.

No. 4. Back.

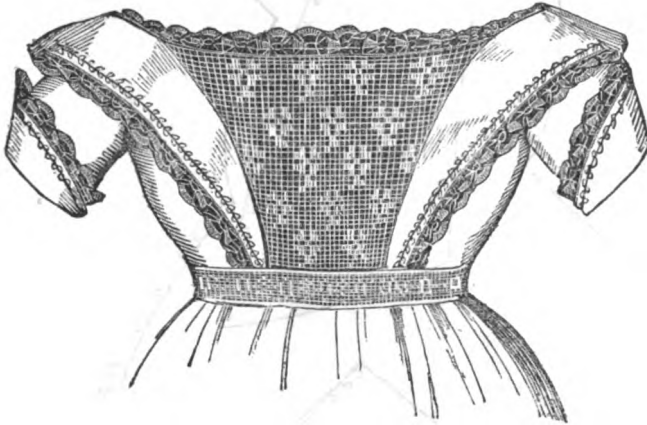
These two last patterns form a small lappet which covers the seam of the skirt at the waist,

which is indicated by a line of points on each of the patterns.

The sleeve is formed of a square pattern measuring 17 inches in length by 28 inches in width; it is closed at top by a seam of 8 inches only; all the rest is left open. The fulness of the sleeve at top is disposed of in three hollow plaits, which are marked for a length of six inches.

INFANT'S FROCK.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



MATERIALS.—Cotton, No. 50; crochet-hook, No. 28.

The stomacher and insertion are done in square crochet.

STOMACHER.—Make a chain of 80 stitches, and work on it 2 rows of dc. After this every row must be begun at the same end. Work one row in open square crochet.

2nd row.—9 * o., 1 c., † twice, 7 o.

* the 4 ch. in the next row are made to increase the width gradually.

In the next row two open squares will be worked over this long one. To increase is the term I shall use for this process. Every row ends with dc.

3rd row.—Dc. over 1st dc., 4 ch.; dc. over next dc., 2 ch., 5 o., 2 c., 8 o., 2 c., 8 o., the last being increased as at the beginning of the row.

4th row.—Dc. over 1st dc., 2 ch., miss 1, dc. on 2nd ch., 2 ch., miss 2, dc. over dc., 2 ch., miss 2, 6 o., 1 c., 9 o., 1 c., 9 o.

5th row.—8 o., (the 1st being increased) 1 c., 1 o., 1 c., 7 o., 1 c., 1 o., 1 c., 8 o. (the last being increased.)

6th row.—1 o., and 1 c., over 1st, 1 c., * 5 o., 2 c. 1 o., 2 c., * twice, 5 o., 2 c., 1 o.

7th row.—1 dc., 2 c., miss 1, 2 dc. on 1, 2 ch., miss 2, 8 o., * 1 c., 9 o., † twice, 2 dc., 2 ch., 1 dc.

8th row.—2 dc., 1 o., over 2 dc., † 2 c., 5 o., 2 c., 1 o., † 3 times, 2 dc.

9th row.—1 c. over 2 dc., † 1 o., 1 c., 7 o., 1 c., † 3 times, 1 o., 1 c.

10th row.—1 open (increased) 4 o., 1 c., which must come over the 2nd of 7 open, † 1 c., 9 o., † twice, 1 c., 7 o., (the last increased.)

11th row.—2 open over 1st, 5 o., 2 c., † 8 o., 2 c., † twice, 6 o.

12th row.—7 o., 1 c., † 9 o., 1 c., † twice 7 o.

13th row.—8 o., † 1 c., 1 o., 1 c., 7 o., twice, 1 c., 1 o., 1 c., 6 o.

14th row.—† 5 o., 2 c., 1 o., 2 c., † 3 times, 5 o.

15th row.—7 o., 1 c., † 9 o., 1 c., † twice, 7 o.

16th row.—Like 14th, increasing at each end.

17th row.—Like 13th, with one more open square at each end. Observe, that whenever one row is said to be like another, the close and open squares are to fall over those of the preceding.

18th row.—4 o., † 1 c., 9 o., † 3 times 1 c. 2 o.

19th row.—2 o., † 2 c., 8 o., † 3 times, 2 c., 3 o.

20th row.—3 o., † 1 c., 9 o., † 3 times, 1 c., 3 o.

21st row.—2 o., † 1 c., 1 o., 1 c., 7 o., † 3 times, 1 c., 1 o., 1 c., 2 o.

22nd row.—1 o., (increased) † 2 c., 1 o., 2 c., 5 o., † 3 times, 2 c., 1 o., 2 c., 1 o. (increased.)

23rd row.—Close, and open over those in row 20th.

24th row.—As 22nd, with 2 open at each end.

25th row.—Like 21st, with 3 open at each end.

26th to 33rd row.—3 flowers over the 3 from 10th row to 17th, but beginning the 26th row with 8 open squares, and increasing 1 at the 30th.

34th to 41st row.—4 flowers over the 4 of

rows 18th to 25th, but beginning with 8 open squares and increasing 2 in the course of the 8 rows, work 1 row of open-square crochet (merely to set into the band.) The stomacher will then be complete. It is sufficiently obvious that this pattern might easily be lengthened, to serve either for a dress for an older child, or for the front of a lady's chemisette. Care must, however, be taken that the alternate rows of flowers fall exactly over those of the previous corresponding rows.

For the edging.

1st row.—15 ch., dc. on 7th, 4 ch., dc. on 3rd, 1 ch., miss 1, dc. on 1st.

2nd row.—Turn the work; 5 ch., sc. under loop of 4, † 3 ch., sc. under same, † twice, 5 ch., sc. under next, † 3 ch., sc. under same, † 3 times.

3rd row.—Turn the work; 3 dc. in each of the last 3 loops, 5 ch., dc. under the long loop, 3 dc. in each of the last 3 loops.

4th row.—Turn the work, † 4 ch., miss 8 dc., dc. under the space before the next 8 dc., † twice.

5th row.—Turn the work; 5 ch., dc. under the loop of 4, 4 ch., dc. under 1st loop of 4, 1 ch., dc. under the same. Repeat the 2nd, 3rd,

4th, and 5th rows as often as may be required. Each piece of edging must be done separately.

For the band.—Make a chain about five-eighths of a yard long, and work on it 1 row of dc.

2nd row. Open square crochet.

3rd row.—1 open, † 1 c., 8 c., † repeat to the end. It is advisable to have two or three close squares at each end, in every row, to give strength to the band.

4th row.—† 1 c., (over 1st open) † o., 1 c., † alternately to the end.

5th row.—† 1 o., 1 c., 2 o., 1 c., 1 o., 1 c., 1 o., †; repeat to the end.

6th row.—† 1 c., 1 o., 3 c., 1 o., 2 c., †; repeat to the end.

7th row.—Like 5th.

8th row.—Like 4th.

9th row.—Like 3rd.

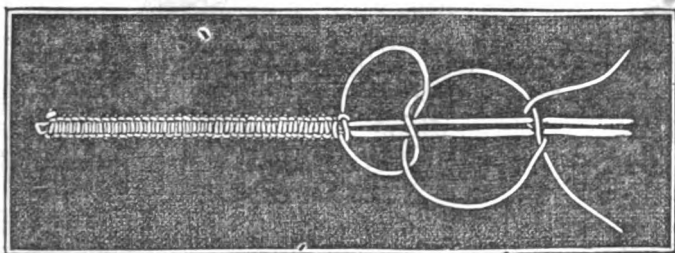
10th row.—Like 2nd.

11th row.—Like 1st.

The band just given forms a very pretty insertion for ladies' sleeves, or any other purpose. A nice way of making up crochet trimmings for children's dresses is to line them with pink ingrain gingham, which washes with the frock.

WATCH-GUARD.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



As this article is so generally useful, we are happy to be able to give a new and simple mode of producing it in a fresh form, which will be found as durable as it is really pretty.

The materials are two sorts of brown netting silk of the same color, but of different degrees of coarseness.

Take of the coarser of these two a length double of that which the watch-guard is designed to be. The customary measure is a yard and a half or a yard and three-quarters. Supposing it to be the first, then take three yards of the coarser of the two silks, which for clearness we will call foundation strings, and six

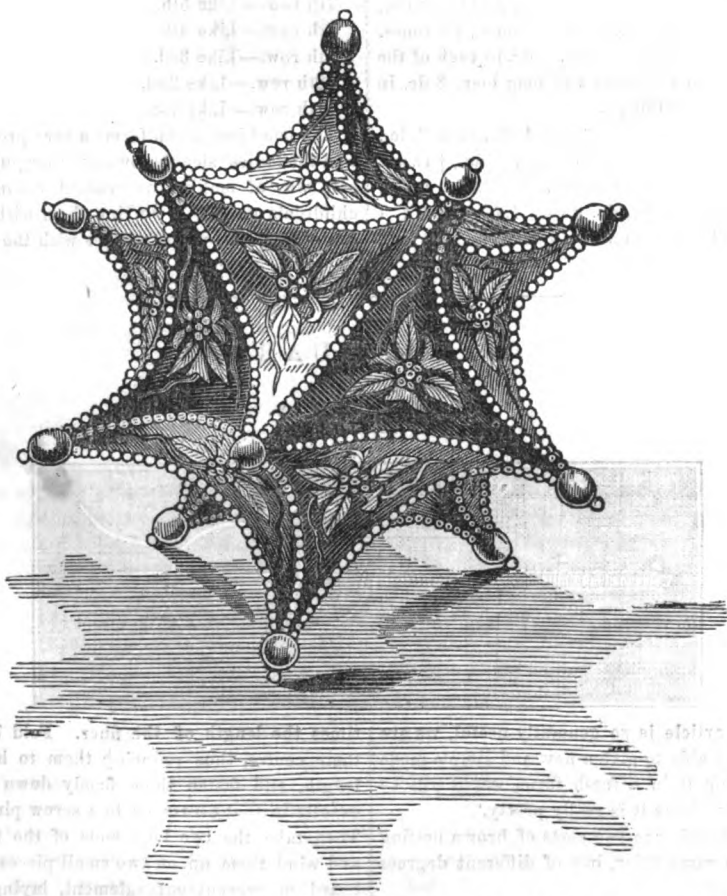
times the length of the finer. Fold both into their centre, thus reducing them to half their length, and fasten them firmly down together exactly in that centre on to a screw pincushion. Then take the two long ends of the finer silk and wind them up on two small pieces of cardboard to prevent entanglement, laying one on the right hand and the other on the left. Then take a piece of ribbon and tie it round the waist, and, sitting down in front of the pincushion, fasten the two centre coarse foundation strings to this ribbon exactly in the front, leaving about a quarter of a yard to work upon. In this way we have as perfect a frame as need be desired.

Then take the right-hand silk and lay it over the foundation threads, and the left-hand silk under, so forming a tie, which our illustration will assist the best in showing. Then put the left-hand silk over foundation threads, and the right-hand silk under. Thus alternating completes the stitch; only great care is required to keep the

respective turns of the two silks in memory, as all the beauty of the work depends upon this accuracy. As a help in case of interruptions, we may mention that the side which presents the appearance of the double tie is always the silk which should be laid over; but a little practice will soon give full facility.

THE PAGODA SCENT SACHET.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

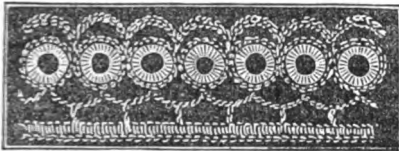


This elegant and novel Scent Sachet consists of twenty pieces, of which we give the size and shape in the engraving. The manner of making it is simple and inexpensive; all the materials required being perforated card, a few yards of narrow ribbon (we prefer the French sarsenet) and some seed beads. Cut the card to the pro-

per shape, then bind the edges with the ribbon, and work the centres with colored beads, then sew together with strong silk. The first five cards must be placed in a pentagonal form; then, for the second row, join five, each with one side to the top, and place five more between them; having stitched these all round, place five more

in the same form as the first row. Before joining in the last card, place inside a small net, or muslin bag, containing the scent. Then finish the edges with a fine cord stitched above the seams, (which must all be on the outside) the corners may be ornamented with a larger size of beads (as in the engraving) or with small bows of ribbon. Pinecushions of this shape may be made of common card covered with silk, and the place of the cord supplied by small pins.

STRONG CROCHET LACE.



MATERIALS.—Crochet cotton, No. 24; crochet hook, No. 16. Make a line of eyelet-holes; then, for the scallops, ten foundation stitches; 1 do.

between the eyelet-holes on the other side; 7 ch., 1 do. in the middle of eyelet-hole; repeat.

Next row.—1 sliding treble on the chain of 7, 5 ch.; repeat.

8rd.—All do.

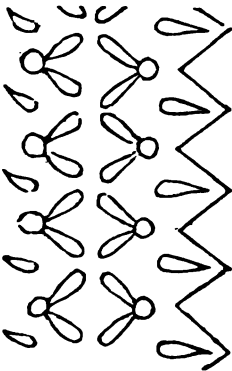
This lace is particularly suitable for petticoats, or any article requiring great durability, such as children's drawers, &c.; it is also very pretty done in fine cotton, for trimming infants' clothes.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR A BABY'S MANTLE
IN SILK EMBROIDERY ON CASHMERE.

THERE are some articles which only require suggestions and not illustrations; the production of which may be accomplished by means of a few words of explanation. The Baby's Mantle, which we wish to describe, is one of these, and as there are so many young ladies in the country who take pleasure in the Work-Table, and have, in fact, relatives on whom to expend their love and leisure, we hope our present article will prove acceptable. We suggest, therefore, a white, a blue, or a silver-grey cashmere cloak, with a large cape; the edges scalloped out the size of

the half of a shilling, cut equally in two; in the centre of each scallop a round spot, rather larger than a pea, worked with embroidery silk the same color as the cloak, in satin stitch. Taking this border as a guide, these spots are to be repeated at equal distances for four or five rows, thus making a border of about three inches wide. The scallop is to be worked in rather a wide button-hole stitch. Simple as this design may appear, the cloak we are describing had a most elegant appearance.

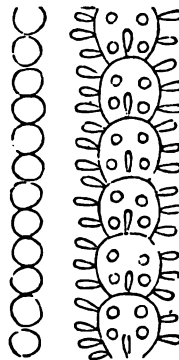
EDGINGS AND INSERTIONS.



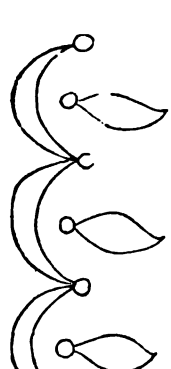
INSERTION.



EDGING.



INSERTION.



EDGING.

EDITORS' TABLE.

TASTE IN DRESS.—The golden rule, in regard to taste in dress, is that no lady, who would avoid singularity, should be out of the fashion. To appear in a narrow, gored skirt, when everybody else wears crinoline or hoops, would be to court ridicule; so would it be to don a Dunstable bonnet; so also to sport a head-dress, like our Revolutionary grandmothers, two feet high. But another rule, equally important, is never to carry a fashion to excess, because this makes us notorious, which is what a well-bred lady ought to avoid; and besides attracts attention prominently to any personal defects we may chance to have. In following the fashions also, we should, while preserving the general style, vary it in form and color to suit our figure and complexion. The Eugenie bonnet, for example, severely tries many faces; and looks well only where the features are regular, or delicate: thus, those whom it does not suit should have it made somewhat differently, each according to her style of countenance. So dark complexions never look well in blue, or blondes in yellow or orange. The same costume, which becomes a tall, slight girl of eighteen, is generally unfitted for a short, stout woman of forty. We should study, not merely the form of a garment, or the style of a trimming, but also whether the one or the other is suited to our own particular person. Every lady should make herself acquainted with the normal proportions and beauties of the female figure, which she should compare with her own individual proportions, features, and complexion. She should then, as far as is consistent with propriety, select such a style of dress as will display her person to the greatest advantage. This will answer the double purpose of setting off any beauties she may happen to possess, while it will draw the attention of the spectator from the consideration of her defects. A dress which accomplishes these objects, is said to be "becoming." We admire the beauties of the lady, while her less favorable points are judiciously kept in the background. For example, a lady with a short neck ought to wear the cape to her bonnet not so deep as is the prevailing fashion; for the style tends to make a person look high-shouldered at the best. A short woman ought to diminish the diameter of her skirts, and the size of her plaids. A tall one should not wear stripes. Large persons look better in dark colors, and small persons in light ones. In the use of colors, great effect may be produced by studying what artists call the complementary colors, as, for instance, blue looks well on a fair complexion, because orange, the complementary of blue, predominates in the tint of such a skin. By following these rules, any lady may learn to dress well. Women, who have what is called "a natural taste in dress," follow them unconsciously.

A DORSETSHIRE POEM.—A volume of poems has lately appeared in London, in the Dorset dialect, which "Blackwood's Magazine" says was that of England generally in the reign of Edward the Fourth, as the present Scottish dialect was that of Queen Elizabeth. Some of the peculiarities of this Dorset *patios* are the substitution of *s* for *e* in many words, and of *e* for *a* in others; the use of the broad sound in *a*; and the old Anglo-Saxon termination, as in *runned* for *ran*, and *drowed* for *drawn*. We copy one of the poems. The softened *x*, as here used, is not without beauty. It will be seen how very few of the words are obsolete.

Oh, spread agen your leaves an' flow'rs,
Luonesome woodlands! zunny woodlands!
Here underneath the dewy showers
O' warm-ai'd Spring-time, zunny woodlands!
As when in drong or oben groun'
Wi' happy buoyish heart I foun'
The twitteren birds a-builden roun'
Your high-bough'd hedges, zunny woodlands!

Ye g'ied me life, ye g'ied me jay,
Luonesome woodlands, zunny woodlands!
Ye g'ied me health as in my play,
I rambled droo ye, zunny woodlands!
Ye g'ied me freedom var to rove
In aery mead or shiady grove,
Ye g'ied me smilen Fanny's love,
The best ov all o't, zunny woodlands!

My vust shill skylark whivered high,
Luonesome woodlands, zunny woodlands!
To zing below your deep-blue sky
An' white Spring-clouds, oh! zunny woodlands,
An boughs o' trees that once stood here
Wer glossy green the happy year
That g'ied me oon I loved so dear,
An' now ha lost, o' zunny woodlands!

O, let me rove again unspied,
Luonesome woodlands, zunny woodlands!
Along your green-bough'd hedges' zido
As then I rambled, zunny woodlands!
An' where the missen trees once stood,
Or tongues once sung among the wood,
My memory shall make them good
Though you've a-lost them, zunny woodlands!

—
"THE TWINS."—This beautiful illustration is, perhaps, the most costly embellishment ever published in a Magazine. It is *printed in colors*, and as each color had to be printed separately, it underwent eight several printings before it was complete. We give it, in addition to our usual engravings, as a sort of New Year's Gift to our hundred thousand patrons for 1857. It rivals, as a good judge says, a water-color picture.

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PREFERRED TO ALL.—A lady, enclosing her subscription for 1857, writes:—"I have been a subscriber to all the other popular Magazines, and I can truly say, that I would have *Peterion* in preference to any other that has come under my observation."

THE HISTORY OF HOOPS.—It seems but the other day, and was, in reality less than ten years ago, when we laughed over a description, in an old author, of the difficulty our great-grandmothers had to enter a carriage-door, with their hoops on. Lo! hoops are the fashion once more, "Monsieur Tonson has come again." The hoop fashion originated at the German courts, whence it was transplanted to France and England, making its appearance in the latter country about the time of Queen Anne. They gradually increased in size till 1745, when they began to decline. They kept their hold, however, at court, till the time of George IV., who abolished them. During their reign, they were sometimes round, as now, and sometimes flattened before and behind, extending to an immense distance on each side. The French revolution, which brought in the rage for the antique costume, killed the "hoop fever." Petticoats, in the early part of the present century, became "fine by degrees, and beautifully less," until about 1822 they were so scanty, that a lady could not step out, without incurring the risk of alighting her dress. At this period, we reached low-water mark, for the second time. A third time has the hoop-tide begun to flow. We have added breadth after breadth to the fullness of our dresses, we have increased their apparent dimensions by "bustles" and crinoline skirts, we have flogged them until they recall to mind the "Friesland hen," and now we wear hoops exactly as our grandmothers did. In point of health, hoops are indubitably better than loads of skirts, because they do not drag down the wearer so; but they are not warm enough in winter, and should never be worn, therefore, at this season, without additional under clothing. We think hoops less graceful than some former fashions. Where are the beautiful lines, flowing from the hips to the foot, and which are evident in every movement when the draperies really cover the form, as in the antique costume? Nor is this all. The curves of the hoop are bold and harsh, and destroy every proportion of the figure. Look at a lady walking in a hoop! Does she not seem a *non-descript*, inside of some enormous machine, which it is her toilsome duty to propel along? The beauty of a rich silk is greatly enhanced by the play of light and shade; but most of this is lost over a stiff hoop. However, hoops are "all the rage," and till they cease to be the fashion, it will be useless, even for a lady's Magazine, to take part against them. So "*whoop, hoop, hurrah!*"

SWIFT'S WIT.—After all, Dean Swift was as great a wit as ever wrote in our English tongue. He has left scores of epigrams behind him. Here is one, which we commend to dull writers.

"You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S HEROINE.—The interest of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's story is already in-

BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS.—We are in the receipt of almost daily letters, asking us to forward this popular cosmetic by mail. As it is a liquid, this cannot be done. But any respectable and energetic druggist either has it already on sale, or will procure it if requested; and the right course is to apply to the nearest one of this description. It is really almost a household necessity. For it is good, not only for sweetening the breath and improving the complexion, but for shaving, &c., &c. A fifty cent bottle will last a long time. We have tried it in our own family, and know its excellence, otherwise we should not recommend it.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.—We always find something excellent, in almost every department, in this cheap and handsome weekly. The proprietors are men of enterprise, who pay liberally, and who, therefore, secure the best talent for their journal. Both as a *news* and a *literary* paper, the "Dollar" is pre-eminent. We believe it has (as it deserves) the largest circulation of any weekly published in Philadelphia. By an arrangement with the proprietors, we are enabled to offer it and "Peterson," for one year, for \$2.50.

THE LAW OF DRESS.—Where you want the eye of the spectator to rest, there concentrate your decoration, leaving the parts which you do not want attention called to, as plain and negative as possible—not ugly, as some people, in an affectation of plainness do, (for you have no right to offend the eye of your fellowman with anything which is ugly,) but simply negative. By following this rule you will always dress tastefully.

THE MOST READING.—The three dollar illustrated Magazines give only twelve hundred pages of reading; while this, which is a two dollar one, gives nine hundred. They ought to give thirteen hundred and fifty to give as much proportionately. If we gave only eight hundred we should give as much *pro rata*.

THE NATION.—This is the title of a new and spirited weekly, published in Philadelphia, by Crofut & Bigelow. Among its many attractions is a thrilling novel, by Clara Moreton, one of our own favorite contributors. The Lady's Department of "The Nation" is edited with unusual ability.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.—The best gift to a lady is a copy of "Peterson," for it renews itself, so to speak, twelve times a year.

TO KEEP GOOD SERVANTS.—Speak kindly to them. Praise them judiciously. Remember, they are human beings, with weaknesses like yourself.

INSTRUCTIONS IN KNITTING.—The meanings of the abbreviations were given in the November number for 1856.

THE HOUSEHOLD BABY.—The following delightful poem is from that excellent periodical for the young, "The Little Pilgrim." Are we wrong in attributing it to the accomplished editor, Grace Greenwood?

What a joy to human eyes,
When it laughs, or when it cries,
When a treasure, what a prize
Is the household baby!

Be its temper rising, falling,
Is it cooing, crowing, calling,
'Tis the same dear, precious darling—
Is the household baby!

If the scene without be dreary,
If the hearts within grow weary,
Baby wakes, and all is cheery—
What a rush for baby!

Mamma's eyes grow bright with joy—
Grandpa laughs, and "grandpa's boy"
Gladly leaves his last new toy
To play bo-peep with baby!

Sisters from their music run,
Maud has caught "the sweetest one,
Grace bends down in girlish fun
To make a horse for baby!

Up to everything we know,
Hands and feet "upon the go,"
What a funny creature though,
Is the household baby!

Bring the puppy and the cat,
Let her pull, and pinch, and pat,
Puss and pup, were made for that,
Made to please the baby!

Bring those china vases, mamma,
Get "the mirror and the hammer!"
Anything to make a clamor,
And delight the baby!

Let it clang and clash away,
Let it laugh, and shout, and play,
And be happy while it may.
Dear, mischievous baby!

What a joy to human eyes,
What an angel in disguise,
What a treasure, what a prize,
Is the household baby!

"The Little Pilgrim" is published at fifty cents a year, by L. K. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

BEST AND CHEAPEST.—The North Carolina Whig says:—"We have, time and again, recommended *Peterson's Magazine* as the best and cheapest periodical of the country." And we receive scores of similar notices every month.

HOW TO BE LOVED.—In all little pleasures which may be projected, put self last.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Arctic Explorations in the year 1853, '54, '55. By *Elisha Kent Kane, M. D., U. S. N.* 2 vols., 8 vo. *Philada: Childs & Peterson.*—This is a work of which every American should be proud. It is the record of the second expedition, from this country,

in search of Sir John Franklin, which Messrs. Grinnell, Peabody, and others so liberally assisted, and Dr. Kane so heroically conducted. The volumes are profusely illustrated with steel and wood engravings, executed in the highest style of art; the paper is almost like vellum; the type is large; and the printing is a triumph of mechanical neatness. We found it nearly impossible to lay aside the work, after we had begun its perusal, until we had reached the end. No modern fiction is half so interesting. We realize, as we read, the perils that surround the bold adventurers. We follow them in their dog-sledges across the ice; we stay by them, in their lonely cabin, through the long months of the winter night; we catch our breath as the ice-berg crunches against the ship; and we fairly fling down the book, and shout for joy, at their final escape from all their difficulties. So vivid a narrative is rarely produced. A writer must have lived through what Dr. Kane did to be as graphic. The effect is greatly heightened by the spirit of the illustrations, more than three hundred in number, which, originally taken on the spot by Dr. Kane, were re-drawn by Mr. Hamilton, the American Turner, before being engraved. We notice, by an advertisement prefixed to the first volume, that Childs & Peterson have purchased the stereotype plates of the "First Grinnell Expedition," and will shortly re-issue it, with additional embellishments, and in a style to correspond with the present work. The price of the two volumes of this second expedition, bound in cloth, is \$5.00, which, considering the elegant manner in which the books is got up, is remarkably cheap.

Marrying Too Late. A Tale. By *George Wood, author of "Peter Schlemihl in America," and "Modern Pilgrims."* 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—It is not often that we have the opportunity of noticing so sterling a novel as this. The execution is as admirable as the design. The moral is that all persons, marry when they may, marry too late, if pride, avarice, or ambition are permitted to suppress the promptings of affection; and this moral is at once artistically and powerfully developed, in a story that never tires, and though the agency of characters unusually true to real life. We advise all persons of taste to buy the book. *Prince, in cloth, \$1.00.*

Little Dorrit. By *C. Dickens. Book I. Poverty.* 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—This is a beautiful edition of the first half of "Little Dorrit." It is published in a style to match "The Pickwick Papers," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "David Copperfield," the three novels already issued of the American duodecimo, illustrated Dickens, which has been so universally popular. Mr. T. B. Peterson also prints, simultaneously, a cheaper edition of "Little Dorrit," in double column octavo. Both editions are issued under the sanction of the author, who furnishes the advanced sheets. All the illustrations are given. The price of the cheap edition, in paper, is fifty cents; that of the duodecimo edition, in cloth, \$1.25

History of Texas. From its First Settlement in 1685 to its Annexation to the United States in 1845. By H. Yoakum. 2 vols., 8 vo. New York: Redfield. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This admirably digested work fills a gap in American history, which has long been regretted by students of our national annals. The author's industry is evident on every page, and his impartiality seems to equal his industry. Some of the most romantic events of modern times are connected with the history of Texas, and we would suggest to tale-writers to select incidents from these volumes; for the germs of stories, as thrilling as Cooper ever wrote, lie scattered profusely over their pages. Except in "Old Hicks, the Guide," and one or two shorter sketches, no attempt has been made to work the rich legendary lore of the south-west; and this, though the free nomade life of its vast prairies, the conflict of hostile races, and the incursions of the Camanches afford the most tempting materials. But the principal value of this work must be for the historical student. No American library, private or public, can be considered complete without it. The volumes are printed in large and handsome type. Price, in cloth, \$5.00.

Paul Fane. By N. P. Willis. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: C. Scribner. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This new novel is in the best vein of Mr. Willis. It is marked by all his usual characteristics, both of thought and of expression, and will be eagerly welcomed by a large class of refined and intelligent readers. Many of the characters, especially those with which the author sympathises most, are capitally sketched; but others, and among these the heroine, are not so well done. The story is that of an American artist, a man of genius, who visits Europe, and is there brought into contact with the caste and conventionalism, which prevail so extensively there. The volume is handsomely printed. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

A Child's History of Rome. By Bonner. 2 vols., 18 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We had occasion, some months ago, to extol a child's history of "The United States," by this same author. The present, on a different theme, is not less meritorious. The work is plainly written, embodies the results of the latest investigations, and is rendered especially interesting to children by numerous engraved wood cuts. It ought to be in every family. If we had enjoyed the perusal of such a book, when a child, how many false notions of Roman history, derived from Goldsmith *et id omne genus*, we might have been spared. Price, in cloth, \$1.00.

The Minnesota Hand-Book for 1856-7, with a New and Accurate Map. By N. H. Parker. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.—The author of this work has not only collected every fact that was valuable respecting Minnesota, but has personally travelled through most portions of the territory, so that he is especially competent to write a good hand-book respecting it. Price, in cloth, fifty cents.

The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys. A National Tale. By Lady Morgan. Annotated by R. S. Mackenzie, D. C. L. 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: Redfield.—At the time of its first appearance, in 1827, this novel created an extraordinary sensation. The story embraces that period, in Irish history, which immediately preceded the Rebellion and the subsequent Union; and as it glowed with national feeling, it was welcomed as a powerful ally, by O'Connell and others who advocated Catholic Emancipation. Even now, when that temporary cause for its popularity has passed away, the novel may be read with interest; for among the crowd of Irish fictions, which have followed it, and of which it was the model, it still stands among the best. Dr. Mackenzie's annotations add greatly to the value of this edition, by discriminating the real characters under their fictitious names and generally by explaining the historical allusions. The volumes are neatly printed. Price, in cloth, \$2.00.

Narrative of the General Course of History. From the Earliest Periods to the Establishment of the American Constitution. Prepared with Questions for the use of Schools, and illustrated with One Hundred and Fifty Maps and Engravings. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The preface informs us that this work is intended for a complete text-book of general history for the use of schools. The narrative is simple, fluent and comprehensive. Beginning at the earliest periods, it comes down through the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Roman and British empires, to the organization of the American Republic. The book has been written for republicans, in a large and philosophic spirit. The engravings spirited, the maps reliable. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

What Can Woman Do? By T. S. Arthur. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. W. Bradley, 48 North Fourth Street.—Mr. Arthur has always been one of our favorites. This, his latest work, is one of his best, if not indeed his very best. Its design is to show how much woman can do to make or mar the happiness of those around her, to influence character, and remotely therefore to control the world. The story never flags, and often becomes deeply pathetic. A beautifully executed mezzotint engraving, "The Light of Home," embellishes the volume, which is bound in crimson cloth, gilt. We recommend the work as suitable for a Christmas or New Year's gift. Price, in cloth, \$1.00.

The Life of Charles Sumner: with Choice Specimens of his Eloquence: A Delineation of his Oratorical Character, and his great speech on Kansas. By D. A. Harshe, 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Dayton & Burdick.—A well written book, neatly printed, and embellished with two spirited tinted engravings, one of which is a portrait of Mr. Sumner. Price, in cloth, \$1.00.

Cornell's Companion Atlas to Cornell's High School Geography. 1 vol., 4 to. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—An indispensable accompaniment of the High School Geography.

Westward Empire; or, The Great Drama of Human Progress. By E. L. Magoon. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The idea of this work is that every great nation, past or present, had, or has, its mission. America, as the last-born of nations, has the most important of all. The work is written with great eloquence, and is in the main philosophically true. It exhibits much research, a generous love for liberty, and faith in the progress of the race. We have been greatly interested in it. Price, in cloth, \$1.00

The American Poulterer's Companion. A new Edition, Enlarged and Improved. By C. N. Beament. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is the most comprehensive and accurate practical treatise extant, on the breeding, rearing and general management of poultry. It is illustrated with one hundred and twenty illustrations, some of which are on stone, and others on wood, but all elegantly executed. To persons interested in the rearing of poultry the work is really invaluable. Price, in cloth, \$1.00.

Beaumarchais and his Times. By Louis De Lomenie. Translated by H. S. Edwards. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We regret that the late hour, at which this work reaches us, precludes our noticing it as it deserves. Whoever would have a capital picture of French society, in the last century, should buy the book. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

Dickens' Little Folks. 6 vols., 18 mo. New York: Redfield.—A series of excellent volumes for juveniles, selected from Dickens' works, his own language being carefully retained. Each volume is illustrated by Darloy. They would make, in whole or part, a nice gift for Christmas or New Year. Price, each, in plain cloth, 37½ cents, extra gilt, 50 cents.

Rome, Christian and Papal. By L. De Sanctis, D. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A series of sketches of the religious movements and ecclesiastical hierarchy of Rome, with notices of the Jesuits and the Inquisition. The book is unusually well written. Price, in cloth, seventy-five cents.

A Lord Of The Creation. By Marion James. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.—An excellent novel, by that meritorious writer, the author of "Evelyn," "The Elder Sister," &c., &c. It is published in double column octavo, cheap style. Price twenty-five cents.

Stories of an Old Maid. From the French of Madame Girardin. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The best volume of stories for young people we have seen for a long time. It would make a good gift-book for the holiday season. Price, in gilt cloth, seventy-five cents.

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Cornell's High School Geography. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—All that we said, in a former number, of "Cornell's Primary Geography," may be repeated of this. It forms the third of one of the best series of school geographies extant.

The Iowa Hand-Book for 1856, with a New and Correct Map. By N. H. Parker. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.—This is as trust-worthy, with regard to Iowa, as the one, already noticed, with regard to Minnesota. Price, in cloth, fifty cents.

PARLOR GAMES.

THE TRESPASSERS.—The room being divided by a fixed line, visible by means of the pattern of the carpet or a piece of tape, all but one take possession of one of the lots of ground. The solitary person left out, is seated blindfolded in the middle of the vacant lot, and some twelve or fourteen small articles are scattered about before him on the floor. The object of the game is to steal one by one these articles, so softly as not to be caught by the blind individual; who, as soon as he hears a sound approaching, is at liberty to remove his hand from his eyes and pursue the offender. If caught on the owner's lot, he is put into prison; that is, behind some table until the game is ended. Here, also, are banished all similarly taken in the fact: but should the blind owner not succeed in taking a single prisoner before his game is all gone, then he is bound by the rules of the game to play the owner over again. Of course the trespassers are safe the moment they cross the boundary line and arrive in their own territory.

ART RECREATIONS.

GRECIAN PAINTING, AND ANTIQUE PAINTING ON GLASS.—Mr. J. E. Tilton, Salem, Massachusetts, will furnish all materials and directions. He deals extensively in the artist's material line, and will fill orders promptly. We annex his circular.

The subscriber will furnish for \$3.00 a package of twelve mezzotint engravings, and full printed directions for Grecian painting, and a new style originating with himself, and equal to the finest copper painting, called Antique Painting on Glass, with bottle of preparation, &c. The directions are so explicit as to enable any one to learn fully without a teacher.

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SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, & c.

MOLASSES POSSET.—Put into a saucepan a pint of the best West India molasses; a teaspoonful of powdered white ginger; and a quarter of a pound of fresh butter. Set it on hot coals, and simmer it slowly for half an hour; stirring it frequently. Do not let it come to a boil. Then stir in the juice of two lemons, or two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; cover the pan, and let it stand by the fire five minutes longer. This is good for a cold. Some of it may be taken warm at once, and the remainder kept at hand for occasional use. It is the preparation absurdly called by some people stewed quaker. Half a pint of strained honey mixed cold with the juice of a lemon, and a tablespoonful of sweet oil, is another remedy for a cold; a teaspoonful or two to be taken whenever the cough is troublesome.

ONION SOUP.—Put half a pound of the best fresh butter into a stew-pan on the fire, and let it boil till it has done making a noise; then have ready twelve large onions peeled and cut small; throw them into the butter, add a little salt, and stew them a quarter of an hour. Then dredge in a little flour, and stir the whole very hard; and in five minutes pour in a quart of boiling water, and some of the upper crust of bread, cut small. Let the soup boil ten minutes longer, stirring it often; and after you take it from the fire, stir in the yolks of two beaten eggs, and serve it up immediately. In France this soup is considered a fine restorative after any unusual fatigue. Instead of butter, the onions may be boiled in veal or chicken broth.

FLAX-SEED LEMONADE.—To a large tablespoonful of flax-seed allow a tumbler and a half of cold water. Boil them together till the liquid becomes very sticky. Then strain it hot over a quarter of a pound of pulverized sugar candy, and an ounce of pulverized gum arabic. Stir it till quite dissolved, and squeeze into it the juice of a lemon. This mixture has frequently been found an efficacious remedy for a cold; taking a wine-glass of it as often as the cough is troublesome.

CHAPPED LIPS.—An efficacious salve for chapped lips may be made by simmering together, an ounce of oil of sweet almonds and a drachm of mutton suet. A little bruised alkanet-root simmered with them will give the salve a red tinge; and, if you wish it to have a fragrant scent, use oil of jasmine, or oil of any other flower, instead of oil of sweet almonds.

BARLEY WATER.—Wash clean some barley, and to two ounces of barley allow a quart of water. Put it into a sauce-pan, adding, if you choose, an equal quantity of stoned raisins; or some lemon-peel and sugar; or some liquorice root cut up. Let it boil slowly till the liquid is reduced one-half. Then strain off, and sweeten it.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Take a white onion, a turnip, a pared potato, and a head of celery, or a large teaspoonful of celery seed. Put the vegetables whole into a quart of water, (adding a little salt) and boil it slowly till reduced to a pint. Make a slice of nice toast; lay it in the bottom of a bowl, and strain the soup over it.

PANADA.—Having pared off the crust, boil some slices of bread in a quart of water for about five minutes. Then take out the bread, and beat it smooth in a deep dish, mixing in a little of the water it has boiled in; and mix it with a bit of fresh butter, and sugar and nutmeg to your taste.

COCOA.—Put into a sauce-pan two ounces of good cocoa (the chocolate nut before it is ground) and one quart of water. Cover it, and as soon as it has come to a boil, set it on coals by the side of the fire, to simmer for an hour or more. Take it hot with dry toast.

APPLE WATER.—Pare and slice a fine juicy apple; pour boiling water over it, cover it, and let it stand till cold.

CLEANING AND DRESSING FISH.

Before *dressing fish* of any kind, great care should be taken that it is well washed and cleansed, but be cautious not to wash it too much, as the flavor is much diminished by too much water.

When *boiling fish*, put a little salt and a little vinegar into the water to give it firmness. Be careful to let fish be well done, but not to let it break. When very fresh, cod and whiting are very much improved by keeping a day, and rubbing a little salt down the back-bone. Fresh-water fish often have a muddy smell and taste, which is easily got rid of by soaking it. After it has been thoroughly cleansed in strong salt and water, if the fish is not too large, scald it in the same, then dry and dress it. Put the fish in cold water, and let it boil very gently, or the outside will break before the inside is warm. Put all crimped fish into boiling water; and when it boils up, some cold water should be put into it to check it, and keep it simmering. All fish should be taken out of the water the instant it is done, or it will become woolly. To ascertain when it is done, the fish-plate may be drawn up, and, if done, the meat will leave the bone. To keep it hot, and to prevent it losing its color, the fish-plate should be placed across the fish-kettle, and a clean cloth put over the fish.

To *boil or fry fish nicely*, after it is well washed, it should be put in a cloth, and when dry, wetted with egg and bread crumbs. It will be much improved

by being wetted with egg and crumbs a second time. Then have your pan ready with plenty of boiling dripping or lard, put your fish into it, and let it fry rather quickly till it is of a nice brown and appears done. If it is done before being nicely browned, it should be taken from the pan, and placed on a sieve before the fire to drain and brown. If wanted very nice, put a sheet of cap-paper to receive the fish. Should you fry your fish in oil, it obtains a much finer color than when done in lard or dripping. Never use butter, as it makes the fish a bad color. Garnish your dish with green or fried parsley.

Fish are boiled, fried, broiled, baked, stewed—in fact, cooked in every imaginable fashion. Those named are the chief methods. In every kind the greatest attention and cleanliness must be exercised. A broken, disfigured, abraded, or ill-cooked dish of fish presented at table, is quite sufficient to destroy the taste for it forever; on the contrary, when neatly done, it heightens the relish which every one possesses, more or less, and imparts an appetite where one may be wanting, while the cook is held in grateful remembrance.

In broiling fish, be careful that your gridiron is clean; place it on the fire, and when hot rub it over with suet, to hinder the fish from sticking. The fish must be floured and seasoned before broiling. It must be broiled over a clear fire only, and great care must be taken that it does not burn or become smoky. Broiled fish for breakfast should always be skinned, buttered, and peppered.

Small fish may be nicely fried plain, or done with egg and bread crumbs, and then fried. On the dish on which the fish is to be served should be placed a damask napkin, folded, and upon this put the fish, with the roe and liver; then garnish the dish with horse-radish, parsley, and lemon.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS of light blue crape with three flounces, the upper one being set in at the waist. These flounces are richly embroidered with floss silk. The corsage is slightly pointed at the back. The berthe is formed of the same material as the dress, and embroidered to correspond with the flounces. The sleeves formed of a puff and narrow ruffle. Head-dress of blue flowers.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS of white silk, trimmed with three lace flounces. Each flounce is ornamented with a bouquet of roses and foliage. Corsage of white silk, with a berthe of lace. Puffed sleeves. Hair in bandeaux, intertwined with a string of pearls.

FIG. III.—THE MUSCOVITE.—A large circular cloak of black cloth, having a shoulder piece of black velvet, cut in deep points, and terminated with fancy button trimmings. The bottom of the cloak is bordered by a piece of plain velvet, and terminated by a fringe.

FIG. IV.—THE MATILDE.—A cloak of black cloth of the pelerine shape, buttoning over on one side.

This is an invaluable fashion, as it so completely protects the chest from the cold. A trimming of jet gimp and fringe finishes this beautiful wrap.

FIG. V.—THE INCROYABLE.—A BASQUE OF BLACK CLOTH, for out-doors wear, trimmed with galloon and silk fringe, and lined with black silk. Body high, with straps buttoning in front. These straps are bound with a galloon turned over the edge. Pockets on each side, bordered with Tom Thumb fringe. A fringe borders the lappets from the last strap to the waist and all around the bottom. The opening of the sleeves is trimmed in the same style. The skirt of this pardessus is cut slantwise of the cloth in front; the fulness is obtained by means of bias, but is thrown very backward; it forms a double plait behind each hip and three in the middle behind. The sleeve cut straight way off the stuff, is 22 inches long. At the bottom it is from 23 to 27 inches round, and is slit up in front for about 14 inches. The top sleeve comes high on the shoulder and the armhole is very large to afford a passage for the sleeve of the dress.

FIG. VI.—BLACK SILK BASQUINE, trimmed with ribbon and fringe. The body is high, sits close before and behind, and terminates in a vandyked lappet out of a piece with the body. The vandykes are five in number: two before, one on each hip and one behind; those in front are smaller than the one behind. The neck, sides of front, back seam and side-seams are trimmed with a ribbon plaited like a ruche. The edge of the vandykes is ornamented with the same ribbon but sewed on like a small flounce. Under the pointed lappet just mentioned a very full flounce is sewed from 10 to 12 inches deep, terminated by a ribbon flounce falling on a fringe from 3 to 4 inches deep. The sleeve forms three points trimmed with one ribbon put on as a frill and another as a ruche running from the shoulder to the middle of each vandyke. It is trimmed with a flounce forming five vandykes and ornamented like the flounce on the lappet.

FIG. VII.—JACKET OR BASQUE OF WHITE MUSLIN.—The material of which this jacket is composed is fine jaconnet, and the trimming is formed of gouffered or fluted frills of the same, edged with broad hems, and rows of muslin cut out in a castellated pattern and edged with Valenciennes lace. The sleeves have two rows of gouffered muslin, and between them is a row of the trimming just described. The basque of the jacket is edged with a row of gouffering, above which there is a row of the trimming edged with Valenciennes. A row of gouffered muslin forms a berthe on the upper part of the corsage. The jacket is fastened up the front with buttons of mother-o'-pearl or of white passementerie.

FIG. VIII.—THE ANTOINETTE FICHU.—At the present time this form of pelerine enjoys the highest degree of fashionable favor. It is suitable for dinner-dress or *neylige* evening costume, and is composed of alternate rows of lace insertion and runnings of blue ribbon and white tulle. The fichu is edged

with a double row of lace, and it is fastened in front of the waist by a bow of blue ribbon.

FIG. IX.—DRESS CAP, the crown of which is formed of black tulle crossed by a row of green ribbon, intersecting each other. The front trimming consists of black and white lace, with scalloped edges, and is set on very full. This lace trimming is intermingled with bows of green ribbon at each side of the face. At the back of the cap there is a bavot or cape of black lace. The strings are of green ribbon.

FIGS. X AND XI.—MEDICI SLEEVES.—These sleeves are in the style of those worn in the reign of Louis XIII. They consist of puffs of white net or muslin, set on wristbands of lace or needlework insertion. Four full ruches of lace pass longitudinally over the puff, and they are fixed at one end to the wristband, and at the other to the upper part of the sleeve. These ruches are formed of a double row of lace, drawn on a fine thread, which needs only to be drawn out when the sleeves are washed. Instead of the lace ruches, bands of colored ribbon may be employed in trimming these sleeves, each band of ribbon being fastened at the upper end by a small rosette.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Among the most elegant and costly things which we have seen at Levy's, are some dresses with flounces mostly of velvet, woven in a plaided pattern. Others have a Bayadere trimming extending half way up the skirt, of two shades of plush. As we noticed in our December number the Bayadere silks are very popular. For the benefit of our new subscribers, we will repeat that these silks have narrow stripes (generally of satin of a contrasting color, or another shade of the same ground of the dress), running around the dress instead of lengthwise. These silks sell for about two dollars a yard. Poppins, both plain and striped, are also very popular. The price of these vary from \$1,62½ to \$2,50 per yard. Cashmere and de laines are of the richest colors and patterns. The *double-width* de laine at \$1,50 a yard is a beautiful material.

THE BODIES OF DRESSES are still made high.

Some dress bodies are ornamented behind, as well as before, with rows of galloon or velvet bands arranged ladder-fashion. Sometimes, on the back, these bands are put all round the neck so as to represent a pelerine. This has a very good effect with fancy galloons of two colors.

As to the shape of *Sleeves* we have nothing new to notice. We have seen a few *chevaliers* sleeves, with large turned-up cuffs, coming down to within four inches of the wrist, cut square and of a reasonable width. These sleeves will be warmer than the others, but less dressy. They are very suitable for half toilet.

THE NEW EVENING DRESSES have the corsage made without a basque, though basques are still in general favor for dresses suited to walking and *negligé* costume. For evening dress, the point is made very long in front, but not quite so long behind. When the skirts of dresses are without trimming,

they are made exceedingly full, seldom containing less than eight breadths. In evening costume the skirt of the dress is sometimes made to droop behind, so as to form a demi-train.

FLOUNCES are still in high favor, though we also see some skirts trimmed in the apron style. Bands of velvet ribbon a *la Bayadere*, are also popular. For the trimming of basques fringe is almost universally used. Quantities of hanging buttons of the ball or acorn shape are also employed. In addition to these, there are a variety of galloons or bindings figured and variegated of different shades, as well as fancy fringes.

FOR EVENING DRESSES, tulle and crape flounces will be in vogue; but there will also be a great number of trimmings, either composed of ruches and puffs, or of flowers. Some dresses are trimmed in the apron style and have tufts of blonde on each side, from which branches of flowers proceed. Berthes are now generally made of the same material as the dress, and trimmed with puffings, flowers, &c., to correspond with the skirt.

CARACOS for in-doors wear, both silk and velvet, will be in higher favor than ever. This little garment is warm, comfortable, elegant even in its simplicity when trimmed with taste, and exceedingly convenient. Some are composed of black cashmere, and are ornamented with gold and silver embroidery. These jackets are loose, and will be worn over the corsage of the dress when the coolness of the weather may render an additional wrap desirable.

CLOAKS AND MANTLES are various in their shape. They are, for the most part, composed of velvet and cloth, and the trimmings consist of fringe, bands of velvet, and the different kinds of fancy trimming in which chenille is intermingled with other materials. Fur will also be adopted as a fashionable trimming for cloaks. One of the new velvet cloaks we have seen is of a round form, and descends to about the knees. It has very wide sleeves and a small collar. This cloak has no other trimming than a narrow row of passementerie, passing from each side of the neck to the shoulder, and terminated by long tassels, which hang over the upper part of the sleeve. Another cloak of black velvet is somewhat in the paletot form, and has a pelerine, or cape, trimmed with guipure, seven or eight inches wide. A cloak of grey cloth, of the shawl form, and rather large, has a hood trimmed with figured braid and tassels. Three rows of broad figured braid trim the edge of this cloak. The burnouse may be mentioned as one of the favorite shapes for cloth cloaks. Sleeved Talmas will continue to be worn, and also a very considerable number of long basquines or jackets fitting close to the figure, resembling that of figure V., in our present number.

BONNETS have not changed as yet, though there is a vague rumor that they are really to be worn, some time soon, *on the head* instead of *on the neck* as heretofore.

COLLARS are only moderately large.

CAMEOS will be among the most fashionable *bijoux* worn in evening-dress this winter. Some beautiful specimens have recently been formed of coral, and they are almost all encircled by a row of large pearls. For ball costume, diadems and necklaces are formed of small coral cameos, and are very effective when worn with a white, sea-green, or amber-color dress.

SHORT SKIRTS.—Since the bull fights at Barritz, and the hunting fetes at Compeigne, at both of which the Empress Eugenie adopted short skirts, the imitators of her majesty have somewhat abridged the length of their skirts. It would be sensible to adopt the fashion for walking-dresses; but the demi-train will always be prettiest for the parlor.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—COSTUME OF A LITTLE BOY OF SIX OR SEVEN.—Velvet vest rounded at bottom. Poplin waistcoat. Very broad belt (about three inches) of moire antique, with the edges turned in, that is to say, you take a No. 60 or 80 ribbon and turn in the edges to make it of the above width. Silver buckle. A poplin *fustanelle*, very ample, and gathered in close round plaits.

Very short pantaloons. Leggings of velvet like the vest. This part of this costume is made just like

high gaiters very tight to the leg, but not covering the ankle, nor reaching above the knee.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF WHITE MERINO FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt is trimmed with two bands of broad, dark-blue velvet, having two rows of tassel buttons of the same color placed between the rows of velvet. The corsage is a *la Raphael*, opening over a chemisette composed of cambric and insertions, and trimmed with velvet and buttons to correspond with the skirt. Blue gaiters.

FIG. III.—CHILD'S FROCK.—This dress is made of English pique, and is trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with rows of white braid fancy passementerie, set on longitudinally, as shown in the engraving. The rows are placed three together, with a space between each group, and they are fastened at top by large buttons. The corsage has a small basque trimmed in the same style as the edge of the skirt. It is half-high, and the front is covered with horizontal rows of passementerie. The sleeves are short, open at the sides, and ornamented with the same trimming. A dress in this style of scarlet, French blue, or crimson merino, trimmed with black velvet instead of white braid, would be very beautiful.

We gave a full description of children's fashions in our December number, and there is nothing more that is new.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

THE MAGAZINE FOR 1857.—We think we may claim that this is the handsomest number of a lady's Magazine ever published. All we ask is to have it compared with the January number of others. Those who are familiar with "Peterson" give it credit for the following points of superiority. 1st. The literary matter is far ahead of that of any lady's Magazine. We may add that it will be even better in 1857. 2nd. The fashions are later, prettier, and more reliable. 3rd. More embellishments and letter-press are given, during the year, in proportion to the price. 4th. The mezzotints and steel plates are more elegant. 5th. The directions for Crochet Work, Embroideries, &c., with the patterns, are the choicest and most fashionable. No lady, therefore, need hesitate to stake her veracity as to these points. And the public is finding them out, for there is every indication that we shall have, in 1857, a larger circulation than any other ladies' Magazine in the world. GET UP YOUR CLUBS AT ONCE!

MONEY FOR OTHER PUBLICATIONS.—When we receive money for other publications, as for "The Dollar Newspaper," "Home Journal," &c., we pay it over immediately. If you miss a number, address the publisher, and not us. We assume no responsibility beyond paying over the money. The only exception to this rule is "Harper." If you don't get your "Harper" regularly, notify us.

YOUR COUNTRY PAPER.—Always take your country paper and "Peterson," the first for the local news, &c., the last for stories, fashions, receipts, patterns, &c. &c. Most country papers club with "Peterson," by which you can get both at a reduced rate. Your local paper is always better than any big city paper.

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

TO CLUBS.—It is not necessary that a club should all reside in the same post-town. We will send to any post-office where subscribers may reside.

TRANSFERRING PAPER, for copying designs in embroidery, &c., forwarded, post-paid, in a neat package, for twenty-five cents.

"PETERSON" AND "HARPER."—For \$3.50 we will send a copy of "Peterson" and "Harper," for one year.

ENCLOSE A STAMP.—Letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.





INDIAN SCARF PATTERN.



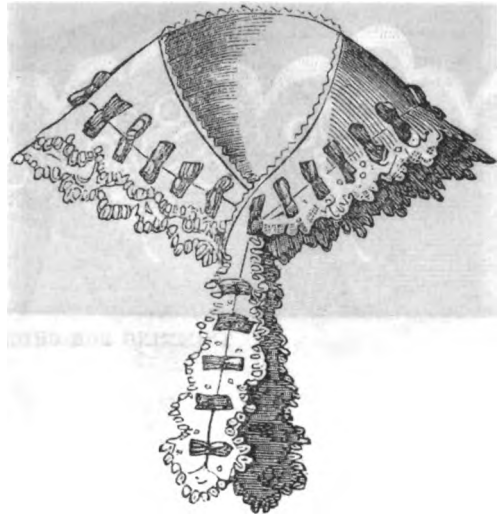
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BLACK CLOTH JACKET.



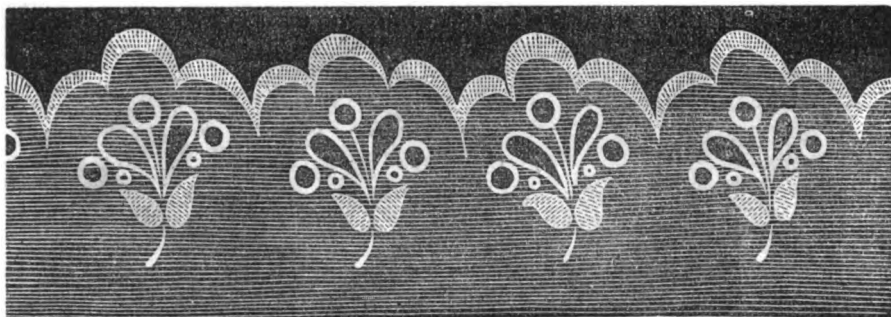
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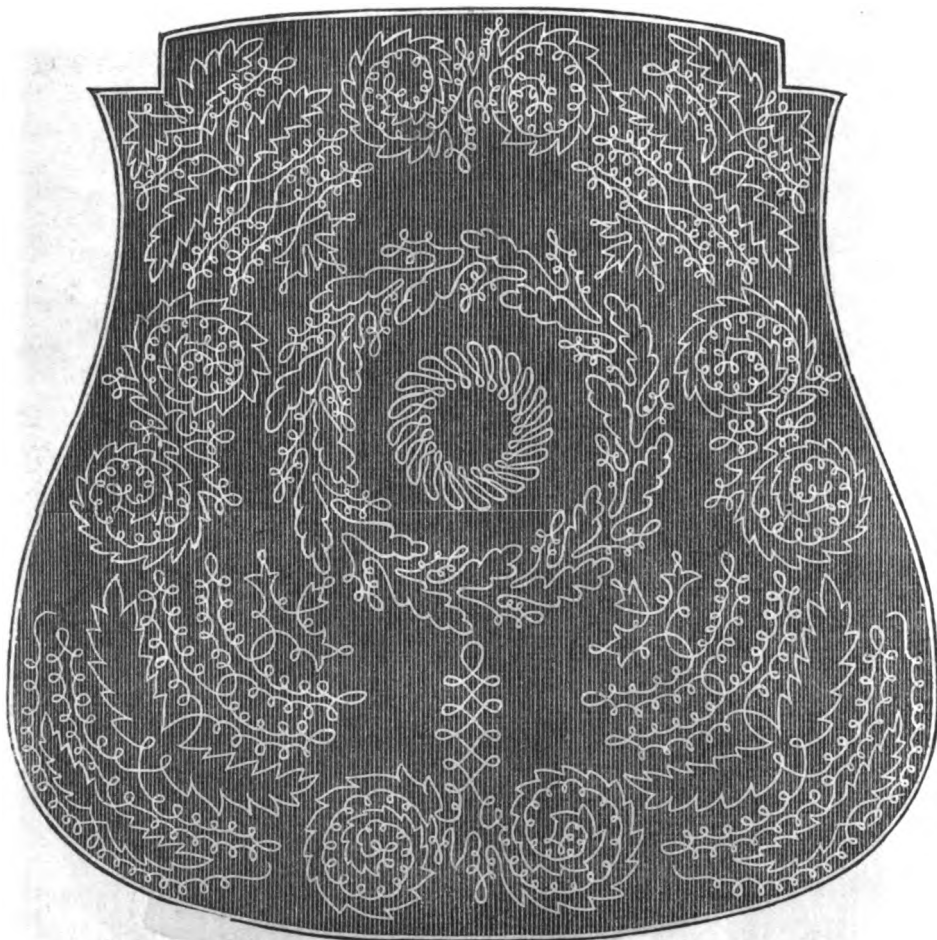
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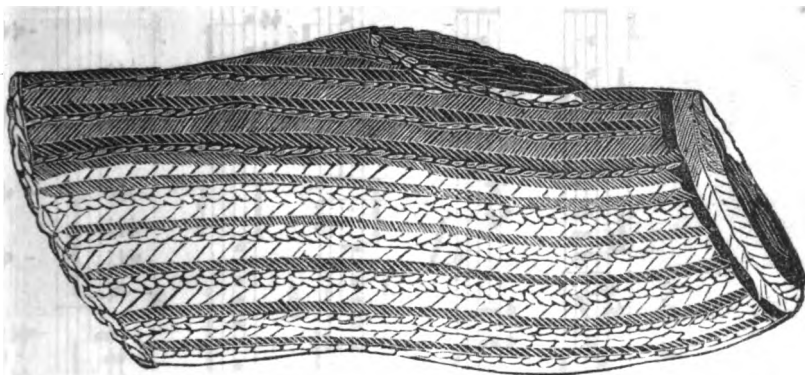
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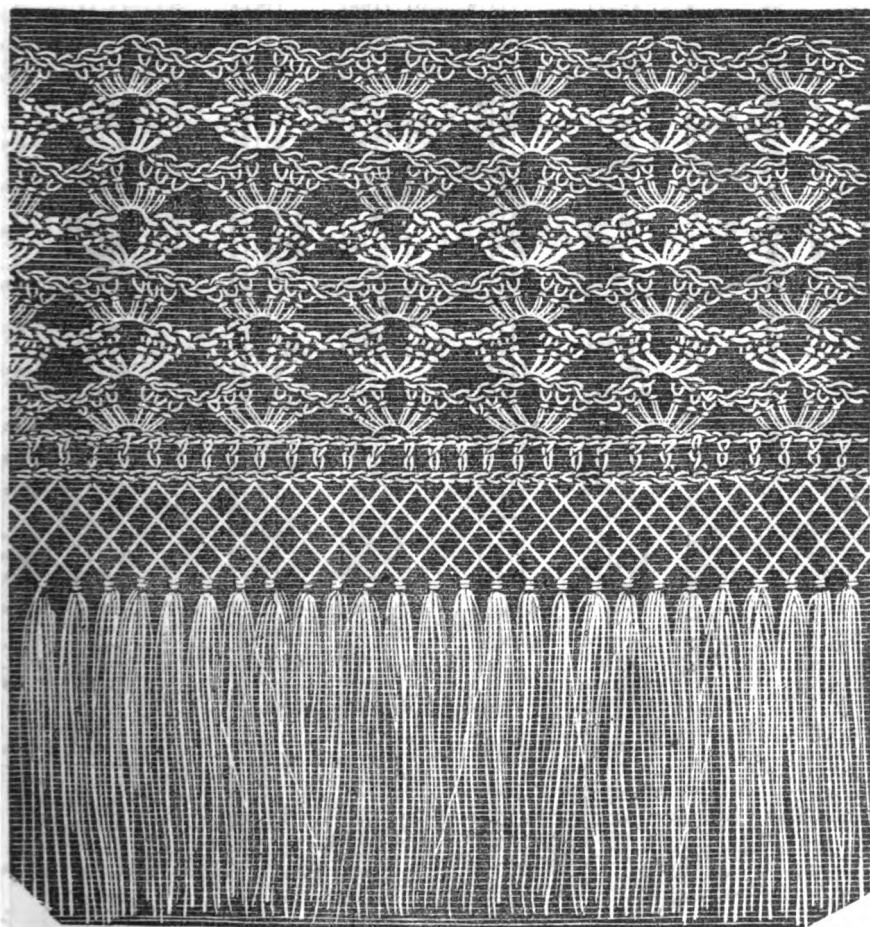
TRIMMING FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



BRAIDED PATTERN FOR CHAIR.



WINTER GAUNTLET.



WOOL SCARF.

BELL POLKA; OR, LES CLOCHETTES.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE

And respectfully dedicated to Miss Elizabeth Mary Sabin,

BY JAMES BELLAK.

Published by EDWARD L. WALKER at his great Piano-Forte and New Musical Depot, No. 142 Chestnut St., Phila.

Musical score for "Bell Polka; Or, Les Clochettes" by James Bellak, arranged for piano-forte. The score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) and includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The piece is in 2/4 time and is marked "POLKA." and "Leggiero." The score is divided into sections by repeat signs and includes markings for "8 Va.", "SVP.", "loco.", "ff", "dim.", "p", "dolce.", "Bells.", and "legg."

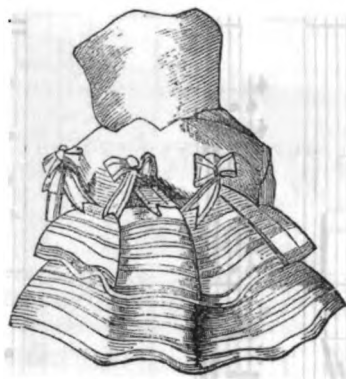
First system of a musical score. It consists of two staves, Treble and Bass. The music features a complex texture with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. A dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) is present. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

Second system of the musical score, continuing the two-staff texture. It includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) and ends with a repeat sign.

Third system of the musical score. It begins with the instruction "Bells." followed by a dotted line. The music continues on two staves. The system concludes with the instruction "D.C." (Da Capo).



SLEEVE.



SLEEVE.



OPERA CLOAK.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1867.

No. 2.

A LOVE STORY.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

"Aunt Mary has come, aunt Mary has come!" cried the eager voices of the children, as they sprang toward the door of their nursery, to meet an elderly woman who was entering just as the twilight was darkening into night.

"Yes, aunt Mary has come to sit an hour with her darlings," responded a pleasant voice, and aunt Mary, though much cumbered in her movements by the crowding and pressing of the little ones, slowly made her way to the half dying wood fire, which she speedily improved to a brisk blaze, and then ensconced herself in the rocking-chair, with the three years' old baby, Cherry, as they called her, on her lap.

The other children pressed close upon her, on either side, and then it was, "Now, aunty, tell us a story, do!" from the coaxing little Eddie of five, and a warm "Do! do!" from the others.

"Well, what shall it be about?" asked the consenting aunty.

"About wars and fighting!" cried bold Charley of eight.

"No, no, about the Wolf and the Lamb, or the Sick Lion," said Eddie, who was deep in Esop's fables.

"Doody two soos! Doody two soos!" screamed the baby, while the little maiden Ellen of ten, having at that mature age began to turn her attention to such subjects, plead that aunt Mary would tell them about all her love affairs, when she was young, and how it came that she had never got married.

"About all my love affairs!" cried aunt Mary, laughing—"how many do you suppose I had? a thousand? Well, then—vanity may as well stand aside and let me own up—that, never having been a beauty either old or young, I never had but one in my life."

"Why, aunt!" exclaimed the astonished Ellen, in a tone of consternation, for in her youthful ignorance she was under the impression that

lovers were as plenty as blackberries, and like them to be had for the picking.

Eddie looked up scrutinizingly in his aunt's plain face.

"Why, aunt Mary, ain't you pretty? I thought you was beautiful."

Aunt Mary laughed with pleasure, but Charley impatiently rejoined,

"Goodness, Eddie, where's your eyes! Just see what a turned up nose, and what a——"

"Let my nose alone, Charley, will you?" cried aunt Mary, briskly, while she muttered something about "*les enfants terrible*," to herself.

Ellen, meanwhile, who was not to be diverted from her idea, was begging to have the love story, since there was but one.

At last aunt Mary began.

"I was about twenty years old when I had my first and only lover, Ben Bevis, and him I scared off, as you shall hear.

"Ben had been very attentive to me for several months; he sent me flowers, he took me to ride, he blushed when I spoke to him, and did all those things which those who pretend to know more about such things than I do, say indicate a case of interested affections. I know that Ben thought of me, and I may as well confess that I had made up my mind when he offered himself to say 'yes.'

"Very well, my dears, I, and everybody else considered it as good as settled, when unfortunately one day in June we went, with some others, on a pic-nic excursion. We had a delightful day, and were to return by moonlight. At twilight it grew a little chilly, and we all busied ourselves in building a huge bonfire, round which we afterward sat telling all sorts of horrible stories, especially ghost stories, and confessing to our private superstitious fears.

"Some, however, would not own to having ever experienced such feelings, and Ben Bevis was

particularly loud in bragging of his courage. So much so, that at last one of the gentlemen offered to bet him a new hat that he would not dare to venture, alone, to a certain lonely spot in the woods, not far distant, which he designated.

"I did not think Ben looked particularly delighted with the proposal, but he accepted it, and sallied forth.

"No sooner had he gone, than I seized a white scarf which belonged to one of the ladies, and putting it over my head, set off by another route to meet Ben at the appointed place, with the simple, mischievous idea of giving him a little fright. Some of the party followed me at a distance to see the fun.

"I reached the spot before Ben did, but very soon I saw him creeping slowly and cautiously to the place. When he was about twenty feet from me, I suddenly emerged from behind a large tree, and stood still before him. My dress was white, and I had drawn the long, white scarf about me in as ghostly a fashion as I could devise.

"Ben, at sight of me, stood stock still, and I could see his legs tremble under him. I took a step toward him, when he suddenly sunk on the ground, crying,

"Go away—get out!"

"I perceived that he was frightened almost out of his senses, and anxious to end the farce and re-assure him, I now ran toward him exclaiming, "It's only I, Ben, don't be afraid of me." But at my first motion, Ben had begun to emit a series of the most terrific yells, which entirely drowned my voice; he heard not a word,

he only perceived that the object he feared was rushing upon him.

"Finding it impossible to make my voice heard, I then caught him by the shoulders, while I again shouted my re-assurances. But this only made matters worse. Ben now, beside himself with terror, roared, as one of the gentlemen afterward very improperly and inelegantly said, 'like a perfect bull-calf.' An expression I do not endorse, though I believe it is a quotation from Shakspeare.

"At this juncture, our friends hurried on by the uproar, rushed to the scene. There stood I, laughing immoderately, while poor Ben lay on the ground roaring and crying,

"It's got me! Take it off—take it off! I'm a dead man!"

"Well, well, it makes me laugh yet to think about it, but that was the end of my first and only love affair. Ben never came to see me again, and I never had another lover, if I except a disagreeable old widower, who was too old and ugly to count."

"Is that all, aunt?" asked Ellen, evidently much disappointed that her aunt's only love story was so short.

"That's all, my dear," said aunt Mary, cheerfully, "that's all the love story I ever had."

"But what's the moral to the story, aunt Mary?" inquired the philosopher Eddie, "what's the moral?"

"Well, really, I don't know," said aunt Mary, thoughtfully. "If there is one, I suppose it must be that girls that are fortunate enough to have lovers must not scare them off."

POOR AND RICH.

BY ALICE CARY.

AN, I remember when our roof
Would not keep out the rain—
We have been very poor, Nanny—
I wish we were again.

For in the frosty Autumn,
When all the oaks had bled
Their piteous hearts into the leaves,
Until the woods were red;

I never felt the chill, Nanny,
And never feared the storm—
Your love was better than a cloak
To keep me safe and warm.

And sometimes in the Wintry days
I've felt the firelight's glow,
Almost, as I have stooped to write
Your name upon the snow.

Now all is changed—the very hills
Are swept to levels grand,
Where the crows at ev'ning used to stoop
Their necks beneath your hand.

The roses through the broken pane,
Press tenderly no more,
To see the sunshine's golden rule
Across the oaken floor.

The birds are gone that used to be
In every door-yard bough,
When a candle made more light, Nanny,
Than all our lamps do now.

Our gold can never buy for us
The spirits light and glad,
That blessed us when each other's love
Was all the wealth we had.

HOW I SPENT MY NEW YEAR'S.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

My mother died when I was very young, leaving me to the care of an indulgent father, who petted and spoiled me until he met with a handsome, cold-hearted widow lady, with one child about my own age, whom he married. I pass over the martyrdom of my childhood, and on to the eventful New Year's day, which forms the subject of my story.

It was a few days before Christmas, when my step-mother remarked, "I suppose, Mary, that Fred Sterling will be home in a day or two."

"Oh, yes!" replied her daughter, "Fanny told me that she expected him to-morrow."

"Then he will likely call upon you New Year's; he will be glad to meet you again, for he always thought so much of you when you were a child."

I felt rather astonished to hear this conversation addressed to my step-sister, for I had always looked upon Fred almost as my own private property. We had played together when we were children; and although Mary would sometimes join our play, she was always sure to quarrel, and vow never to speak to us again. When I was at the age of fourteen, Fred went to Europe to complete his education, and now, when four years had passed away, although I thought but little of the childish engagement that existed between us, yet there was one figure mixed with all my dreams, and it bore a striking resemblance to Fred Sterling.

"Why, I thought Fred Sterling belonged to Rosie!" said my father, stroking down my curls.

"Oh, no!" replied my mother, very coolly, "he liked Rose well enough to play with; but Mary was the favorite."

Notwithstanding that my step-mother had given her opinion so decidedly in favor of Fred's attachment to Mary, she looked rather worried, and at length remarked, "Rose, why don't you put up your hair? I think you are too old to wear curls, for you know that you and Mary are to be considered young ladies now, and on New Year's day you will receive calls."

This was quite a new idea to me. I had always worn my hair in curls, and it had never occurred to me that it could be worn in any other way. Fred, too, had liked my curls, and when he left

had cut off a little ringlet, pressed it to his lips, and said he should always keep it. To tell the truth, also, I had an idea that curls were the most becoming to me. I was, however, saved the trouble of replying, for my father looked up, and twisting a lock of my hair over his fingers, exclaimed,

"No, indeed! Rosie's curls must not be put up until they are grey," and he turned away and passed his hand over his eyes.

I had a portrait of my own mother, taken when she was about my age; her hair hung in glossy ringlets, and I sometimes thought I bore a great resemblance to her, only that she was beautiful. Thus I knew why my father passed his hand over his eyes.

My step-mother bit her lips, and seemed lost in thought. Presently she looked up, and with a bland smile, remarked, "Rosa, dear, why don't you go make your aunt Pattie a visit? She is always waiting for you, is a kind old soul, and loves you dearly."

Aunt Pattie was my father's eldest and only remaining sister; but this was the first time I had ever heard her merits acknowledged by my present mother. Often, on the contrary, had my blood boiled to hear her called vulgar and "countrified."

I replied that I intended making her a visit very soon.

"Well, Rose," she continued, "you are so fond of making others happy, why don't you go, after Christmas, and spend New Year's with her? She will feel more lonely at such a time than at any other, and I know she would enjoy having you with her so much."

I looked up, astonished at this mood. She continued, "To be sure, you were to have come out on that day; but no matter; there is to be a ball next month, and you will find that far more agreeable. Besides, it would be awkward and fatiguing for you to receive so many calls in a day, the first time you are introduced into society; Mary is not so timid as you, and after she has gone forward, it will be easier for you to follow."

I saw through the scheme at once, and resolved to baffle her, so I replied that I preferred making my visit after New Year's.

My father, however, with a mischievous twinkle at me, remarked,

"You had better go a few days after Christmas, Rosie; your aunt Pattie would like so much to have you with her then."

I consented, after this, of course. But when alone in my room, I puzzled myself to discover what my father meant. Was it because I was so plain, and that he wished to spare me the mortification of being compared with my beautiful sister? With a sigh, at this reflection, I tried to forget Fred Sterling. I thought I had succeeded, when Mary ran up to me with a braid in her hand, exclaiming, "Rosa, dear, won't you just twist this for me, please, you do it so prettily."

I did as I was desired, and then put the roll in her hair to see whether it would suit. It was very becoming, and as I gazed on her lovely face, I almost envied her her beauty, and wondered why I must be so plain. Just then my father entered, and kissing us both, he remarked,

"Mary's is the showy beauty, not easily overlooked, but my little Rosie's will admit of much study."

"I think, papa," said I, "that it would baffle the study of the closest student to discover mine."

Papa smiled and laid his hand caressingly on my head, as he replied, "You are not much troubled with vanity."

The day of my departure came, and my father and I set forth on our journey. The abode of my aunt Pattie was in a beautiful, but rather lonely country place, with but little society, and a few poor families scattered here and there, with their dwellings now almost buried in snow-banks, which looked as though they would never melt away. I loved my aunt Pattie very much, but I sighed as I thought of spending this usually gay season in such a dreary-looking region. Just then, however, we came in sight of my aunt's house, and there stood the dear old lady at her gate, watching for us. Her smile was so bright and her look so happy, as she welcomed us, that my gloomy feelings were instantly dispelled, and by the time that my father, after having chatted a little while, took his leave, I began to feel quite lively. Before he went, however, he drew me to him, and as he kissed me, whispered, with a mischievous smile, "Now, Rosie, don't lose your heart out here," and he was gone.

As I looked around I thought there was but little need of such a caution—my heart was certainly safe unless I buried it in one of the snow-banks.

"Oh, my child!" exclaimed aunt Pattie, drawing me closer to her heart, "I am so glad

you made up your mind to spend the holidays with your poor, old aunt, for I always feel more lonely at such times than at any other."

I was glad too, and I felt that I was more than repaid for the sacrifice I had made.

"There are others who will be delighted to see you too, my child," she continued, "there are the Lanetons, who are continually inquiring for 'Miss Rose.'"

The Lanetons were a poor family, residing near my aunt, who were striving to earn an honest living. During the years I had spent with my aunt, previous to my father's second marriage, I had frequently visited them, and I had never been at my aunt's since without calling.

"Are they all well?" I inquired.

"Yes," replied my aunt, "all but the youngest child, who is confined to her bed with the spine complaint, and the old grandmother, who is blind."

"Well, Rose, we shall not be quite alone on New Year's day," said my aunt, in the evening, "for I have invited a whole family to dine with us."

"Who are they?" I inquired.

"Oh! I shall not tell you," she replied, "I am going to surprise you; one is an old friend of yours."

"The Willis family, I suppose, and Sarah the old friend," said I.

Aunt Pattie laughed, but said nothing. Sarah Willis and I had always played together, when I lived with my aunt; and from this fact, she imagined that we were very dear friends. Yet why we had sought each others society I cannot tell. Certain it is we never met without quarreling. This childish antipathy I had always maintained toward her since, and I, therefore received this intelligence with no great degree of pleasure.

The next day, my aunt was busy in the kitchen, making pies, and preparing for the morrow, which was New Year's; and I helped her, feeling that I was much happier there than I would have been at home. But there was one figure, that notwithstanding my heroic resolves, still flitted through my mind. In imagination I saw Fred and Mary together; and it gave me a secret pang. But I knew that this was foolish. Why should I care for one from whom I had been parted four years? He might be changed. Probably he was conceited and egotistical; of course he had forgotten all about me; and very likely he might be engaged to some one else. Endeavoring to banish his image from my mind, I set out about dark, with a basket well filled with good things on my arm, to visit the Lanetons.

"Oh, mother! here comes Miss Rosa," exclaimed Maggie Laneton, a little curly-headed pet of mine.

"Oh! Miss Rosa!" "Miss Rosa!" was echoed; and I was immediately surrounded by a bevy of children.

"Do give Miss Rose room to come in," said Mrs. Laneton, as she extended her hand, saying, "You're welcome, Miss. You look the same as ever," and she handed me a chair, "only a great deal prettier."

"I cannot see how you look, Miss Rose," chimed in the old grandmother, in a mournful tone, "but there is your same sweet voice. Thank heaven, I can hear that."

"Miss Rose, won't you come here, please?" said a weak, childish voice. I turned to the bed, where lay a pale, thin, little girl. A small white hand was slipped in mine, and fixing her large, blue eyes upon me, she said, "I'm so glad you have come, Miss Rose."

I leaned over and kissed the little sufferer, and tried to talk to her; but her sad face brought tears to my eyes.

"I will leave you now and call another time," was uttered in a deep, manly voice.

I turned quickly in the direction from whence the sound came; for the dusky twilight had prevented my noticing that there was a gentleman in the room; and I caught but a slight glimpse of him as he left the house.

"He is very kind," said Mrs. Laneton, in answer to my look, "he is a stranger, who came here with Mrs. Newton yesterday, and dropped in a few minutes since to give my poor girl, as he said, a New Year's present."

As I walked home, with the empty basket on my arm, I felt fully re-paid for spending my holidays in the country. I did not envy even Mary, who was to spend New Year's with Fred.

The next day, aunt Pattie examined my wardrobe, and was some time in choosing what dress I should wear, she made me try on two or three to see which was most becoming, and at length decided upon a mazarine blue silk, which she said looked well with a fair complexion. I laughingly submitted to be turned and twisted in all directions; to have my hair first brushed over my forehead, then off; to see my curls arranged in all possible ways; in short, to be treated like a large doll about to be dressed for some wonderful occasion.

"Aunt Pattie," said I, as we were sitting together, waiting for our company, "old maids are very happy, are they not?"

"I am," she replied, "if you consider me any rule; why, my child, do you think of being one?"

"Yes," said I, "I would like to be an old maid, and have you live with me."

Aunt Pattie smiled, but before she could reply, the door opened and a group entered. Foremost, to my surprise, was the figure I had caught a glimpse of the evening before, and whose image had been fitting through my mind for the past four years. I was almost lost to consciousness when Fanny Sterling threw her arms around my neck and kissed me, exclaiming,

"Why don't you say how glad you are to see us all! Here have I been looking forward to meeting you to-day ever since I came to the country. Let me introduce you to my brother Fred," she continued.

"I hope," remarked that gentleman, extending his hand, "that an introduction to 'brother Fred' is not necessary. You have not forgotten me, have you, Miss Rosa?"

There was the same frankness as of old. How I envied his easy manners, for I could feel the color come and go in my cheek. To my relief, Mr. and Mrs. Sterling now came forward to shake hands with me, while the latter remarked,

"I don't wonder at your astonishment, Rose. But we were making a visit to some friends out here, and your aunt invited us to come and surprise you."

I was soon quite at my ease; and now I had time to note the changes which four years had made in Fred. The boyish figure had become more manly, and his manner had acquired a greater finish.

That was a pleasant dinner party. Every one looked smiling and happy.

"Miss Rosalie," said Fred, "this evening, when you get rid of your company, will you favor me with your presence for a sleigh ride?"

"Well, I declare," broke in Fanny, "what impudence! I suppose, Mr. Fred, the next thing you will ask us to please to go!"

"Probably, Fred wishes to talk over old times with Rosa," said Mrs. Sterling, "and feels too bashful to do it in our presence."

"I don't believe he understands what you mean by bashfulness, mamma," said Fanny, mischievously, "do you Fred?"

"Why, really, Fan, I'm afraid you are getting blind, if you have never yet been able to discover that I am bashful!" then turning to me, he asked, "will you go, Miss Rosa?" I promised, and at dusk, Fred's sleigh stopped at the door. I was soon in, and we were flying over the snow-banks, while the merry bells kept time to our voices.

"Did you see my father, before you left home?" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied, "I called there to see you

the evening you left, supposing you were at home; for although my father told him some time since that we'd spend our New Year's out here, he didn't mention that you were coming."

"Did you see Mary?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "do you recollect, Rose, how she and I used to quarrel together?"

We went on talking about old times, and about the childish engagement we had made with each other, and somehow the past at this point became connected with the present, our conversation interested us, and we scarcely knew how time passed.

When I returned to aunt Pattie a new diamond ring was glistening on my finger. She smiled as she noticed it, and inquired if I still clung to my resolution of being an old maid.

The remainder of my visit passed pleasantly away. My father came to take me home, and the Sterling family accompanied us to the city. My step-mother received me in her usual style, omitting to call me "dear" as it was no longer necessary. She also forgot to inquire after the "kind old soul" whom I had been visiting. The conversation soon turned upon New Year's day, and I received a history of Mary's conquests.

"Frederic Sterling called upon Mary, the evening you left," said her mother, "but strange to say, he has not been since, he didn't even make a New Year's call."

"Perhaps," observed my father, mischievously, "he was out of town."

"Yes," replied his wife, "very likely."

In the course of the evening Mr. Frederic Sterling made his appearance, and Mary immediately applied herself to the task of entertaining him, so that I had but a small chance of saying anything. After he had gone, and my step-mother and I were alone, she said,

"My dear, you know, I suppose, that Fred Sterling is a beau of Mary's; they thought a great deal of each other as children, and the other evening he was delighted to meet her again after so long an absence; now what I have

say to you is, that I think it would be a good plan for us both to keep out of the drawing-room when he calls, for you lovers always like to be alone together."

I was prevented from replying to this observation, by the entrance of my father and Mary.

"Fred Sterling," said the former, addressing his wife, "has requested my permission to his marriage with a certain young lady of our acquaintance."

"Ah!" replied his wife, with a pleased look, "I was expecting this; it will be a splendid match for her; he is so well educated and gentlemanly; and his family are in the very best society. Really, Mary," she continued, turning to her daughter, "I congratulate you."

"But the name of the young lady to whom I referred was not Mary, it was Rosalie," drily said my father.

My mother opened her eyes in astonishment.

"Why," she replied, "I thought all his attentions were directed to Mary; however, I am rather glad she didn't fancy him, as he is not altogether the match I should desire for her."

"Well," replied my father, "he suits me perfectly. I should not desire a better husband for my daughter than Fred Sterling."

And so we were married, Fred and I; and happily settled. Aunt Pattie gave up her lonely residence in the country, and came to live with me. My father is a constant visitor, and seems to enjoy being with us. Fanny has proved a sister indeed; she sometimes accuses me of having stolen her brother from her, but then she throws her arms around me, and says, she has found a new sister.

The beginning of my happiness I date from that eventful New Year's day, when I sought to add to the enjoyment of others. Fred often speaks of my visit to the Lanetons, and says it was the sight of their love for me, more than anything else, which assured him, that, in obtaining a renewal of my promise, his happiness would be complete.

REMEMBER'D MUSIC.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

WHEN I am sad, oh, sing to me
The songs of other days,
For I still cling with changeless truth
To those familiar lays;
They lead me back to boyish hours,
To verdant grove and glen;
To scenes that charm'd me with their bliss,
To friends who loved me then.

Yea, sing to me those simple songs,
For those of modern skill
I never knew until the world
Had wrought me grief and ill;
Their tones so sweet can move no love,
Nor soothe my bosom's strife;
Like those remembered melodies
That tell of early life.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY WILLIAM WIRT LINES.

Around the crackling fire of an old farm house, in one of the pleasant districts of Northern New York, a group were gathered, one evening, telling tales. The company was mostly of a youthful character, and the hours sped swiftly. As it was still early, the old farmer and his wife had not yet retired; and as the laugh and the joke passed round, not the least hearty responses to the merriment of the young hearts, was echoed from the breast of old uncle Godfrey. At length the old man was importuned for a tale; "and let it be a tale of Christmas, uncle George!" was the unanimous request of the group.

"A tale of Christmas!" said the old man, musingly; "I remember a tale of Christmas, children, in which I was myself an actor, and which, since I have never told it you, you shall now hear.

"It was Christmas Eve, sixty years ago; Christmas Eve in old England; Christmas Eve in my native town, and I was twenty-five. The quaint, old-fashioned church was beautifully decorated with evergreens and wax-lights—for the carpenters had been at work all day in the old edifice; and the choicest beauty and yeomanry of St. C—— occupied the long rows of black oak pews that reared their grotesque carvings, and reflected the bright rays of the chandeliers against the glossy arches of the high, Gothic windows. The scene filled my young brain with wild, fantastic imaginings—such as hover round one in the dreams of midnight—and I retired into the shadows of a projecting arch, at the side of the church, and leaning against a carved dragon's head, closed my eyes to muse. The monotonous chanting of the congregation soon soothed my senses into a calm forgetfulness, and retreating farther into the gloom of the arch, I seated myself on an iron-bound chest that stood there. As the solemn tones of the grand, old organ rolled up among the carved beams, and floated through the huge arches, I gradually fell into a sound slumber.

"When I awoke all was silence, gloom, and impenetrable darkness. I endeavored to rally my bewildered senses in vain. I stretched forth my hand, hoping to encounter some familiar obstacle, when it struck a cold object. I passed my trembling palm down it, but withdrew it

with a shudder of vague terror, as I traced the lineaments of a monster.

"I arose from my recumbent posture, and placed my hands on the chest, whose cold, iron bands struck a chill through my frame. Gradually the remembrance of the evening's service dawned upon me. Just then the old clock in the tower struck twelve. At each hollow echo it seemed as though I could hear the answering wail of spirits in the grave-yard without.

"My nerves were now become highly sensitive; my imagination was wrought up to an intense pitch of excitement. As I emerged from the arching into which I had retreated the previous evening, my head struck forcibly against a tall, carved pew front, and the violence of the collision was such as to nearly stun me. I reeled forward and fell, overturning a heavy, oaken book-stand. What an uproar! The sound was caught up by each of the thousand arches of the church, and resounded from one to the other until it died away in the distance. I arose, quaking with vague, indefinable apprehensions of evil, and advanced. My foot encountered some slippery substance upon the floor, and I was again near falling, but reaching forth my hand to save myself I grasped a cedar twig, and with such force as to dislodge the enormous branch from its place. It fell upon me.

"'Merciful heaven!' I involuntarily exclaimed. A Babel of ghostly voices took up the words, and 'heaven! heaven! heaven!' was repeated from arch to arch, until as it retreated down the gloomy distance it finally became inaudible.

"Tremblingly and cautiously, with hand stretched far in advance, I traversed the labyrinthine windings of the ancient edifice; now struck with terror at the nibbling of some hapless mouse; now quivering with awe at the hollow echo of my own careful footsteps. Still I wandered on, endeavoring to find some means of egress from the place, but without approaching any object that shed a gleam of hope.

"At length, just as the clock in the tower lingered on the last stroke of three, my hand encountered the gilded tapestry that had been twined about the organ. It seemed as if new life was infused into me. I felt almost as if I had found a companion in my loneliness, and I

seated myself before it. It had been left unlocked by the organist, and I placed my hands upon the keys. The jarring discord reverberated along the corridors in loud tones, as of demons wrangling.

"But, hark! Footsteps—light footsteps, were heard tripping down the broad aisle toward me. With a thrill of indescribable awe, I leaned my head forward, and with strained eyeballs endeavored to pierce the Stygian gloom. Terror lent acuteness to my vision, and I shuddered as I beheld a white figure gradually approaching me, its long arms thrust forward.

"Terror took possession of my soul. 'God have mercy on me!' I ejaculated. The figure paused. A shriek rung out on the still air, and then it sank upon the cold floor.

"Imbued now with a feeling of desperation, I rushed forward, determined to investigate the horrid mystery. As I approached, the figure arose and extended its white arms straight before it. Horror-struck I fled. It pursued me! On, on I sped, rushing in superstitious terror from arch to arch, until I reached the sacramental table, to which I wildly clung. The figure paused near the baptismal font, and spoke,

"Are you flesh and blood? Speak, I implore!"

"The voice sounded familiar to my ear! But I quickly replied, 'I am flesh and blood—but what art thou?'

"I am Berthene Archer! I have been locked in the church. I have been almost mad!"

"Berthene!" I cried, as I sprang to her side; 'I am George Godfrey; do you not know me?'

"She fainted; my arm supported her frail form; and in the consciousness of being now a protector of affrighted innocence, my own weak fears vanished. We remained in the church—since we could do no less—until the morning's light streamed in through the gorgeously painted windows; and I then succeeded in arousing the careless sexton, who stared at us as if he half suspected we were spirits from another world, as we passed over the sacred threshold, and emerged into the open air.

"People doubted our tale. But when the New Year's bells rung their chime, a week after, the pastor made Berthene Archer my own Berthene Godfrey!"

The speaker ceased. Aunt Godfrey was asleep.

"Pass me the cider, son!" said the old man, with a sigh.

ISABEL.

BY CLARENCE MELVIN.

With a low and restless sighing,
When the evening wind is dying,
Comes a voice I know full well;
Tones that through my spirit floated
When the moments passed unnoted,
And I sought thy side, devoted—
Isabel!

Shadows gather on the dial,
Pointing oft to woe and trial,
When the breezes hush their swell;
Memory treads the maze unending,
Through the hidden pathway ending,
With the funeral shadows blending—
Isabel!

Wanders on with sorrow laden
Through the past, whose blissful Aiden
Died away with music's spell;
Guided by the rushlight burning
O'er the hopes that, ne'er returning,
Fainter grew with hopeless yearning—
Isabel!

Little dreamed I, when we parted,
Though it left us broken-hearted—
Far too sad for words to tell—
Ere the Summer days were dying,

Or the yellow leaves were flying,
Thou would'st in thy grave be lying—
Isabel!

Ah, how frail was Hope's bright vision,
Of the hours, whose light Elysian
Chained me with its fairy spell,
Wove its mystic threads around me
When the wings of silence found me,
And the Lethe, sleep, had bound me—
Isabel!

Yet, beyond these shadows fleeting,
Hope I for a joyous meeting,
Where the happy spirits dwell,
Basking in the sunshine ever,
Where no radiant hopes shall sever,
And where friends are parted never—
Isabel!

By the words in gladness spoken,
By the hopes that now are broken,
I will keep thy memory well;
And when life's last thread is parted,
And my soul from earth has started,
I will meet thee gladsome-hearted—
Isabel!



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LOVE'S LABOR WON.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," &C.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62.

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE FUGITIVE BELLE.

What's become of "Marguerite,"
Since she gave us all the slip,
Chose land travel, or sea faring,
Box and trunk, or staff and scrip.
Rather than pace up and down
Any longer this old town?
Who'd have guessed it from her lip,
Or her brow's accustomed bearing,
On the night she thus took ship,
Or started landward, little caring.

BROWNING.

CHRISTMAS approached, and the gay belles of Richmond were preparing for the festivities of that season.

Col. Compton with his family and a few chosen friends went down to Compton Lodge to spend the holidays in country hospitalities, hunting, etc.

The party had been there but a few days, when, on Christmas morning, while the family and their guests were assembled in the old, oak-paneled, front parlor, before breakfast, and Col. Compton was standing at a side table, presiding over an immense old family punch-bowl, from which he ladled out goblets of frothy egg-nog to the company, the door was quietly opened, and without announcement Marguerite De Lancie entered, saying, "A merry Christmas! friends."

"Marguerite! Marguerite!" exclaimed—first Cornelia, and then all the young ladies that were present, pressing forward to meet her, while the matrons and the gentlemen of the party with less vehemence, but equal cordiality, waited to welcome her.

"My lost sweetheart by all that's amazing!" cried Col. Compton, who, in his engrossment, was the very last to discover the arrival.

"Why, where upon the face of the earth did you come from?" inquired Cornelia, scarcely restrained by the presence of others from seizing and covering her friend with caresses.

"From Loudoun street," answered Miss De Lancie, gayly, as she shook hands right and left.

"From Loudoun street? that will do! How long have you been in Loudoun street, sweetheart? You were not there when we passed

through the town in coming hither?" said Col. Compton.

"I arrived only the day before yesterday, rested a day, and hearing that you were at the Lodge, came hither, this morning, to breakfast with you."

"Enchanted to see you, my dear! truly so! But—you arrived the day before yesterday—whence?"

"I may be mistaken, yet it seems to me that Col. Compton is asking questions," said Marguerite, with good-humored sarcasm.

"Oh! ah! I beg pardon! ten thousand pardons, as the French say," replied Col. Compton, bowing with mock deprecation, and then raising a bumper of egg-nog, "To our reconciliation, Miss De Lancie," he continued, offering to her the first, and filling for himself a second goblet.

"*Paix a vous*," said Marguerite, pledging him.

"And now to breakfast—sortez sortez!" exclaimed the colonel, leading the way to the dining-room.

Cornelia was, to use her own expression, "dying" to be alone with Marguerite, to hear the history of the last seven months absence. Never before was she more impatient over the progress of a meal, never before seemed the epicureanism of old folks so tedious, or the appetites of young people so unbecoming; notwithstanding which the coffee, tea and chocolate, the waffles, rolls and corn pone, the fresh venison, ham, and partridges were enjoyed by the company with equal gusto and deliberation.

"At last!" exclaimed Cornelia, as rising from the table, she took Marguerite's hand and drew her stealthily away through the crowd, and up the back stairs to her own little bed chamber, where a cheerful fire was burning.

"Now then! tell me all about it, Marguerite," she said, putting her friend into her easy-chair of state before the fire, and seating herself on a stool at her feet, "Where have you been?"

"Gipsying," answered Miss De Lancie.

"Gipsying, oh! nonsense, that is no answer. What have you been about?"

"Gipsying," repeated Marguerite.

"Gipsying!" exclaimed Cornelia, now in wonder.

"Aye! Did you never—or have you too little life ever to feel like spreading your wings and flying away, away from all human ken—to feel the perfect liberty of loneliness, as only an irresponsible stranger in a strange place can feel it?"

"No! no! I never did," said Cornelia, amazed; "but tell me then where did you go from Plover's Point?"

"To Terra-del-Fuego, or the land of Fire," said Marguerite, with a deep flush.

"Fiddlesticks! Where did you come from last to Winchester?"

"From Iceland," said Marguerite, with a shiver.

"Oh, pshaw! you are making fun of me, Marguerite!"

"My dear, if I felt obliged to give an account of my wanderings, their wild liberty would not seem half so sweet. Even my property agent shall not always know where to find me; it is enough that I know where to find him when he is wanted," said Miss De Lancia, with such a dash of hauteur that Cornelia dropped the subject. And then Marguerite, to compensate for her passing severity, tenderly embraced Nellie.

The Christmas party at Compton Lodge lasted until after New Year, and then the family and their friends returned to Richmond.

Miss De Lancia, yielding to a pressing invitation, accompanied them. And in town, Marguerite had again to run the gauntlet of questions, from her acquaintances, such as—

"Where have you been so long, Marguerite?" To which she would answer,

"To Obdorskoi on the sea of Obe," or some such absurdity, until at last all inquiry ceased.

Miss De Lancia resumed her high position in society, and was once more the bright, particular star of every saloon. Those who envied, or disliked her, thought the dazzling Marguerite somewhat changed; that the fine, oval face was thinned and sharpened; the brilliant and changeable complexion fixed and deepened with a flush that looked like fever; and the ever varying, graceful, glowing vivacity rather fitful and eccentric. However, envious criticism did not prevent the most desirable *partie* in the city becoming suitors for the hand of the belle, muse and heiress, as she was still called. But Marguerite, in her old spirit of sarcasm, laughed all these overtures to scorn, and remained faithful to her sole attachment, her inexplicable love for Cornelia.

"I am twenty-four, I shall never marry, Nellie. I wish I were sure that you would never

do so either, that we might be sisters for life, and that when your dear parents are gathered to their fathers, you might come and live with me, and we might be all in all to each other, forever," said Marguerite, one day to her friend.

"Oh, Marguerite, if that will make you happy, I will promise you faithfully never, never to marry, but to be your own dear, little Nellie forever and ever; for indeed why should I not? I love no one in the world but my parents and you!"

Will it be credited (even although we know that such compacts are sometimes made and always broken) that these two girls entered into a solemn engagement never to marry; but to live for each other only?

From the day of this singular treaty, Marguerite De Lancia grew fonder than ever of her friend, lavished endearments upon her, calling Cornelia her Consolation, her Hope, her Star, and many other pet or poetic names besides. Nevertheless when the fashionable season was over, Miss De Lancia left town without taking her "Consolation" with her. And again for a few months Marguerite was among the missing. She was not one to disappear with impunity or without inquiry. Where was she? Not at either of her own seats, not at either of the watering-places, not, as far as her most intimate friends and acquaintances knew, at New York, Philadelphia or Richmond, for her arrival at either of these places would have been chronicled by some one interested. Where was she then? No one could answer; even her bosom friend, Cornelia Compton could only reply, "Gone gipsying, I suppose."

Again seven months rolled by, while the brightest star of fashion remained in eclipse.

Again a Christmas party was assembled at Compton Lodge, when the news of Miss De Lancia's arrival at her house on Loudoun street reached them.

Col. and Mrs. Compton waited some days for her call, and then not having received it, they went to visit her at her home. They found Marguerite, as ever, gay, witty and sarcastic. She told them in answer to their friendly inquiries that she had been "at Seringapatam," and gave them no further satisfaction. She accepted the invitation to join the Christmas party at Compton Lodge, went thither the same day, and as always before, distinguished herself as the most brilliant conversationist, the most accomplished musician, the most graceful dancer, and the most fearless rider of the set. At the breaking up of the company, however, though invited and pressed to return with the Comptons to Rich-

mond, she steadily declined doing so, alleging the necessity of visiting her plantation.

Therefore the Comptons returned to Richmond without their usual guest, and Cornelia, for the first time in many years, spent the whole winter in town without Marguerite. But if Miss Compton was bereaved of her friend, she was also freed from her mistress, and entered with much more levity into all the gaieties of the season, than she ever had done in the restraining companionship of Marguerite De Lancie.

Meantime Marguerite, in her wild and lonely home on the wooded banks of the great Potomac, lived a strange and dreamy life, taking long, solitary rides through the deep forests, and among the rocky hills and glens that rolled ruggedly westward of the river; or taking long walks up and down the lonely beach; wiled away to double some distant headland, or explore some unfrequented creek—or pausing lazily, dreamily to watch the flash and dip of the fish in the river, the dusky flight of the water-fowl, or the course of a distant sail; getting home late in the afternoon to meet a respectful remonstrance from the elderly gentlewoman who officiated as her housekeeper, and a downright motherly scolding from her old black nurse, aunt Hapzibah, who never saw in the world's magnificent Marguerite, any other than the beautiful, wayward child she had tended from babyhood; or giving audience to the overseer, who, spreading the farm book before her, would enter into long details of the purchase or sale of stock, crops, etc., not one word of which Marguerite heard or understood, yet which she would at the close of the interview endorse by saying, "All right, Mr. Hayhurst, you are an admirable manager"—leaving her friends only to hope that he might be an honest man.

But one circumstance seemed to have power to arouse Miss De Lancie's interest—the arrival of the weekly mail at Seaview, the nearest village. All day from the moment the messenger departed in the morning until he came back at night, Marguerite lingered in the house, or mounted her horse and rode in the direction from which the messenger was expected—or returned if it were dark, and waited with ill-concealed anxiety for his arrival. Upon one occasion, the mail seemed to have brought her news as terrible as it was mysterious. Upon opening a certain letter she grew deathly pale, struggled visibly to sustain herself against an inclination to swoon, read the contents to the close, threw the letter into the fire, rang and ordered horses and a servant to attend her, and the same night set out from home, and never drew rein until she

reached Bellevue, whence sending her horses back by her servant, she took a packet for New York.

She was absent six weeks, at the end of which time she returned home, looking worn and exhausted, yet relieved and cheerful. She found two letters from Cornelia awaiting her; the first one, after much preface, apology and explanation, announced the fact that a suitor, Col. Houston, of Northumberland, in all respects very acceptable to her parents, had presented himself to Cornelia, and that, but for the mutual pledge existing between herself and Marguerite, she might be induced to please her parents by listening to his addresses. Marguerite De Lancie pondered long and gravely over this letter; re-read it, and looked graver than before. Then she opened the second letter, which was dated three weeks later, and seemed to have been written under the impression that the first one, remaining unanswered had been received, and had given offence to Marguerite. This last was a long, sentimental epistle, declaring firstly, that she, Cornelia, would not break her "rash" promise to Marguerite, but pleading the wishes of her parents, the approbation of her friends, the merits of her suitor, and in short everything except the true and governing motive, her own inclinations.

Miss De Lancie read this second letter with impatience; at the close threw it into the fire; drew her writing-desk toward her, took pen and paper, and answered both long epistles in one—a miracle of brevity—thus, "Dear Nellie—tut—Marguerite," and sealed and sent it off.

Apparently Cornelia did not find this answer as clear as it was brief. She wrote in reply a long, heroic epistle of eight pages, announcing her willingness to sacrifice her parents' wishes, her friends' approval, her lover's happiness, and her own peace of mind, all to fidelity and Marguerite—if the latter required the offering!

Marguerite read this letter with more impatience than the others, and drawing a sheet of paper before her, wrote, "Nellie! De as you like, else I'll make you—Marguerite."

In two weeks back came the answer, a pleading, crying letter, of twelve pages, the pith of which was that Nellie would do only as Marguerite liked, and that she wanted more explicit directions.

"Fish! tush! pahaw!" exclaimed Miss De Lancie, tapping her foot with impatience, as she read page after page of all this twaddle, and finally casting the whole into the fire, she took her pen and wrote, "Cornelia! marry Col. Houston forthwith before I compel you. Marguerite."

A few days from the despatch of this letter arrived the answer, brought by an express-mounted messenger in advance of the mail. It was a thick packet of many closely written pages, the concentrated essence of which was, that Nellie would follow the advice of Marguerite, whom she loved and honored more than any one else in the world, yes! more than mother and father and lover together; that Marguerite must never wrong her by doubting this, or above all, by being jealous of the colonel, for indeed, after all, Nellie did not like him inordinately! how could she when he was a widower past thirty with two children? And finally, that she would not venture to ask Miss De Lancia to be her bridesmaid, for that would be like requesting a queen to attend her maid of honor in such a capacity; but would Marguerite, her dear Lady Marguerite, come and preside over the marriage of her poor little Nellie?

Miss De Lancia sat, for a long time, holding this letter open in her hand, moralizing upon its contents. "The little simpleton—is she only timid, or is she insincere? which after all means—is she weak or wicked? foolish or knavish? And above all, why am I fond of her? why have her brown eyes and her out of countenance such power to draw and knit my heart to hers?—for indeed though to superficial eyes, hers may be a countenance, resplendent with feeling, strong in thought, yet it is a cheat, without depth, without earnestness—let it be said!—without soul. Aye! truly! seeing all this, why do I love her? Because of 'the strong necessity of loving' somebody, or something, I suppose," thought Marguerite, sinking deeper into reverie. These sparks of light elicited by the strokes of Cornelia's steel-like policy upon the flint of Marguerite's sound integrity, thus revealed, by flashes, the true character of the former to the latter; but the effect was always transient, passing away with the cause.

Miss De Lancia took up the letter and re-read it, with comments, as—"I jealous of her lover! truly! I preside over her marriage! Come, I must answer that!" And drawing writing materials before her, she wrote, briefly as before.

"I would see you in Gehenna first, you little imbecile. Marguerite."

And sealed and despatched the letter.

This brought Nellie down in person to Plover's Point, where by dint of caressing, and coaxing, and weeping, she prevailed with Marguerite, who at last exclaimed,

"Well, well! go home and prepare for your wedding, Nellie! I'll come and assist at the farce."

CHAPTER FOURTH.

LOVE.

—The soul that moment caught
A something it through life had sought.

MORSE.

Forbear that dream! My lips are sworn apart
From tender words; mine ears from lover's vows,
Mine eyes from sights God made so beautiful,
My very heart from feelings which move soft.

E. B. BROWNING.

THE bridal of the only daughter of the Comptons was naturally an event of great importance, and consequently of much parade. The bride elect was in favor of being married in the most approved modern style, having the ceremony performed at ten in the morning, and starting immediately upon a wedding tour. But Col and Mrs. Compton had some strong, old-fashioned predilections, and decided to have the time-honored, old style of marriage party in the evening. And accordingly preparations were made upon the grandest scale to do honor to the nuptials of their only child.

Marguerite De Lancia arrived upon the evening previous to the wedding, and was most cordially welcomed by the family. She was carried off immediately by Cornelia to her chamber for a *tele-a-tete*.

"Well, my little incapable!" Marguerite said, as soon as she was seated, "now tell me about your bridegroom! Long ago, you know, we divided the present generation of men into two classes—monsters and imbeciles! to which does your *fiance* belong?"

"You shall see and judge for yourself, Marguerite! To neither, I think!"

"Oh! of course, you think! Well! who are to be your bridesmaids?"

"The Misses Davidge and—yourself, dear Marguerite, since you were so kind as to promise."

"So weak, you mean! And who are to be the groomsmen?"

"Steve and Peyton Rutledge are to lead out the Davidges."

"And who is to be my cavalier for the occasion?"

"There! that's just what I wanted to talk to you about, Marguerite! because you have the privilege of rejecting him as your proposed escort, and I hope you will. I am afraid of him, I always was! I cannot endure him, I never could! I hate him, and I always did! But the colonel proposed him, and papa and mamma would not permit me to object."

"But you have not yet told me who he is."

"Oh! you would not know if I were to tell you! though if you ever see him, you will never fail to know him thenceforth!"

"His name? You've raised my curiosity."

"Philip Helmstedt, my cousin! He is of those fierce and haughty Helmstedts of the Eastern Shore, whose forefathers, you know, claimed a prior right to the coast and the Isles of the Bay, from having made the place a sort of free-booting depot, long before the king's patent endowed Lord Baltimore with it, and who headed so many rebellions and caused so much bloodshed among the early colonists."

"Well! nearly two hundred years have rolled by! this fierce, arrogant nature must have been greatly modified by time and intermarriage."

"Must it! well now, it is my opinion that no one who knows the history, can look upon Philip Helmstedt's bird-of-prey profile without remembering the fierce fights by sea and land of his free-booting forefathers!"

"It is doubtless true that a strong and powerful race of men may have so impressed upon their descendants, as to leave their own peculiar traits unmodified and predominant to the latest generations," said Marguerite, musing, and then suddenly recollecting herself, she exclaimed, "Philip Helmstedt! surely I have heard that name in honorable association before, though I have never met the owner. Oh! by-the-way, is he not that gallant nephew, of whom I have heard your father speak, and who, though but thirteen years of age, followed him in the battle of Yorktown and performed such prodigies of youthful valor?"

"Oh! yes! he's fire eater enough, and a terror in general, at least to me."

"But where has he been that I have never met him in society?"

"Oh! he has been for a number of years studying at Heidelberg, and travelling all over the Eastern continent. I was sufficiently afraid of him before he went away, and I am twice as much in awe of him since he came back; so I want you to veto him, Marguerite; for you may do so, and then the colonel will get somebody else to stand up in his stead; will you?"

"Certainly not! It would be a very great rudeness to all concerned," said Miss De Lancia.

The preparations for the marriage were, as I said, upon a magnificent scale. The elite of the city and county were invited to be present. Upon the important evening the house was illuminated and thrown open. At a comparatively early hour the company began to assemble.

At a quarter to eight o'clock precisely, the bride and her maids were ready to go down.

Nellie looked, as all brides are expected to look, "never before so lovely." A robe of embroidered white crape over white satin, a point

lace veil, and a light wreath of orange blossoms were the principal items of her costume.

The two younger bridesmaids were attired in harmony, in white gauze over white silk, with wreaths of snow-drops around their hair.

The queenly form of Marguerite De Lancia was arrayed in a robe of the richest lace over white brocade; her superb black hair was crowned with a wreath of lilies, deep falls of the finest lace veiled her noble bust and arms, and the purest Oriental pearls adorned her neck and wrists—she looked as ever a royal beauty.

Scarcely was the last fold of Cornelia's veil gracefully arranged by Marguerite, before the little bride, with a mixture of childish petulance and envy and genuine admiration, raised her eyes to the beautiful brow of her patroness, and said,

"Ah! how stately, how radiant you are, Marguerite! But how shall I look, poor, insignificant, little, fady pigmy! my very bridegroom will be ashamed of his choice seen by the side of the magnificent Miss De Lancia!"

"Be silent! how dare you humble yourself, or flatter me so shamefully," exclaimed Marguerite, flushing with indignation. "As for the 'magnificent,' that can be easily transferred; 'fine feathers make fine birds,' and queenly jewels go very far toward making queenly women," she continued, proceeding to unclasp the pearls from her own neck and arms, and to fasten them upon those of Cornelia.

"No, no, dear Marguerite! desist! I cannot, indeed I cannot consent to shine in borrowed jewels," said Miss Compton, opposing this ornamental addition to her costume.

"They are your own; wear them for my sake, sweet Nellie," replied Miss De Lancia, clasping the necklace, and kissing the bride with renewed tenderness.

"But your matchless set of pearls! a dower, a fortune in themselves! I cannot, Marguerite! indeed, indeed, I dare not! such a transfer would look as if you were not quite sane, nor myself quite honest," said Cornelia, with sincere earnestness.

"Ridiculous! I care not for them, or I assure you, I should not give them away. Hush! don't put me to the trouble of pressing them upon you, for really I do not consider them worth the expenditure of so much breath. Stop! don't thank me either, for I have no patience to listen. We are all ready, I believe? What are we waiting for?"

While she spoke, there came a gentle rap at the connecting door, between Cornelia's and her parents' bed-chambers. It was colonel and Mrs.

Compton, who were waiting there to embrace and bless their child before giving her up to the possession of another. Cornelia went into them and after a stay of five minutes, returned with her eyes suffused with tears, evanescent tears that quickly evaporated. And in another moment Col. Compton came to the passage door and announced to the bevy of bridesmaids, that the bishop had arrived, and that the bridegroom and his attendants were waiting down stairs.

"We are ready. But remember, colonel, that I have never met Mr. Helmstedt."

"I shall not fail to present him, Marguerite," replied the old gentleman, turning to go down stairs. The bride's party followed in due order; the third bridesmaid leading the way, received the arm of her appointed escort, and advanced toward the saloon; the second did likewise; then Marguerite in her turn descended. She had never before seen the distinguished-looking personage, then waiting at the foot of the stairs to offer his arm and lead her on; but Col. Compton stood ready to present him, and all was well. Marguerite reached the last step, paused and raised her eyes to look at the stranger, whom Cornelia's description had invested with a certain interest.

A tall, thin, muscular form, large, clearly cut acquiline features, raven black hair, strongly marked black eye-brows, deep and piercing dark grey eyes, a stern and somewhat melancholy countenance, a stately, not to say haughty carriage, a style of dress, careful even to nicety, a *tout ensemble* indicating a forcible, fiery, high-toned, somewhat arrogant character, were the features impressed by first sight upon Marguerite's perceptions. She had scarcely made these observations and withdrawn her glance, when Col. Compton taking the stranger's hand and turning to her, said,

"Miss De Lancie, permit me to present to you Mr. Helmstedt, of Northumberland county."

Again Marguerite lifted her eyes.

A stately bow, a gracious smile, a mellifluous voice in addressing her threw a charm, a warm, bright glow, like a sudden sunburst over those stern, dark features, clothing them with an indescribable beauty as fascinating as it was unexpected.

"I esteem myself most happy in meeting Miss De Lancie," he said.

Marguerite dropped her eyes, and blushed deeply beneath his fixed, though deferential gaze, curtsied in silence, received his offered arm and followed the others who were waiting at the door. The bride and groom brought up the rear. And the party entered the saloon.

The rooms were superbly adorned, brilliantly illuminated and densely crowded by a splendid company.

The white gowned bishop stood upon the rug in front of the fire-place, facing the assembly. A space had been left clear before him, upon which the bridal party formed. A hushed silence filled the room; the book was opened; the rites commenced, and in ten minutes after little Nellie Compton was transmogrified into Mrs. Colonel Houston.

When the congratulations were all over, and the bridal party seated, and the little embarrassments attendant upon all these movements, well over, the programme for the remainder of the evening proceeded according to all the "rules and regulations in such cases made and provided"—with one memorable exception.

When the bride's cake (which was quite a miraculous *chef d'œuvre* of the confectioner's art, being made in the form of the temple of Hymen, highly ornate, and containing besides a costly diamond ring, which it was supposed, according to the popular superstition, would indicate the happy finder as the next to be wedded of the party,) was cut and served to all the singeladies present, it was soon discovered that none of them had drawn the token. Col. Compton then declared that the unmarried gentlemen should try their fortune. And when they were all served, Mr. Helmstedt proved to be the fortunate possessor of the costly talisman.

When with a courtly dignity he had arrested the storm of badinage that was ready to burst upon him, he deliberately crossed the room to the quarter where the bride and her attendants remained seated, and pausing before Marguerite, said,

"Miss De Lancie permit me," and offered the ring.

"Yes, yes, Marguerite! relieve him of it! he cannot wear it himself, you know, and to whom here could he properly offer it but to yourself," hastily whispered Cornelia.

Miss De Lancie hesitated, but unwilling to draw attention by making a scene out of such an apparent trifle, she smiled, drew off her glove, and held up her hand, saying,

"If Mr. Helmstedt will put it on."

Philip Helmstedt slipped the ring on her finger, turned and adjusted it with a slight pressure, when Marguerite, with a half suppressed cry, snatched away her hand and applied her handkerchief to it.

"Have I been so awkward and unhappy as to hurt you, Miss De Lancie?" inquired Mr. Helmstedt.

"Oh, no, not at all! it is nothing to speak of; a sharp flaw in the setting of the stones pierced my finger; I think, that is all," answered Marguerite, drawing off the ring that was stained with blood.

Mr. Helmstedt took the jewel, walked up to the fire-place, and threw it into the glowing coals.

"Well! if that is not the most wanton piece of destructiveness I ever saw in my life," said Cornelia, indignantly, "you know, Marguerite, when I saw Mr. Helmstedt draw the ring and come and put it on your finger, I thought it was a happy sign; but now see how it is? everything that man touches, turns—not to gold, but to blood or tears! that he thinks only can be dried in the fire!"

"Don't use such fearful words here on your bridal evening, dear Nellie, they are ill-omened. You are besides unjust to Mr. Helmstedt, I think," said Marguerite, who had now quite recovered her composure.

"They were false diamonds after all, Miss De Lancie," said Mr. Helmstedt, rejoining the ladies.

The bishop had retired from the room; the musicians had entered and taken their places, and were now playing a lively prelude to the quadrilles; partners were engaged, and were only waiting for the bride and groom to open the ball, as was then the custom. Nellie gave her hand to her colonel, and suffered herself to be led to the head of the set.

"Miss De Lancie, will you honor me?" inquired Mr. Helmstedt, and receiving a gracious inclination of the head in acquiescence, he conducted Marguerite to a position vis-a-vis with the bridal pair. Other couples immediately followed their example and the dancing commenced in earnest. The lively quadrille was succeeded by the stately minuet, and that by the graceful waltz, and the time-honored and social Virginia reel. Then came an interval of repose, preceding the sumptuous supper. Then the outpouring of the whole company into the dining-room; and the eating, drinking, toasting and jesting; then they adjourned to the saloon, when again quadrilles, minuets, reels and waltzes, alternated with short-lived rest, refreshment, gossip, and flirtations, until a late hour, when the discovered disappearance of the bride and her attendants, gave the usual warning for the company to break up. At the covert invitation of Col. Compton, some of the gentlemen, who were without ladies, lingered after the departure of the other guests, and adjourned with himself and his son-in-law, to the dining-room, where after drinking

the health of the newly married pair, they took leave.

The next day Judge Houston, the uncle of the bridegroom, entertained the wedding party and a large company at dinner. And this was the signal for the commencement of a series of dinners, tea, and card parties, and balls given in honor of the bride, and which kept her and her coterie in a whirl of social dissipation for several weeks.

But from this brilliant entanglement, let us draw out clear, the sombre thread of our own narrative.

Everywhere the resplendant beauty of Marguerite De Lancie was felt and celebrated. Every one declared that the star of fashion had emerged from her late eclipse, with new and dazzling brilliancy. And ever, whether in repose, or action; whether reclined upon some divan, she was the inspiration of a circle of conversationists; or whether she led the dance or seated at the harpsichord, poured forth her soul in glorious song—she was ever the queen of all hearts and minds, who recognized in her magnificent personality, a sovereignty no crown or sceptre could confer. All in proportion to their depth and strength of capacity for appreciation felt this. But none so much as one whose duty brought him ever to her side in zealous service, or deferential waiting.

Philip Helmstedt, almost from the first hour of his meeting with this imperial beauty, had felt her power. He watched her with the most reserved and respectful vigilance; he saw her ever the magnet of all hearts and eyes; the life of all social intercourse; the inspiration of poets, the model of painters, the worship of youth and love; shining for, warming, lighting, and enlivening all who approached her, yet with such impartiality, that none ventured to aspire to especial notice. There was one exception, and not a favored one to his equanimity, and that was Mr. Helmstedt himself; her manner toward him, at first affable, soon grew reserved, then distant, and at length repelling. Col. Compton, who had taken it into his head that this haughty pair were well adapted to each other, watched with interest the progress of their acquaintance, noticed this, and despaired.

"It is useless," he said, "and I warn you, Philip Helmstedt, not to consume your heart in the blaze of Marguerite De Lancie's beauty! She is the invincible Diana of modern times. For seven years has Marguerite reigned in our saloons, with the absolute dominion of a beauty and genius that 'age cannot wither nor custom stale,' and her power remains undiminished as

her beauty is undimmed. Year after year the most distinguished men of their time, men celebrated in the battles and in the councils of their country, men of history, have been suitors in her train, and have received their *conge* from her imperial nod. Can you hope for more favor than an Armstrong, a Bainbridge, a Cavendish?"

"I beseech you, sir, spare me the alphabetical list of Miss De Lencie's conquests! I can well believe their name is legion," interrupted Philip Helmstedt, with an air of scorn and arrogance that seemed to add, "and if it were so, I should enter the lists with full confidence against them all."

"I assure you it is sheer madness, Philip! A man may as well hope to monopolize the sun to light his own home as to win Marguerite De Lencie to his hearth! She belongs to society, I think, also to history. She requires a nation for her field of action. I have known her from childhood and watched with wonder her development. It is the friction of marvelous and undirected energies that causes her to glow and radiate in society as you see her. It is sheer phrenzy, your pursuit of her! I tell you, I have seen a love chase worth ten of yours—Lord William Daw——"

"Lord—William—Daw!" interrupted Philip Helmstedt, curling his lip with ineffable scorn.

"Well, now I assure you, Philip, the heir presumptive of a marquise is not to be sneered at. He was besides a good-looking and well-behaved young fellow, except that he followed Miss De Lencie up and down the country like a demented man, in direct opposition, both to the clucking of his old hen of a tutor, and the coldness of his Diana. He was drowned, poor youth! but I always suspected that he threw himself overboard in desperation!"

"Lord—William—Daw," said Mr. Helmstedt, with the same deliberate and scornful intonation, "may not have been personally the equal of the lady to whom he aspired. Very young men frequently raise their hopes to women 'who are, or ought to be, unattainable' by them. Miss De Lencie is not one to permit herself to be dazzled by the glitter of mere rank and title."

Yes! Philip Helmstedt hoped, believed, in more success for himself than had attended any among his predecessors or temporary rivals. True, indeed his recommendations, personal as well as circumstantial, to the favor of this "fourth Grace and tenth Muse," were of the first order. The last male representative of an ancient, haughty, and wealthy family, their vast estates centred in his possession—he chose to devote many years to study and to travel. An accomplished scholar,

he had read, observed and reflected, and was prepared, at his own pleasure, to confer the result upon the world. A tried and proved soldier, he might claim military rank and rapid promotion. Lastly, a pre-eminently fine-looking person, he might aspire to the hand of almost any beauty in the city, with every probability of success. But Philip Helmstedt was fastidious and proud to a degree of scornful arrogance—that was his one great, yes, terrible sin. It was the bitter Upas of his soul that poisoned every one of the many virtues of his character. But for scorn, truth, justice, prudence, temperance, generosity, fortitude, would have flourished in his nature. It was this trenchant arrogance that made him indifferent to accessory honors—that made him, as a profound student, regardless of scholastic fame—as a brave soldier, careless of military glory—as an accomplished gentleman, negligent of beauty's allurements. It was this arrogance in fine, that entered very largely into his passion for the magnificent Marguerite. For here at last in her he found a princess quite worthy of his high devotion, and he resolved to win her.

God have mercy on any soul self-cursed with scorn.

And Marguerite? Almost from the first moment of their meeting, her eyes, her soul had been strangely and irresistibly magnetized. I do not know that this was caused by the distinguished personal appearance of Philip Helmstedt. After all, it is not the beauty, but the peculiarity, individuality, uniqueness, in the beauty that attracts its destined mate. And Philip Helmstedt's presence was pre-eminently characteristic, individual, unique. At first Marguerite's eyes were attracted by a certain occult resemblance to his young cousin, her own beloved friend, Cornelia Compton. It was not only such a family likeness as might exist between brother and sister. It was something deeper than a similitude of features, complexion and expression. The same peculiar conformation of brow and eye, the same proud lines in the acuteline profile, the same disdainful curves in the expressive lips, the same distinctly individualized characteristics, that had so long charmed and cheated her in Nellie's superficial face, was present, only more strongly marked and deeply toned, and truly representative of great force of character in Philip Helmstedt's imposing countenance. But there was something more than this—there was identity in the uniqueness of each:—faint and uncertain in the delicate face of Nellie, intense and ineffaceable in the sculptured features of Philip. As Marguerite studied this remarkable physiognomy, she felt that her

strange attraction to Nellie had been but a faint prelude, though a prophecy of this wondrous magnetism. Alarmed at the spell that was growing around her heart, she withdrew her eyes and thoughts, opposed to the attentions of her lover a cold, repellant manner, and treated his devotion with supreme disdain, which must have banished any man less strong in confidence than Philip Helmstedt, but which in his case only warded off the day of fate. Perseveringly he attended her, earnestly he sought an opportunity of explaining himself. In vain, for neither at home, nor abroad, in parlor, saloon, thoroughfare or theatre, could he manage to secure a *tele-a-tele*. Whether sitting or standing, Miss De Lencie was always the brilliant centre of a circle; and if she walked, like any other queen, she was attended by her suite. Only when he mingled with this train could he speak to her. But then—the quick averting of that regal head, the swift fall of the sweeping, dark eyelashes, the sudden, deep flush of the bright cheeks, the suppressed heave of the beautiful bosom, the subdued tremor of the thrilling voice betrayed hidden emotions, that only he had power to arouse or insight to detect, and read therein the confirmation of his dearest hopes. The castle walls might show a forbidding aspect, but the citadel was all his own, hence his determination, despite her icy coldness of manner, to pass all false shows, and come to an understanding with his Diana. Still Miss De Lencie successfully evaded his pursuit and defeated his object. What was the cause of her course of conduct he could not satisfactorily decide. Was pride struggling with love in her bosom? If so, that pride should succumb!

Having failed in every delicate endeavor to effect a *tele-a-tele*, and the day of Marguerite's departure being near at hand, Mr. Helmstedt went one morning directly to the house of Col. Compton, sent up his card to Miss De Lencie, and requested the favor of an interview. He received an answer that Miss De Lencie was particularly engaged and begged to be excused. Again and again he tried the same plan with the same ill-success. Miss De Lencie was never at leisure to receive Mr. Helmstedt. At length this determined suitor sent a note, requesting the lady to name some hour when she should be sufficiently disengaged to see him. The reply to this was, that Miss De Lencie regretted to say that at no hour of her short remaining time should she be at liberty to entertain Mr. Helmstedt. This flattering message was delivered in the parlor, and in the presence of Col. Compton. As soon as the servant had retired, the old gen-

tleman raised his eyes to the darkened brow of Philip Helmstedt, and said, "I see how it is, Philip! Marguerite is a magnanimous creature! she would spare you the humiliation of a refusal. But you—you are resolved upon mortification. You will not be content without a decided rejection! Very well! you shall have an opportunity of receiving one. Listen! Houston and Nellie are dining with the judge to-day. Mrs. Compton is superintending the making of calf's-foot jelly—don't huff and sneer, Philip! I cannot help sometimes knowing the progress of such culinary mysteries; but I am not going to assist at them, or to ask you to do so! I am going to ride. Thus, if you will remain here to-day, you will have the house to yourself, and Marguerite, who for some unaccountable reason, fate perhaps, chooses to stay home. Go into the library and wait. Miss De Lencie, according to her usual custom, will probably visit that or the adjoining music-room, in the course of the forenoon, and there you have her! Make the best use of your opportunity, and the Lord speed you! for I, for my part, heartily wish this lioness fairly mated. Come! let me instal you!"

"There appears to be no other chance, and I must have an interview with her to-day," said Mr. Helmstedt, rising to accompany his host, who led the way to the library. It was on the opposite side of the hall.

"Now be patient!" said the colonel, as he took leave—"you may have to wait here or more hours, but you can find something here to read."

"Read!" ejaculated Philip Helmstedt, with the tone and energy of an oath; but the old gentleman was already gone, and the younger one threw himself into a chair to wait.

"Be patient!" with the prospect of waiting here several hours, and the possibility of disappointment at the end," exclaimed Philip, rising, and walking in measured steps up and down the room, trying to control the eagerness of expectation that made moments seem like hours, while he would have compressed hours into moments.

How long he waited ought scarcely to be computed by the common measure of time. It might not have been an hour—to him it seemed an indefinite duration—a considerable portion of eternity, when at length, while almost despairing of the presence of Marguerite, he heard from the adjoining music-room the notes of a harp.

He paused, for the harpist might be—must be Miss De Lencie.

He listened.

Soon the chords of the lyre were swept by a magic hand that belonged only to one enchantress, and the instrument responded in a low,

deep moan, that presently swelled in a wild and thrilling strain. And then the voice of the improvisatrice stole upon the ear—that wondrous voice, that ever while it sounded, held captive all ears, silent and breathless all lips, spell-bound all hearts!—it arose, first tremulous, melodious, liquid, as from a sea of tears, then took wing in a wild, mournful, despairing wail. It was a song of renunciation, in which some consecrated maiden bids adieu to her lover, renouncing happiness, bewailing fate, invoking death. Philip Helmstedt listened, magnetized by the voice of the sorceress, with its moans of sorrow, its sudden gushes of passion or tenderness, and its wails of anguish and despair. And when at last, like the receding waves of the heart's life tide, the thrilling notes ebbed away into silence and death, he remained standing like a statue. Then with self-recollection and the returning faculty of combination, came the question,

"What did this song of renunciation mean?" And the next more practical inquiry, should he remain in the library, awaiting the doubtful event of her coming, or should he enter the music-room? A single moment of reflection decided his course.

He advanced softly and opened the listed and silently turning doors, and paused an instant to gaze upon a beautiful tableau!

Directly opposite to him, at the extremity of the thickly carpeted room, was a deep, bay window, richly curtained with purple and gold, through which the noonday sun shone with a subdued glory. Within the glowing shadows of this recess sat Marguerite beside the harp. A morning robe of amber-hued India silk fell in classic folds around her form. Her arms were still upon the harp, her inspired face was pale and half averted. Her rich, purplish tresses pushed off from her temples, revealed the breadth of brow between them in a new and royal aspect of beauty. Her eyes were raised and fixed upon the distance, as if following in spirit the muse that had just died from her lips of fire. She was so completely absorbed, that she did not heed the soft and measured step of Philip Helmstedt until he paused before her, bowed and spoke.

Then she started to her feet with a brow crimsoned by a sudden rush of emotion, and thrown completely off her guard, for the moment, she confronted him with a home question,

"Philip Helmstedt! what has brought you here?"

"My deep, my unconquerable, consuming love! It has broken down all the barriers of etiquette, and given me thus to your presence,

Marguerite De Lencie," he replied, with a profound and deprecating inclination of the head.

She had recovered a degree of self-possession; but the tide of blood receding had left her brow cold and clammy, and her frame tremulous and faint; she leaned upon her harp for support, pushed the falling tresses from her pale, damp forehead, and said in faltering tones,

"I would have saved you this! Why, in the name of all that is manly, delicate, honorable!—why have you in defiance of all opposition ventured this?"

"Because I love you, Marguerite! because I love you for time and for eternity with a love that must speak or slay!"

"Ungenerous! unjust!"

"Be it so, Marguerite! I do not ask you to forgive me, for that must pre-suppose repentance, and I do not repent standing here, Miss De Lencie!"

"Still I must ask you, sir," said Marguerite, who was gradually recovering the full measure of her natural dignity and self-possession, "what feature in all my conduct that has come under your observation, has given you the courage to obtrude upon me a presence and a suit, that you must know to be unwelcome and repulsive?"

"Shall I tell you? I will! with the truthfulness of spirit answering to spirit! I come because, despite all your apparent hauteur, disdain, coldness, such a love as this which burns within my heart for you, bears within itself the evidence of reciprocity," replied Philip Helmstedt, laying his hand upon his heart, and atoning by a profound reverence for the presumption of his words. "And I appeal to your own soul, Marguerite De Lencie, for the endorsement of my avowal."

"You are mad!" said Marguerite, trembling.

"No—not mad, lady, because loving you as never man loved woman yet, I also feel and know, with the deepest respect, be it said, that I do not love in vain," he replied, sinking for an instant upon his knee, and bowing deeply over her hand that he pressed to his lips.

"In vain! in vain! you do! you do!" she exclaimed, almost distractedly, while trembling more than ever.

"Marguerite," he said, rising, yet retaining his hold upon her hand, "it may be that I love in vain, but I do not love alone! this hand that I clasp within my own throbs like a palpitating heart! I read, on your brow, in your eyes, in your trembling lip and heaving bosom that my great love is not lost—that it is returned! that you are mine, as I am yours! Marguerite De Lencie, by a claim rooted in the deepest nature, you are my wife for time and for eternity!"

"Never! never! you know not what you say or seek!" she exclaimed, snatching her hand away and shuddering through every nerve.

"Miss De Lancia, your words and manner are inexplicable, are alarming! Tell me, for the love of heaven, Marguerite, does any insurmountable obstacle stand in the way of our union?"

"Obstacle!" repeated Miss De Lancia, starting violently, and gazing with wild, dilated eyes upon the questioner, while every vestige of color fled from her face.

"Yes! that was the word I used, dearest Marguerite! Oh! if there be——"

"What obstacle should exist, except my own will? A very sufficient one, I should say," interrupted Marguerite, struggling hard for self-control.

"Say your decision against your will."

"What right have you to think so, sir?"

"Look in your own heart and read my right, Marguerite."

"I never look into that abyss!"

"Marguerite, you fill me with a terrible anxiety. Marguerite, for seven years you have reigned a queen over society; your hand has been sought by the most distinguished men of the country; you are as full of tenderness and enthusiasm as a harp is of music; it seems incredible that you have never married or betrothed yourself, or even loved, or fancied that you loved! Tell me, Marguerite, in the name of heaven, tell me, have any of these events occurred to you?" He waited for an answer.

She remained silent, while a frightful pallor overspread her face.

"Tell me! Oh! tell me, Marguerite, have you ever before loved? Ah, pardon the question and answer it."

She made a supreme effort, recovered her self-possession, and replied,

"No, not as you understand it."

"How?—not as I understand it? Ah! forgive me again, but your words increase my suffering."

"Oh! I have loved Nellie as a sister, her father and mother as parents, some acquaintances as friends, that is all."

She was answering these close questions! she was yielding to the fascination. Amid all her agony of conflicting emotions she was yielding.

"Marguerite! Marguerite! And this is true! You have never loved before!"

"It is true—yet what of that? for I know not even why I admit this! Oh! leave me, I am not myself. Hope nothing from what I have told you. I can never, never be your wife!" exclaimed Marguerite, with the half suppressed

and wild affright of one yielding to a terrible spell.

"But one word more. Is your hand free also, dearest Marguerite?"

"Yes, it is free! but what then? I have told you——"

"That it is free no longer!—for by the splendor of the heavens it is mine, Marguerite, it is mine!" he exclaimed, as he caught and pressed that white hand in his own.

Marguerite De Lancia's previsions had been prophetic. She had foreseen that an interview would be fatal to her resolution, and it proved fatal. Philip Helmstedt urged his suit with all the eloquence of passionate love, seconded by the dangerous advocate in Marguerite's heart, and he won it—and in an hour after, the pair, that had met so inauspiciously, parted as betrothed lovers. Mr. Helmstedt went away in deep joy, and with a sense of triumph only held in check by his habitual dignity and self-control. And Marguerite remained in that scene of the betrothal, looking, not like a loving and happy affianced bride, but rather like a demented woman, with pale face and wild affrighted eyes, strained upward as for help, and cold hands wrung together as in an appeal, and exclaiming under her breath,

"What have I done! Lord forgive me! Oh! Lord have pity on me!" And yet Marguerite De Lancia loved her betrothed with all her fiery soul! That love in a little while brought her some comfort in her strange distress.

"What's done is done," she said, in the tone of one who would nerve her soul to some endurance, and then she went to her room, smoothed her hair, dressed for the afternoon, and through all the remainder of the day moved about, the same brilliant, sparkling Marguerite as before.

In the evening the accepted suitor presented himself. And though he only mingled as before, in the train of Miss De Lancia, and acted in all respects with the greatest discretion, yet those particularly interested could read the subdued joy of his soul, and draw the proper inferences.

That night, when Marguerite retired to her chamber, Nellie followed her, and casting herself at once into an arm-chair, she broke the subject by suddenly exclaiming, "Marguerite, I do believe you have been encouraging Ironsides!"

"Why do you think so—if I understand what you mean?"

"Oh! from his looks—he looks as bright as a candle in a dark lantern, and as happy as if he had just slain his enemy! I do fear you have given him hopes, Marguerite."

"And why fear it?"

"Oh! because, Marguerite, dear, I don't want you to have him," said Nelie, with a show of great tenderness.

"Nonsense!"

"I do not believe you will, you see, but still I fear. Oh! Marguerite, he may be high-toned, magnanimous and all that, but he is not tender, not gentle, not loving!"

"In a word—not a good nurse."

"No."

"Good! I do not want a nurse!"

"Ah! Marguerite, I am afraid of Philip Helmstedt. If you only knew how he treated his sister."

"His sister! I did not ever know he had one."

"I dare say not; but he has; she is in the mad house."

"In the mad house!"

"Yes! I'll tell you all about it! It was before he went way the last time. His sister Agnes was then eighteen; they lived together; she was engaged to poor Hertford, the son of the notorious defaulter, who was no defaulter when that engagement was made. Agnes and Hertford were within a few days of their marriage when the father's embezzlements were discovered. Now poor young Hertford was not in the least implicated, yet as soon as his father's disgrace was made manifest, Philip Helmstedt, as the guardian of his sister, broke off the marriage!"

"He could have done no otherwise," said Marguerite.

"In spite of her pledged word? In spite of her prayers and tears, and distracted grief?"

"He could have done no otherwise," repeated Marguerite, though her face grew very pale.

"That was not all! The lovers met, arranged a flight, and were about to escape, when Philip Helmstedt discovered them. He insulted the young man, struck him with his riding whip across the face, and bore his fainting sister home. The next day the two men met in a duel!"

"They could have done no otherwise. It was the bloody code of honor!" re-iterated Marguerite, yet her very lips were white, as she leaned forward against the top of Nelie's chair.

"Hertford lost his right arm, and Agnes lost—her reason!"

"My God!"

"Yes! 'a plague o' honor, I say.'"

"Dear Nelie! leave me now, my head aches, and I am tired."

Nelie, accustomed to such abrupt dismissals, kissed her friend and retired.

"Honor, honor, honor," repeated Marguerite,

when left alone. "Oh, Moloch of civilization, when will you be surfeited!"

The next morning Philip Helmstedt called, sent up his card to Miss De Lancie, and was not denied her presence.

"Show the gentleman into the music-room, and say that I will see him there, John," was the direction given by Miss De Lancie, who soon descended thither.

Mr. Helmstedt arose to meet her, and wondered at her pale, worn look.

"I hope you are in good health, this morning, dear Marguerite," he said, offering to salute her. But she waved him off, saying,

"No! I am ill! And I come to you, this morning, Philip Hemstedt, to implore you to restore the promise wrenched from me yesterday," she said, and sunk pallid and exhausted upon the nearest chair.

A start and an attitude of astounded amazement was his only reply. A pause of a moment ensued, and Marguerite repeated,

"Will you be so generous as to give me back my plighted faith, Philip Helmstedt?"

"Marguerite! has nature balanced her glorious gift to you, with a measure of insanity?" he inquired, at length, but without abatement of his astonishment.

"I sometimes think so. I do mad things occasionally. And the maddest thing I ever did, save one, was to give you that pledge yesterday."

"Thank you, fairest lady."

"And I ask you now to give it back to me."

"For what reason?"

"I can give you none!"

"No reason for your strange request?"

"None!"

"Then I assure you, my dearest Marguerite, that I am not mad."

"Indeed you are upon one subject, if you did but know it. Once more will you enfranchise my hand?"

"Do I look as if I would, lady of mine?"

"No! no! you do not! You never will! very well! be the consequences on your own head."

"Amen. I pray for no better."

"Heaven pity me!"

"My dearest, most capricious love! I do not know the motive of your strangest conduct, it may be that you only try the strength of my affection—try it, Marguerite! you will find it bear the test! but I do know, that if I doubted the truth of yours, I should disengage your hand at once."

There followed words of passionate entreaty on her part, met by earnest deprecation and unshaken firmness on his; but the spell was over

her, and the scene ended as it had done the day previous; Philip was the victor, and the engagement was riveted, if possible, more firmly than before. Again Philip departed rejoicing; Marguerite, almost raving.

Yet Marguerite loved no less strongly and truly than did Philip.

Later in that forenoon, before going out, Nelie went into Marguerite's chamber, where she found her friend extended on her bed, so still, and pale, that she drew near in alarm and laid her hand upon her brow, it was beaded with a cold sweat.

"Marguerite! Marguerite! what is the matter? You are really ill."

"I am blue," said Marguerite.

"Blue! that you are literally—hands and face too!"

"Yes! I have got an ague," said Marguerite, shuddering, "but I will not be coddled! There."

In vain Nelie with a great show of solicitude urged her services. Marguerite would receive none of them, and ended, as usual, by ordering Nelie out of the room.

In a few days the engagement, between Mr. Helmstedt and Miss De Lencie, was made known to the intimate friends of the parties. The marriage was appointed to take place early in the ensuing winter. Then the Richmond party dispersed, colonel and Mrs. Houston went down to

their plantation in Northumberland county. Philip Helmstedt proceeded to his island estates on the coast, to prepare his long deserted home for the reception of his bride. And, lastly, Marguerite, after a hurried visit of inspection to Plover's Point, went "gipsying," as she called it, for the whole summer and autumn. Upon this occasion her mysterious absence was longer than usual. And when at last she rejoined her friends, her beautiful face betrayed the ravages of some strange, deep, bitter sorrow.

Upon the following Christmas, once more and for the last time, a merry party was assembled at Compton Hall. Among the guests were Nelie and her husband on a visit to their parents. Marguerite De Lencie and Philip were also present. And there, under the auspices of Col. and Mrs. Compton, they were united in marriage. By Marguerite's expressed will, the wedding was very quiet and almost private. And immediately afterward the Christmas party broke up.

And Philip Helmstedt instead of accompanying the Comptons and Houstons to Richmond, or starting upon a bridal tour, took his idolized wife to himself alone, and conveyed her to his bleak and lonely sea-girt home, where the wild waters lashed the shores both day and night, and the roar of the waves was ever heard.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FAR O'ER THE SEA.

BY WINNY WOODBINE.

Is the calm South seas an islet shone,
Like a priceless gem in a golden zone,
Or a star on the brow of night,
No fairer, I trow could the home have been
Of love, where he dwelt with his beauteous queen,
Nor brighter have glanced the silver sheen
Of the moon's clear, tranquil light.

Its valleys were wreathed with roses gay,
Violets blue, and the eglantine spray,
And blooms from the orange tree.
While the wild-wood held in its secret glade,
The forest fays and the Elfin maid,
And the isle in its beauty thus arrayed,
Was the pride of that Southern sea,

Its skies were as bright as the beaming smile
Of the nymph who dwelt in that sea-girt isle,
And as clear as her eye of blue.
The stars oft bathed, with a loving pride,
In a flood of light, each mountain side,
Till the islet seemed like a fair young bride,
Half veiled by the falling dew.

And the streamlets murmured a softened strain,
As sweet as the ocean's wild refrain,
When it kissed the whitened strand.
And love was the theme of each warbler's lay,
As they thrilled their songs at the dawn of day
And love was the life of each forest fay,
And the soul of their happy band.

Then say, my love, wilt thou fly with me,
And seek this isle, far o'er the sea,
Where Summer forever reigns?
I'll build thee a bower where the streamlet sings,
In the forest shades, where the wild rose springs,
Or the jasmine fair, its bright blossom flings
O'er the emerald-tinted plains.

Delay not then from this clime to part,
I'll give thee the love of a faithful heart,
And a sweet little home of thy own.
We will dwell in love and contentment there,
Afar from the world and its cheerless care,
'Neath stars as bright, and skies as fair,
As ever on mortal shone!

GOING A-SUGARING.

BY MABEL S. MAITLAND.

FAN GORDON and I were schoolmates and friends—and one year we were almost inseparable. Not a day passed without our spending a part of it together, at her home or mine. Many a long, bright summer morning, we idled away in our maple-shaded room, talking and reading, wishing and dreaming impossible things—much to the discomfiture of Fan's mother, who groaned in agony over her increasing indolence. Then as the days grew cooler, we would take our books and wander away over the fields to our favorite chesnut grove, which commanded a fine view of our quiet village, half hidden in its wealth of shade-trees; and of our beautiful river, winding slowly along between its willowy banks, dotted here and there with fairy little islands; and there we would loiter, till the lengthening shadows warned us homeward. Ah! those were happy, happy times.

Even the uncomfortable winter days did not chill our friendly intercourse. In the clear, cold mornings, when the snow lay deep upon the frozen earth, we would sally forth with our brooms and sweep a nice path between our homes—thus removing all barriers to our daily visits. We varied the monotony of indoor amusements, by going out on the moonlight evenings with our brothers, to coast down the hill, or slide on the pond. But when the early spring time came, with its accompaniments of wind, and rain, and mud, confining us indoors, that tried our patience severely, and we sighed for our calm summer enjoyments, and the exhilarating winter sports. One day, we were mutually bewailing our long imprisonment, and eating little scalloped cakes of maple sugar by way of consolation, when Fan suddenly burst forth with,

"Oh! wouldn't you like to go where they make sugar and eat it warm?"

"Of all things," I replied—"can't we go?"

But where? was the next question.

In the midst of our dilemma, the door opened and in walked Mrs. Baker, a nice old lady, dressed in a black alpaca dress, a grey shawl and steel colored bonnet. She lived on a little farm, back among the hills; and every one esteemed her for a clever, industrious woman. She sometimes wove carpets for Fan's mother, and generally called, when she came down to the

village. The poor woman was not very happy, it was said; her husband being rather queer; some thought him cross, and some crazy. All of her children were married but one son, and he was an oddity, to say the least.

Before Mrs. Baker departed, she asked us to come up and visit her, saying she was very lonely since her daughter was married, and adding, as an inducement, "they are making maple sugar." We assured her that we would be very happy to come, if we could only get there; but it was too far to walk in the present state of the roads.

"Well," said she, "I'll try to have Jonas come down after you to-morrow, and you can stay all night, and come home the next day."

We anticipated great fun going sugaring, and could talk of nothing else that day. I staid with Fan all night, and when we opened our eyes in the morning and looked out of the window, we shouted with delight, at seeing every tree and shrub so heavily laden with the damp sugar snow, as it is called, that they were bent down by its weight, so that many touched the ground; while the bright sun, shining upon the whole, made each branch seem hung with millions of sparkling jewels. While we were dressing and admiring this snow scene, and regretting that it could not last, we were startled by a strange creaking and groaning sound in front of the house, and a deep, grum voice saying,

"Whoa! whoa! Hallo! I say."

We ran to the front window, and shrieked with laughter at the sight that met our eyes. There was Jonas, "Our Knight of the Elfin Locks," as we instantly dubbed him, with the most *outré*, nondescript establishment that was ever seen. A poor old yellow horse, that would have been worth a fortune as an anatomical specimen, we supposed was the locomotive power of the little square pine box to which he was attached; though he looked, as he stood there so motionless, as if he had already drawn his last breath. We could count every rib in his sides, and as for his mane and tail, there were not more than three hairs in each, and they were braided.

Jonas himself merits a description, as he sat there, occasionally calling out in his deep, bass voice, "Whoa!" to the poor beast that never thought of moving.

He was a tall, awkward youth, with very long, black hair, that hung down in stiff lines over his red comforter, a dark complexion, and very small, black eyes, deep-set and close together, which gave him a somewhat sinister expression. His features were large and heavy, and their character not very prepossessing; nevertheless they would sometimes light up with a gleam of strong intelligence, when anything occurred to rouse him. He was a great reader, and well versed in history, as we afterward found out to our cost; though no one would ever suspect it from his general appearance. His worst feature was his mouth, and that indicated an abominable temper, which I suppose he inherited from his father. On this particular morning, his face wore a curious expression—a mixture of expected pleasure and native awkwardness; for he was in a new position, waiting to take two village girls a sleigh-ride.

We laughed till we cried. At last in a choking voice I asked Fan,

"How can we go in that queer cutter box—and with that old horse?"

"Oh! we must," she answered; "it is so early no one will see us, and we will drive and make him walk. But hurry and put on your collar, and let us go speak to him, or he'll sit there all day waiting for somebody to come out."

We went down and graciously invited him to come in and wait till we had breakfasted. Fur cap in hand, Jonas followed us into the breakfast-room, smoothing down his elf-locks in a very sheepish manner; and there he sat and stared, till Fan and I could scarcely sip our coffee from smothered laughter. Under the circumstances, we did not stop to eat our usual allowance, but were soon ready and seated in our rustic vehicle, when Jonas reluctantly discovered there was no room for him. He looked bewildered, and finally volunteered the remark, that "he guessed he would walk up the hill, as it was pretty hard sleighing."

We waited till he was a few rods ahead, and then we started. Such a ride! I shall never forget it. It required our united exertions to infuse life enough into our quadruped to make him move on. Fan held the lines and I flourished the whip, and sometimes Jonas would stop and add his exhortations to ours in quite a forcible manner.

After we were out of the village, we gave full rein to our mirth; for to add to our merriment, we discovered that the seat to our sleigh was a movable one. When we were going up hill, it slid back till we thought we should turn a reversed somerset; and when we were going down

hill, we were sent forward with a velocity that threatened to land us on the old horse's back. At each slide we would raise a shriek for help that would bring Jonas flying to the rescue; but by that time we would be all right again.

Once we narrowly escaped a meeting with Dr. S——. He was dashing down the hill, just as our guide signified that we must take a cross-road to the right. We pulled down our veils and turned as quickly as possible; but the doctor looked after us intently, as if he suspected there was some reason for our being in such a hurry; he didn't recognize us though.

Well, we arrived there at last, and were kindly welcomed by Mrs. Baker, who immediately made preparations for "sugaring off." We ate some of the syrup, and when it arrived at a proper state, Jonas brought a pan of clean snow and showed me how to make wax. Then, when it was ready to crystalize, we amused ourselves stirring it off and caking it in little patty-pans. Thus the forenoon passed very pleasantly; but poor Jonas could eat no sugar; he could only look at us and try to make himself most humbly and devotedly useful.

After dinner, Jonas and his father went out to gather the sap, and we had a nice, quiet visit with Mrs. Baker. She confided to us some of her domestic troubles in a meek, uncomplaining manner, and seemed quite comforted by our hearty sympathy.

After supper we had another merry time "sugaring off;" but when we had eaten all we wished, and helped Mrs. Baker mould it in a variety of forms, we began to wish we were home again. But our proposition to return was negatived—we must stay all night, and Jonas should take us home in the morning while the ground was frozen. We submitted patiently and set about making ourselves comfortable.

When the candles were lighted, we observed that the windows had no curtains, whereupon Fan was seized with a sudden fit of horror, lest some one should come and look in. Jonas bustled around and fastened up some newspapers, and the room did seem more comfortable. Fan established herself in a large arm-chair, and I in a little, low one by her side. Mrs. Baker sat by the stand knitting, and Jonas sat opposite, and looked at us with his little, sharp, black eyes, as if he would never weary of the occupation; while Mr. Baker busied himself with a paper, rising now and then and pacing restlessly to and fro as if uneasy in his mind. Fan and I laughed and chatted, and told wild, improbable stories, trying to make ourselves entertaining and agreeable—now and then

asking Jonas some question, that only elicited a guttural "Yes" or "No," and more devouring looks than ever.

Once we made a dive into Ancient History, resuscitating old generals, heroes and patriots, and mixing them up with society they were not accustomed to when living. Jonas had swallowed all our rhodomontade before; but when we introduced Hannibal and Peter the Great as cotemporaries, and ourselves as schoolmates of Napoleon, he remarked that "he guessed we were mistaken there."

To change the subject, Fan observed in an apologetic tone to Mr. Baker, "that perhaps he was weary of our chatter."

"Oh, no," he answered, in what he intended to be a mild, hospitable tone, but it sounded very much like distant thunder, "talk away till you are satisfied—I can stand it."

That was a damper. Fan hit me with her foot as a signal to say something, as she felt incapable; but I was as non-plussed as herself.

At last came bed-time, and we were not sorry. We were shown to the best chamber, which was furnished with a single bed, a rag-carpet, a bureau, a stand, and a few chairs, and looked very comfortable. Mrs. Baker produced her best assortment of drygoods for our benefit, and as soon as she left us we proceeded to try them. My *robe de nuit* was a modern affair, long and flowing, and quite new; but when I came to try it, I found it was plentifully supplied with button-holes, but never a button on it: that very necessary finish had been forgotten. Fan's, on the contrary, was a decided polka jacket, or rather in the old short-gown style; and was finished at the neck by a broad, starched dimity ruffle, that reminded us of Queen Bess' portraits. Our caps were more in uniform, for they too were trimmed with broad ruffles and innumerable lappets, like "poor ten year old Maggie's." We amused ourselves a long time making all sorts of funny comparisons, and admiring our quaint figures, till we began to think the room was rather cold, and it would be wiser to go to bed.

Fan walked around, eyeing the narrow bed, that rose in the middle like a small pyramid, as if she doubted its being comfortable quarters for two. Then she opened it, and called me to come and get in and try it—which feat I safely accomplished, and she soon followed. She turned to put out the light, and letting go my hand which she had grasped to aid her ascent, she rolled away on the floor in the darkness. We soon got righted again, but then we were laughing so there was no such thing as getting asleep. We

lay there with our arms fast locked together, smothering our laughter under the clothes, until Fan declared she had lost her very small pillow; and after an anxious search in the dark, coolly informed me that she had found it in her ear. That set me laughing again; and then she wickedly withdrew her protecting arm, and sent me rolling down against the wall. We didn't sleep much that night; for the least motion of either would disturb our equilibrium, and we would have to wake to recover our position.

We were no laggards, the next morning, but rose from our uncomfortable couch as soon as we heard the sounds of life below. While we were dressing, we heard the good lady setting the table, and hurried down for fear of keeping breakfast waiting. The table was ready, sure enough, but there were no other signs of breakfast, and no fire. We went out by the well, where we saw Jonas performing his morning ablutions, and relieved our feelings by sprinkling him with water and pelting him with snowballs. Then we visited the sugar-bush with him, which consisted of about fifty trees scattered around in an adjoining pasture; but it was too early for the sap to run. By dint of persevering questioning, we obtained from him a very concise account of the manner of making sugar, which we promised to remember.

After breakfast, Mrs. Baker told Fan that "she really wished she would cut Jonas' hair, and make it look somehow—it was so long that it did look awful, and she could make it look nice, like her brothers'."

Fan unhesitatingly answered, "that she often trimmed her brothers' hair, and would do it cheerfully." So while Mrs. Baker was at work in the kitchen, Fan armed herself with shears and scissors, seated Jonas in a chair, with a towel pinned around his neck, and commenced operations.

Her first move was to comb his long, black locks down over his eyes, so that he couldn't see very well; then she took hold with the tips of her fingers, standing at arm's length, and cut off a bit and pretended to put it in her pocket. The next lock she offered to me, and while I sat opposite trying to look grave and reproachful, she clasped it to her heart, and rolled up her eyes in a most sentimental manner. I rose and sat down by a window where I could laugh a little, without those black eyes seeing me. But Fan was determined I should have my full share of the experiment, for she made Jonas turn around so as to face me again, for the benefit of the light, as she said. I could stand it no longer, and rushed out of the room.

When I next entered the room, a great change had come over Jonas. His "Elfin Locks" were piled up on his mother's stand, and he looked as meek as a sheared sheep; while Fan was making a prodigious use of yellow soap in washing her hands. We all complimented her upon her dexterity; and then we prepared to return home. Jonas brought up our equipage, when Fan and I, having turned our cloaks wrongside out, so that we would not be recognized, stepped in. Jonas accompanied us on foot as before.

When we had gone a quarter of a mile, our escort had to stop to do an errand for his mother. We were going down a long hill, not very steep, and we thought it would be rare fun to run away from him. Thereupon we plied the whip, and actually got our Rosinante into a gallop. I looked back and saw Jonas running, and as soon as he came within hearing we cried, "Stop him! stop him!" He made a few flying leaps and caught the horse's head. We were almost dying with suppressed laughter, but succeeded in making him believe that we feared the horse was running away.

The snow melted so fast, that we made up our minds we would never be dragged into the vil-

lage in that style. So we stopped about a mile from home and dismissed Jonas, to his evident dissatisfaction, saying we could easily walk the rest of the way. But good fortune saved us such a fatality; we were overtaken by an acquaintance, who kindly offered us seats.

But that was not the end of our adventure. A few days afterward, Jonas appeared, with some little cakes of sugar for us. All that summer he haunted us, calling two or three times a week. He would sit and look unutterable things for hours at a time; but scarcely say a word unless addressed. Poor fellow! he actually became cross-eyed, trying to gaze at us both at the same time.

I think Fan was rather his favorite, for she had the most calls, and frequently, when seeing him coming, she has run out of the front door as he entered the side one, and taken refuge with me. Once her mother was so malicious as to tell of her whereabouts, and Mr. Jonas followed to our mutual dismay. In conclusion, not all the sugar we wanted to eat, nor good, motherly Mrs. Baker's hospitality, has ever tempted us to try Jonas' pine box sleigh and his mummied steed in another sugaring expedition.

OH, SAY WHAT SHAPES OF BEAUTY BEND.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

Oh, say what shapes of beauty bend,
With lips caressing, o'er thee, boy?
To me thy spirit's vision lend!
Give me to feel thy spirit's joy!
Yes, let me hear and see with thee,
What to thine ear and eye is given.
And as o'er him, blow soft o'er me,
Ye incense-laden winds of Heaven
Sweet winds, oh, could you downward blow
One healing leaf from off that tree,

That in God's Paradise doth grow,
And shall the nation's healing be!
Oh, baby, why to thy pure eyes
Is given the bliss denied to mine?
No cloud before thy vision lies
Where thou would'st gaze on things divine.
Oh, sinless one, I read it well,
Heaven is thine own, thy native place,
And angels tho' on earth they dwell,
Behold at will their Father's face.

A VALENTINE.

TO L—— S——.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

I HOLD it as an omen bright,
That you to-day, first met my sight.
Once said to me a Poet Seer—
"Thy fortunes for the ensuing year,
Shall like unto that mortal be,
Who on this morning, first greets thee."
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So be it!—let my hopes arise,
Kind as your smile, bright as your eyes.
My friends be, like your heart, sincere—
My prospects, like your judgment, clear;
And may on you reflected shine
The good you've brought Your Valentine.

A BEACON STREET ROMANCE.

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

PERHAPS every city has some one street eminent above the rest for splendor and gentility, the meeting-place of the magnificent few who save their time from shabbiness. In London, so long ago as the time of Miss Edgeworth's novels, all the fine people dwelt and visited in Grosvenor street or Grosvenor Square; in New York, what showy carriage with its mistress lounging amidst velvet and ermine, but belongs in Fifth Avenue? and what stranger is familiar with the name of any but Chesnut street in Philadelphia?

In Boston we have Beacon street, a locality which has been struggling toward the fulfilment of its destiny ever since the city was founded: first, the state fathers, inspired by a prophetic instinct, voted more than two centuries ago, that "a Beacon be set on the Sentry Hill at Boston, to give notice to the country of any danger; to be guarded by one man stationed near, and fired as occasion may be." Still the wild rose and barberry blossomed, and cattle browsed there undisturbed, when a century later, the Federal Constitution was adopted, and the good citizens of Boston resolved to commemorate their Revolutionary struggle by a pillar "to be erected upon Beacon Hill." The Beacon was already blown down, and they built the monument, "substantially, of brick and stone. It was encrusted with a white cement, and had a large eagle of wood, gilt, at the top, supporting the American arms." The pedestal stones to this "substantial" brick and plaster monument, and the wooden eagle are preserved in our State House to the present day.

Time may not interfere with the decrees of destiny; that ancient beacon is extinguished, and the wild roses have been rooted up, the kine have found them other pastures, the pillar of commemoration stones has crumbled back to earth; but taste and wealth have hung forth their beacon now, and Sentry Hill has reached the culmination of its glory.

Beacon street is the site of private palaces without number. It is also the site of the State House, the Athenæum, and the Common of which Bostonians are so justly proud. This long slope where barberries once ripened, sleeps now in the shadow of noble elms; where once cattle browsed, our young Athenians pursue their sports; where

fell the light of the beacon to warn our neighborhood of danger, waves the white wing of the fountain now, shedding refreshment and peace.

Who is not proud to stand protected by the wing of destiny! As in old times, people boasted of descent from some great king or earl; and later, from some Revolutionary hero, some bard or philosopher, so now we boast of living in Beacon street, of being acknowledged by an uncle, a cousin, or merely an acquaintance in Beacon street. Or if we can do no better, we promenade in Beacon street, where are located all the "establishments" which haunt our maidenly dreams. Hereafter, heaven; here, Beacon street: that is the creed-in-little of a Bostonian.

Now near that noble Athenæum, of which I told you we were proud, stood the house of Lionel Ayers, or palace, if you will, for like its neighbor houses it was slightly and of towering height, and glittered with plate-glass, and was draped about with balconies like vines; and through the windows you caught glimpses of silken curtains, gilding, carving and buhl, of great pictures and great people. Another resemblance to its neighbors had this mansion, it was so narrow in proportion to its height, that standing alone, it might pass for a chimney or watch-tower. All the houses in Beacon street have this look, as if they only asked for a foothold on the privileged soil; there they stand in a long, compact pile, like a section cut out of some monster crowd, or like a line of tall, slim plants from a hot-bed.

Whatever might be the appearance of his house, in no hot-bed of luxury had grown Lionel Ayers and his fortunes: a little boy haunting the wharves to pick up wherewithal to keep the fire burning in a poverty-stricken home, with intemperate parents, and a host of brothers and sisters to share his sufferings—beginning thus, and assisted only by a neighbor, a kindly but poor woman, he had worked his way through all manner of occupations to place and fortune; and now his children were aristocrats in Beacon street.

"Here is Mortimer's beauty trudging along with her twine-bag on her arm like a dress-maker, look at her, Lion! see what you think of the taste of our artist brother." And the stately

Constance took pains to draw away the curtain as she spoke; for great as her dignity was, it did not equal her brother's indolence.

"Beauty? where? I see no one."

"Why, here, here, close by the window! with that Grecian bend to her form, and Grecian trail to her skirts. Those Slades are poor, but I should think the girl might contrive to make a better appearance."

"Well—I suppose Mortimer thinks that unstarched look statuesque; hey, Mort?"

"Constance, my sister, you will oblige me by re-adjusting the curtain, this glare blinds me."

"Mortimer, my brother, you can oblige yourself by summoning a servant."

"Certainly, dear, I beg your pardon for my impertinence. But Constance," and he looked up from the sketch he had been making, "how women change between candle and daylight: last evening I thought I had never seen so brilliant a complexion as yours—now——"

The proud hand of Constance unloosed the curtain suddenly. "You painter-men are always looking for flaws. But why did you not answer, Lionel?"

"About what? I was busy. Am I expected to keep the run of all your precious prattle?"

"We were discussing Stella Slade, an humble subject I will own; but we tried to evade it by comparing her to Greek statuary."

"Nay, rather to monkish effigies," drawled Lionel, "pray, Mort, do you call that thing beautiful? why, by Jove! her bonnet-cape was not an inch wide."

"Does a woman's beauty reside in her bonnet-frill? But I dare not dispute with such critics as Constance and yourself, so hereby take myself from the discussion," and shutting his sketch-book, Mortimer arose rather impatiently.

"Ha, driven from the field! I'll tell you, Constance, our lover of high topics is going in search of seclusion, in order that he may compose a sonnet to Stella's eyebrow; as Johnson, Cowper, Goldsmith, or some of those old fogies used to do. Now give her good advice, Mort! tell her to spread her skirts and not her wings; tell her how shabbiness doth spread an envious cloud even o'er beauty's face. I declare, I was born for a poet."

"Constance smiles, she thinks with me, that the poet's fine frenzy hath degenerated into a monstrously coarse one. Farewell now, spend the morning in discussing bonnet-cape; do you, my sister, devote your mind to the instruction of seamstresses and waiting-maids. Oh, worthy lives! Oh, golden destinies!"

"Strange that these pompous people do not

find out how absurd they are in the eyes of men and women of the world like you and me—Jove what a sentence! let me catch my breath. Now Mortimer is just a cynic and a fool, and——"

"Wiser too than we with our merriment. I tell you, Lionel, there is a great deal in Mortimer, there is a reserved face, a silent depth, and a will that only wants arousing to perform great things."

"And pray, Miss Constance, why not then arouse the will?"

"Love must do that."

Lionel rose from his lair and gazed at his sister in wonder as he asked, "Do you believe in love, in romance, sentiment, dresses, Cupid's wings, and all that nonsense? I thought you had become too well acquainted with society. I thought you were a woman of intellect."

"Yet a woman, and all women believe in love," said Constance, half to herself, as she left the room to confer with her dressmaker, and so fulfil Mortimer's prophecy. For Lionel, it was too early for the morning promenade, he had been up late at a ball the night before—so leaning back on the couch, he fell asleep.

"Peace, peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer," Mortimer whispered, as he seated himself at the long, green table of the Athenæum library, silent students seated on either side, silent busts ranged up and down the room, and ranges of silent books on all the multitude of shelves. "Peace, peace! Amazingly fine our house looks from without, but let those who envy me, know that it's empty for all its furniture, dull for all its glitter. Ah," to the librarian, "have you found yet the book of Cartoons I want so much to see?"

"I have, sir, but must ask your patience: I placed it on the stand yonder, and a lady who entered about that time chanced to open it, and has been poring over it ever since."

"No consequence, no consequence whatever," bowed the civil Mortimer, then solaced himself with a mental, "Women are always cuddling. What does a woman know about true art? I wonder wouldn't she exchange if I should bring her some gilded souvenir? The girl has pretty hair, a good hand too—how she bends over the book as if she were enjoying with all her soul—how her fingers press on the edge—but women have no souls—yet here am I sketching one of their faces—one might sketch the Venus that has no soul. 'Peace, peace!' I do love the scholarly quiet of these shades. Pencil, lie there! I cannot draw for thinking; I will read."

But Mortimer's eyes kept wandering from his book to the rosy fingers that pressed so close to the leaves over which that lady lingered still—

when, to his horror, the librarian said something in a low tone, which made her start from her seat and blush, and look disturbed as she turned away. It was Stella Slade.

No admiration for womankind had Mortimer Ayers. He turned coldly from the scores of beauties who came and went in his father's house, and who had always smiles to lavish on the handsome young artist; he did not admire women, but to see one of their number annoyed on his account, that was another thing—all Raphael's genius could not make Mortimer enjoy the book of Cartoons that day. He must introduce himself to the girl, and offer an apology.

But day after day passed, and no Stella came. He had almost forgotten her, when one afternoon something made him observe a figure glide hurriedly into the room, and a veil flutter toward him; he thought it a pity that women were so restless; but a moment after, looking up again, he saw the new comer seated motionless, bending over a book, her white hand buried in a mass of curls, which—and the contour of the whole form—could belong to no other than Stella Slade.

She had come so like a vision that she might vanish in the same way, he must prevent that, since he could not interrupt her now. He must watch for an opportunity to make his peace.

And now the artist discovered what a slender, weary-looking hand he had admired, what a natural fall there was to the light flossy curls, what lovely lines there were in the face, and how these lines changed as she read. Some magnetism in his gaze made Stella turn an instant from her book, and what a different countenance he saw from the weary, though spirited one he had admired in the street; pleased smiles were flickering about the mournful lips, and the whole face was glorified by thought.

Their eyes met, and she arose at once, as if the sight of him had recalled that wearisome something, from which she had so evidently been taking an hour's recreation. She was going, and he could not summon courage to address her, when fate came to Mortimer's assistance; her veil fluttered toward him once more, caught in some instruments which he had used with his drawing, and while the artist disentangled it, gave him the opportunity he sought. "I owe you a double apology," he began.

"And I must own to the same degree of indebtedness; we will forgive each other," she answered, gently—what a depth there was in her grey eyes!

"But——"

She was gone. She had not seized the opportunity to make his acquaintance, she had not

answered with a common-place; she was graceful and gracious and gentle, and worth hundreds of the dolls he knew. Peace to her.

But when Stella returned at intervals, always in that hurried manner, and with the mingled look of relief and weariness upon her face. Peace refused to abide with Mortimer, until he should know more of the maiden's history.

"Oh, nothing," she answered, lightly, when after no small effort he had advanced so far toward acquaintance, that he could venture to make some inquiry. "Oh, nothing, except a noisy, busy house at home, a routine of cares and duties like a tread-mill."

"And now, I know," there was almost tenderness in the searching gaze, with which a pair of dark eyes looked into a pair of grey eyes then.

"Perhaps, there are judgments and tastes at home which do not accord with mine. You may come here, as I do, for the sake of repose—peace."

A fancy struck Mortimer; she should know him as a friendless and penniless artist, he would try an experiment with these womanly hearts he had abused so long.

He might have saved himself the pains of manœuvring; he knew it when afterward, he found that Stella did not judge of people by their bonnet-frills.

"You draw, here, I observe," she said, one day, "would it infringe the rules, or attract much attention, if I should write?"

How he tried not to be interested in that writing, not to notice how the sheets accumulated on her desk, not to ask himself if it were epic, or essay, or novel. And yet his heart leaped with delight when gathering up the manuscript, one day, she brought it timidly and asked if he would be so far her friend—she had no other—as to read and give her a candid opinion of her story, she would not venture to call it a novel.

Ah, cynical Sir Mortimer! whose fingers pressed close to the pages now. Hurriedly, rapidly she had written, but had put her whole soul into the work, and the artist fancied he could read her history in every line. She had written of joy, and made it a glorious thing which one might long for, and never attain—of beauty, as one might copy glimpses of heaven from amid the darkness of the pit—of sorrow—and there were sighs and sobs in every word—of religion, and clear stars shone in the evening skies—of hope, and sunshine scattered all the dews of night. He had not words to express his admiration, he could not wait until she could come again, and thence it happened that Mortimer made his first call at the house of Mr. Slade.

Admitted by a child with uncombed hair and Stella's eyes, he was confronted by the mistress of the mansion, next. She announced that Stella was occupied, and the gentleman might leave his errand with herself.

He had no errand to leave.

Then he must call some evening. "Mr. Sled" and she had not brought up their children to waste daylight in paying or receiving calls.

Alas for Stella Slade, for genius with such a keeper! Her face haunted Mortimer more than ever now, that pale, tired, patient face. He had a horror of strong-minded women, and Madam Slade was evidently of the number; albeit her proclivities were not toward literature and art. Poor, gentle Stella, to be kept at taskwork forever by such a Gorgon!

So when the young girl came, dreading to hear his criticism, and blushing at thought of the repulse he had met from her mother, she found Mortimer neither scornful nor angry; but full of pity and enthusiasm, ready to praise her work, and volunteer his service in procuring a publisher, and to promise entire success. At last the world did not seem such a dreary place—for she had found a friend.

But publishers and their advisers were not personal friends to Stella Slade, nor were they artists and students of minute philosophy. So they said graciously, yet with decision, "The book is full of admirable sentiments, but a novel without beginning or end would never sell."

It had not occurred to either Stella or her critic that the romance had no plot. Mortimer was indignant, called the whole public dull and childish—publishers included, and—what could he do for Stella?

Once he would have proposed to marry her, he had for many years labored under the delusion that he could do no more magnanimous thing for any woman; but Stella had never impressed him like other girls, he felt in her presence a timidity altogether inexplicable; and now, poor and humble that she was, he knew she was born for a better destiny than to be the wife of a mere dilettante artist like himself.

But this new magnanimity was conquered by Stella's absence. She had left an empty place in his heart which nothing else seemed competent to fill; and yet he would have forgotten her, but for pity—at least so thought Mortimer.

When a story has reached so far, that a beautiful maiden is found unfortunate, and a generous lover pities her, there is little use in multiplying words. Mrs. Slade had a theory against marrying a daughter before the age of thirty; but Mortimer being heir to a fortune, and a resident

of Beacon street, she yielded as any strong-minded woman would, and promised to give away her Stella at eighteen.

But Constance Ayers, when she heard of her brother's intentions, went in pride and scorn, to prejudice her father against the family of Stella; describing each member with all her powers of sarcasm.

"Very well, my daughter," was the old merchant's reply, "so far the story of the Slades is true; now let me finish it. There were two little boys who played together on the wharf, went together to the public school, they both were poor, but the parents of one were honest and industrious."

"I cannot see how this relates to Mortimer's foolish attachment."

"I will tell you, that more fortunate boy was Nathaniel Slade, the father of Miss Stella; and the little comrade whom he warned by his mother's fire, and with whom he shared his supper and his bed—that was myself."

"Papa! you must be deceiving me; but why, pray, did you did not sleep and eat at home?"

"Because there was no supper on the board, or I was driven thence by violence. You say that Mortimer is degrading our family: the grandfather of Constance Ayers was by profession—"

Constance's eyes brightened.

"By profession a porter in the market; but through his intemperate habits, seldom earned enough to keep us from starving."

"And how then did you subsist?"

"I have told you—upon the charity of Stella's grandfather, a poor wheelwright, an honest, hearty, liberal man—I loved him better than a father."

"And why have you neglected this precious comrade, this son of his?" asked Constance, bitterly.

"I had forgotten him: the chase for wealth is apt to crush our delicate sentiments, a rich man cannot—"

"Pass through the eye of a needle! I'm of your opinion, papa. Meantime, let Mortimer arrange his own affairs; I should not thank any one, I suppose, who meddled with mine."

They were married. Stella found in her new home the leisure of congenial occupation, to obtain which she had projected her wild scheme of authorship. And Mortimer not only found the peace and quiet for which his heart had longed; but love did, according to the sister's prophecy, give such an impulse to his dormant will, that he became no longer a dreamer but a doer, and achieved great things.

For the book, Lionel was longing once to make

his third tour abroad, and papa refused the funds, and the young man went to receive thereupon the sympathy of his favorite sister, Stella. She placed in his hands a crumpled manuscript with, "Mortimer says that if one had patience to work it out, there's a fortune in these pages; find it, and it is yours."

Lionel read eagerly, for once in his life, he

labored, improved, erased, inserted an ingenious plot, and after I know not what conniving with publisher and critics, the book was issued and received unanimous applause.

And the young people boast now of their father's pictures and their mother's tales—not of the mansion in Beacon street.

I LIST FOR THY FOOTSTEPS.

BY HATTIE BOOMER.

I LIST for thy footsteps when evening has come,
And shadows steal silently over our home;
When the air is so still the young leaves cannot play,
And the journeying winds fall asleep on their way;
When the stars up in Heaven look holy and blest,
And seem to the fancy like spirits at rest;
At the hour we so often have sat side by side—
Now between us is flowing Eternity's tide.

I list for thy footstep that cometh no more,
When strangers are lifting the latch of my door;
And from a sad reverie start to my feet,
My heart for a moment forgetting to beat;
But alas! how it throbs with its fresh weight of care,
When my dream like a rainbow melts away in the
air,

And the dark, fearful past like a tempest sweeps o'er,
And thoughts' lightning flashes "he cometh no
more."

Thy footsteps, thy footsteps, where now do they
roam?

Where in the blest regions of light is thy home?
Art thou happy and blest, far from time and from
me?

Or love dost thou sail on Eternity's sea?
Dost thou hail every bark from the dark shores of
Time,

All anxiously waiting this frail one of mine?
I will come to thee, love, when life's sorrows are
o'er,

And I list for thy wandering footsteps no more.

SONNET.

BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

I FEEL the shadows gather round my head,
So vastly deep—so densely dark and dread,
That they do overwhelm me, and I sink,
As one who loses foothold, on the brink
Of some swift-rushing river. Yet, oh, Lord,
Grant that blest faith be unto me restored,
With its sweet fount of peace! And from mine eyes

Wipe off these blinding tears, for I would rise
And hasten on my journey, though my road
Is of all roads the roughest, and my load
The heaviest to bear. Care-worn and bowed,
I hurry onward through the gaping crowd,
Seeking the Land of Promise; and, oh, friend,
'Twill not be long ere this earth-travail end!

TO NELLIE.—A SONG.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

THOU art mine,
Nellie fair,
And I am thine forever;
Flowers I'll twine
In thy hair—
Love was truer never!

Life is brief,
Flying fast,
Once gone returning never;
Time's a thief,
Love will last,
Then let us love forever.

"PLAYING WITH EDGED TOOLS."

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

CHAPTER I.

How strange it is, reader, that there are some who seem to be loved and petted, to trifle and flirt, to make sad havoc, *a la* Cupid, in other hearts, and never feel the boy-god's arrow in their own! Seem, I say, for do you believe that they escape unharmed? I don't! Never yet was there a little witch of a flirt, who slew scores with the glances of her bright eyes, but some day got her reward—but some day found herself irretrievably entangled in the meshes of the snare woven for others. Yet every community has its Helen, for whom countless Trojan wars—on a smaller scale—have been fought, and still will be on through all coming years, so long as women are bewitching, and the lords of creation continue so excessively foolish as to become their victims.

And now, *a propos*, a story to the point, premising that Nellie Winslow was, *par-excellence*, the coquette and belle of the pleasant village of Mapleton.

Yet she was no dark, stately beauty. Neither had she a slender form or delicate features; for the latter were as unclassical as possible, as the little *nez retroussé* plainly indicated; her hair was neither raven nor golden, but of that indefinite hue poets call "brown in the shadow and gold in the sun," and her eyes neither black nor blue, but hazel-brown. To be sure, one poor fellow, whom Nellie had jilted, said that, "for his part he couldn't see why folks called Nellie Winslow pretty, with her red hair and grey eyes!" But, in the name of flirtation, how could he be expected to be an unbiased judge?

Certainly, the girl was no fairy; but then she had an irresistible "taking way" with her, that quite stole your heart before you were aware; in fact, like a certain old warrior of martial renown in the days of Grecian and Roman prowess, she "came, and saw, and conquered."

Wicked Nellie! And yet it was not her fault, if the village beaux would fall in love with her! If the clerks would insist upon carrying home the bundles (a roll of ribbon, or pair of gloves, perhaps!) when she shopped. Neither was she to blame, because the academy students would call so often, "just to leave a book for Miss Winslow, Tennyson's Maud, or Alexander Smith's Poems,"

which, perhaps, she had expressed a desire to read; nor could she be so unlady-like as to say nay, when Frederic Ellison, son of rich old Squire Ellison, who owned the three story brick house on the hill, and several well-filled stores on Winter street, who came home on long college vacations, would invite her to ride so often in his new buggy, which was the admiration of all the village beaux.

But at eighteen, despite numberless flirtations, and the gossips of all the match-makers—at eighteen, Nellie was unmarried, and fancy free, and as gay as ever.

How they did talk about her, to be sure. The young minister, it was said, had glanced toward "Uncle Winslow's pew" oftener than was consistent with his calling, until one Sabbath, looking paler and graver than ever, he did not look in that direction once, even, during three long sermons; it was reported, too, that for the past fortnight, rich old bachelor farmer Jankin's span of black horses had not been tied to the gate of uncle Winslow's farm-house, and he had actually offered himself to, and been accepted by, the rich widow Mills, whose farm joined his own; and then it came out, somehow, that the young collegian had been overheard, late one night, as he walked home from that same farm-house, to give vent to language neither choice, nor classical, as he railed at the fickleness of women in general, and at our friend Nellie in particular. And yet, wicked Nellie! Not a whit thinner or paler grew she, not a dance or pleasure party did she forego, not a bit less she laughed, sang, or ate; from which it may be reasonably inferred, that she had not yet been actually "in love."

CHAPTER II.

A GROUP of girls were gathered on the steps of Mapleton Seminary; and Nellie Winslow came slowly down the shady road, conning her French exercise.

"Oh! Nellie, Nellie!" exclaimed vivacious Georgie Lorton, hastening to meet her, and winding her arm about her. "Let old Allendorf and Corinne alone! Just listen! You don't know how shamefully Phil Pemberton has been using your name. You remember, Will Waters

introduced him to you, at the grove, the other afternoon, at his own request, too; and he told Will yesterday, that he found Miss Winslow a lively, agreeable girl, just the one to get up a flirtation with! It's shameful, I declare. The conceited dandy! Shall we strike his name off the list of invitations to that pic-nic, Saturday?"

"Ah! so Mr. Phil Pemberton thinks I'm just the one to flirt with, does he?" replied Nellie, coming up to the group. "Well, I hope he'll find it out to his satisfaction before long; but, indeed, girls, I wouldn't have him omitted from the invited for the world—especially, now I know his flattering opinion of me. I think I must show him how we Yankee girls can flirt!" was her reply, in a gay, mocking tone—although a flush of offended pride and modesty mantled her cheek, and her eye sparkled with unwonted fire.

"Good!" "Capital!" "Won't we have sport?" were the school-girl like exclamations of the group, while Nellie walked slowly into the seminary, with face still flushed.

But it is quite time the reader had been introduced to this young gentleman, whose propensity for flirtations seemed quite of a piece with Miss Nellie's.

Phil Pemberton was the only son of a wealthy Southerner, who, having graduated at the University of his native state, had come North to read law with Squire B——, the somewhat celebrated lawyer of Mapleton; or, perhaps, I should say, as was nearer the truth, to enjoy life in this quiet rural, village, to ride, walk, flirt, or study, as his own easy, careless, good-natured disposition permitted him. Pemberton had many noble qualities, and a generous disposition that made him a general favorite with the young men and academy students of Mapleton. His happy, care-free, social temperament, won many acquaintances. He joined all excursions; invited his friends to "take a smoke" when in his own rooms at the hotel, he puffed away at a German *meer schaum*, with his feet elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees; or, with the fastest trotter and lightest phaeton from Allen's livery stable, dashed away on a drive to the pleasant suburbs of the village.

Thus it was, that the young men declared Pemberton "a deuced good fellow;" but the ladies—how with them?

Well, certainly, if it be true, as somebody has said, that time is to be reckoned "by deeds, not years," then indeed had Phil Pemberton lived a whole age in Cupid's camp during the few first months of his stay in Mapleton; for already had he made the acquaintance of numberless pretty girls; flirted for the whole space of a fortnight

with black-eyed Belle French; driven down to "the beach" with Georgie Lorton; taken countless moonlight strolls and sails with Katy Winn; and now, "last not least," turned his roving heart to Nellie Winslow.

Certainly, this was, as some one expressed it, "doing business on the high-pressure principle;" he had already shown much greater proficiency in the arts of flattery and flirting, than in conquering the lore of Coke or Blackstone.

Reader, female flirts are to be expected in this world of ours—for has it not, from time immemorial, been laid down as an axiom, that a woman has no higher ambition than to add to the list of her victims, until the poor maligned beings have no alternative but to flirt in self-defence?

But from a male flirt "deliver us!" Was there ever so pitiable an object—such a perfect anomaly of creation?

Never had sweet Nellie Winslow looked lovelier, or more saucy or *piquant*, than on the day of the pic-nic. It was amusing to watch the quiet gleam of mischief, sparkling in the merry girl's eyes, as, with a very demure air, she accepted the invitation which made her Philip Pemberton's partner for the day. Her words, "I'll learn him how we Yankee girls can flirt!" seemed in a fair way to become fulfilled.

"How very gay Nellie Winslow is to-day!" ejaculated haughty, black-eyed Belle French to Eva Dustin; "for my part, I don't see how she can swallow what he said about her, and laugh and chat with him so. I couldn't! She can't have any pride."

"Oh, you let Nellie alone for that," replied Eva. "If she don't read that conceited fellow a lesson, before she's done with him, then I'm greatly mistaken, that's all."

Now, reader mine, please don't fancy Nellie a wild, hoydenish romp, who, in order to gratify her spirit of mischief, and be revenged on the person who had expressed so public an opinion of her, compromised herself in any way, either by meeting, or openly encouraging his advances. Oh, no. Nellie was none such. She understood herself and the game she was playing; she knew just how far to advance without crossing the Rubicon of maidenly modesty—to show a faint manifestation, so faint that it could hardly be called a preference, and yet certainly could not be construed into dislike—just when to

"Give a side glance and look down."

Ah! yes, indeed! artful Nellie Winslow's eyes were wide open that day, I'll warrant.

And so, before the day spent in the dim, shady

old woods was over, Phil Pemberton was out-generated—or, in plain English, "over head and ears in love," much to the delight of the school girl *clique*, and, doubtless, to the satisfaction of Nellie, as she bestowed a parting, mischievous glance upon the merry set when her smitten cavalier handed her to his carriage to drive her home to her father's low-roofed farm house.

CHAPTER III.

MONTH after month went by; and still at pleasure excursion, walk, or long moonlight ride, Philip Pemberton was the constant attendant of Nellie Winslow. Thus the pleasant summer time passed; and autumn came with gold and crimson vestures for the woods, and softer, hazier beauties to the sky; and still the gay girl was playing a dangerous game with her own heart, and still the Southerner lingered at her side. Was it possible that what had been commenced in jest had grown into reality?—that the snarer had become entangled in her own net? Could it be his coming that brought the flush to Nellie's cheek, or the sparkle to her eye? And poor Phil's, too? Was he a victim to his own folly? Had he walked, blindly, into the fire? What would people say? The proud, wealthy Southerner in love with an humble village girl? Ah, yes, it was certainly a decided "love-case" with the poor fellow!

And now began a struggle between love, and the pride which, though not inherent in his nature, had been fostered by his aristocratic birth and teachings. It need scarce be told which conquered. One evening, he sat in the little parlor of the farm-house, with the brilliant light of the harvest moon stealing in and weaving quaint shadows upon the carpet, and talked softly and tenderly to the fair girl beside him there.

"Nellie," and his voice trembled as he closed such a long, long story as thousands of lovers have told before under the golden moonlight, "Nellie, have you no word for me?"

The girl did not reply. She sat at the window, bathed in moonlight, the personification of provoking calmness and indifference. Pemberton could not read her face. An awkward pause followed. At length the silence, and his own feelings, became insupportable; and he seized a little white hand, that was in tempting proximity to his own.

"Miss Winslow—Nellie, I leave this village soon. My father summons me home—a sudden illness—but may I not return some day to claim this hand. Nellie, have I vainly loved you?"

Had that gay girl consulted her own heart then, she would have spoken the word that could have ensured her happiness; but the old mood was too strong upon her, her love of revenge triumphed. In a gay, bantering tone she said,

"And pray, to what unlooked-for cause may I attribute so favorable a change in Mr. Pemberton's once avowed sentiments toward Miss Winslow?"

He looked toward her with a surprised air.

A wicked light danced in her brown eyes, and she shook her curls saucily, drawing away her hand.

"Has, then, your memory grown so treacherous—and is your opinion so fickle, that 'just the girl to flirt with,' becomes 'just the girl to love?' I cannot understand such a metamorphose. How do I know but Mr. Pemberton is 'flirting' still?"

In an instant it flashed upon him. He bit his lips in vexation, and his hot, Southern blood rushed through his veins. What could he say in self-defence? But after a moment's pause, he vehemently exclaimed,

"Nellie, I acknowledge that I did utter that; but bear my defence, or rather my excuse. I came to your village a thoughtless, conceited fellow, who imagined his heart impenetrable to all shafts; you were pointed out to me as a professed trifler with your lovers, and, in a moment of vain boasting, I said what reached your ears. But what the sequel has been you know! I have fondly hoped, from your manner, that you were not trifling with me. Nellie, I love you—and I cannot think you would play a part with me. For my fault, I ask absolution. Let us be true with each other," and again he took her hand.

The evil spirit of mischief was not exorcised; for the girl rose, went to a distant seat, and threw herself down with a wearied air, "Now, don't hurry one so!" she said, drawing a long breath. "You are positively fatiguing!"

"Miss Winslow," and this time his voice took a quickened tone, "Miss Winslow, pardon me, if I say I am in no joking mood to-night. I cannot endure intolerable suspense. Nellie, for once, be earnest, be true, lay aside bantering—I cannot hear it! Nellie, tell me I am not indifferent to you!" and he crossed to where she sat.

There came a little pause—so profound that "the beating of their own hearts was all the sound they heard;" and then followed a light, provokingly sarcastic reply,

"Really, Mr. Pemberton, for your proffered kindness I am grateful—but from the honor you intend me, I beg to be excused! Mercy! how do I know but you would weary of me—and get

me sent off to Botany Bay or Utah city, or somewhere, pleading only 'a little flirtation,' and then turn your attention to some other 'little flirt'! Thank you!—but I think I'll continue in the old beaten path a little longer," and she fell to watching the moonlight sifting down through the vine leaves at the western window.

Certainly, if Nellie Winslow intended her words for gay banter, and thought that Pemberton would sue still further for her favor, she was decidedly disappointed. A brief silence was followed by a few cold, quiet, sarcastic words—"Miss Winslow, my eyes are opened. Thank heaven, before it is too late, I am not the dupe of a coquette"

In another moment the girl sat alone with the moonlight—alone with the memory of words she would have given worlds to have recalled.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN, next day, it was told that the first morning train bore Philip Pemberton from Mapleton, the usual *quantum sufficit* of gossip was set afloat, while Belle French was heard to exclaim, "Well, anybody could have foreseen just how it would have terminated. Of course his intentions were not serious!"

But Nellie?—nobody was a whit the wiser for a word she told them; for she wisely kept her own counsel.

One day there came a sad report, that spread like wild-fire through Mapleton. There had been a terrible steamboat disaster on one of the Southern rivers, and many killed and wounded. Philip Pemberton's name was published among the list of the latter—reported "dangerously injured." The sad news was read first, at a merry afternoon party, where Nellie had been extravagantly gay. Will Waters came in with the open paper in his hand. It fell like a thunderbolt on that gay circle.

"Poor fellow!" "Poor Pemberton." "Will he die?" "Does it say dangerously injured?" went from lip to lip.

"Yes," replied Will, reading the article aloud. "perhaps fatally injured! It is a sad thing. Phil was a splendid fellow."

All gave utterance to expressions of sympathy, save Nellie; yet her cheek paled, her lips quivered, there was a swallowing as of something in her throat; and I, who knew her well, saw how she suffered. That night as we walked home together under the starlit skies, there was a revelation made.

"Nellie, this is very sad news," I ventured.

The barrier of pride and reserve was broken down.

"Dreadful! dreadful!" she passionately exclaimed. "It is killing me—to know that I sent him away—that it was I who killed him!" and her hand tightened on my arm.

"Nellie, you loved Pemberton, and yet rejected him?"

"Yes, yes! What began in banter, grew to be earnest; I gratified my own folly and coquetry at the expense of happiness. And now to hear—to hear—" but she broke down in rushing tears.

Poor Nellie! how very like to many another, who, for the momentary gratification of an ignoble spirit of mischief or coquetry, has cast away her happiness—and with her own hands digged a grave for hope and love! still carrying into the world a smiling face, but alas! a withered heart.

Poor Nellie! if her penance was wrought out by suffering, then was hers. For weeks she lay in the delirium of brain fever; and it was pitiful to listen to her self-upbraidings; for she saw him dying, and accused herself of being his murderer; and when she rose from that sick bed, and gazed from the little parlor windows, the snows without were scarce whiter than her cheek, and the naked trees and leafless shrubs scarce more dreary or withered than her own heart.

CHAPTER V.

AND now, perhaps it might be more in consonance with the style of modern romance-writers, were I to represent my heroine as growing thin and shadowy, till she died of a broken heart.

But I shall do no such thing; for in this very matter-of-fact sort of world, everybody, let them suffer never so keenly, does not find time to die for love. No, in the ceaseless round of active duties, they must forget—or if not forget, crush back the memory of a first sweet dream—and toil on!

Three years passed, when all Mapleton was thrown into excitement, by the arrival at the village hotel of no less a personage than Phil Pemberton. Various reports, and "they says," immediately started upon their rounds. One said he had come North to win a bride, the fair daughter of Judge Denning, in an adjoining city, where of old he had visited; another contradicted the story; but all agreed in pitying the poor fellow, whose right arm hung shattered and helpless at his side, for in that terrible steamboat disaster, he had received an injury that maimed him for life! Poor Nellie! Her cheek grew paler than ever, and she drew a hard breath, when they spoke of his engagement; but

tears sprang to her brown eyes, when they told her of his withered arm and pallid face.

Well, it went on for a week. He had called on all the old friends, chatted with the girls who were married, and tossed their babies on his knee, still retaining much of his old geniality, they said; but Nellie alone was neglected. And then it was reported he had left Mapleton; and that without calling on her.

One day, Nellie and I were together in "Chesnut Grove," at the twilight hour. Already the young moon stood high in the Eastern heavens, like a silver scimeter hung aloft; but the sun had not wholly sunk in the West, and golden arrows fell slant through the long, dim forest aisles. A little brook gurgled on its way, leaping, prattling, like a happy child; and the oriole twittered in the branches overhead.

We had been talking—talking—all that long, bright summer's afternoon; but Nellie studiously avoided that which lay nearest her heart. Just then, when the sun dipped his kingly head behind the rim of the Western horizon, and one last golden beam lingered on Nellie's burnished hair, just then, and to this day I can't account for so *a propos* a happening, except on the principle that "it is always darkest before the dawn," at that hour, when the sweet girl's thoughts were saddest, a thin, pallid hand, white and delicate as a lady's, parted the branches away from the little nook where we sat, followed by a form and face I had seen often within the past week, but on which Nellie had not looked for three long years. Phil Pemberton was before her!

Reader, I remember, instantly, that my straw hat and a copy of "Mrs. Browning's Poems," had been left on the other side of the brook, and I set off to recover them, mentally resolved not to return.

Of course, I never knew how it came about. How they got over embarrassing pauses, broken sentences, and awkwardness of their encounter. Nor how proud Phil Pemberton ever cooled down his hot Southern blood to again become the "dupe of a coquette." Nor whether Nellie indulged in blushes and tears, or allowed the endearments reconciled lovers are apt to indulge in, in similar situations. But this I do know,

that she sought me that night, ere she slept, and wept while she told a story of recovered love and happiness, with blushing cheek; nor could I, as she went forth with that new, deep joy in her heart, refrain from uttering involuntarily, "Blessed are the beloved!"

When the news came out that Nellie Winslow was the bride Phil Pemberton was to take to his sunny Southern home, the old ladies and spinsters held a solemn inquisition at the "Mapleton Sewing Circle," before which old aunt Winslow was duly arraigned: and "railroad and steamboat disasters," and "yaller fever," and the manifold dangers peculiar to a journey "way down South," were duly descanted upon. But, in spite of this, there was sad havoc made by the elect bridesmaids among silks and muslins; or, as Phil said, "thread and needles, and scissors, and pricked fingers suffered some;" and there came a great call for blonde lace and white kids at the village stores; and at length all preparations were completed, and the wedding morning came.

But I shall not linger to tell you how "sweetly" the bride was said to look, in fancy muslin and white veil and rose-buds; nor how gentle, and sad she was when she came down the steps, in her neat travelling dress, leaning on her husband, and gave the last tearful *adieu* ere he handed her to the carriage, which was to bear them away. Some said, as the wedding party stood there, waving their handkerchiefs down the street, that she looked out from the carriage to return the greeting; but it was the pet belief of others, and they were right, that, instead, she was shedding happy tears upon her husband's shoulder.

Well, it was all over! Nellie had gone out from the home, where she had loved and suffered, a young and happy bride, and the benison of every heart went with her; but, reader mine, that was a dangerous experiment that came nigh shipwrecking her happiness; and it is not always that fate unites the separated, or that discarded lovers will plead anew; nor does every flirtation end as happily as did Nellie Winslow's.

Is not our *morale* evident? If you wish to escape unharmed, "DO NOT HANDLE EDGED TOOLS!"

A W A Y .

BY MAUD MEADOWCROFT.

AWAY, to some wave-girdled island,
Where the myrtles and oranges bloom,
Where the ice-king hath never descended,
To chill the warm bowers with gloom;

Where the birds warble all the long Summer,
And the deer through the green forests roam,
Let us fly, oh, my silver-voiced lover,
Let us hasten, my dove, and fly home!

WHAT WAS DONE ON A RAINY DAY.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

It is a rainy day, coming down in torrents, but I don't mind it in the least. It doesn't rain within doors—there is always sunshine here. My boudoir, or sanctum, with its thickly-curtained windows, is well-protected against the raging elements; the grate fire glowed brightly and warmly; and just before me an impudent, self-satisfied looking picture of Paul (think of my owning a Paul!) almost answers the purpose of his visible presence.

But, although I am very well acquainted with Paul, myself, there are a great many people in this benighted world who do not enjoy that privilege; and for their sakes, as well as to relate what happened to signalize a never-to-be-forgotten rainy day in the past, I will "begin at the beginning."

I love rainy days; a thrill of gratitude comes over me at the first plash of rain-drops—and an imaginary rainbow always spans the heavens when I gaze out in the mist and wet. To begin with myself; an old trick which I learnt years ago to apply to everything, and of which I am not yet quite cured: I was alone in the world, except an only sister some years older than I, who married Henry Romond, a young lawyer, and a most delightful brother-in-law. He was unexceptionable in every way, and his family tree was enough to crush one with its magnificence, but, alas! there was the usual attribute of family greatness, poverty; and I often marvelled that Clem, with her worldly notions, and determination to make "a great match," should have managed matters so badly as to cause a total rupture between her theory and her practice. But so it was.

After this, she always said, with a sagacious air, "We never know what we will do."

But this sister of mine wisely added, that "one in a family to make a love-match was quite enough, and upon me depended the redemption of the family importance." Clem solemnly assured me that "if I married a poor man, she never would speak to me again;" and to tell the truth, I was very little inclined to incur her displeasure on this point.

I saw Clem, with extravagant tastes, and love of excitement, (poor Clem! she knew no higher pleasure) condemned to live in a small house—

refrain from large entertainments—and employ only as many servants as were really necessary—in vulgar parlance, to "cut her garment according to her cloth." Clem did this much more cheerfully than I ever supposed she could do it, and Henry evidently considered her a wonder; but I knew, although she would not let Henry see it for the world, that my pretty sister often looked sorrowfully at Stewart's rick silks and camel's-hair shawls, and cast lingering glances at various gems of buhl, ormula and bronze.

But Clem was too proud to admit this. If her dwelling did scarcely measure even the commonplace twenty-five feet, and a man servant was unknown in her establishment, she was still Mrs. Henry Romand, and knew full well that many a wealthy *parvenu*, who visited her in her carriage, would gladly have changed positions with her. So Clem encased herself in an armor of pride; and I think that her poverty made her decidedly haughty and disagreeable.

I have said that Clem was pretty; so she was, but I was prettier. I say this just as quietly as though I were speaking of some one else, for it was an undisputed fact, and one for which I deserved no sort of credit. I was but clay in the hands of the Potter, and if He chose to make me a porcelain vessel, instead of an earthen one, why should I be praised? Any one could see at a glance that we were sisters—we looked very much alike; but my face was more regular than Clem's, and my eyes darker. Clem asserted this, herself, but considered it only an additional reason why I should not do as she had done.

"There will be no excuse for you, Emily," she would say, threateningly, "but as it is not every one who admires a nose like mine, I was obliged to do as well as I could."

Now, I look back upon such views with disgust; and would not, on any account, repeat them to Paul.

I did not live with my sister—I was there, as she said, "on a visit of indefinite length;" I had been at boarding-school until within a few years; and as a small property left me by an aunt rendered me quite independent, I visited about from place to place just as my fancy dictated. The preceding winter had been spent with a friend in New Orleans; and completely satiated with

the amusements of that gay city, I began to have a longing for peace and quiet—a something higher and holier than I had yet attained. But with Clem this was altogether impossible; she pronounced me “mopish,” and dragged me about from one scene to another, until habit resumed her full sway, and I forgot that anything higher could be expected of Emily Grarnold, the giddy bella.

Very soon after my arrival, sister Clem greeted me in this wise, “Now, Emily, I expect this to prove a decisive campaign; among our visitors there is one who is just the proper person for you; you have only to go, and see, and conquer. Wear your white crepe to-night, and no ornaments; for Paul Lensington has a very classical taste, and is a little particular in several respects. But I know that you cannot help liking him; and he has heard so much about you that he is quite crazy to see you.”

When Clem paused to take breath, I modestly requested a little information respecting the gentleman to whom she had so unceremoniously disposed of me.

“Well, he’s rich,” said Clem, a little more collectedly, “of an excellent family—not very young, nor particularly handsome—but rather learned and dignified, which makes it something of a bore to talk to him—and altogether, I think you will like him.”

I thought differently; but this conversation occurred while we were dressing for a shopping excursion, and soon I had laid aside the subject of Paul Lensington for the more exciting one of flowers and laces.

We met him that very evening; and I can safely assert that our case was not one of love at first sight. A quietly-dressed, gentlemanly person, whom I mentally pronounced “nothing in particular,” was presented to me in some triumph, by Clem, as “Mr. Lensington.” A few common-places of conversation ensued, and I then accepted the first invitation to waltz—leaving Mr. Lensington apparently as little concerned at my departure as I was.

During that evening, and many other evenings, I frequently caught a pair of remarkably expressive eyes fixed upon my movements; but when I gave any thought at all to the circumstance, I concluded that Mr. Lensington indulged in the habit, common to quiet people, of staring at one without being in the least conscious of that individual’s presence. I was accustomed to admiration, but Mr. Lensington was evidently not “a ladies’ man,” and in spite of Clem’s remonstrances, who was half wild that things did not go on better, I received the slight attentions of

my new acquaintance as indifferently as they seemed to be offered, and troubled myself very little about him.

So matters proceeded until the rainy day in question.

It had commenced raining before daylight, and without being at all weather-wise, it was safe to conclude that there would be no sunshine for the next twenty-four hours; so, as soon as Henry was fairly off, Clem and I resolved to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, and change the order of things by devoting ourselves to the useful instead of the ornamental.

As the day was dull, we resolved to compensate ourselves by as much internal brightness as could be procured. A charming fire of anthracite coal was soon blazing in the cheerful parlor; the sofa was drawn up to the grate; and having agreed to array ourselves *a la* sweet simplicity, we presented a picture of quiet home comfort that needed not another touch to make it perfect. Christmas was drawing near; and Clem produced a gorgeous dressing-robe, which she was lovingly putting together in secret for her good man, while I was engaged upon a pair of slippers for the same individual.

We felt unusually happy that morning; it was an innocent, child-like happiness, in which all thoughts of the gay world, with its monotonous routine of balls and jealousies, and heart-burnings were forgotten. We chatted of our school days—our visits in the country to an old aunt—and then Clem gave me some particulars of her first acquaintance with Henry, that made me sigh with a sudden sense of loneliness.

Just as I was admiring Clem’s cheek flushed by the blaze; and her rich hair shining in the firelight, she suddenly exclaimed that “it was a pity there was no one there to see me, for I had never looked so well!” when her expression of admiration changed to one of embarrassment, as she rose to welcome Mr. Lensington, who had been standing unnoticed by the sofa for a moment or two. The servant had opened the parlor door, and then quietly departed; while we pursued our chattering with so much earnestness that any slight noise was unheeded.

I shall never forget the expression of the face that met my astonished gaze. I understood it at once: that look took in the whole scene, the cheerful fire—the home-like apartment—the loving occupation—the happy faces, not flushed with false excitement; and the great, loving heart, of which till now I knew not, sent forth the cry, “Give this to me! this cheerful fire-side, bright with love and happiness—this home in every sense of the word, in which the weary

heart can fold its pinions in perfect rest and peace."

A strong feeling of humiliation and remorse arose within me, as I bent still lower over my work. I felt that his eyes were fixed on me; and when Clem, after a few vain attempts at conversation, made an excuse to leave the room, I could have implored her to stay.

Scarcely had the sound of her retreating footsteps died away, when Paul seized my hand, as though he had suddenly discovered a prize of which he feared some one might rob him; and poured forth a torrent of hopes, and fears, and tenderness, that fairly stunned me with its impetuosity. How the whole appearance of the man changed! How his inner life, warmed into visibility by the divine touch of love, thrilled and awed me with its purity!

Those eloquent words were spoken to me, and yet I felt that they were not mine; they were addressed to a something which he had clothed with my semblance, and enshrined in his lofty soul. The substance of his rhapsodies was this:

Paul, among his other "little peculiarities," entertained a strange propensity to come unexpectedly upon people when they thought themselves least observed, in order to discover just what they were in every day life. He had loved me, he said, from the first; but had feared that I was a mere beautiful worldling, until he saw frequent glimpses of something better beneath the surface. Something had brought him there that day, he knew not what—a presentiment, perhaps, that he would find his expectation confirmed. "And now," said he, "my fate is in your hands. It rests with you, Emily, to make me happy or miserable."

My heart was stricken as with a sudden blow. An angel had folded back the gates of Paradise, at which stood stern truth with a flaming sword, and the melancholy thought, "It might have been" echoed through my soul. Paul stood there before me, with radiant eyes, hopeful, entreating—and I—oh! what a contempt I felt for myself!

But I allowed not this moment of weakness to triumph. I put steadily from me the chalice just raised to my lips; and in a cold, quiet voice, that startled me with its hoarseness, I replied,

"I have not willingly deceived you in any respect, but I am not what you have represented me—your first thought of me was the right one. Leave me! forget me—I am not worthy of such love."

Paul extended his arms, and oh! how I longed to pillow my throbbing head on that loving heart!

"Emily!" said he, "dear Emily! be my wife, and love will teach you to be the rest."

"Teach me!" Was I to be tutored and trained by the man who professed to make me his idol? My rebellious spirit rose up in arms.

"You are laboring under a mistake, Mr. Lensington; my love would soon vanish under the process of being lectured and chided by my husband. I must be his equal; not his plaything, to be scolded and petted by turns; and for many reasons I must decline your offer. I thank you for the lesson you have given me—it has awakened in me higher aims; and although I should not endeavor to re-mould my character to suit the particular fancies of any one individual, I feel assured that this humiliating episode will not be lost upon me."

I loved the man, even while speaking thus; and a single glance at his face almost broke down my courage. The light of hope was so utterly extinguished there; so stone-like was the aspect of the whole figure, which seemed to say, "This is your work," that I hesitated for a moment; but the next, I had swept proudly out of the room with a cold word of adieu.

The front door closed after him; and Clem rushed out of her room to find me pale and exhausted on my way to my own apartment. These were not exactly the signs of an affianced bride; but my sister persisted in considering me so until I undeceived her in the plainest words.

Her face assumed an expression of incredulous surprise, that gradually gave way to one of indignation.

"Oh, Clem!" said I, vainly groping for some support, "help me!"

Her reply was not encouraging. "Emily!" said she at last, with concentrated energy, "you are a perfect fool! and Paul Lensington is another!"

But I was quite unmoved, and I proceeded, "He has made me despise myself, Clem, by the very nobleness of his love—despise my life and all its grovelling aims. I intend to begin differently; and oh! sister! if we could only begin together! Hitherto, I have lived entirely for *self*—entirely for show and glitter—while all good aims have been choked up by these weeds. Life with you is very pleasant—but you do not need me, Clem; I must go where I can be of some use."

"The four little Broadshores are all down with the measles," said my sister, in the driest possible tone.

"Were they relatives, Clem, or even intimate friends, I would go there at once; but being mere formal acquaintances, and enjoying all the comforts that wealth can procure, my presence

there might reasonably be looked upon as an intrusion. I think I shall go to aunt Marshall; that seems to be my clearest duty first now."

"Aunt Marshall!" echoed Clem, "why, she's as deaf as a post!"

"The more need, then, of sympathy and attention from those whose duty it is to render them. She is our mother's sister, Clem, and her claim is, therefore, a sacred one."

But Clem could not get reconciled at the idea of aunt Marshall, and sat looking at me as one might survey a harmless lunatic.

Poor old lady! She had never been important enough to dispute about before. Her quiet, country home, where she lived without any companionship, had been voted dull by Clem and myself ever-since we passed the period of childhood; and though we had been talking that very morning of the old lady's kindness, and praised the strawberry short-cake she used to make for us, it now struck Clem as extremely ludicrous that I should wish to bury myself alive with a deaf old woman, whose visits to the city had always been regarded as an infliction, and Clem and I went about with her to the fashionable shops, which she always would see, in a continual state of mortification at her ignorance.

But I was waking up; and in spite of my sister's remonstrances, I despatched a letter to aunt Marshall that very day, in which I proffered my company in the humblest manner, and requested a speedy answer. I hurried to commit myself before this fit of goodness should effervesce.

Clem and Henry formed a league against me, and assailed me on all sides with ridicule, Clem amiably wishing Paul Lensington at the bottom of the sea, before he made the proposal that had sent me off in this Quixotic style.

The answer to my letter was aunt Marshall, herself, who left her retreat to do me especial honor; and I felt quite humiliated by her praises of my "thoughtfulness." "She was delighted," she said, "to have me—I couldn't tell how lonely she was"—here my heart smote me—"and she only hoped that she would be able to keep me."

At this remark, Clem looked particularly knowing, but I didn't notice it at the time.

We climbed into the old, lumbering stage, aunt Marshall and I; and after riding a few hours, things began to look familiar. There was "Crackletharpe's tavern," a landmark in years gone by, with apparently the same idlers on the long "stoop;" there was the brook famous for violets and water-cresses; and there at last was the old lane into which we turned on approaching the house. The everlasting asparagus-tops

in the parlor, and the large cane fastening the door that opened into the kitchen, a relic of uncle Marshall, whom we scarcely remembered, brought vividly back the days when Clem and I, ungrateful wretches that we were! considered a visit at aunt Marshall's the height of felicity.

I was soon at home there; as thoroughly domesticated as though this were no new phase of existence. I saw that I was casting a little sunlight on aunt Marshall's lonely pilgrimage, and the task was not so difficult as I had imagined it to be. My aunt had always been a great reader, and a keen observer of human nature; her memory was stored with revolutionary incidents, and I often found her a most entertaining companion. Had the people around but left us alone, I should have been satisfied; but there were various ovations, in the form of tea-drinkings, which, coming from neighbors and old acquaintances, I could not slight, and which, from the more refined associations to which I was accustomed, I could not enjoy.

The winter passed quietly, and almost imperceptibly; and I never should have supposed that it would not have been more tedious, separated as I was from the gayeties which had hitherto distinguished the season. Various reproachful letters from Clem broke the monotony; but she wrote somewhat out of spirits, and said, that "she felt, now-a-days, as if she were cut in two. Henry," she added, "had been seized with the usual masculine mania for a place in the country; and now that I, in whom all her ambition centred, had behaved so very unaccountably, she scarcely cared what became of her."

I looked eagerly through the letter for something that was not there; no mention of Paul Lensington, and I felt disappointed. Clem's silence upon that point was almost unaccountable. I wrote to her at once, begging her to encourage Henry's plan of living in the country; for as I reviewed the past few months, I felt certain that I was nearer the goal to which I aspired, and I was anxious that Clem should live a more rational life.

The summer was upon us, balmy and beautiful; and I began to realize the exceeding loveliness of our rural retreat. Clem had promised me a visit; and I looked forward, every day, to her arrival. I watched the first strawberries, luscious ones they were, too, that grew in aunt Marshall's beds, and kept all marauders from gathering the tempting fruit.

One afternoon, having made up my mind that Clem would come the next morning, I was stooping down, "squatting," aunt Marshall would have called it, to push aside the leaves that hung

over the blushing faces of my pets. I heard a man's step on the gravel-walk; and supposing it to be Hugh, aunt Marshall's factotum, I called out, without raising my head,

"You can do the milking, this evening, for aunt Marshall has monopolized Sarah in-doors—and I will be there in a few moments to give you some further order."

"Thank you, Miss Emily," replied a voice that made my heart jump, "but I don't understand milking, and I cannot re-mould my character to suit the particular fancies of any one individual."

It was Paul Lensington. Clem had brought him.

I remained gazing at the strawberries, without seeing them; and Paul bent down low as he whispered, "Shall there be peace between us?"

When I went to meet Clem, I was not alone, and there was a decidedly mischievous gleam in her eye as it fell upon us; but I was too glad to have her with me again to care about that. I even forgot to scold her for having dared to bring Paul; but aunt Marshall highly disapproved of the "city beau," and peered at him through her spectacles, so searchingly, that I wondered at Paul's calmness.

We are married; the sunlight of home is no dream in the distance; and we both have cause to bless that rainy day. Clem is the happy proprietress of a pretty cottage, at which we are frequent visitors, and my once gay sister is quite the Lady Bountiful of the neighborhood; while Paul and I, "use the world as not abusing it."

THE WINDS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

MOAN on and wail, wild winds,
There's music in your tone,
Swaying the leafless maples,
Making the tall trees groan;
Whirling the snow in eddies,
Dark'ning the Heav'n's frown,
Tossing the shining icicles
Over old Winter's crown.

Kissing the cheek of the maiden,
Saucily tangling her hair,
Driving away spleen's shadows,
Routing the wrinkles of care!
Moaning, and sighing, and trembling,
Echoing through the vale,
Dancing along the hillocks,
Singing a saddened wail!

Chilling the limbs of the aged—
Frosting the temples with white;
Dimming the splendor of morning,
Dark'ning the shadows of night!
Playing in glee o'er the mountains—
Mountains so brown and bare—
Making a shrilly whistling—
Whistling so wild and rare!

Moan on, and sing, ye wild winds,
Echo along the stream,
Singing and playing weird harmonies—
Harmonies heard in a dream!
Roar on, and sing ye strong winds,
Whistle and trifle and moan!
Music is in ye and round ye—
Music wild, thrilling and lone!

ARIADNE.

BY J. H. MCNAUGHTON.

In the light
Of her eye
Beams, how bright,
Purity,
As she Heav'nward smiles thro' her tears!
Oh! how deep
In her heart
Doth she keep,
From false Art,
That one name that hath slept thro' long years!

She hath lov'd,
She hath lost;
She hath prov'd
—At what cost!
How soon wither Love's blossom at last;
In the morn
'Tis all bloom,
But how lorn
'Mid the gloom
Of the eve are the frail blossoms cast!

GRACE ROSENBERG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE STEP-MOTHER."

I.

It was during my twenty-fifth summer, that in a lingering tour over the Northern part of Europe, I passed a few days in the small town of N—— in Germany. This town, old and grey, was remarkable for no peculiar charm, and was only attractive to me on account of a celebrated musical academy which was there located. In youth, my passion for music was all absorbing. Myself not without some acquirements in this most beautiful of the arts, I devoted much of my time during my travels, to seeking out the best musical institutions, and cultivating my tastes by an acquaintance with their various systems.

I had come a good deal out of my way to visit N——, and when I had left the bungling coach which brought me thither, I hurried at once to the academy, and presented my letter of introduction to the venerable professor.

I found him in the great garden of the academy, engaged with a class of girls, who all flitted away on the approach of a stranger, except one who was reclining near an arbor, at a little distance, and apparently asleep. I made myself known to the professor, and received from him a most cordial greeting. He had devoted his lifetime to his beloved art with little enough of sympathy and encouragement, and the visit of an interested stranger elated him. He led me to a garden seat, and talked a long time in an earnest and often vehement manner. He gave me a brief but vivid account of the institution from its foundation, and entered into a more detailed history of his own connection with it. His system of teaching was peculiar, and he had been obliged to work hard, and to bear with many rebuffs before he had succeeded in making it popular. Even now it could not be said to be a favorite one. The jealousies of other teachers and the popular prejudice in favor of old styles had kept it in the shade.

"You see a specimen of my teaching," he said, in his quick, eager manner. "There is my class of girls. I have not shut them in cells and made nuns of them, cramping their spirit and destroying their beauty, but you see them in their every day lives. They live in the open air; there they study, practice, recite. You may think this is too free a life for pupils so young and merry, but I

tell you no. I trust them and they honor the trust. When these girls come to be old enough and trained enough to sing in the opera, their strength and beauty will not be worn out by too severe discipline, but they will be fresh, strong, beautiful, fit representatives of the art they have chosen; the art which of all others never grows old, is forever new, forever unattained.

"So you would like to hear them sing. If I can catch the wild birds, you will hear some of the purest, finest voices in the world."

He summoned his class by a motion of his hand, but they, not at all afraid of him, showed no disposition to obey. In vain he beckoned and called until he grew decidedly impatient. They all held back in real or pretended bashfulness.

"Afraid! you silly children, I am provoked with you!" cried the master, angrily stamping his foot on the sward. "I'll teach you to be shy of strangers. Where is Grace Rosenberg? She is not afraid to sing. Grace, come here!"

The girl whom I had before observed and thought was asleep on the grass, rose and walked slowly toward the master. As she approached I thought I had never seen so beautiful a countenance. Her features were of exquisite mould, her hair dark and luxuriant, and her eyes, of a liquid blue, were shaded by lashes the longest and blackest I ever beheld. This contrast between the color of the eyes and the lashes was singular, but very beautiful. I had never seen such eyes before and rarely have I since. She came close to the teacher and said, softly,

"What do you wish, my master!"

"I want you to sing. Sing that grand passage from Hayden, which I heard you practising not an hour ago. Sing as you sung then, as if the heavens were opening."

She smiled at his enthusiasm, but shook her head. "Do not ask me to sing now, I am so very tired."

"You tired? you with the best voice in Germany? How everything goes wrong to-day. Sing, Grace Rosenberg!"

She only folded her hands a little closer and said, pleadingly,

"I have sung all day. I just laid down to rest for I am weary, and there is a dizzy pain in my head."

I pitied the frail-looking, beautiful girl. I knew that she really could not do herself nor her master justice if forced to sing, and I drew a little nearer to say,

"Herr Professor, I hope you will not compel your pupil to sing on my account. She looks, indeed, very weary."

"She is obstinate—they are all obstinate," he muttered, "this comes of my system of indulgence."

A singular and rapid change came over the young girl's countenance when I spoke. She turned pale, then red, and laying her hand on the master's arm, said,

"Is there a stranger here?"

The question greatly surprised me, as I stood but a few paces from her and directly before her face, but the professor, seeing my amazement, learned forward and whispered,

"She is entirely blind!"

And then, looking earnestly into her face, I could see that into those beautiful, placid eyes the light of morning or noon or evening never shone.

"Yes," the professor replied to his pupil. "Here is a stranger, Mr. Winthrop, from England, who pays me the compliment of visiting the academy which few travellers have the politeness to do. He asks to hear my pupils sing, and this one is shy, and that one is tired."

She smiled slightly, hesitated a moment, then standing a little farther from us, folded her hands demurely and sung a noble theme, with one of the most thrilling, penetrating voices I ever heard. It rung like a golden bell through passages expressive of strength and triumph, then melted away in the softest bird warblings. Enraptured, bewildered by the flood of melody, I stood like one in a dream. When she had finished her song she stole quietly away, and was soon lost to sight in the grove.

Not until she had disappeared, did I turn my eyes from the bewildering vision to the professor's face. He rubbed his hands in gleeful pride.

"Isn't that a glorious voice?" he exclaimed. "There is not another equal to it in Germany. That girl will be a prima donna if she chooses."

"How sad, how unfortunate that she is blind!" I answered, not yet recovered from the surprise of that discovery.

"Oh, I don't know about that!" said the professor. "It does not mar her beauty, and will excite additional interest and sympathy for her when she comes before the public. It is all the better for her in one point of view."

"Who is she? What is her history?" I asked,

intent on learning something more of this rarely gifted unfortunate.

"She hasn't much history," was the careless reply. "She is an orphan, placed by charity in this institution, where she can prepare to make her own living. Great hopes are entertained of her future fame, but the girl herself has the most unaccountable repugnance to appearing in public. I have tried in vain to make her ambitious."

Here was a new phase of human character, genius without ambition! I was growing deeply interested in the blind singer, but as it was the hour for the professor to enjoy his coffee and pipe, I deemed it best to retire.

II.

THE next day, as I wandered through the outskirts of the town, I saw the blind girl a little before me, walking slowly toward the academy. I overtook her, and calling her by name, asked permission to accompany her thither. She was slightly startled on being addressed, but instantly remembered my voice and frankly held out her hand to me.

"Is it safe for you to go out alone?" I asked. "Does the professor allow you no attendant?"

"I do not need any," was her reply. "I have only been to see my old god-mother, whom I am accustomed to visit every morning. It is but a little way, and I know it by heart. Besides, who would harm a blind girl?"

I smiled at her simplicity and said, "I am afraid the professor is too careless of you."

"Oh, no!" she interrupted, "he is always kind. I love and reverence him as an adopted father. He is so kind to me—every one is kind to me."

"How can they help it," was my inward comment; but I forebore the remark. I saw that flattery would be repugnant to the blind girl's instinctive delicacy. Her spirit was a harp finely and sensitively strung. It would bear no rude touches. The quick and nervous expression of her features, the changing color, like alternate light and shade on her face, all betrayed a nature of exquisite delicacy.

"I wish to thank you," I said, at last, "for allowing me yesterday to hear you sing. I was so bewildered by your wonderful song that I did not then know how; but, if you will excuse the untimeliness, I will tell you now that you gave me a pleasure such as I have never felt before."

She smiled, colored and looked pleased.

"There is no need," she said, "of thanking. I am glad you liked my song."

This was said in such simple sincerity that I took courage to ask,

"Why did you sing for me after refusing the professor?"

"Ah!" she answered, laughing, "the dear old professor! I thought it was but a whim of his. We none of us mind him as you must have seen yesterday, for he has no order nor system. Indeed he prides himself on being guided and guiding us only by inspiration. At all hours he calls on us to sing, and if we are not tired we obey. I was tired and had no fear of angering him by disobedience, but when I knew that a stranger would be disappointed by my refusal, I sang. Besides," she added, with a softer tinge of color, "you pitied my weariness, and were so generous as to beg the master to excuse me. I sang for gratitude to you."

"Are we not near the academy?" she asked, after a moment's silence. "I think we are just at the gate."

"Yes," I replied, "that is true, but how do you know where we are? You cannot see."

"I smell the hedge of sweetbriar that runs about the garden, just inside the wall; and now we are beneath a cedar tree which the gate swings back upon."

"You seem to know the situation of the grounds," I said, "and to speak familiarly of different trees and shrubs, yet you never saw them."

"Oh, yes! I have seen them," she exclaimed. "Often when I was a child I played about here. I was not always blind."

"Is it possible! How then can you be reconciled to such an affliction?"

With the same serene, peculiar smile which I had observed before on her face, she answered simply, "Every one is kind to me."

"Stay a moment under this cedar tree," I begged of her, "and tell me something of your history. Do not think strange of the request. My heart is moved only by sympathy and kindness toward you."

"There is very little to tell," was her reply. "I was born here; my father and mother were poor people, but very good. We lived in a little cottage just outside the town, on the borders of a beautiful pond. In the summer time that pond was covered with water lilies. Oh, how I loved them! They were so beautiful, so fragrant, I can never forget how they charmed me. One day, when I was eight years old, while reaching after lilies, I fell into the pond and was nearly drowned. A long and violent fever followed, from which I barely recovered in time to see my mother's death. Weeping and excitement in this

state of weakness affected my eyes, and being soon after left entirely an orphan, I was neglected and gradually lost my sight. For years I suffered great pain and was very helpless, but it is all over now and I am content.

"I go often to my play-ground," she added, "and smell the water lilies, but I shall never see them again. Some time——"

She hesitated, blushed and paused.

"What were you about to say?" I asked, eagerly.

"I was going to say that some time I would show you that beautiful pond. I forgot you were a stranger and would soon be gone away."

"And do not remember it again, I beseech you," was my answer. "I think we are friends by this time and no longer strangers. If you will indeed show me the place which was the scene of so much happiness and sorrow to you, I will be deeply gratified."

She still hesitated.

"Are you afraid to trust me?" I said, reproachfully.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, "I will trust you. Your voice is a true and friendly one. The day after to-morrow I will go with you there, but I hear the class singing and must join them now."

I led her within the gate and bade her adieu. The next day was the Sabbath, and I strayed into a church near by, more for the sake of seeing its inner architecture, than from any desire to join in the service. Very soon I had reason to rejoice that my curiosity had led me thither, for, from among the voices of the choir, I distinguished that of the beautiful blind girl. How unlike all other voices it was! How much richer, sweeter, purer! It floated through the arches of the old cathedral like the fragrance of tropical flowers. I could not, from my position, see the singers, but there was no need to look at Grace Rosenberg. From the tone of her voice, as she chanted, I knew the very shade of expression her countenance wore.

That night my sleep was haunted with strange dreams. I thought I stood under the open sky, and heard, far above me, the warbling of a wonderful bird. Shading my eyes from the clear sunshine in which it soared, I could see it with its silver plumage floating in the higher air, so lightly, so airily, as if itself were only spirit. I held my hands upward beseechingly, I beckoned and lured it to me, and almost before I was well aware, it had flattered downward and was resting with a low music on my breast.

A strange shadow crossed my dream. An evil spirit seemed to take possession of me: and with

a rash hand I struck the bird and tore its silver plumage. It nestled a moment longer, clinging to my bosom with trembling, bleeding wings, and then fell dead at my feet. I woke shuddering, and my eyes were full of tears.

III.

It was a wildly beautiful spot to which Grace Rosenberg led me, on the following day. At the foot of a rugged hill, crowned with fir trees, lay a lovely little lake, white with water lilies that swayed to and fro on their reedy stems with every motion of the wind. A cottage had stood on its margin; but was now in ruins.

I gathered a handful of lilies and gave them to Grace.

"Oh, if I could but see them!" she suddenly exclaimed. "If I could look once more at the cottage, and the pond, and the lilies! Only once more!"

"Poor child!" I cried, "what affliction can be equal to this!"

But the shadow which had a moment ago darkened her spirit was a fleeting one, and already gone. Laughing lightly she answered,

"Don't speak so pityingly! a thousand suffer heavier afflictions than I. My health is perfect, my spirits are light, my master and schoolmates love me, and when I am singing the beautiful songs of our German masters, I forget, almost, that I am blind."

I cannot describe that golden afternoon, nor record much that was said as Grace and I lingered by the lake. It is like a dream in my memory, beautiful, but with an unreal sweetness. Hour after hour passed by, and we sat in the shadow of the fir trees, in the fragrance of the lilies, learning more and more of each others outer and inner life. I told her my history, in return for her own confidence, and she listened with eager interest. I told her of my orphanage, of my desolate home, of my long wanderings in foreign lands.

"And now," I added, "to-morrow I must again renew my journey."

"To-morrow!" repeated Grace, "so soon!"

"Yes, to-morrow. I have already outstayed my allotted time, and many things now combine to call me back. I have spent the happiest days of my absence in this little German town. Here I have heard the voice of the sweetest singer in Germany, and I shall go home and wait to hear, before many years, of her fame and glory. I foresee for you, Grace, a brilliant, a dazzling career."

A sigh was her only answer. I watched her face narrowly, but there was no expression of pleased vanity or awakened ambition.

"Will it not be so, Grace?"

"I suppose so," was the cold reply.

"Is it not such a life as you would desire? Will you not glory in such a career?"

"No."

"What then would make you happy? Tell me, Grace. Remember I am your friend."

A deep emotion seemed to possess her for a moment and to choke her utterance, but she overcame it, and answered calmly and sadly,

"This is what I should like—a happy home, a quiet, peaceful home, such as other women have. A secure and calm retreat, away from the excitement and glory of the world, where I could be happy, useful and beloved. This is what I would ask, what I shall never have—because I am blind."

"And your voice—what would become of that?"

"Oh, I would sing from morning till night in such a home as that, and it would be such a joy to me! For I should not be exhibiting my powers before a curious crowd, but singing out of my heart before God and the angels, and the ones I loved."

At this moment, it was when we were returning homeward, we could distinctly hear the class singing in the grove. I remember their song, for it accorded singularly with our conversation, and years afterward, when all was changed, I heard it once again. It was more like a chant than a song, and had this constant refrain, on which their voices dwelt with a peculiar mournfulness.

"Home and peace—

Home and peace are not for me."

I paused under the shadow of the cedar tree, where once before I had made Grace linger with me. Looking forward into the future, it was blank and dreary without the love and companionship of this rare and gentle spirit. I might go away on the morrow, as I had designed, but I must carry with me the haunting remembrance of this blind, beautiful face. Life looked empty and forlorn.

"Grace Rosenberg," I said, and took her hand in mine, "we have known each other but a few days, yet my heart has gone out to you as never before to another being. You are beautiful, gifted, affectionate and pure, and I love you. Home and peace shall be yours if you will share them with me."

I bent earnestly over her to read the answer in her face before it found expression in words. Her eyes swam in tears, and her lips trembled as she said,

"A blind girl—can you make a blind girl your wife?"

"If the blind girl can love me, Grace."

A moment her face trembled in tears, then with a beaming look she turned her sightless eyes upward, and in her own strange, simple fashion said,

"Dear God! I thank Thee for this gift of love. Make me worthy to share and bless his home!"

IV.

THE old professor shook his head when we went together to him, and looked at both of us with strong disapprobation.

"Rash young man!" he exclaimed, "do you not stop to consider? What help will a blind wife be to you? Oh, yes! Doubtless your head is full now of love and romance, but the time will come when you will want a useful companion and not a helpless burden. I tell you I do not approve. It is not a wise, nor prudent, nor sensible alliance.

"And you, poor, foolish girl," he said, looking half pityingly, half sternly at Grace, "I loved and gloried in you as in my own child, and yet you leave me for a flattering stranger. Do you know what it is to be the idol of a day and the outcast of years? To be first adored, then neglected and despised? I would I could have foreseen this; I would not have called you to sing to this impulsive stranger. What will you do when he tires of you?"

"Return to you, my master," answered Grace, smiling.

"But will I have you? Will you be worth anything to me when sorrow has faded your beauty and enfeebled your voice? Oh, Grace Rosenberg!"

I indignantly repelled his insinuations, and promised the most faithful guardianship over his pupil; but he would not be reconciled to the loss of the finest voice in Germany, and angrily I led Grace away.

Before I left N—— we were married, and in the same church where Grace's singing had stolen my heart, she changed her name for mine—the romantic German name of Grace Rosenberg, for the simpler Grace Winthrop. I took her immediately away, and established myself once more in my ancestral home.

How brightly that first year sped! Oh, my blind wife! Would that I could look back on later years with the serene reflections with which this comes before my memory. My gentle, beautiful Grace! You were happy then—happy with home and peace.

I passionately loved my bride, and gloried in her beauty and her rare gifts. From my father I had inherited an ample fortune, and now it was

my delight to surround Grace with everything which could minister to her happiness. Her tastes were simple, and required but little to gratify them. To have her rooms made fragrant with flowers, to sing and play, or to listen while I read some favorite volume, was sufficient happiness for her. Her quiet enjoyment of home satisfied her; and in that home her face made a perpetual sunshine.

She shrank with extreme diffidence from society, and would have preferred never to leave her fireside, but for my sake she overcame her reluctance and accompanied me to the parties of my friends, where her wonderful singing won for her universal admiration. Though retiring and unassuming in the extreme, her manner wore a quiet dignity which always commanded respect. With remarkable quickness she acquired an easy command of English, and her slight, foreign accent was but an additional charm.

But notwithstanding all this, there came a change. I tired of her. It was not because her beauty faded; she grew lovelier as her face and form matured; nor was it that her affection for me became less ardent. I believe she loved me better than her own soul.

But I was of an excitable temperament and fond of gaiety, and her simple, domestic charms ceased to satisfy me. I was rich and courted by society. I plunged into its giddy whirl, and my vanity made me too easily susceptible to its allurements. It grew to be a burden to take Grace with me to every ball and opera I visited; I did not like to be seen in these gay places, leading a blind wife. "Oh, if she were only like others!" I said to myself again and again, contrasting her quiet loveliness with the elegant manners and fascinations of the belles I met in society. I began to reproach myself for ever having been united to such a burden.

I now left her much alone and gave myself up to fashionable follies and amusements, but in the whirl of excitement I never could feel free. There was ever the memory of the blind, patient wife at home, to whom I was bound by ties as strong as life. This feeling of bondage grew so irksome that I blamed her for having yielded too easily to my wooing. Not in words did I do this—I had still too profound a respect for her, but in my own mind, secretly.

Grace felt the change most keenly, but outwardly appeared the same. At first she sometimes begged me to stay with her, but soon my impatient replies taught her silence, and she seldom afterward asked where I was going.

We had been married two years, perhaps a little longer, when at a grand ball which I attended

without my wife, I first met Helen Temple. She was the belle of the metropolis, for her beauty, wealth and accomplishments. An orphan heiress, she was independent of all guardianship, free to follow out every caprice of her nature. Besides, she was a thorough coquette and boasted of her conquests.

Dazzled by her brilliant fascinations, by the mingled haughtiness and coquetry of her demeanor, I persuaded myself that there was no harm in enjoying her society, and ere long became her constant attendant. Half repelling me, she yet lured me onward. At first I was only an admiring attendant, but soon grew bolder, and habitually addressed her in terms of admiration and devotion. She received these expressions as a matter of course, with a carelessness which while it irritated me, yet drew me closer into the snare of her fascinations.

Let me pass this period of my history as speedily as possible. The memory is too bitter, too remorseful.

One evening, after my flirtation with Helen had grown to be the absorbing interest of my life, I started to accompany her to the opera. I had noticed at dinner the unusual pallor and silence of Grace, but I little heeded now the changes of her face or manner.

As I was leaving the drawing-room, Grace falteringly asked where I was going. I hesitated a moment, then answered,

"To the opera."

To my surprise, for I now never told her the news of the day, she asked,

"Does not Fraulein Leonore sing to-night?"

"Yes," I answered, abruptly.

"She was once in the academy with me and was my friend. I wish you would take me with you to hear her sing."

"I cannot take you," I answered.

"Why?" she asked, "it is a long time since I went anywhere with you."

"I cannot take you to-night; I have another engagement."

Grace turned deathly pale, and approaching me laid her hand on my arm.

"With Helen Temple?" she asked, in a voice so agitated that I hardly knew it for her own.

I started as if she had struck me. I did not dream that she had any suspicion of my acquaintance with Helen.

"Who has been playing the tattler to you?" I cried, angrily. "Am I to be put in leading strings? I'll show you I'm nobody's slave."

"Arthur!" said Grace, and though her voice trembled, it was strangely sweet and calm.

"Arthur, a wife is a wife even if she is blind—

and marriage is holy, even if it is unfortunate."

"Would to heaven I were out of its bondage!" I said, passionately, and flinging her hand from my arm, I left her.

Helen went with me to the opera, and for awhile made me forget the unpleasant occurrence of the evening by her brilliant flow of wit. Suddenly her eye met that of a gentleman near us, who had been watching her a long time, much to my uneasiness; and with a coquettish start and smile she beckoned to him. He came quickly and took the seat beside her. She introduced me, then devoted herself wholly to the stranger for the rest of the evening. For a long time I concealed my mortification by seeming lost in attention to the music. At last I could bear their whispered flirtation no longer, and expostulated in an angry whisper.

Her haughty face flushed at the reproach, and she answered scornfully,

"You need not fear the comments of the public. No one expects me to devote all my attentions to a married man."

It was the first time she had ever mentioned my marriage, and her sarcastic manner, of doing so now aroused all my indignant pride. I whispered back angrily,

"My marriage has never before been any restraint on our intercourse. This regard for propriety is a sudden whim."

The quarrel, though a whispered one, was bitter on both sides. Helen flashed back this reply,

"I am perfectly free to amuse myself with whom I please. No disagreeable ties restrain me. I have not wronged your blind wife."

"Do you insult her too?" I exclaimed.

"I cannot insult her as you have done," was her haughty reply. "Mr. Winthrop, since you are become so excited, perhaps we had better part. I never enjoy the society of a gentleman after he quarrels with me. You may leave me any moment. I am in safe keeping."

I rose instantly, stung with shame and wrath. "Helen, farewell!" I said. She bowed and smiled gracefully, and turned to her companion.

Enraged, ashamed, and bitterly reproaching both her and myself, I rode homeward in a fever of excitement. My own horse waited for me at a little inn on the outskirts of the city, (for I lived a few miles in the country) and springing on his back, I gave myself up to my tormenting reflections. It was a dark and misty night, my horse was a spirited animal, and in my excitement I lost the control of him. Just as I neared my own gate he became terrified and threw me. I was borne senseless into the house.

A long blank followed. When I was again conscious more than a week had passed, and I lay upon my bed, weak and helpless, with fever. As soon as my memory returned I was overwhelmed with remorse. My eyes wandered about the darkened room seeking for Grace. I longed to fold her in my arms and implore her to forgive and pity me. I longed to confess all my wrong and injustice, and to renew the vows of my early affection.

I looked for her in vain. My faithful old housekeeper stood watching by my bedside, no other was in the room.

"Where is she?" I murmured, feebly. "Call Grace to me."

The old woman wiped her eyes, but did not stir.

"She is not here, Arthur," was her reply.

"I know it. Call her—bring her to me. I must see Grace."

"You must be calm," was her answer, "excitement will bring on your fever."

"Do not torment me!" I cried. "I must and will see my wife."

"Must I then tell you all? Rash boy, you have brought worse affliction than sickness upon yourself. Grace, your wife, is not here; she is gone."

"Gone—where?" I repeated, in bewilderment.

"She is gone—no one knows where."

"Oh, God!" I uttered, and sunk in agony upon my pillow. What evil had my folly wrought! The long patience and forbearance had ended in despair. My cruel words came back upon me with an overwhelming sense of their cruelty. "Would to heaven I were out of its bondage!" Out of the abundance of her love and sorrow, she had answered that wild wish, and now it was too late.

I beckoned to my housekeeper to sit down by me. "Tell me all," I said.

She feared to excite me, but I would not be refused.

"Then I will tell you all I know. For months past, Grace has carried a broken heart in her breast. She did not complain or ever murmur, but I watched her, for I could not help loving her, and I often saw her weeping, and heard her moaning to herself when she did not know that any one was near. I don't know how it was that she heard of Helen Temple, but of late she has seemed to know everything concerning you. This she discovered in some way, and it almost killed her. I could see, at last, that she meant to speak to you, to try to move you. She did speak to you that night, and I don't know how you answered her, but after you went away I heard her sobbing a long time; then I heard her say, 'Poor Arthur! The burden is, indeed, too great for him. I will free him.' And she

repeated, 'I will free him,' a great many times. In the night, when you were brought in senseless, I searched for her, but could not find her. She and Madge, her German maid, were gone. We have all searched for her; but in vain."

V.

My strong will, made supernaturally strong by the agony of my mind, overcame my weakness, and before another week had passed, I rose from my bed and set out in search of my lost Grace. The charm of that other enchantress was broken. I scorned her now as much as I once admired her. She was nothing to me; I do not even now know what ever became of her.

I knew instinctively that Grace was in Germany. As the bird flies home to its nest at night, so would she, poor bird with bruised and broken wing, seek in this night of sorrow the nest which sheltered her youth.

I set out for Germany. Not now, as two years before, an idle youth, curious to see objects of beauty and romance, but a man, heavy hearted, with a burden of remorse and sorrow. This past year of dissipation and folly seemed like a strange, unnatural dream.

When I first set foot on German soil, a newspaper was thrust into my hands, and I glanced carelessly over it, but soon my eyes were riveted to one sentence—a paragraph which announced that the blind pupil of Professor Ogden, would sing that evening in N—. A note added that it was only at the earnest solicitation of her master and his friends, that she had consented to appear once in public for the last time.

I was at first amazed that Grace should consent to do this, even here in the home of her childhood; but with a moment's reflection I saw through the apparent inconsistency. She had gone home to her old master, as to her only friend and protector, and he had received her with joy and affection. Already he had renewed his ambitious plans for her, and was determined to bring her rare powers before the public. I well knew how a sense of duty and gratitude had forced her, naturally yielding, to gratify him and repay his charity to her. Her whole nature was averse to notoriety; but she was in her master's power, and he was her only friend.

It was a long day's journey to N—; but I felt I must reach there that night in time to save Grace from this trial. Once assured of my penitence and love, I knew that no earthly power could tempt her to sing in this concert.

There were no rail-cars then, and the lumbering coaches were far too slow for my impatience. I engaged a fleet horse at starting, and through

the day managed to secure a fresh one every few hours. Still there was some delay, and I saw with burning impatience that it would be impossible to reach N— before a late hour of the evening. Yet I hurried on, goaded by a thousand feelings of remorse, of repentance, of re-awakened affection.

It was ten at night when I rode into N—, dusty and exhausted, but I went at once to the concert room. It was densely crowded, and with difficulty I found my way within.

Never shall I forget the vision that there met my eyes. The last song was to be sung, and Grace stood alone upon the stage, before that vast assembly, so beautiful that it seemed some spirit had suddenly come amongst them. Her dark, rich hair was simply braided; her dress was of white, without ornament; in her hands she held a cluster of water lilies. The sight of those flowers pierced my heart. I knew that she had been there, to the little pond, alone, and had gathered them in memory of me.

Then it was that I heard again the strange, beautiful song, which long ago the class had chanted in the academy grove, while Grace and I stood under the cedar tree and plighted our vows to each other.

Home and peace are all I ask,
Simple joys and heart at rest,
Let me only fold my wings
Ever on one faithful breast,
Far from worldly joys or woes,
Sweet would be my soul's repose.

"Come!" said Glory's syren voice,
"Child of grief, and be mine own!"
"Come!" a favoring world repeats—
"Dwell no more afar, alone."
Home and peace are all I sought,
These has glory never brought.

Where then, heart unsatisfied,
Where then shall thy rest be found?
And my heart gives back reply,
"Only in the silent ground—
Only where the white flowers blow
On the mossy graves and low."

Home and peace—

Home and peace are not for me.

The song, warbled with a wild sweetness and sadness which penetrated every heart, ceased; and a hundred bouquets fell at the feet of the blind singer. She made no reply, by sign or smile, to the prolonged applause. Pale as the lilies she clasped in her hand, and as drooping she stood there, her beautiful eyes cast upward with a mystical expression, as if she saw something invisible to outer sight. The curtain fell. A tumultuous call rose for her re-appearance, but she did not come. Tired of waiting, at last the audience dispersed, and with difficulty I found my way to the stage.

There seemed to be strange confusion in the ante-chamber. I could hear the professor's excited voice, and others replying in seeming distress. Women, in their concert dresses, hurried to and fro, weeping and wringing their hands.

Wild with apprehension, I broke through the door and stood amongst them, calling for Grace.

The old professor heard me; and, without a word, pointed to the couch on which my wife lay. Weary she looked, but very beautiful, and seemed to be asleep. I sprang to her and caught her hand in mine; but dropped it again with a shudder of inexpressible anguish. The unnatural excitement of the evening, added to her mental suffering, had been too great for her. The hand was cold. She was dead.

I laid my broken flower by the water lilies, on the margin of the lake she loved, and became again a wanderer. Years have passed and I have not lived in vain; not in vain, for thou, pure spirit of Grace Rosenberg, hast been with me for an inspiration. And every good deed I have done has been to my repentant heart like a flower cast on thy grave.

And this is the moral of my tale. Deal justly, deal tenderly with the heart that is in thy keeping. Some spirits are delicately strung, some hearts are quickly broken; and no tears are so bitter and so burning, as those shed on the grave of the one we have loved and wronged.

OLD MEMORIES.

Ah, me! how very light a thing
May rouse old memories;
The waving of a snow bird's wing,
The sighing of a breeze.
Once in the chilling Winter hours
'Twas ever bright and gay,
I wept not for the faded flowers—
I sighed not for the May.

But now across my path is laid
A shadow from the Past;
Ah, me, how long and deep a shade
A tiny grave may cast!
So now when falls the stainless snow,
I turn away with sighs;
For she who watched with me is now
Hid 'neath it from my eyes. L. K.

APPLES.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

APPLES, not packed in barrels nor displayed on stalls, but hanging ripe and red-cheeked on trees—like Eve's and Sir Isaac Newton's. An odd love-token, and yet amongst the practical Yankee nation they might do the duty of rose-buds or of the scarf of chivalric memory. One August afternoon, a tall youth and a sweet, blue-ribboned girl of sixteen were walking through an orchard. Under a tree of blush apples, looking the personification of forced humility with its ground-kissing branches, the blue streamers paused to pluck a tempter. As she admiringly held it up to her companion, he asked, "Do you know what that reminds me of, Rebecca?"

She shook her head.

"No? Let me show you," he replied, and encircling with his fingers the blush on one side of the apple, he raised the little hand that held it to her cheek. "There! talk of the bloom of a peach! Is it softer, more worthy the comparison than that?"

At these words, the tint on the cheek made the apple look faded. Edgar Tappan gazed on the pleased light in the eyes, and after a moment asked, "Will you give me that apple, Rebecca?"

And when he went home he wrapped it in tissue paper and put it carefully away. Apples, of all fruits, have accomplished the most. This one sealed the tacit bond between the lovers.

September rung the bell for the close of the summer vacation, and young Tappan hastened back to his studies. Meanwhile, with his betrothed the time passed as with most American girls after leaving school—she could hardly tell how. She was the warm-hearted, unselfish sister of three brothers, urchins who made a point of tearing their clothes on every fence and losing their mittens down every well, so that her darning and knitting propensities were often called into play. So were those of bandaging and nursing, when they, as often happened, came limping home with thorns in their feet, or fell off cherry trees or loads of hay, or were dragged, half drowned, from under the ice in the skating pond.

Many of the hours in which Edgar Tappan, with flushed cheeks and hands thrust up through his disordered hair, was bending over his study-table, were spent by Rebecca in crocheting, em-

broidering under-sleeves, &c. So that during a five years engagement they only receded farther and farther from each other.

At last a deep-thinking and cultivated professional man came to fulfil the obligations of the unformed sophomore. He joined in the picnic and wedding parties, and other summer gaieties, and Rebecca Williams felt that a critical eye was on her. She had a dim apprehension of the lack of congeniality between them, but it was far from dim with him as he lounged away his mornings beside the fishing brooks, although the wish which it prompted long remained so. Ah! day-dreams! day-dreams! what a shade ye throw over evil! Ye make the path beyond seem so bright, the leap across the chasm so easy, or, at least, like tooth-drawing, so quickly over!

"Superficial, uninformed mind, unintellectual tastes," were the mutterings with which Mr. Tappan now parted with the beautiful Rebecca. After this, the steps were few to an open renouncing of his engagement. But oh! how should he take them? If he could only avoid a scene! This detained him many weeks, and troubled him more than the thing itself. But a bright idea, as he thought, struck him one evening as he was accompanying Rebecca from some festive gathering. They were crossing the orchard, through which they had strolled in former days. "Rebecca," he said, casting up his eyes at the old apple tree, "do you remember giving me an apple from this tree?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Allow me to give one to you," said he, catching a branch. "There! we are even now, are we not? and can let by-gones be by-gones," he concluded, with a quick glance.

Rebecca walked on by his side, a tumult of emotions throbbing within her. She felt that she ought to demand an explanation, but she could not speak. Mr. Tappan switched down the Canada thistles in their way, and did not look at her till they parted formally at her father's gate.

He comforted himself with the reflection, "I don't believe she cares much," and balancing it between vanity and good feeling whether he wanted her to care or not, he walked down the road. Rebecca ran up to her own room. "The

giving and taking of an apple, is that all?" she sobbed, and then perceiving that she still held the one he had handed to her, she opened her little window, and flung it as far as her indignant arm could send it.

"Hillo! what's that?" exclaimed the workmen, as it came bounding down into the field behind the house where they were tossing hay.

According to the novels she had read, Rebecca should have lain prostrated on her bed the next morning, or should have been in a raging brain-fever. But she was neither. The day passed on. There was a party for the evening. As the hour approached, she was obliged to admit that she was utterly incapable of appearing. And so it continued to be with her—the mere meeting a stranger too much for her outraged, lacerated feelings; like exposing to a chance touch a bare and bleeding spot. Her knowledge of one thing soon ceased to be "superficial"—a life-time's lessons of suffering were crowded into the two or three months which wore on ere she went South for change of scene.

Occupation, her soul demanded, and she found it in study. A year of steady application made a great change. Although she did not acquire much, her intellect was aroused, and the foundation laid for many fair structures of knowledge.

One night as her head rested upon her kind brother's shoulder, she sighed that it was impossible for her to interest herself in things around her—"more than difficult: impossible." "Impossible! there is hardly anything impossible to a strong will," was his deep-chested and meditative reply.

She carried this with her to her aunt's in New York, coupled with a conviction that she must seem like others. People don't want much to do with one with any appearance of feelings and interests differing in any great degree from their own.

But how, how did her aching heart attain her aim? If I can explain this, you will also comprehend a puzzle of the up-town world—her matrimonial preferences. Let us step over two years. "Rebecca lacked style," Mr. Tappan had said, "a professional man could not take the position he wished without a wife who would give a tone to his establishment." Now, she was even more distinguished for her learning and her elegance than for her beauty. There had been nothing to unlearn, and the unpretending country girl had developed into a city young lady who understood herself perfectly. The maroon-draped parlors of Mrs. Adriance, Rebecca's aunt, may serve as back-ground to the two figures which Rebecca and her friends

weighed so differently; those of Mr. Cutler, the idol of society, and a Mr. Hunter. In fine relief sat Mr. Cutler on the front parlor sofa, one morning, about the time of the milliners' spring openings. Miss Williams had scarcely settled her hoops after his departure, before Mr. Hunter took the vacated seat. The contrast was not favorable. Mr. Hunter was plain and commonplace, perfectly unattractive in every respect, and though his fortune was handsome, Henry Cutler was the only child of a millionaire—as the drygoods' clerks say, by far "the most desirable."

Mr. Hunter wished to marry. Miss Williams seemed to him a suitable person for his wife; if she saw the thing in the same light, the business was concluded.

Over the velvet door-rug went Mr. Hunter, passing Mrs. Adriance. He did not stay ten minutes in the lobby, and so missed this exclamation, "Rebecca, you don't say you have refused Henry Cutler! Don't you know what a noble-hearted fellow he is! He is a child after my own heart. Such a freshness about him; a delightful contrast to most of the young men who come here."

"Do you mean he is 'verdant,' as the newspapers say?" said Rebecca, drawing forward her writing-desk.

"No, I mean nothing of the kind," rejoined Mrs. Adriance. "And I am in earnest, Rebecca. I want to know your reason. Don't say you don't love him. I am sure you could learn to do so, as easily, certainly, as to love that Mr. Hunter."

"I did not say I loved Mr. Hunter," remarked Rebecca.

"No, indeed; you might as soon love a beet; but why would you marry him?" said Mrs. Adriance.

"Aunt, what do you think of the position of a lady, of a certain age, in New York society?" asked Rebecca.

"Bad enough, my dear, bad enough anywhere; but worse in New York," returned her aunt, throwing herself back in a capacious arm-chair.

"Well, then," continued Rebecca, "since society—very wickedly, I think—has made the sisterhood of 'lay-nuns' such an undesirable one, it is the part of common-sense not to enter it, if one can help it."

"I understand," said Mrs. Adriance, "but why choose Mr. Hunter as the alternative?"

"Are there any objections to Mr. Hunter?"

"No, not exactly. I'll tell you how it is. He can usually unite, unerringly, politeness and

selfishness, but sometimes the latter gets the better of him, and then he is so intensely disagreeable that I wonder you can think of him. In my opinion, some regard ought to be had to the qualities of the person one marries, even if one don't marry for love."

"I don't think we shall clash," was Rebecca's reply.

"But tell me, tell me, why send away Henry Cutler?"

To this question Mrs. Adriance was designed never to get an answer, but we will enlighten the reader by letting him listen to Rebecca's confession to Mr. Cutler that morning.

Low, ardent words of devotion to herself had fallen upon her ear, and she had covered her face with both her hands, and leaned far back in the corner of the sofa. A long, long time she sat thus, silent. At length she removed her handkerchief, and Henry Cutler gazed in wonder at the singular expression of her face, calm, and yet covered over with disquiet. In a few sentences, hurried through as fast as possible, she gave him an idea of her past life, and then went on.

"I could interest myself in things around me, and live like other people, because, in solitude as in society, I selected those subjects of thought and feeling which were farthest from my own heart. At first this was an effort when alone, and when with others, there was a nervous shrinking from topics that might lead to the forbidden ones; but after awhile I learned to avoid them quietly. My feelings have been chained down so long that they don't give me much trouble. To tell the whole in a few words, Mr. Cutler, three years ago, I looked the door on my own heart, and threw away the key; and

now when I look through the window into that unvisited recess, I find that the unused feelings and affections have rusted away—it is empty."

"No, no," she exclaimed, as Henry Cutler made a movement, "do not urge me. I do not say I cannot return your affection as it deserves. I say I cannot return it at all. I am incapable of loving any one in any way. It is a sad, a humiliating discovery. I have made it within the last half-hour. Do not pity me. I have lived so for years. Were I a Romanist, my first grey hair would probably send me into a convent, to find in 'the punctual practice of piety,' the object which society now furnishes; but as it is, I do not know what I shall do. I don't look forward much."

In a few minutes afterward, she had almost determined to look forward to marrying Mr. Hunter.

And marry him she did, to the utter ruin of her reputation as a young lady of taste, and the vexation and wonderment of all her friends. Dear reader, you have the key to the mystery. The wedding was not celebrated till October, for she had made one condition with herself. She would stand once more beneath the apple-tree, away in Columbia county, and be certain that "the unused feelings had rusted away," as she had told Mr. Cutler—she would try the power of every old association.

And seated there, with the rosy fruit gleaming among the grass, her elbows resting upon her knees, and her hands supporting her head, she did test every one of them—and rose satisfied. With a clear conscience she could be Mrs. Hunter.

And thus my story begins and ends with Apples.

"SWEET SIXTEEN."

BY CLARENCE MAY.

O'er thy brow have sixteen Summers
Wreathed the loveliest flowers of youth;
Sweetest of the Spring-tide comers—
Of the days of love and truth.
Free and wild as any fairy,
Bumping in a shady dell;
Blithesome, gladsome, gentle, airy—
Who could help but love thee well!
Sweet sixteen!—there's music in it—
When the heart is free from care—
Ere the world has tired to win it,
Or life seems less bright and fair;

Ere the earth grows dark and dreary,
And its guile and sin are rife,
And the heart becomes weary
Of this bitter toil and strife.

Sing on, maiden! in thy gladness,
While the world is bright to thee—
While thy heart knows naught of sadness,
And its every throb is free;
Banish every thought of sorrow,
And be happy while you may,
For we know not of the morrow,
And thou art sixteen to-day!

TO MAKE A TURKISH SHAWL.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

One of the newest and most elegant articles, which have become fashionable, is the Turkish Shawl. It not only makes a beautiful carriage wrapper, but forms a useful drapery for the sofa of the drawing-room.

The Turkish Shawl is formed of stripes of various colors, knitted in different patterns and sewn together. These colors may of course be varied according to the taste of the worker; but, in giving the instructions for the diversified stripes, we shall also suggest the contrasts, which appear to us the most effective. The whole is finished by a deep black fringe.

The material should be either Hamburgh wool or double Berlin wool.

The needles should be ivory, rather less than three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

The first stripe to be in rich nut-brown, knitted in moss stitch; for which we give the following instructions:—

MOSS STITCH.—Cast on sixteen stitches. Take off the first stitch. Then alternately purl a stitch, and knit a stitch to the end of the row. Repeat the same back again, only taking care that the stitch purled in the last row is to be knitted in this. This simple process forms a very pretty checkered surface. The length of the stripe must determine the size of the shawl. This is optional, but we may suggest that a yard and three-quarters produces a very useful size.

Having completed the first stripe, knitted in moss stitch, the second is to be in brioche-stitch of a bright bluish green. Second stripe in brioche-stitch, green wool.

Cast on sixteen stitches. The first and last loops are not to be considered in the pattern, but must be kept to form a clear edge for sewing the stripes together. The stitch consists of bringing the wool forward, slipping one and knitting two together, and repeating to the end. The rows are all alike, only care is necessary to keep the repetitions regular.

Third stripe in garter-stitch, white wool. This stitch need not be described, as it is merely plain knitting backward and forward. Nevertheless it is very important for the general effect of the whole, as on this white stripe small pieces are afterward to be worked, which greatly assists in giving the shawl its oriental character.

Fourth stripe in spider-stitch, red wool.

Cast on sixteen stitches. First row, always leaving one stitch for the beginning and end of every row, bring the wool forward, take the loop on the right hand needle as for plain knitting, pass the wool between the needles, while in this state pass the right hand needle again through the under part of the loop, and knit it in the ordinary way. Thus, there are two loops made on one stitch. Second row, after taking the first border-stitch off, knit two together to the last border one, to be knitted single. This stitch will require rather looser knitting.

Having now completed four stripes namely, brown, green, red and white, (the white to have small pines worked upon it) the next stripe, the fifth, is to be of French blue in brioche-stitch, and the sixth in the garter-stitch, all of the same number of stitches in width.

We now come to the centre row, which forms the middle of the shawl. This stripe is in the twisted column pattern, and is also to be done as the border of the shawl.

Twisted column in gold colored wool. Cast on sixteen stitches.

2nd row: slip 1, purl 1, knit 2, purl 3, knit 2, purl 8, knit 2, purl 1, knit 1.

3rd row: slip 1, knit 1, purl 2, knit 3, purl 2, knit 3, purl 2, knit 1, purl 1.

These two rows, the second and third, are to be repeated until there are nine in length (not, of course, counting the casting on.) The column and the border line will then be found all in plain knitting, the ground in purl. The next row is the twist of the column, to be done thus:—slip 1, knit 1, purl 2, then take on a third needle the three next loops, holding them on one side until they are required. Then continue thus:—purl 2, knit 3. Then replace the three loops previously taken off into the third needle, and knit them. Then purl 2, knit 1, purl 1.

After this centre row the stripes already done are to be repeated in their rotation, so as again to leave the twisted column for the border.

It is necessary to notice that as there may be some variation in the sizes of the needles used by different ladies, we are prevented from giving the exact length of each stripe; but this is of

no importance, as by measuring the width of one stripe it is perfectly easy to reckon the measure of the whole when sewn together, thus ascertaining the length: each separate stripe ought to be, as the shawl must be a square.

We shall now briefly recapitulate the rotation of the colors of the stripes and their respective stitches, and make one or two observations, which will, we trust, obviate any possibility of mistake.

The arrangement of the stripes in their colors and stitches is as follows:—

- 1st stripe:—nut-brown in moss stitch.
- 2nd “ blueish green in brioche-stitch.
- 3rd “ white in garter-stitch.
- 4th “ red in spider-stitch.
- 5th “ French blue, in brioche-stitch.
- 6th “ black, in garter-stitch.
- 7th “ gold color, in twisted column.

These stripes, repeated in the same rotation, form the shawl.

The gold-colored stripe in twisted column is to be repeated on each of the two sides. It is not intended to go round the shawl, as being knitted the contrary way it would affect the ease of its hanging. Thus there are three stripes of this one pattern.

Although double Berlin wool is particularly soft, yet the fleecy wool answers extremely well, and has the merit of being more economical. With needles of three-quarters of an inch in diameter, each stripe will take two ounces of three-thread fleecy wool.

We come now to the fringe. No estimate can be given of the quantity of wool required for this, as it must depend on its thickness and length, which must rest on the choice of each lady worker.

The fringe ought to be knitted on needles considerably smaller than those used for the shawl, as these last injure the pattern by making it much too open. Black is recommended on account of its utility, as the fringe of every shawl is the part which soonest becomes soiled,

but it can be varied according to the taste of the worker. The various colors used in the shawl can be employed for it, or a black heading with mixed colors in the fringe looks extremely well.

Lengths of the same wool must be cut and folded equally in two, to be intertwined among the loops of the lower edge. The length and the thickness of the fringe must depend on taste, but we recommend twelve inches, which, when folded in two, and incorporated among the loops, leaves rather less than six inches of fringe. These lengths, three in thickness, make a handsome fringe.

Cast on 12 stitches. 1st row; slip 1, knit 1; bring the wool forward; knit 1, bring the wool forward; slip 1, knit 8 together; pass the slipped stitch over the last three thus knitted together. Bring the wool forward, take two stitches on the needle together, then place the lengths of wool previously cut and doubled in the centre over the right hand needle, and knit in the common way; then bring the ends of the wool forward, and knit the next loop; then pass the two ends back again and knit the next loop; then bring them forward again and knit the last loop.

2nd row: purl all the stitches.

3rd row: knit 2, bring the wool forward, knit 8, bring the wool forward, knit 2 together; then 4 loops will be left. Place the right hand needle in the next loop; place the lengths of cut wool over it, and then knit the stitch, after which bring the ends of the cut wool forward and finish the line as in the first row.

4th row: purl all the stitches. Three rows complete the pattern. The work must be recommenced at the first row.

This fringe adds very much to the effect of the shawl. The heading will be found extremely pretty.

It remains for us to mention the pines, which are to be worked in cross-stitch on the white stripe, each of which is to be of a different color done in three shades.

UNDYING, ARDENT LOVE.

My own, my bright, my beautiful,
My hope, my joy, my pride,
Thy gentle words hast ever served
To drive back passion's tide.
And though I loved thee in thy youth,
With sunshine on thy brow,
Yet must I speak the words of truth,
I love thee stronger now.

Oh, joyous was that happy hour
When first I trusted thee;
And now it comes to bring once more
The happy past to me.
But sweeter things than that the past
To faithful hearts can prove;
It tells them that there is on earth
Undying, ardent love.

F. J.

NOVELTIES OF THE MONTH.



CLARISSA HARLOWE HAT.



CLOTH BASQUE.



BONNET.



BONNET.

THE GRECIAN.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



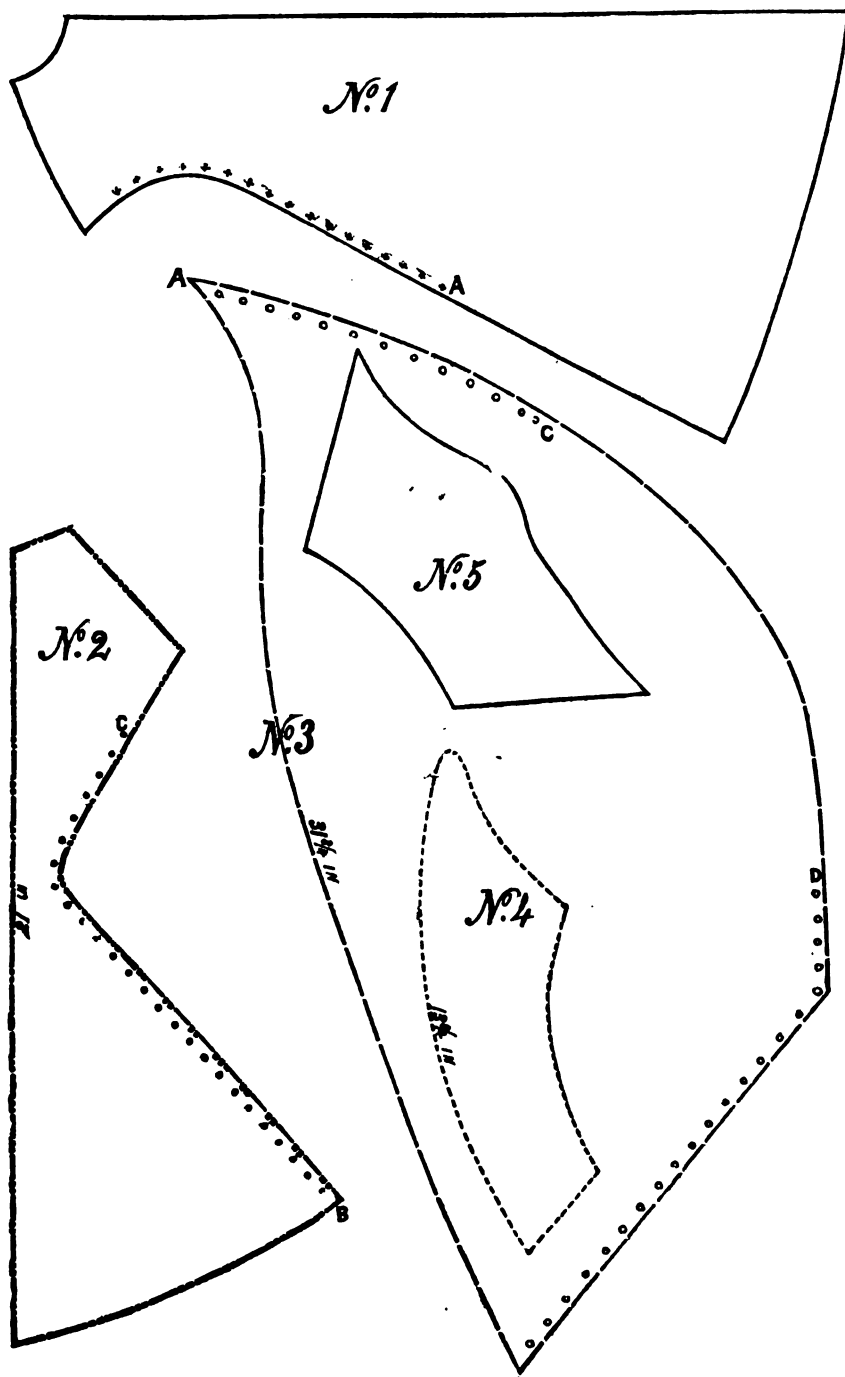
For our department, "How To Make One's Own Dress," we engrave, this month, a beautiful cloak pattern, giving the diagram, by which to cut it, on the next page.

- No. 1. Front.
- No. 2. Back.
- No. 3. Sleeve.

On former occasions, we have given directions for enlarging the pattern. Each of the sides should be twice as long as given in the diagram—that is 42 inches instead of 21, 68½ instead of 34½, &c. &c.

When the three parts are cut out, the front and back are joined together by the shoulder seam; next the under part of the sleeve is attached to the lower part of the back, in the spaces marked by 0000, beginning at the letter B.

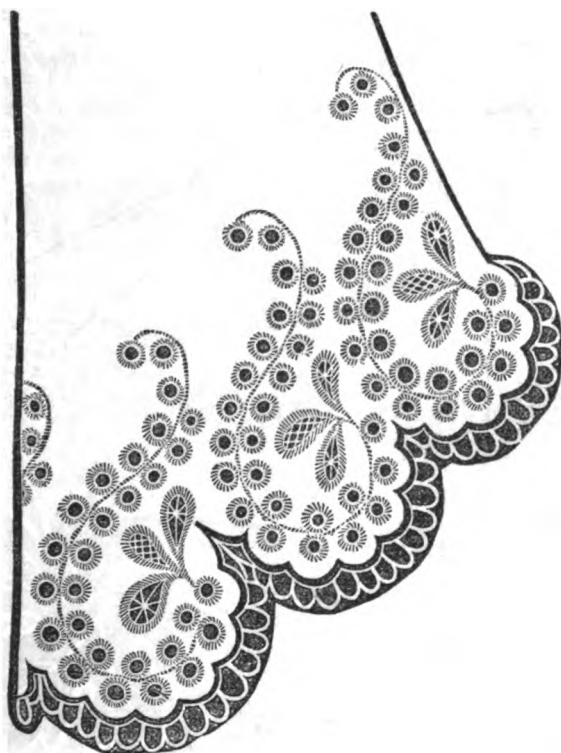
Now form the large hollow plaits to hold all the fulness of the sleeve between the letters C and D, and fasten on the shoulder at the top of the armhole; then the rest, which forms the small sleeve on the arm, is sewed to the front from the letter A, along the places marked † † † †.



This garment is made of plain cloth, velvet } cloth. It is also made of velvet, when it is ex-
 cloth, swanskin, Russian cloth, or coarse tufted } tremely rich.

MANDARIN SLEEVE.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



MATERIALS.—Half a yard of French muslin, embroidery cotton, No. 40, and point lace cottons.

Cut out the shape of a Mandarin Sleeve on the muslin, leaving a very ample margin. Then draw a single scallop and spray on paper, one-sixth the size of the sleeve. Ink it and trace from it on the muslins, shifting the pattern to accommodate it to the shape of the sleeve.

To make the open part of the edge very strong, run three tracing-threads quite close together, and work in button-hole stitch over them, after cutting out the holes. This part of the sleeve should be worked quite the last, the inner scallop being required as a sort of foundation for it.

DESIGN FOR A GLOVE-BOX.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

MATERIALS.—White satin, green velvet, thick gold thread, and small red beads. Only part of the pattern is given above. The other part, however, can easily be drawn from this.

Brush the velvet slightly with gum-water before cutting out the leaves; and fix them on the ground with gum-water also. Sew the gold thread along the edges, and on the veins and stems of the leaves; place four small beads in every round. Any color may be chosen for this

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box; for instance, pink satin, white spangled velvet, silver thread, and white beads. To make up the box, take six pieces of card-board of sizes appropriate to the bottom, sides and top. The box is about twelve inches long, five and a half wide, and three high. The top is a little



raised like a pincushion, to produce which effect, after you have covered it with calico, you sew on the top of it another piece of the same material, a little wider and a little longer than the top itself. This makes a kind of bag which you fill with bran. Put the work together, line the

box with quilted satin, ornament the edges of the lid with lacing, and above the latter a small *ruche* of white satin ribbon, and bows at the corners. Finish with a cord at the angles and round the bottom. The box fastens with a button and loop under the lacing.

THE ORIENTAL SOFA QUILT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

This novelty is one of the most beautiful things of the season. It also combines the advantages of being pleasant work and easily done. The stitch is the common garter stitch, and tapestry worsted is used.

For a quilt two and a half yards long and

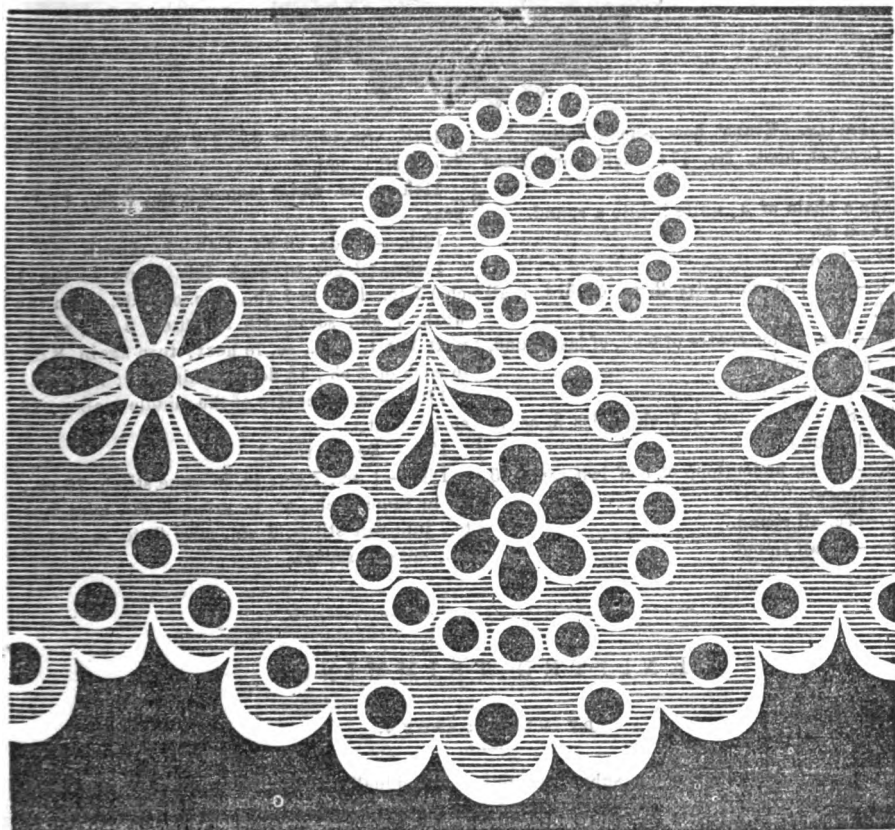
of width for a sofa, take a pound and a half of white tapestry, and three ounces each of nine different colors, of rich hues, such as crimson, dark green, scarlet, French blue, brown, purple, slate color, or any other colors which the taste of the knitter may dictate. Use wooden or ivory

needles of about the size of an ordinary steel pen holder. Cast on sixteen stitches, and knit your stripe two yards and a half long, or of the length which you may wish. Knit stripes thus of your nine colors of equal length, and knit eight stripes of white of the same length and width—sixteen stitches. The white stripes are to be embroidered in palm-leaves, vines, diamonds, or any pattern which the fancy may dictate. Each stripe must be worked in but one pattern, such as a row of palm for one stripe, diamonds in different colors on another, &c. A leaf, a rose-bud, a diamond, &c., can easily be copied from any old embroidery patterns which may be near. Tapestry of

course must be used for the embroidery. When your stripes are all knit and embroidered, sew or knit them together, the dark and white stripes alternately of course, always putting the dark stripes on the outer edges. The fringe is to be made of the colors of the tapestry which have been employed for the quilt. The quantity which we have named is sufficient for the fringe also. If the trouble of embroidery on the white ground is objected to, the whole seventeen stripes can be knit of various colors, provided they are well assorted. Or black stripes can be substituted for the white ones, but in that case the intermediate stripes must be of lighter hues.

PETTICOAT BORDER.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

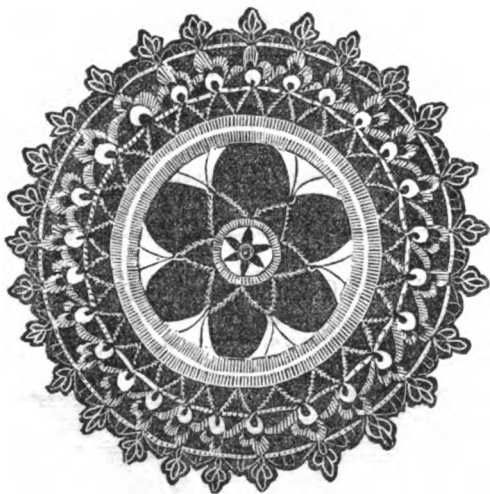


A DESIGN of simple character, easy to embroider, but looking very light and pretty when worked. It is cut out and sewn over with rather

coarse embroidery cotton; the best and most durable material being a fine long cloth.

CROCHET MAT.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



MATERIALS.—Evans' boar's-head cotton, No. 10. Crochet hook, No. 17; eagle card-board guage.

Make a chain of 3; unite it into a round.

1st.—6 dc.

2nd.—12 dc.

3rd.—Sc., † 5 ch., miss 2, sc. on 3rd, † all round.

4th.—† sc. under centre of 5 ch. of last round, 5 ch., † all round.

5th.—Dc. all round.

6th.—Sc. on a stitch, † 7 ch., miss 3, sc. in 4th, † all round.

7th.—† 8 tc. under loop of 7 of last round, 5 ch., †; repeat.

8th.—Tc. all round.

9th.—Dc. all round.

10th.—Sc. in first dc., † 9 ch., miss 3, sc. in 4th, † all round.

11th.—† sc. under loop of 9 ch., 5 ch., †; repeat.

12th.—† 5 dc. on ch., 1 ch., †; repeat.

13th.—(Begin to work this round in the 1 ch.) 7 tc., 1 dc. in 1 ch., 5 dc. on 5 dc., turn the work, 7 ch., sc. in 4th tc. stitch, 5 ch., sc. in next but 1, 5 ch., sc. in next; turn again, 8 dc. in each of 5 ch., 13 dc. in chain of 7; repeat.

14th.—Sc. on centre of the middle scallop, 18 ch.; repeat.

15th.—Dc. all round.

16th.—† sc., 7 ch., sc. in same stitch, 13 ch., sc. in same 7 ch., sc. in same, 8 ch., miss 2, 1 tc., into 3rd stitch, 8 ch., miss 2, tc. in 3rd, 8 ch., miss 2; repeat.

KNITTED TRIMMING.

BY Mlle. DEFOUR.

HAVING been requested by a subscriber to unravel the little mystery of the fabrication of this really pretty trimming, we are happy to give the result of our endeavors, trusting that the article in question may be generally as well

as individually useful. The needles to be used are about half an inch in diameter, and ivory are the best, not only for their smoothness, but because white makes the colored knitting of every kind so much more easy. The material

is a shaded double Berlin wool, which must, of course, be chosen to suit the work for which it is designed. The instructions are very simple. Cast on three loops. Twist the wool once round the right hand needle, and knit two together, then knit one. You have then upon the needle the loop stitch which forms the pretty edge, and two others. Backward and forward every row is the same. All that is necessary is to take care that the loop stitch is properly and regularly done.

A very pretty dress trimming may also be made in this way by substituting a small silk cord for the Berlin wool, and it has the advantage of being most expeditiously done.

INITIALS.



INITIALS in this style look very rich when worked in satin stitch. They are large, and consequently have the effect of either enriching the worked corner in which they are introduced, or of superseding its necessity, being themselves sufficiently ornamental without other adjuncts.

THE SPIDER STITCH: IN KNITTING.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.

THE Spider Stitch, not being a common stitch, we have been asked to describe it. Bring the thread forward, (this does not make a loop, but only brings the thread into a right position) put the right hand needle into the loop as for plain knitting, pass the thread between the needles from the front to the back, then bring the loop through as for plain knitting, but do not slip it off the needle, then pass the right hand needle with the loop still upon it under the loop being thus knitted, put the thread over as for plain knitting, and then bring the new loop through the old loop. This makes two loops on one, but knitting the back row two together reduces it again to the proper number. If in any little variety in the mode of knitting the Spider Stitch row should appear wider than the other stripes, it would be better to cast on two stitches less.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR KNITTING A BABY'S HOOD.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

THE advantages of this article are, that it unites warmth and lightness, and that it can scarcely be disordered by any wrapping up or nursing of the infant. This Hood is knitted in white Berlin wool on No. 5 needles.

Cast on eighty stitches, and knit six plain rows; this produces alternate rows of knitting and purling. After which purl a row, knit a row, and purl a row. The next row is the fancy, open row, which is done thus:—Make one, knit

two plain, slip the made one over the two knitted ones, and repeat to the end of the row. These four rows form the simple patterns. They must be repeated eight times.

When this is done add twelve stitches by casting them on to the needle on which the knitting now is; then knit back and cast on twelve more at the other end; this forms the back of the crown; knit two plain rows; this will reverse the knitting; then knit the four rows which form the pattern six times; after which, instead of casting off thread the loops on a strong thread,

draw them up as close as possible, fasten firmly, and finish with a pretty button on the outside.

For the curtain behind cast on forty-two stitches, and knit seven patterns—that is, the four rows spoken of before—seven times over. This forms the curtain, which, however, requires a narrow knitted lace to be sewn round as a finish.

For making up the hood a small roll of wool, covered with a slight sarsenet, must be prepared to roll the front piece of knitting.

INDIAN SCARF.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

FOR pattern see front of number. We give half of one end of the scarf.

The materials are a quarter of a yard of cashmere; scarlet or blue have an excellent effect; four small pieces of velvet, the shape of the pieces given in our illustration; two for each end of the scarf; and some saddler's silk. These

pieces being chain-stitched round with gold-colored silk in the interior line, the sprig which it encloses is to be worked in embroidery, the flower of three shades of pink, the leaves of green, slightly diversified in color. The wavy lines and the border to be done in chain-stitch, in gold-colored silk.

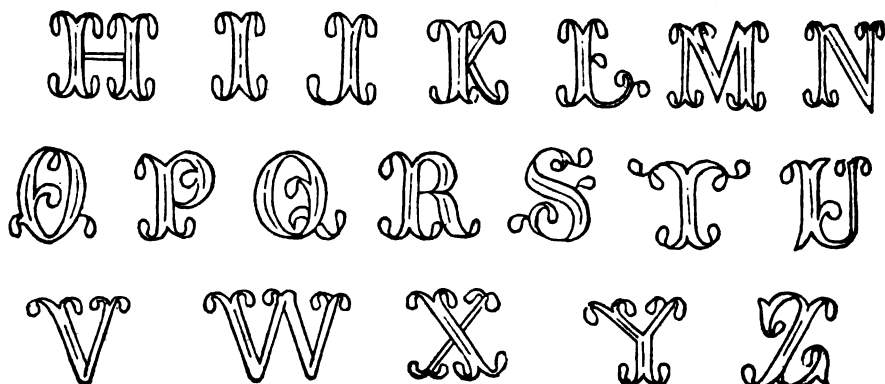
WINTER GAUNTLET.

MATERIALS.—Three ounces of four-ply fleecy dark-grey or dark-blue; two pins, No. 9; and two No. 11. For pattern see front of number.

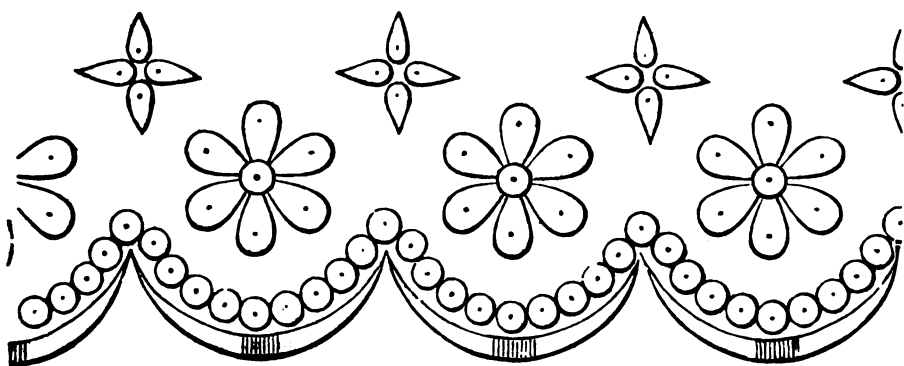
Cast on thirty-eight stitches on pins No. 8; knit in brioche stitch until nine inches are com-

pleted; then with No 11 pins knit seven inches more, and cast off; join up on the wrong side, leaving a space of about two inches in the part last knitted for the thumb.

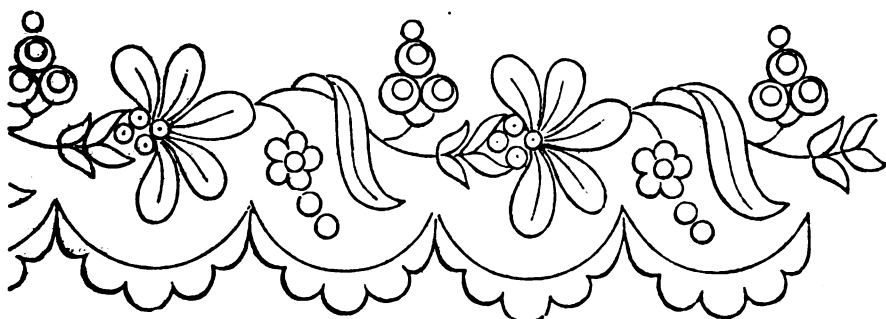
LETTERS IN EMBROIDERY.



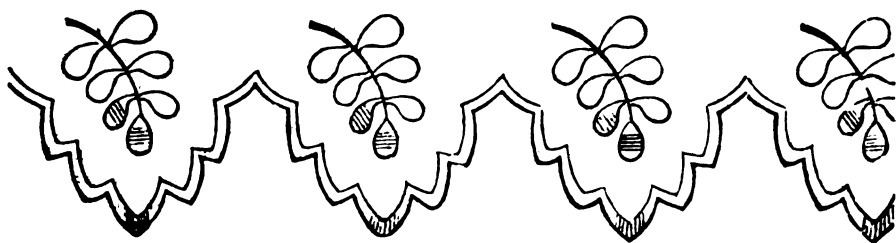
VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



PETTICOAT TRIMMING.



EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL BLANKET.



TRIMMING FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

GOING TO THE THEATRE.—"Glorious! isn't she?" "Glorious indeed." So they said, when the star came out with a princess-air and a tragedy sweep, and her deep, rich voice rang over the crowded throng, while thousands, spell-bound, listened with tears and smiles.

Could they have seen her but a little hour before, bending in agony beside the death-struck form of her beautiful babe, what then would they have thought of their favorite? Those hands gleaming with jewels had wiped off the death-dew and straightened the cold limbs, and then oh! agony, the painted stage called her to laugh and sing and shout, when under the rich vestment that poor heart was all but broken.

The festive hour is past. The star is weeping bitter tears over that still white form, with its little hands folded on its pulseless breast. Where are the brilliant throng?—where the liveried menial and the haughty prince, whose strut of an hour held so many bright eyes in bondage? The last echo of the last retreating footstep is gone; the long line of carriages stretching from post to post under the gaslights, rattled away with their living burdens. Pride, envy, malice, guilt, hate, love and jealousy have left the pit and the boxes as their counterfeit has faded from the stage. One solitary light trembles along the line of the old green curtain. The pasteboard palace and the canvass street, the painted prison, with its huge bars, bolts and chains—of paper, the waterfall, turned by a crank, (oh! shades of the Alps, with thy dashing streams) rest in tarnished glory till tomorrow's gaslight makes them brilliant.

How hideous seems the gloom! how ghastly the white and gilded cornices that peep under shadows into the dim darkness! Look back over the late hours in which we have been striving to deceive ourselves; but where was the use? We knew the king was not a king, spite of his peacock-train and his lofty air, at which now we laugh. The populace, consisting of four soldiers and a boy, piped their weak voices and cried, "Hurrah!" The battle-axes were pasteboard. The queen was thrown into prison in a white satin dress and jewels. The distracted lover knelt to a withered belle of sixty, and vowed she was divine. A man shouted that the battle went bravely, when everybody knew that there wasn't any battle at all. A murderer groped about in the dark for his victim, while the stage was bright as day!

Somebody cried out that he stood on old England's soil, while anybody could see that it was American pine plank. The sheet-iron thunder pealed with deafening power, the blue lightning flashed, and the mimic rain poured; it was excessively laughable to see people floundering about on dry land, and crying out that they were drenched to the skin. Innumerable farewells were taken, and departures to distant

lands, whose boundaries lay in the green-room. Years passed in a single moment; old Time was fairly annihilated. Inexpressibly affecting was the sight of the hero killed with a wooden sword, dying so unnaturally; and refreshing to imagine the tears shed by afflicted heroines under the corners of dimity aprons.

Well, the mimic scenes are over, and like the poor actress, whose bright eyes and wild, eager personations brought down the house, we too will go home to life's realities.

Perhaps some of us had better have been there before; better have spent the paltry change in some little luxury for an invalid wife—but we won't reflect.

"STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL."—Our leading embellishment, this month, is a beautiful work of art, which tells its own story. It is clearly a love-letter, which the fair-haired girl, in that glistening white satin dress, has received; and her companion evidently enters, with all her heart, into her friend's romance. Happy pair! Golden time of youth, when love and hope light up the sky, and visions, hardly less than celestial, visit us day and night! What eloquence in the sympathizing clasp of the dark beauty's hand. How such lovely beings might well tempt the most confirmed bachelor into becoming a Benedict. Between ourselves, however, reader—"strictly confidential," you know—we fear the happiness of the fair correspondent will be known, all over the village, before morning. Who can keep a secret, without getting somebody to help her? And then somebody has to get somebody else—all "strictly confidential" of course—and so it goes.

ENORMOUS INCREASE.—The ladies seem determined, this year, to give us that 100,000. Here is what one says:—"Two years ago some three or four copies were all that were taken here. Last year I sent you nineteen names, and now please find a draft for \$30.00, to pay for a club of twenty-four. I think I shall be able to add more." And this is substantially what hundreds write. We are all hard at work, including an increased supply of clerks, promptly supplying numbers. It is a brilliant New Year for "Peterson." We wish you all as well.

THE "STAR" MAGAZINE.—The ladies have given "Peterson" the name of the "Star" Magazine. One, who sends us sixteen subscribers, says: "Our village is a very small one, (there being but three or four hundred inhabitants) but the ladies are fond of reading, and they have found out that the 'Ladies' National' is the 'Star' Magazine, and they peruse its pages with lively interest."

HOW TO PRESERVE BEAUTY.—The Baltimore Weekly Sun, in an article on "Health and Beauty in Women," thus discourses:

"Why is it that the beauty of our females fades so soon? Or, to go at once to the real issue, for beauty is only permanent where there is health, why is it that our women, as compared with the women of other temperate climates, are so delicate and fragile?"

"The answer may be made in few words—it is because they neglect air and exercise. Weakness, lassitude and a fading complexion as inevitably follow indolence and confinement as the wilting of a plant results from its deprivation of light. It is a law of our existence that we must take daily exercise if we would continue healthy. It is a fact in physiology that a pure atmosphere is indispensable to vigorous vitality. All the refinements of civilization, all the resources of science have failed to supply a substitute for fresh air and exercise. The poor and the rich stand on the same platform in reference to this necessity of our nature. The lady in silks and satins can buy no cosmetic so efficacious as the sunshine and breeze which is poured out at the very door-step of her humble sister.

"On this point we could, if necessary, accumulate volumes of medical testimony. The best physicians have long been agreed that the principal causes of consumption among American women who are comparatively well off, are their indolent habits and their aversion to walking in the open air. So long as the beginning of this century, Dr. Rush called attention to the fact that the Indians of Massachusetts had been exempt from diseases of the lungs, though their Anglo-Saxon successors died of consumption at the rate of forty-seven to the hundred; and he attributed this exemption, on the part of the aborigines, from that terrible disorder, to their living almost entirely in the open air. The equally celebrated Dr. Morton subsequently confirmed this opinion. Dr. Physick, of Philadelphia, one of the most distinguished men this country has ever produced, actually cured himself of an incipient pulmonary complaint by activity and exposure in the open air. The experience of the New Zealanders confirms this of our American Indian, for since the introduction of European habits into New Zealand the natives, among whom consumption was formerly unknown, have died of it by thousands. What is true of consumption is true of diseases in general. The best preventive against disease—the medicine which is worth a thousand panaceas—is exercise and fresh air, or rather exercise in the fresh air."

KEEPING PROMISES.—Says the Pike County (Ill.) Union, "Peterson always does what he says he will." Of course we do. Anything else would be dishonest. The Union says, also:—"It is surprising that people will continue to take \$3.00 magazines, when just as good can be had for \$2.00."

OUR SLIPPER PATTERN is the handsomest ever published in any Magazine, whether abroad or at home. We give it as an extra plate to our subscribers. It is a slight way of showing our thanks for their liberal patronage.

FIRST IN THE LAND.—"Peterson's Magazine," says the Rondout (N. Y.) Courier, "is considered by the press, and critics generally, the first periodical in the land, in point of literary excellence and refined taste."

THE INFLUENCE OF A SMILE.—A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape. It embellishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, or insipidity is the result, nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceit and grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the lines of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinct character—some announce goodness and sweetness—others betray sarcasm, bitterness, and pride—some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness—others brighten by their spiritual vivacity. Gazing and poring before a mirror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps unsullied from the reflection of evil, and is illuminated and beautified by all sweet thoughts.

BEAUTIFUL POEM.—How beautiful and true is the following, by R. H. Stoddard, a young American poet, some of whose late efforts place him high on the rolls of fame. We say true as well as beautiful: but is not truth the foundation of poetry?

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again!

We are wiser, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again!

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain:
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again!

PARLOR PLANTS.—Many of our readers have undertaken to cultivate parlor plants and have not succeeded in their attempts: but their failures have resulted from a wrong selection. A weak, sickly plant is often chosen because it is in bloom, but which after removal from the green-house, soon languishes, and, perhaps, becomes a prey to insects, ever ready to seize upon an unhealthy growth. It is far better to select good, strong, healthy, growing specimens, even though they have not so much as a flower bud in sight, and wait a little longer for a perfect bloom, and a hardy, fine, growing plant. Attention to this point is of very considerable importance, and may be the means of saving the cultivator from trouble and disappointment.

NO QUIBBLING.—The Kenton (O.) Republican says:—"Peterson's Magazine is universally conceded by the ladies, to be the best Magazine published. There is no quibbling on that point."

A "CONTRARY" WIFE.—The Boston Post gets off the following spiteful thing. Isn't the author a rejected old bachelor?

A waggish shap, whose vixen wife,
By drowning, lost her precious life,
Called out his neighbors all around,
And told 'em that his spouse was drowned,
And, spite of search could not be found,
He knew, he said, the very nook,
Where she had tumbled in the brook.
And he had dragged along the shore,
Above the place a mile or more.
"Above the place!" the people cried,
"Why, what d'ye mean?" the man replied,
"Of course, you don't suppose I'd go
And waste the time to look below!
I've known the woman quite a spell,
And learnt her fashions rather well—
Alive or dead, she'd go, I sww,
Against the current anyhow.

ORIENTAL PAINTING.—We publish Mr. Tilton's Circular in another place. Mr. T. will now send receipts for Oriental Painting, and the new and fashionable style of Potichomanie. See page 174.

LONG POEMS.—For poems of over one hundred lines we have no space. Short poems of from ten to fifty lines preferred.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles the First. By Wm. Robertson, D. D. With an account of the Emperor's Life after his Abdication. By Wm. H. Prescott. 3 vols., 8 vo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—An elegant American edition of Robertson's "Charles the Fifth" has long been needed; and the reading public ought really to be grateful to Phillips, Sampson & Co. for issuing one. The benefit has been greatly enhanced by the continuation written by Mr. Prescott. In the original work, the history of the Emperor after his abdication was dismissed in few words; a fortunate thing, perhaps, for the real truth on the subject was not known in Robertson's day. The study of authentic documents, which, within the last ten years, have been thrown open to the public for the first time, has cast an entirely new light over the closing years of Charles the Fifth's life; and of these discoveries Mr. Prescott has availed himself. Hereafter, no other edition of the history will be considered worthy of a place in the library. The style of Robertson is proverbially charming. That of Mr. Prescott is hardly less so. In every respect, therefore, the best person to correct and continue the work has been selected. The volumes are printed to match the histories of Prescott already before the public. Of these histories, all published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., we may say in passing, that nobody, who seeks to be well informed, should omit reading, and if possible, owning them. A portrait of the Emperor embellishes the first volume.

Daisy; or, The Fairy Spectacles. By the author of "Violet; a Fairy Story." Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—The many moral, every-day poetical books, which now chiefly constitute the reading of the young, have too much done away, we think, with the fairy tales which so entranced us in our childhood. A love of the marvellous is indigenous in every child's brain, and as good a moral can be inculcated in a fairy story, as in a fiction of domestic life. "Daisy" is most beautifully written, and there is a love of nature, of the good and true, around which all childish instincts involuntarily clasp, that will make the little heart better, and the little busy brain more thoughtful, after reading it. To all parents, who, after the toils and troubles of life, can look back, as at green places, to the days in which they read "Cinderella," "Pearls and Vipers," and other fairy lore, we most cordially recommend "Daisy" for their children. It is beautifully illustrated.

Whaling and Fishing. By Charles Nordhoff, author of "Man-of-War Life," "The Merchant Vessel," &c. Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltack, Keyes & Co.—There is not an adventure-loving boy in the country who will not hail this new story of the sea as a prize. And yet so truthfully is it written, so stripped of much of the romance that usually accompanies such narratives, that many a lad, with all the nobleness of his age, who is longing for the free air of the sea, for the brim spray upon his face, or for the excitement of new scenes, will hesitate long before embracing a life of so much hardship and labor, as this book shows a seafaring life to be.

Bright Pictures from Child Life. Translated from the German. By Cousin Fannie. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—We cannot sufficiently commend the beautiful way in which the publishers have gotten up this pleasant volume of little stories. Paper and type are of the first order, and the colored illustrations will delight the eyes of the little ones, who have always an intense love for gay pictures. The stories too, are admirably adapted to interest and instruct young children.

Sedgemoor; or, Home Lessons. By Mrs. Manners, author of "Aspiration," "Pleasure and Profit," "How to Behave," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—We do not remember anywhere to have seen instruction in so fascinating a guise as in the little book before us. A ponderous volume of biographical sketches, of celebrated characters, would not convey so much information to a young mind, as this pithy little book with which Mrs. Manners has favored us.

The Canterbury Tales. By Harriet Lee. 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: Mason & Brothers.—When a work, which first appeared in the time of our grandmothers, survives to a new edition in our own times, there must be sterling merit in it. These "Canterbury Tales" were especial favorites with Byron, who founded his tragedy of "Werner" on one of them. They are neatly printed.

Oliver Twist. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated. 2 vols., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Another of T. B. Peterson's beautiful edition of the Dickens' novels. When Mr. P. began this series, we thought it scarcely possible that he could improve it; but, if we are competent to judge, "Oliver Twist" is more handsomely got up than its predecessors. The engravings especially are very fine, incontestably better than those in "Pickwick" or "Nickleby;" and the paper also seems superior. We are glad to hear that the publisher is receiving his merited reward for undertaking so costly an enterprise. The large sale of this series shows the increasing taste and liberality of the American public. But really, no person, who can afford it, ought to be without this edition of Dickens.

Religious Truth Illustrated from Science, in Addresses and Sermons on Special Occasions. By E. Hitchcock, D. D. LL. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—A work which should be read by every young person of intelligence. Without being tediously didactic, it shows how fully science corroborates the Bible, and thus furnishes irrefragable proof, apart from either historical or internal evidence, of the truth of revelation. Fifty years ago, infidelity received considerable help from inchoate science. The battle has been won long since for the Bible and Christianity, by more thorough scientific methods and more exhaustive scientific knowledge: and it is in summing up the proof on this point, that the present work is so valuable.

Parlor Dramas; or, Dramatic Scenes for Home Amusement. By William B. Fowle. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Morris Cotton. Philada: Hays & Zell, No. 192 Market street.—We have here fifteen dialogues, or dramatic scenes, suitable for representation in the parlor. To enable young folk to pass an evening pleasantly, we know of nothing better than such amusements. The moral tone of the dialogues is unexceptionable. Two or three, however, might as well have been left out, for they will conflict with the political and religious feelings of persons, who, otherwise, would probably have introduced the book into their families.

Life of Washington. By Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Mrs. Kirkland has given us the life of Washington in a new aspect. The work is principally devoted to the boyhood of "The Father of His Country," and is consequently peculiarly adapted for American youth. We predict that it will take a permanent place in literature. It is curious that among the score of biographies of Washington that have been written, no author before has thought of one on this plan, and one too so obviously needed.

Heaven. By J. N. Kimball. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—A purely speculative work, as its title imports, but one that will re-pay reading. Indeed, a large class of religious persons will be deeply interested in it.

Never Mind the Face; or, The Cousin's Visit. By Hetty Holyoke, author of "The Surprise." With illustrations from Original Designs. New York: C. Scribner.—A charming book for young girls, by one of our most charming contributors. The high moral tendency of Hetty Holyoke's stories, combined with her graphic delineations of character, and vivid descriptions, must make her as great a favorite with the young people, as she has already become with those of more mature years.

Red Beard's Stories for Children: Translated from the German. By Cousin Fannie. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—A volume to make the little folks open their eyes, at the odd, beautiful black and white pictures, and to make them swallow greedily with their ears the pleasant rhythm in which these entertaining stories are written. The touching "History of Willie and his horse Robin," "The Egg-Thieving Hare," "Inquisitive Casper," &c., are just such things as will interest children.

Home and the World. By the author of "Souvenirs of A Residence in Europe." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—There is much more than the average merit of anonymous novels in this neatly printed book. The African characters are especially well drawn. Rumor attributes the fiction to a highly accomplished lady, bearing a historical name, who has appeared before in print.

Kobboldoso. A Sequel to the Last of the Huggermuggers. With illustrations. By Christopher Peares Cranoh. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—A book full of giants and dwarfs, mer-men and gnomes, and all kind of odd things to interest "big boys" with its improbabilities. It is published in the best style with regard to type and illustrations.

The Play-Day Book; New Stories for Little Folks. By Fanny Fern. Illustrated by Frederic M. Coffin. New York: Mason & Brothers.—It is only necessary to announce a book by "Fanny Fern," to put the "little folks," for whom it is written, upon the quiver to obtain it. This series of stories is in the author's very best style.

Worth, Not Wealth; and Other Tales. By Cousin Angie. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—Another of the many books for the young, well written, full of interesting incidents, and calculated to instruct and improve the reader. It is beautifully illustrated, and got up generally in the publishers' usual good style.

The Sisters Abroad; or, An Italian Journey. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall. Milwaukee: A. Whittemore & Co. Illustrated.—An amusing and instructive volume. It is a series of sketches of foreign scenes, written in a manner to interest children very much.

Grandmother Lee's Portfolio. Illustrated by Ham-matt Billings. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall.—Another of the multifarious books for children. The story is well written, the book beautifully illustrated.

Essays, Biographical and Critical; or, Studies of Character. By H. T. Tuckerman. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—Mr. Tuckerman is one of our most graceful writers. He has also a large acquaintance with literature, a general knowledge of history, and considerable aptitude as a critic. Accordingly, these essays have unusual merit, in point both of matter and of style. Washington is considered as the patriot, Chesterfield as the man of the world, Kean as the actor, Lind as the vocalist, Fulton as the mechanician, Sterne as the sentimentalist, &c. &c. We like the work exceedingly.

The Adventures of A Roving Diplomatist. By Henry Wikoff. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: W. P. Fetridge & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The most entertaining book that has appeared since "My Courtship and Its Consequences." It is a history of the author's connexion with the English State department; the breach of that connexion; and the revenge which Mr. Wikoff asserts that Lord Palmerston took. The volume is racily written, and will both amuse and interest the reader, whether he adopts the author's views, or rejects them. Fetridge & Co. have issued the work in quite a neat manner.

Douglass Farm. A Juvenile Story of Life in Virginia. By Mary E. Bradley. Edited by "Cousin Alice." Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Independent of the descriptions of Southern life, which is as yet a new field for young readers, this unpretending volume can be highly recommended, for the way in which that beautiful text, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," is illustrated in the story.

Old Noll and Little Agnes; or, The Rich Poor and the Poor Rich. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Shepard & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A charmingly told story, which others than children, for whom it was originally written, may read with profit and pleasure. The volume is prettily illustrated.

The Household Angel in Disguise. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—To those who wish an instructive story, agreeably told, we recommend this new fiction. We regret that the late hour at which it came to hand prevents our criticising it at length.

PARLOR GAMES.

DUMB PROVERBS.—A player thinks of a proverb, and then without speaking tries to make it understood by actions. But it is best before commencing the game to appoint a President, so that if the proverb is not guessed, he can ask any question in reference to it, if he thinks it is not sufficiently intelligible. We give some examples:—

The player leaves the room and then rushes in and around the room in great fear and trembling, constantly looking behind, as if expecting that some one

was chasing him. The one who first guesses "Fugitives fear, though they be not pursued," must take his (or her) turn, and give another one—we will suppose "Some are very busy, and yet do nothing." This can be done by going about lifting and moving different articles and putting them down again in the same place, doing it swiftly, and as though they thought they were very industrious and had so very much to do.

Another proverb that could be acted in this way, is, "They who give willingly, love to give quickly." The player can pick up any of the small articles about the room, and present one to each of the company, and by motions beg of them to accept them, doing so with a cheerful and quick manner. "Two of a trade seldom agree," is another proverb, and requires two performers who leave the room and decide what trade they will represent, and then entering again, they work very pleasantly together, acting as though they were very friendly, when in a few moments a change comes over them, and they end as if they were disputing, and are quite angry with each other.

SHE CAN DO LITTLE WHO CAN'T DO THIS.—This is played with tongs. The one who understands it places her left hand on the knob of the tongs and the other one on one of its legs; she then knocks the tongs on the floor three times, saying, "She can do little who can't do this." The next person then takes them, knocks on the floor and repeats the words, and if not acquainted with the play, has not probably held them in the proper manner; the tongs are then passed on to all of the company in turn, each one trying to do it right, but few will chance to hold them exactly as the first one did. But if any familiar with the play, they must not tell the others until all have tried it. Forfeits can be exacted of all who fail to do it correctly.

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, &c.

OIL OF MUSTARD IN RHEUMATISM.—Where one-third of the male population complain to some extent of rheumatic pains, in the fickle climate of New England, but more especially along the sea-shore, physicians have it in their power to mitigate an immense amount of severe suffering by prescribing the volatile oil of mustard. It is employed as a rubefacient, being first diluted in its own weight of alcohol at forty degrees. Some patients may object to its pungent odor; but that is temporary, while the remedy may in some cases prove a permanent cure. Make the application at least twice a day, and protect the part with soft flannel. Mustard mills are in operation in the cities generally, at which the oil may be procured, it being an article not much in demand in the arts. Were it not for detecting it by a pungent odor, this oil would have become a secret remedy for rheumatic pains years ago. A nostrum loses miraculous efficiency and curative properties on becoming known.

COLD CREAM made by the following recipe will continue good for a long time, if kept in a cool place. Put into a pipkin half a pound of fresh lard, four ounces of almond oil, and four ounces of spermaceti, well pounded. Put the pipkin on a slow fire, and, when the contents are completely melted, stir in gradually half an ounce each of rose, cinnamon, add orange flower distilled waters. When nearly cold add two drachms of bergamot.

ASSES' MILK.—The following is given by Dr. Uwins, in his work on indigestion, as a good substitute for asses' milk, and may be taken by invalids when the genuine article is not to be obtained:—Take of Eringo root or Sea holly, half an ounce; liquorice root, three ounces; water, two pounds, or one quart. Then strain it and add an equal quantity of new cow's milk.

TRY A TOOTH POWDER made up of the following ingredients, well pulverised and mixed together:—A quarter of an ounce of gum myrr, one scruple of nutmeg, a quarter of an ounce of orris-root, and one ounce of chalk.

RECIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

To Braise Chickens.—Bone the chickens, stuff them with forcemeat, place in the stew-pan the bones and trimmings, lay the chickens upon them with a braise of sweet herbs, onions, mace whole, some thin slices of bacon, about three parts of a pint of stock, or, if that is not handy, water, and two glasses of cherry; the bacon should be added last. Cover close, and stew for two hours. Then take out the chickens, strain the braise, remove the fat, and boil the braise rapidly in a glass; paint it over the chickens with a brush while the braise is being boiled; brown the chickens before the fire, it adds to their appearance. When glazed, fowls may be braised in the same manner.

Snipes.—When the snipes have been plucked, they must be carefully singed. In trussing them, draw the legs close to the side, and pierce the beak through them. Tie a slice of bacon over each bird. Run a long iron skewer through the sides, and tie them to the spit. In the meantime cut two or three slices of bread, according to the number of birds, and fry them of a fine brown color in butter. Put the birds to roast, with the fried bread in a dish under them. Just before they are roasted sufficiently, remove the bacon, so that they may be browned. Serve them on the dish with the bread under them, and plenty of good gravy.

Sausage-Meat.—Chop pork or beef exceedingly small, mix with it pounded spices and aromatic herbs, shred fine. The ingredients must be put into skins, thoroughly cleansed, and tied into lengths of from two to five inches. A glass of Rhenish champagne or other wine may be added.

Wild Ducks.—These are roasted in the same manner as tame ducks. They are served with currant jelly.

Outlets of Chicken.—Remove the skin of two or three chickens. Bone all the joints except the wings, unless the fowl is very fleshy, and then remove them also, removing likewise breast bones; flatten the flesh, and spread over them a seasoning of salt, cayenne, grated nutmeg, and mace, the salt being in the greatest proportion. Coat them with beaten egg and bread crumbs, and fry them a nice brown. Have ready some good brown gravy seasoned and flavored with lemon pickle. Lay the outlets in the centre of dish, and pour the gravy over them.

Potted Pike.—Scale it and cut off the head. Then split the fish and take out the back bone. Strew it all over with bay salt and pepper. Cover it, and bake it; and when done take it out of the dish and lay it on a coarse cloth to drain. When cold, lay it in a pot just large enough to hold it and cover it with clarified butter. It must be thoroughly drained from the gravy, otherwise it will not keep. In choosing pike, see that the gills are red, the fish stiff, and the eyes bright. The best sort is that caught in rivers, not in ponds.

Pan Doddings.—Three teacups of fine rye meal, three teacups of Indian meal, one egg, three table-spoonfuls of molasses; add a little salt and allspice; sufficient sweet milk to form a batter stiff enough to drop from a spoon. Fry them in hot lard until a nice brown.

Rye and Indian Johnny Cakes.—Two cups of rye, two cups of Indian meal, a teaspoonful of saleratus, little salt, sufficient sour milk to make a stiff batter. Bake in cakes on a griddle; split open and butter them; send to table hot.

Indian Meal Fried Cakes.—One pint of sour milk, a small teaspoonful of saleratus, little salt, two and a half coffee cups of fine Indian meal. Drop from a spoon into hot lard, and let them boil until a nice brown.

Pigeons Broiled.—Split the backs, season them highly, lay them over a clear, brisk fire, and serve with mushroom sauce.

THE TOILET.

A PERFUMED BREATH.—What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when, by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," as a dentifrice, would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth white as alabaster. Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the "Balm" on your tooth-brush, and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year.

COUNTERFEITS.—All persons are cautioned against purchasing any of the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," unless each label is signed by Fetridge & Co. There is a spurious article in the market, the injurious effects of the use of which the undersigned cautions the public.

FETRIDGE & CO., New York.

N. B.—The genuine article will be found at respectable druggists only, who frown down Counterfeiters and Imitators.

ART RECREATIONS.

GRECIAN PAINTING, AND ANTIQUE PAINTING ON GLASS.—Mr. J. E. Tilton, Salem, Massachusetts, will furnish all materials and directions. He deals extensively in the artist's material line, and will fill orders promptly. We annex his

CIRCULAR.

The subscriber will furnish for \$3.00 a package of twelve mezzotint engravings, and full printed directions for Grecian painting, and a new style originating with himself, and equal to the finest copper painting, called Antique Painting on Glass, with a bottle of preparation, receipts for varnish, &c. The directions are so explicit as to enable any one to learn fully without a teacher. He also includes at above price, directions for Oriental Style and Potichomanie.

For \$2.00 more, or \$5.00, he will send with the above all paints, brushes, oils, varnishes, &c. &c., needed for these arts, (Grecian and Antique) and other oil painting.

For directions in Grecian, Antique Painting, Oriental, Potichomanie, sent free and full, that any one with no previous knowledge of drawing can be sure to acquire, \$1.00.

He has also published a new picture for Grecian and Antique Painting, called "Les Orphelines." The paper, printing and engraving are thoroughly fitted for it, and the effect and finish, when completed or painted, are fine, and superior to canvass painting. Price \$1.00, sent free, by mail. Address,

J. E. TILTON, Salem, Massachusetts.

GENERAL RECEIPTS.

How to Clean Furs.—The season for wearing furs is now upon us, and as doubtless many of our lady readers would be obliged to us for teaching them to "make them as good as new," we subjoin the following directions:—Strip the fur articles of their stuffing and binding, and lay them as much possible in a flat position. They must then be subjected to a very brisk brushing with a stiff clothes-brush; after this, any moth-eaten parts must be cut out and be neatly replaced by new bits of fur to match. Sable, chinchilla, squirrel,itch, &c., should be treated as follows:—Warm a quantity of new bran in a pan, taking care that it does not burn, to prevent which it must be actively stirred. When well warmed, rub it thoroughly into the fur with the hand; repeat this two or three times; then shake the fur and give it another sharp brushing, until free from dust. White fur, ermine, &c., may be cleaned as follows:—Lay the fur on the table, and rub it well with bran made moist with warm water; rub until quite dry and afterward with dry bran. The wet bran should be put on with flannel, and the dry with a piece of book muslin. The light furs in addition to the above, should be well rubbed with magnesia, or a piece of book muslin, after the bran process. Furs are usually much improved by stretching, which may be managed

as follows:—To a pint of soft water add three ounces of salt, dissolved; with this solution sponge the inside of the skin (taking care not to wet the fur) until it becomes thoroughly saturated; then lay it carefully on a board, with the fur side downward, in its natural position, then stretch as much as it will bear, and to the required shape, and fasten with small tacks. The drying may be quickened by placing the skin about six or eight inches from the fire or stove.

Polish for Furniture.—Put the following ingredients (in the proportion named) into a bottle. Half a pint of linseed oil, half a gill of spirits of wine, half a gill of vinegar, and one ounce of butter of antimony. Shake the bottle well before applying.

Removing Iron Mould from Linen.—Hold the spot over the fume of boiling water for some time, then pour on the spot some lemon or sorrel juice and a little salt, and when the cloth has thoroughly imbibed the juice, wash it in lye.

To Remove Mildew.—Rub the spots with soap; then scrape some fine chalk over them. Rub it well in, and expose the linen to the sun. Repeat the application until the spots are removed.

To Clean China and Glass.—Use pearl ashes and fuller's earth in fine powder, mix them well in cold water, and polish with a cloth.

To Clean Marble Slabs.—Mix verdigris and pumice stone with new slaked lime in soap lye. Make a paste of it, and rub away.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS OF BROWN FIGURED POPLIN, skirt plain. A shawl mantilla of velvet, trimmed with a heavy chenille fringe. Bonnet of brown velvet, with a trimming of velvet leaves and black lace.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF FRENCH BLUE POPLIN.—A white worked skirt falls a little below the silk one. Sacque of blue poplin trimmed with black velvet, put on in a diamond pattern, with ends of velvet falling over the skirt. The braces are formed in the same way. White drawn bonnet.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY OF BLACK VELVET, cut in a sacque shape. A front trimming of large buttons and gimp. Short Scotch-plaid stockings. Cloth leggings must be worn out-of-doors. White cambric under-sleeves, pants and embroidered collar. Scotch cap of black velvet, trimmed with crimson and black plaid ribbon.

FIG. IV.—A BLACK CLOTH JACKET of the present fashionable style. The body is tight, with a pointed berthe at the back, which passes over the shoulders, forming braces in front. The sleeves are very large, of the Turkish pattern. The skirt is very deep, and full at the back. Trimming of black velvet.

FIG. V.—A BALL OR OPERA CLOAK, of a shawl form, with long pointed ends in the front; it is of white cashmere, lined throughout with white satin, wadded and quilted, it is trimmed round with ermine:

the collar of cashmere is pointed both at the front and back, and trimmed with ermine; at each corner of the collar, and the front of cloak, are very rich tassels of white silk and *chenille*: instead of the ermine, white plush forms a very pretty trimming, and is of course much less expensive, and for young ladies is more suitable than fur.

FIG. VI.—A BASQUINE CLOAK of very fine grey cloth. The skirts of the pelerines and the ends of the sleeves are trimmed with a broad band of plush of the same color as the cloth. Over the shoulders there is a double pelerine, trimmed with blue and grey mosaic braid, and blue and grey fringes. Bonnet of black velvet, the back part of the crown covered with three falls of rich Chantilly lace. On one side a bird of Paradise; the tail exceedingly long and drooping gracefully over the shoulder of the wearer. Under-trimming of white blonde, with bouquets of *asalia*, made of red velvet.

FIG. VII.—A BERTHE.—The upper part consists of folds of tulle, slightly drawn together at each shoulder, and at the front and back by loops of ribbon. Below the folds of tulle there is a fall of broad guipure, having a very open, notched edge. This fall of lace is headed by a ruche of blue ribbon, and bows of ribbon of the same color, with long, flowing ends, are fixed on each shoulder and in front.

FIG. VIII.—PELERINE.—Composed of lace, and is intended to be worn with a low dress. The trimming presents a novelty. It consists of small bows of colored ribbon, each formed of two loops and two ends; the ends under the loops. These bows are placed all round the edge of the pelerine, the long ends of which are ornamented in corresponding style.

FIG. IX.—MORNING CAP.—This cap may be made either of muslin or of Brussels net. If of the former, the trimming must be worked muslin; if of the latter material, it should be Valenciennes lace. The crown is of the form which the French milliners term the *fauchon*—viz: shaped like a half-handkerchief, rounded at the point. At the upper part of the *fauchon* there are two runnings of blue ribbon, covered by insertion, either of lace or needlework, according to the material of which the cap is made. At the back of the cap there is a very deep bavolet or curtain, above which is fixed a bow and ends of blue ribbon. On the front there are four full rows of trimming, consisting either of Valenciennes lace or worked muslin. At each side of the cap there is a bow of blue ribbon. Strings of the same.

FIG. X.—UNDER-SLEEVE.—This sleeve is formed of three puffs of spotted muslin. Between the first and second puff there is a frill of muslin scalloped at the edge. It is finished by a band of needlework, and a broad fall of worked muslin.

FIG. XI.—UNDER SLEEVE.—Composed of one large puff and two frills of tulle. The frills are ornamented with rows of narrow pink ribbon, and the puff is gathered in at intervals by bows of pink ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses are made in all sorts of rich silks. Moires and broades are sometimes

made with plain skirts, though flounces still maintain their ascendancy. Two deep flounces, or at most three, seem preferred to a greater number of narrow ones. They are always profusely trimmed with broad velvet, lace, or fringe. Even when the plain skirts are adopted there is no sign of the jackets being less ornamented than heretofore.

Some dresses have flounces with bands of velvet, wide and flat. The same trimming is made for decorating the body and sleeves. The velvet bands almost covering each flounce, it is easy to conceive that these dresses must be most sumptuous.

We must not forget the dresses with side-pieces. These are made without flounces. The ground is plain, of any color: deep blue, imperial green, maroon, or grey. Then there are two widths reserved on each side of the skirt, which have bands of velvet woven in the stuff and capriciously arranged as ornaments. These dresses, as well as those with velvet flounced skirts, are exceedingly expensive, and we only give them as specimens of the style, by no means recommending them to our republican matrons. Some charming trimmings for dresses and outer garments, consisting of guipure, fringe, galloon to match the stuff, velvets, ribbons, and fancy buttons. This last article is in higher vogue than ever, and is now extensively used on outer garments. For jackets and dress bodies especially, they are generally adopted.

DRESS BODIES continue very high; jackets long. The sleeves with three puffs and one flounce are in favor, as also those with four flounces.

VELVET BRACES, the shawl fold trimming, and berthas of the same stuff edged with fringes are still worn.

BASQUINES of black lace are a good deal worn for demi-toilet, and they are generally richly trimmed with velvet, tassels and beads. There is a very pretty basquine made entirely of narrow black velvet, arranged like network, each diamond being fastened with a jet bead.

A black velvet jacket is cut in vandykes from the waist, and in what is called the jockey shape behind; it is richly trimmed with lace, jet, and colored gimp.

An elegant evening dress, just made for a young lady, is composed of pink silk glace, with white. The skirt is extremely full, and has no trimming; the corsage, which is plain, is rather low, and is headed by a puffing of blonde. Over the corsage there is a *fichu* or pelerine, also of pink silk. This *fichu* is edged round with puffings of white and pink tulle intermingled; it is of a round form behind, and droops over the shoulders where it is narrow, and between the puffings there is fixed on each shoulder a bow and flowing ends of white gauze ribbon, figured with pink. The ends of the *fichu* are crossed in front, and fastened at each side of the waist, whence they descend to nearly the bottom of the skirt. A bouquet of rose-buds in front of the corsage completes the dress. The head-dress consists only of a single rose placed on one side of the head.

CLOAKS are worn longer and larger than heretofore.

BONNETS are made in great variety, though still small, and standing very much off the face; this peculiarity, however, being compensated for by the profuse trimming under the brim, and which usually includes a roll of velvet across the head. There is a new bonnet made of black velvet, edged with green, and the back of the crown is formed of a green velvet twisted round, and finished off with a green silk tassel.

HEAD-DRESSES are particularly tasteful and becoming this season. For evening dress, and by youthful belles, flowers are universally worn, though sometimes they are intermixed with ribbons. The wreaths are made very large and wide, and though placed at the back of the head, extend forward and full at the sides.

A novel head-dress is composed of a broad plait of blue or scarlet velvet, which passes across the top of the head, and has depending from it a deep fall of black lace; the plait passes under the lace at the neck, where it is fastened with bows and long ends of the velvet.

A head-dress of a rather more matronly style is made of white blonde and plaited scarlet chenille, very full at the sides with drooping scarlet flowers. There is another very beautiful one composed of cherry colored velvet, ornamented with white feathers, and tassels of cherry-colored chenille and gold.

Another one consists of a net formed partly of white bugles and partly of very fine blue chenille;

small tassels of chenille droop toward the back of the neck.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

PLAIN and chequered poplins are, at present, much in favor for children's dresses. One of the prettiest of the new out-door costumes, prepared for a little girl about ten years of age, consists of a dress of chequered poplin, the prevailing color being dark-blue. With it is worn a paletot of black velvet, trimmed with several rows of figured braid, and a bonnet of dark-blue velvet, trimmed with rows of black velvet. An in-door dress, just made for a little girl, consists of a skirt of green cashmere and a high corsage, or close jacket, of black velvet. The basque and the ends of the sleeves are edged with rows of chenille trimming.

For little ones who attend cotillion parties or children's balls, (wrong by-the-way, mammas,) a beautiful dress of pink, blue or white silk, ornamented with trimmings of black velvet ribbon. One of these little dresses, made of pink silk, is ornamented with a front trimming, consisting of black velvet, disposed in a large lozenge pattern. The front of the corsage is trimmed in a corresponding style, and a bow and long ends of velvet is placed on each shoulder above the short sleeves. The same style of dress may be made in tarletane, tulle, or crape, satin ribbon being used instead of velvet for the trimming. A sash of broad ribbon, tied on one side, with long flowing ends reaching nearly to the edge of the skirt, adds much to the pretty effect of a dress of this description.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

MONEY FOR OTHER PUBLICATIONS.—When we receive money for other publications, as for "The Dollar Newspaper," "Home Journal," &c., we pay it over immediately. If you miss a number, address the publisher, and not us. We assume no responsibility beyond paying over the money. The only exception to this rule is "Harper." If you don't get your "Harper" regularly, notify us.

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.—When subscribers move from one town to another, we will forward the Magazine to their new place of residence, on being requested by letter. This applies to club subscribers as well as to two dollar ones.

THE EXTRA COPY.—The extra copy of the Magazine, promised as a premium for a club of twelve or sixteen, means an extra copy for the whole year; that is a number monthly for the twelve months.

MRS. STEPHENS, our coadjutor in the editorial department, has been seriously ill, for nearly two months, which accounts for the delay in her novellet for 1857. She is now convalescent.

TO CLUBS.—It is not necessary that a club should all reside in the same post-town. We will send to any post-office where subscribers may reside.

PREMIUMS.—When entitled to a premium, state, in remitting, which you prefer. In case no selection is made we shall send "The Garland of Art."

TRANSFERRING PAPER, for copying designs in embroidery, &c., forwarded, post-paid, in a neat package, for twenty-five cents.

"PETERSON" AND "HARPER."—For \$3.50 we will send a copy of "Peterson" and "Harper," for one year.

ENCLOSE A STAMP.—Letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTION.—No subscription, at club rates, taken for less than a year.





J. D. Cross del.

Engraved especially for *Pittman's Magazine*



MUSLIN SLEEVE.



LOUIS XIII. SLEEVE.



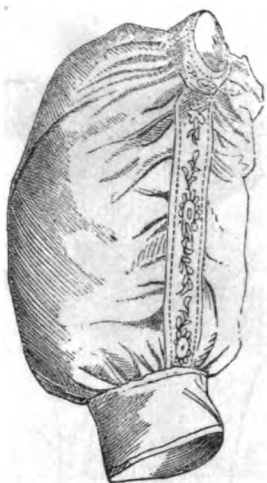
BOURNOUSE CLOAK.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Original acquired by Peterson Museum

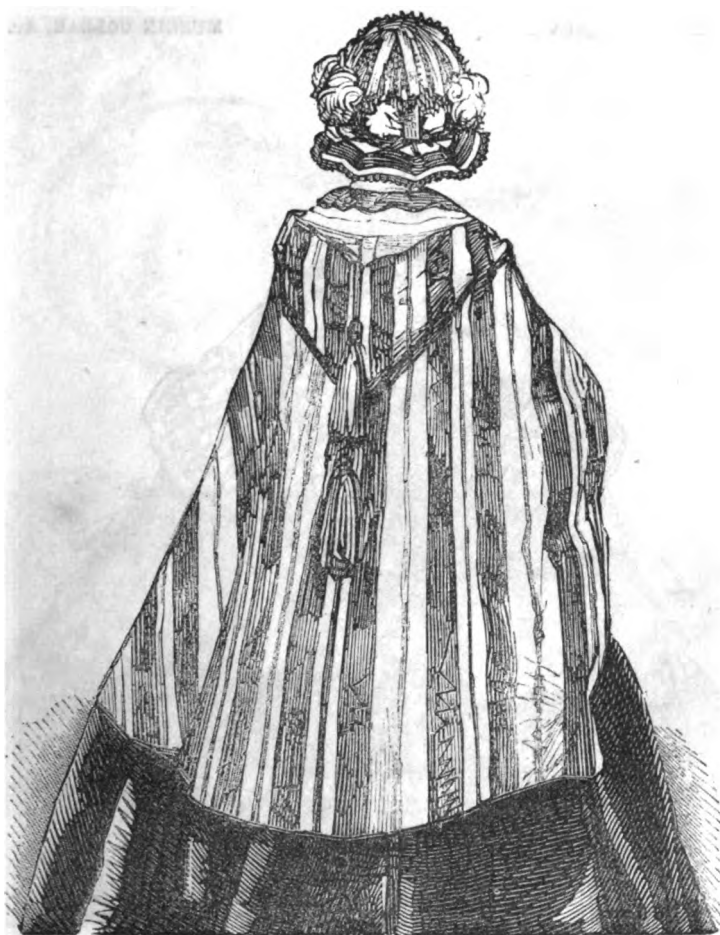
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PLAIN MUSLIN SLEEVE.



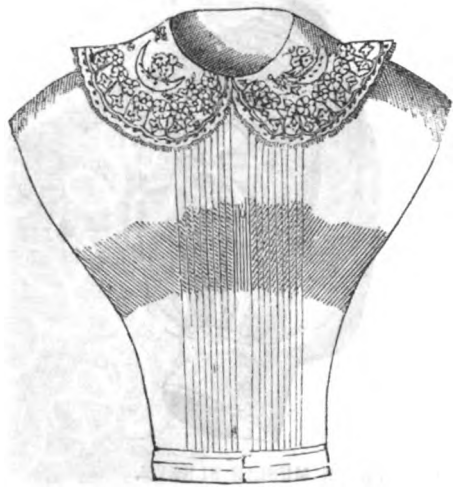
LOUIS XIII. SLEEVE.



BOURNOISE CLOAK.



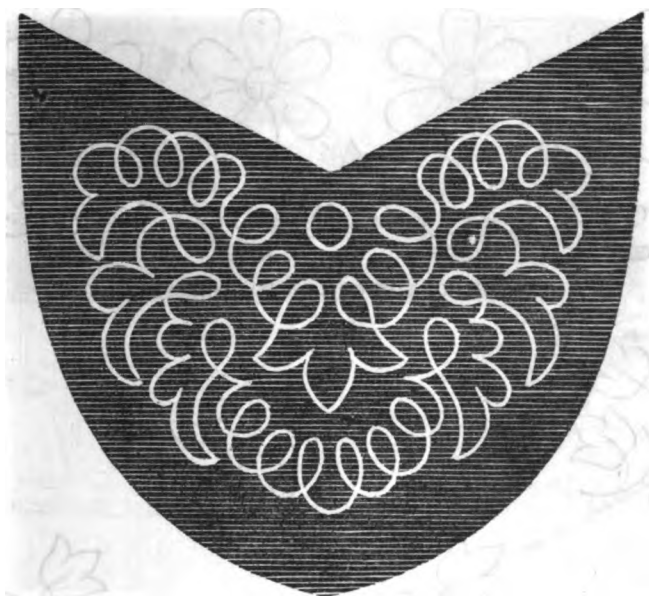
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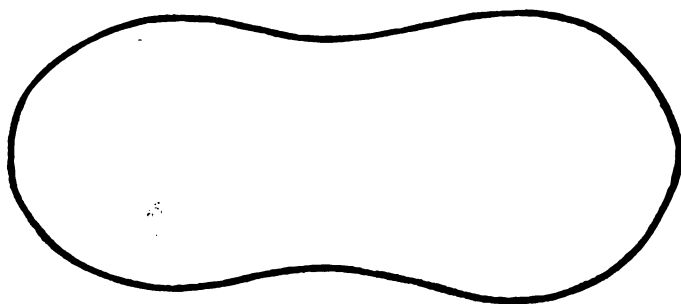
MUSLIN COLLAR, &c.



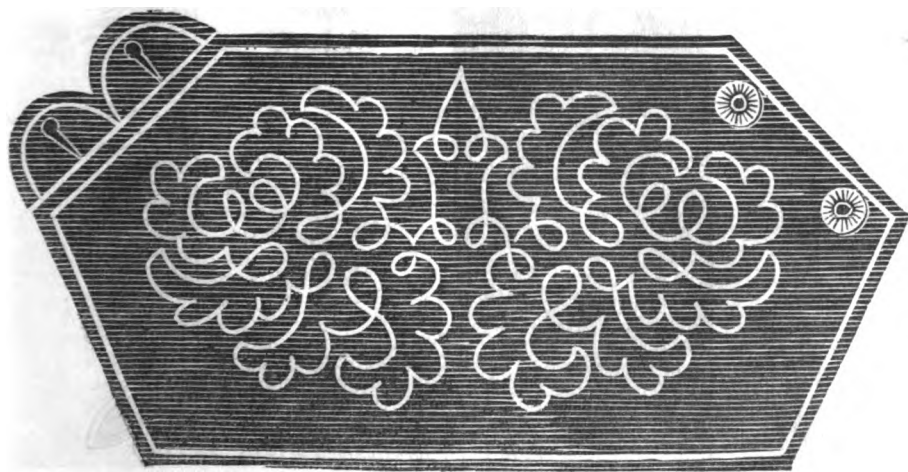
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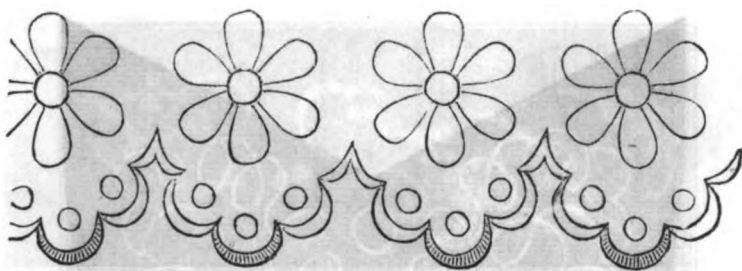
FRONT OF BABY'S BOOT.



SOLE OF BABY'S BOOT.



BACK AND SIDE OF BABY'S BOOT.



TRIMMING FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES.



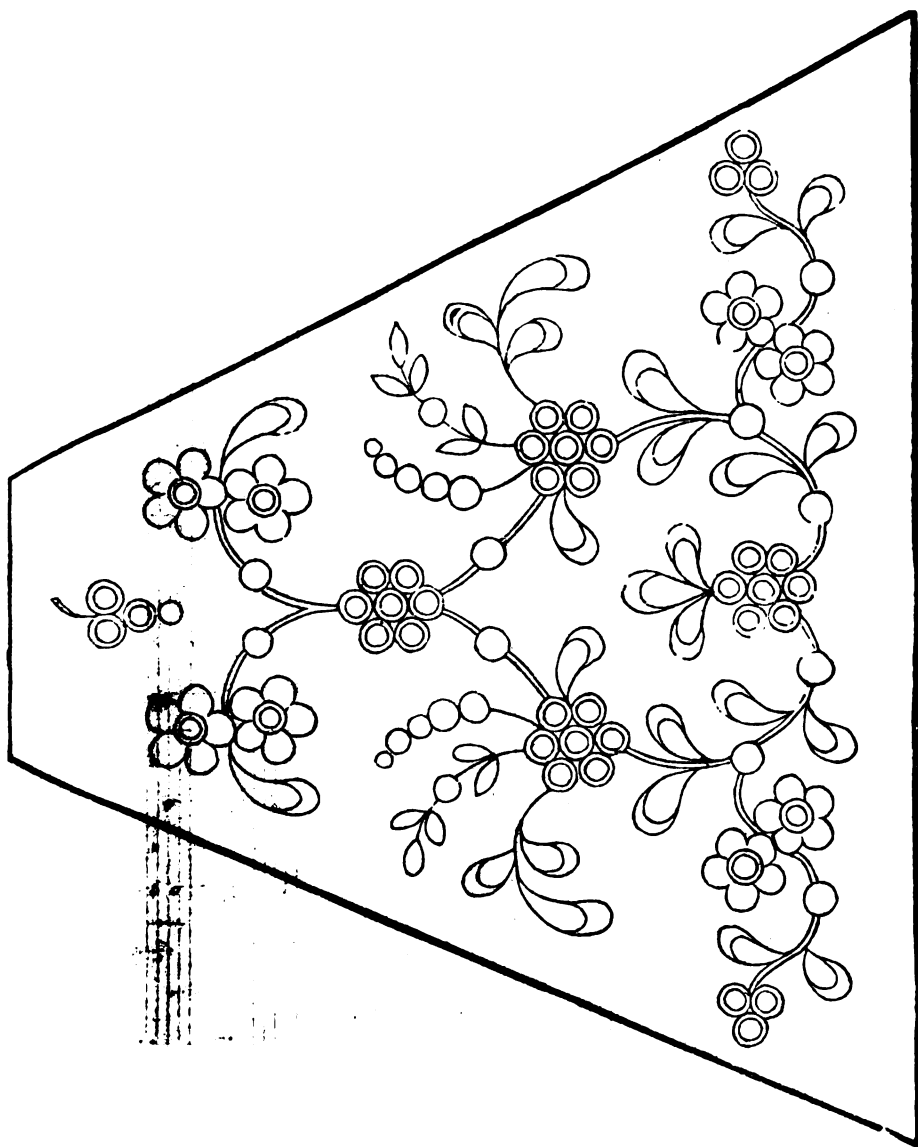
SPRIGS FOR BABY'S BLANKET.



KNITTED EMBROIDERY FOR FOOT COVER.



LETTERS FOR MARKING.



FRONT OF CHILD'S DRESS.

THE EOLIAN HARP.

Poetry by Charles Mackay.
Slow and tranquilly.

Symphonies and Accompaniments by Sir H. R. Bishop.
Arr: "FAREWELL, MANCHESTER."

p *cres.*

Through the sum-mer night Comes a me-lan-cho-ly sprite, Fit-ful as the light On the bil-lowy

p

seas; At my win-dow lone It a-wakes a mourn-ful tone, Ris-ing, fall-ing, in sweet

cres. *rf*

me - lo - dies. Tell me, why dost bor - row Such a voice of sor - row, Spi - rit at my

pp *cres.*

rall. *slower.* *tempo primo.* casement, moaning 'mid the trees?

p *mf* *cres.* *f*

1.

Through the summer night
Comes a melancholy sprite,
Fiffling as the light
On the billow seas;
At my window lone
It awakes a mournful tone,
Rising, falling, failing, in sweet melodies.
Tell me, why dost borrow
Such a voice of sorrow,
Spirit at my casement, moaning 'mid the trees?

2.

Wherefore seek to know?
Forests bend and rivers flow
Ever as if woe
Mingled in their song:
Nature's voice appears
As if, touched by human tears,
'Twere a dirge of pity for our human wrong;
Ocean moans forever,
Sadly falls the river,
And the vagrant storms the notes of grief prolong.

3.

Sigh, O summer air;
Music never spoke despair;
And thy sighs declare
Comfort 'mid our pain.
Joy abides in grief;
Hidden in the flower and leaf
Sing, O wind of summer,
Sweet uncertain comer;
Sympathy for sorrow hallows all the strain.



MORNING CAP.



FANCHON CAP.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1857.

No. 3.

COSTUMES OF SOUTHERN EUROPE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.



THE nations of the South have been, from time immemorial, more picturesque in their costume than those of the North. To a great degree, however, French fashions have supplanted the national dress, except among the peasantry. In

Italy, though painting and sculpture have, for ages, furnished elegant models for costume, the upper classes almost entirely obey the behests of the Parisian *modistes*. Even ladies of rank, however, have a graceful way of wearing the veil, which has plainly come down from classical times.

But the Roman peasant girl dresses still with taste, as the accompanying engraving shows. The petticoat is long, the bodice laced across the bosom, the sleeves nearly tight from the shoulders to the wrist, a handkerchief pinned across the bosom, immense earrings, and a curious head-dress of white linen, which lies quite flat upon the head, and the ends hanging down



upon the shoulders and back. The bodice is frequently gaily ornamented, and usually of some bright color, different from the robe or petticoat. The hair hangs in long tresses, and the shoes have immense silver buckles.

Among the most graceful male costumes is that of the Nassari, or rural stewards of the Roman princes, of which we give an engraving. The Roman *ferrainolo*, or mantle, is thrown over their gaunt figures with great effect; their broad hats are flapped over their eyes, and they carry a gun slung at the side, and a hunting-spear in the hand, which give them an air rather military than pastoral.

The Venetians dress their heads in a curious manner. They wear a little rose colored hat, trimmed with blonde, placed over the right ear; and over the left a bunch of artificial flowers, their hair behind tied with a riband.

Mrs. Piozzi gives the following account of their morning dress in her time, seventy years ago, and it has not materially altered:—"It consists of a black silk petticoat sloped, just to train on the ground a little, founced with black gauze. On their heads they have a skeleton wire, like what is used for making up hats; over it they throw a large piece of black mode or persian, so as to shade the face like a curtain. The front





is trimmed with deep black lace, or soufflet gauze, very becoming. The thin ends of silk they roll back, and fasten in a puff before on the stomach; then once more rolling it back from the shape, tie it gracefully behind, and let it hang in two ends."

The toilet in Spain still remains na-

tional, and parts of it are very picturesque. The reputation of the Spanish Mantilla is world-wide. This coquettish article of dress is always black or white, the former being the prevalent color,



and invariably worn in winter; the white has a very pretty effect, especially if the wearer be a *rubia*, or of fair complexion. The white are always of lace, but the black are of all materials; from the rich lace of the upper ranks, the silk with a wide border of lace of the tradesmen's wives, or edged with velvet, a grade lower, to the

coarse mantilla of *points* of the lowest classes. In the preceding illustration may be seen the mantilla, the high comb, and the large fan of the Spanish lady.



The most important part of the male costume of a Spaniard is the cloak. The lower orders wear it of a dark chocolate color, faced with crimson plush, or cotton velvet; while that worn by the higher classes is of blue or black cloth, faced with rich black silk velvet, and frequently lined throughout with taffety. The cloak is not a winter garment alone; in the hottest days of summer it is often worn, as in obedience to the proverb,

"However hot the sun,
Keep thy cloak on."

In Portugal the style of dress still retains traces of the Jews and Moors, who formerly made up a large portion of the inhabitants.



Some of the female peasants wear a cloak-mantilla not unlike that worn in Ireland, and probably transmitted, centuries ago, to the latter place.



We pass now to the Mediterranean Islands. In Malta the peasant women wear a short cotton under garment, a petticoat generally of a blue color, an upper robe opening

at the sides, and a corset without sleeves. The higher classes follow the French and English fashions; but we must not omit to mention the *faldetta*, a black silk veil, their usual coiffure when abroad, which almost rivals in grace and elegance the much admired mantilla of the Spanish.



In the Greek isles the costumes are as various as they generally are picturesque. We can select only a few. The hair is worn very long, and floats upon the shoulders; some use the small red Albanian skull-cap, which just covers the crown of the head; others wear a cap of white, red, or blue cotton, which hangs in a bag behind, or on one side; this is the common head-dress

of the men, particularly the peasants. A double-breasted waistcoat, usually made of velvet, either maroon-colored or blue, closed at the chest with a double row of hanging buttons of gold or silver, which begin at the shoulders, and approach each other toward the waist, forms the principal feature in their attire; it is generally bordered with gold lace, and fastened with a sash of colored silk. The lower part of their dress, which is called *thoraki*, is deserving of particular description. It resembles a wide sack, made generally of blue cotton, with holes at

the corners, through which the legs are thrust, the superfluous cloth hanging in folds between the legs; these trousers are supported by the silk sash already mentioned: this garment is sometimes exchanged for the short white Albanian petticoat, confined at the knee, and resembling the Highland kilt, which is a much more graceful dress than the *thoraki*.

The women of Scio, who have always been celebrated for their beauty, have a very picturesque dress. They wear short petticoats, reaching only to the knees, with white silk or cotton hose; their head-dress, which is peculiar to the Island, is a kind of turban of linen, so fine and white that it seemed like snow. Their slippers are chiefly yellow, with a knot of red fringe at the heel; some wear them fastened with a thong. Their garments are of silk of various colors. The above cut shows this dress.

The dress of the women of the isle of Ios is simple and graceful. A light under-dress gives the outlines of their elegant forms, without incommoding their movements. Their petticoats





are short, and ornamented round the bottom and round the front of the bosom; they also wear loose jackets, and a kind of turban, one end of which hangs down upon the left shoulder.

In Patmos the robe is confined at the waist by a girdle, from whence falls the narrow embroidered apron; the sleeves are nearly tight down to the wrists, and an open jacket is worn that reaches as low as the hips. The head is ornamented with a simple but elegant turban of very fine white linen. In

some of the Islands, and even in some parts of the continent, unmarried women braid their hair and ornament it with natural flowers; others adorn their heads with the most tasteful and elegant shaped turbans, formed of light-colored mustins.

The Albanian costume has been made immortal by Byron. Two vests are always worn; the outer one is open, and the inner one laced down the middle, and richly figured. In their broad sash or belt are suspended one or two pistols, the handles of which are very long, and often curi-



ously wrought and ornamented in silver. The shirt is made of coarse cotton, hangs from beneath the belt like a kilt, and the drawers are of the same material. Their legs are clothed in variously colored stockings, or high socks and sandals; they have also metal greaves or coverings for the knees and ankles.

The head-dress consists generally of a small red skull-cap, to which is added a shawl, wound round in the form of a turban. The most remarkable part of an Albanian's dress, however, is the capote, or cloak, worn indiscriminately by all ranks, the lowest as well as the highest. It is generally made of white or grey wool, but black horsehair is also used occasionally. This garment has wide, open sleeves, and a square flap or cape behind, that serves sometimes as a hood. This cloak, which is generally thrown over one shoulder, gives a theatrical appearance, which is much increased by the stately manner in which an Albanian always walks.

The Turkish dress is so familiarly known that we need not describe it. We give three engravings, however, of different styles of out-of-door dress, for whatever may be the in-door costume of an Eastern lady of quality, all wear, when



abroad, two dresses, called *murlins*; these form a complete disguise, one covering all the face, except the eyes, the other concealing the head-dress. Besides these a *ferigee* is worn to hide the figure; it has straight sleeves, reaching to the ends of the fingers, and, wrapping round them, perfectly conceals the dress and shape.

All Eastern women, whether of high or low degree, wear drawers; indeed the poorer classes only wear these and a shirt. Yet, though half naked, no one is ever seen without a veil; which, even from the time of Rebecca, has been considered a necessary part of female dress; and



all but the very poorest contrive to possess some jewels for ear-rings, bracelets, and necklaces.

All these costumes, which we have described, are national in the widest sense of that term. That is they have grown out of the habits of the people, the character of the climate, and other permanently controlling circumstances. The hereditary love for the beautiful, which distinguishes the Greeks, has made their dress, while

entirely appropriate to the climate, the most picturesque in the world. The jealousy of their women, which controls the Turks, has invented the hideous murlin. The mantilla and cloak are indispensable in a country, where the changes of temperature are so great and sudden as in Spain. These facts should teach Americans a lesson. Are we forever to imitate the Parisian styles, appropriate or inappropriate?

BURIAL OF HOPE.

BY FANNY WOODBURY.

Once I had a young companion,
Young and gentle, kind and true,
Fair as flowers that bloom in Summer,
Pure as drops of morning dew.
Oh! her hair was like the sunshine,
And her lips were full and bright,
And her eyes of deepest azure,
Swam in soft, celestial light.
Like a radiant thing of beauty
Dwelt she in my humble home,
Cheering, by her angel presence,
Hours of darkness and of gloom.
Songs of most enchanting sweetness
All day long she sang to me,
And she told me pleasant stories
Of a land beyond the sea.
Of a land beyond the ocean,
Where the flowers bloomed more fair,
Where the birds sang gayer music,
Sweeter fragrance filled the air,
Where the sunbeams shone more brightly,
Greener verdure decked each tree;
And she told of fond hearts waiting
In that happy land for me.
There she said that Life was Beauty,
Fraught with bliss, with gladness rife;
Here, alas! 'twas naught but Duty,
Naught but sorrow, sin and strife.
But Life's bitter winds blew coldly,
And Hope could not live with me,
So she closed her eyes forever,
On this life of misery.
Then there came a mourning maiden
To my lone and humble home,
Proffered me her cordial friendship,
Offered by my side to roam,
Said she never would desert me,
Never would be false to me;
When I asked her name, she answered
"I am Sad Despondency."
From the lonely land of Sorrow,
Where Despair's dark river flows,
I have come to be the sharer
Of your sorrows and your woes;

For I knew that Hope had left you,
And that, nevermore on earth,
She would cheer your lonely bosom
With her songs of joy and mirth.
So I chose the mourning maiden
To be sharer of my gloom,
Sharer of the dreary darkness
That was resting on my home.
Over mountain, over meadow
Thus she wandered by my side,
And she never once has left me
Since the day my young Hope died.
I will go with her to-morrow,
With this maiden sad, yet fair,
To the lonely land of Sorrow,
By the river of Despair.
There beneath the gloomy shadow
Of some weeping willow tree,
We will dig a grave together,
I and Sad Despondency.
We will dig it deep and lowly,
While the bitter tears we shed,
We will dig it deep and lowly,
For the loved and cherished dead.
Then we'll bring the treasured sleeper
From my lone and humble home,
And we'll lay her down to slumber
'Neath the willow's mystic gloom.
We will place a wreath of roses,
Pale, sweet roses, round her head,
And we'll throw the cold turf o'er her,
O'er the loved and cherished dead.
Then beneath the gloomy shadow
Of the weeping willow tree,
We will sing sad songs together,
I and Sad Despondency.
I shall hear no more such music
As my young Hope sang to me,
Hear no more enchanting stories
Of that land beyond the sea,
But my home must be forever
With this maiden sad, yet fair,
In the lonely land of Sorrow,
By the river of Despair.

A NIGHT IN A RAILWAY STATION.

BY A. L. OTIS.

Who does not remember the night of the—— of January, 1856, when after a cold day, with deep snow on the ground, there came up that furious, bitter wind which piled drifts along our streets, filled up our railroads, and buried for the rest of the winter many a little country lane. I do for one, and I will tell you why.

A dear friend of mine who lives at—— on the Delaware, about ten miles from the city, was very ill, and twice a week, during the winter, I went to see her, going out by the New York railroad which passed close by her residence.

On that Tuesday I went out in the morning as usual, and when it was time for me to return to the city, my friends sent me in their sleigh to the station house, and left me there about seven o'clock in the evening, momentarily expecting the cars.

Another sleigh drove up, and a young lady was lifted out by an elderly gentleman, she called "Uncle."

"I don't like to leave you here, Nell," he said.

"Why, dear Uncle, hasn't father done it every week this winter? The conductor knows us, and brother Will always meets me at the depot. I wouldn't miss to-night for anything. I am to sing *Casta Diva*, you know, and I have been practising it this six months, for one of these musical evenings. Why, I must go. Don't you see it is imperative? Father trusts me alone. He will be alarmed if I do not return to-night."

"Well, well. But it is so bitter cold and blowing so!" he added, still doubtfully.

"Never mind. In five minutes at furthest I shall be in good, warm cars. In another half-hour with Will in our carriage, and soon after that snug at home. So don't worry about me. And don't wait, uncle. You know you promised aunt that you wouldn't wait. She said it was madness to go out at all with your sore throat. I have come so often alone, why need you fear now?"

"Well, are you warm? This wind goes to one's bones!"

"Do look at my furs? Lined cloak, muff, shoes and all."

"Well, I shall leave John here with you. Good-night, dear."

"Good-night, uncle."

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Hardly was her uncle out of sight, when she turned to John, the coachman, who was stamping his feet upon the platform.

"Are you very cold, John?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss. I got chilled gearing up, and I'm after forgetting my tippet."

Another sleigh jingled up. Out of it sprang a tall young gentleman muffled in a thick shawl. The driver had a lantern, and taking it from him, the gentleman held it aloft, and surveyed those who were to be his fellow passengers, that is, the young lady and myself.

"Ah, Miss Clare, how do you do?" he exclaimed, gladly. And Miss Clare answered his greeting, calling him Mr. Woodworth. He went on to say, how surprised he was that he was in time for the cars, for the snow had been so drifted that he had been more than an hour in reaching the station. He had only come on because he thought the cars might be a little behind time on account of the snow.

Miss Clare, too, had thought she should never arrive; and she was so sorry for poor John, whom her uncle had left to take care of her, and who would be almost frozen in waiting and walking home.

"Let him go in the sleigh with my man, he passes your uncle's house," said the gentleman, "I shall be most happy to take care of you. It is a bad night for walking, the wind is so searching, and the snow drifted."

Miss Clare gladly assented, and I was heartily pleased to see the poor, chilled fellow, well wrapped in a robe, driving off in comfort. We heard afterward that on arriving at her uncle's, he reported, that as the cars were just coming, he thought he might leave Miss Ellen in Mr. Woodworth's care. So her relatives passed the night in comfort of mind and body.

The station house was a little frame building, consisting of only one room with no fire in it. It sheltered us from the wind, but nevertheless I began to get bitter cold, and I listened eagerly for the cars. A half-hour passed and they had not come. My two companions in misfortune still talked merrily, with an occasional wonder at the delay, and speculation on its cause. Mr. Woodworth had hung the lantern upon a high nail, and I could often see their faces. That of

Miss Clare was pretty and delicate. Just now it was all smiles and rosiness. Mr. Woodworth's was dark, moustached and handsome. I was much interested in the pair, but my interest met with no returns, for they neither of them noticed me any more than if I was invisible.

I knew by their conversation that they were not mere acquaintances. There was a subdued, half expressed tone; sometimes a warmth, and sometimes a hesitation, which seemed significant to me. I imagine that the circumstance of their being so alone here, only made them more reserved, imposing a sweet restraint, which secretly whispered how near they were to each other.

Another hour passed. Even the lovers were cold now. The cutting wind stole in at innumerable crannies, piled little heaps of snow here and there on the floor, and swept across the railroad as if it would carry our little teneament with it. The telegraph lines sounded out long, wild notes, the Storm King's own Æolian harp, making fearful music for his majesty. The fine, hard snow, driven against the thin walls, sounded like a battery of needles.

"The snow must have drifted very much to detain the train so long; perhaps we had better return?" said Mr. Woodworth.

"That would be impossible. I could not walk so far in this wind, even if there were no snow-drifts," the lady answered.

"But I would call at your uncle's, and send the sleigh for you."

She cast an uneasy, fearful look around, and then an appealing one at him.

"You are afraid to be left alone? Then I certainly shall not leave you."

I observed the fondness of tone was balanced by a studied ceremony of look and manner.

"The cars will surely be here in a minute or two now," she answered, hopefully, "and if they should come while you were gone! I feel afraid to-night."

I knew it was in vain for me to attempt to reach my friend's residence, but I felt that I must stand or sit still no longer. I must walk about briskly, or I should fall asleep. I commenced the agonizing promenade, which did not cease until hour after hour had passed by, for I did not dare to stop.

At first I was in such pain with my hands and feet, that I was quite heedless of my companions, and my attention was not arrested until I heard low murmured words of comfort. I looked at Miss Clare; tears, forced by pain, were rolling over her cheeks, and Mr. Woodworth was pitying her. He begged her to take his shawl, but she positively refused.

"No, no," she kept replying, "I don't want it indeed! Do pray keep it on—you will freeze without it. I can't bear to see you take it off." Concern for him was in her tone.

"Then allow me," he said, with a gentle, apologetic glance, and drew her within it—close to him—into the warm shelter of his arms.

The necessity excused it; she felt that it did, and she did not refuse to let him hold both of her hands in one of his.

Thus for one of us, at least, was happiness wrung from that bitter night.

I continued my painful walk. I threw my arms about like a coachman. I rubbed my hands and stamped my feet; I ran and jumped. I would not let the death-sleep creep over me. My frantic walk was always past the window, and I stopped a moment each time to look for the glowing red eye of the locomotive—how many thousand times to turn away in disappointment.

The lovers stood in silence. At last I saw that her head rested upon his shoulder, her whole weight leaning upon his arm. She was almost asleep, while he only thought of the delight of such a burden.

"Sir," I ventured to say to him, "your charge is in a critical state."

"Be so kind as to let her alone, madam," said he, angrily. "She is losing the sense of pain."

"She will sleep away her life, sir," I answered, "you had better let her suffer—you had better shake her roughly—you had better rouse her even by sharp pain than let her die!"

"My love," he cried, starting affrighted, and holding her from him, "my darling! my very life! Wake up!"

She opened her eyes languidly, smiled, leaned again upon his shoulder, and fell asleep.

With one arm about her waist, and the other firmly grasping her hand, he tried to make her walk. Her feet refused to move, he was only dragging her along.

"You must rouse her sharply," I said.

"What can I do?"

"Pinch her, or shake her."

He threw me an indignant glance.

"You are answerable for her life," I said, warningly. He hesitated, but he did not resort to my measures. He stooped over her and gently kissed her cheek. It was enough. Her bewildered eyes sought his face. Was it to make the cure complete, or was it only an affectionate impulse, that he more warmly and hastily repeated the remedy? She drew back, and warm blood mantled through her pale cheeks to her very brow. He explained in deep, earnest tones. She was aroused, and walked as quickly as she

could to and fro, rather seeming to avoid leaning upon his arm. Yet she was not angry.

When she became fully able to stand alone, he asked me to walk with her, and then once more seeing that the shawl was wrapped around her, for she had it all now, he went to the door.

Miss Clare sprang toward him.

"You will not go out to perish in the snow-drifts! You will not leave us alone! Oh, Mr. Woodworth, the cars will be here in a minute, perhaps. Oh, stay with me!"

"I must make the attempt to reach some house. I should not have forgotten everything in my own happiness, as I have so culpably done. You must have warmth and care, or poor, beautiful darling, you may die."

"If you leave me I shall die," she cried, "if I knew that you were struggling in the snow-drifts alone, it would kill me! You must not go!" She clung to his hand. "I will walk all night, or till the cars come; they must come soon now. Oh, do not leave me, or I shall die of fear! Or if you will go, I will go too."

He was moved from his purpose, and another hour was spent in walking to and fro, with the weeping, but contented, girl.

The lantern began to give tokens of going out, but I could see that Miss Clare's steps grew uncertain again. Allowing her to rest a moment, and sink into a state of partial insensibility, he

gave her to me silently, and set out for succor. It was now near morning, I shook the young lady well, and used every means to keep her in motion. It was good exercise for me, and we thus kept each other awake. At last we were left in utter darkness. It turns me sick to think of the bitter agony of the next hour, but when the dawn began to appear, we heard voices! aid had arrived. We were carried to a tavern about half a mile distant, and cautiously warmed into life again. Poor Mr. Woodworth had reached the house in so exhausted a state, and was so chilled, that they had refused to allow him to come back for us. He was ready, however, to receive Miss Clare when we arrived, but she was too stupified to recognize him.

When the second train from New York passed, we were sufficiently recruited to go to the city, and by that time Miss Clare and I were good friends. She was now so shy of her anxious, attentive lover, that I was inclined to call her prudish; but it was the memory of the scenes in the station house which embarrassed her. For my part, the physical anguish I had endured, was uppermost in my mind, and remains so, but the episode of the lovers is a mitigation of the remembrances of that horrible night. They are married now, and happy in Europe. Our sympathy in suffering has made us friends for life.

TODDLING MAY.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

FIVE pearly teeth and a soft blue eye,

A sinless eye of blue

That is dim or is bright, it scarce knows why,

That, baby dear, is you;

And parted hair of a pale, pale gold,

That is priceless every curl,

And a boldness shy and a fear half bold,

Ay, that's my baby girl.

A small, small frock, as the snow-drop white,

That is worn with a tiny pride,

With a sash of blue, by a little sight

With a baby wonder eyed,

And a pattering pair of restless shoes

Whose feet have a tiny fall,

That not for the world's coined wealth we'd lose

That, Baby May, we call.

A rocker of dolls with staring eyes

That a thought of sleep disdain,

That with shouts of tiny lullabies

Are by'd and by'd in vain;

A drawer of carts with baby noise,

With strainings and pursed up brow,

Whose hopes are cakes and whose dreams are toys,

Ay, that's my baby now.

A sinking of heart, a shuddering dread,

Too deep for a word or tear—

Or a joy whose measure may not be said,

As the future is hope or fear;

A sunless venture, whose voyage's fate

We would and yet would not know,

Is she whom we dower with love as great

As is periled by hearts below.

Oh, what as her tiny laugh is dear,

Or our days with gladness girds!

Or what is the sound we love to hear

Like the joy of her baby words!

Oh, pleasure our pain and joys our fears—

Should be, could the future say,

Away with sorrow—time has no tears

For the eyes of Baby May.

HENRIETTA BACON.

BY SARAH HAMILTON.

CHAPTER I.

"THE beautiful and the useful, can they never be blended, dear mother, or rather may they not always be?" asked a little girl, looking sadly down to the coarse knitting work she held in her small, delicate hands.

She had sat for a long time gazing intently into the bright blaze that sprang fitfully up the black chimney, upon the sparks that flew cheerily upward still further, and then at the red coals glowing beneath. It was a pleasant fire—a cheerful, substantial fire, sending its warmth far out into the room, but this was not all, it boasted something more—something that irradiated the heart. What this peculiar property was Henrietta Bacon was striving to find out, a vague, half defined idea already illumined her mind, and had called forth the above query.

"What do you mean, child?" answered the matter-of-fact mother, stopping the busy wheel to supply herself with another roll.

"Oh, I hardly know myself, mother; but does it never seem to you as if all your work amounted to nothing, just as if you were too much like that wheel which helps us, to be sure—but——"

"Well, what of it?" interrupted the mother, seeing Henrietta hesitated for words to express her meaning. "I suppose we were made to work: what would you and your father do if it were not for the labor of my hands?"

"I know it, mother. I've been thinking all about it as I sat here—how little I could do, and how loth I sometimes feel to do even that little. Then I thought if I could work as that fire does, it makes us warm, and somehow it makes us happy in another way. I love to sit here and watch it, it is just as good as a picture—those bright coals, I can make them look like anything I please, as I do the frost on the windows. Don't you suppose, mother, some things are made purposely to look at?"

"What strange questions—but come, you must learn to talk and work too."

The little girl sighed, and once more resumed her knitting. She remained very quiet for some time. At last a new thought broke the silence.

"I say, mother, if you could only spin my yarn a little finer, I do so like pretty stockings,

and I would take such good care of them, as I fear I do not always now."

"I am glad to hear you own your faults, my daughter. There is some hope of you yet—but you must allow me to be the best judge of your stocking yarn."

The glad, hopeful expression faded slowly from the child's face. She stooped down to pat the old house dog, one, two, three bright tears fell on his neck. Just then the outer door opened and the master of the low cottage entered. He was thoroughly wet, for it was a rainy evening, and he had walked a long mile from the village post-office, where he had been for the weekly paper. He took off the well-worn hat dripping with water, hung it on the end of a long pole extending nearly across the room, and apparently made use of for various purposes: spread his great-coat on the backs of two kitchen chairs, calling upon Henrietta for the boot-jack, he soon found himself comfortably seated before the ample fire, where he had a fine opportunity of warming and drying his ample dimensions. Henrietta took her former place in the corner, half hoping, and yet not expecting to hear some word of endearment from the new-comer.

Mr. Bacon was a person of ardent feelings, but belonging to that mistaken class who think it denotes a weakness of character to express any warmth of emotion. So they both sat mute, father and daughter, each feeling that that unsocial home circle lacked much to make it a happy one. Mrs. Bacon put back her wheel, lit a tall, tallow candle sunk deep in its iron socket, pulled out the round-table, placed thereon three blue-edged plates, a lot of beans and some cold biscuit—a cup of hot tea being the only luxury indulged in. Henrietta took her accustomed place, "The beautiful and the useful," murmured she, half aloud.

"What did you say?" interrupted her father. "Did you speak?"

"I say I am not hungry to-night," answered the little girl, and pushing back her chair. She kneeled down, by the old house dog, who looked pitifully into the face of his young mistress, as if he understood it all.

"You," said Mr. Bacon, addressing his wife, as he finished his supper. Neither had spoken

during the short meal. "I saw Mr. Tompkins to-night, the thrashers will be here early in the morning."

"Early in the morning?" repeated Mrs. Bacon, "what shall I have for breakfast?"

"Oh, pick up something, you are good for that," said he, bestowing one of those satisfied, happy expressions that so tell on a good wife's heart. The answered look told him he had nothing to fear, for if ever a woman could create victuals and clothing from apparently naught, Mrs. Bacon was the one.

Perhaps our readers may conclude from the above remarks that Mr. Bacon was a poor man; in one respect he was, in another far from it—out of debt, owning a large farm of two hundred acres should have made him independent. Mr. Bacon labored hard, following in the footsteps of the revered parent, from whose hands it had passed into his own. He made an honest livelihood, but nothing as yet had been laid by against a day of need; modern improvements he looked upon as so many humbugs, nor would he dispose of a single acre, though twice the value of it had been repeatedly offered. "I can but barely live now," he would often say to his wife: "what could I do with a smaller farm?" Of course it was not more than half tilled; white weed choked his grass, lean cattle filled his hovel, fences went unrepaired, and the rudely constructed cottage was fast losing its respectability. Thus stood Mr. Bacon's affairs at the commencement of our story. We will now return to Henrietta.

"I declare!" said the mother, as she got up to wind the clock before retiring, "is that all you have done this long evening? Why, I could have knit twice as much in half the time. You may stir up some hot cakes for breakfast; blow out the light—you hear? and don't go to reading." With these words, ringing in her ears more strangely to-night than ever before, Henrietta was left to her lonely meditations.

"The beautiful and the useful cannot go together," soliloquized she. "As my father and mother have plodded, so must I. It is not that I care for the work, I could knit forever if I could only weave into being, with each added round, a leaf or a flower. I could sew, if I might but learn to embroider such fairy figures as edge grand ladies' collars; I could brush and scrub, sweep and dig if I could only go deep enough to find beauty. Oh, I had rather die, die, die, than to live so," and burying her face in her hands, she wept long and bitterly. At last, brushing back the tear-stained masses of hair, she rose, pushed back the dark curtain that shaded one of the narrow windows, and with her cheek pressed

to the cold glass, looked out upon the night. The scene was one that harmonized well with her own feelings. The rain had ceased falling, but the clouds, heavy and black, were angrily chasing each other across the leaden-hued sky.

The dead leaves whirled and fluttered about the door: now and then a gurgling drop fell from the low eaves. The picture was a dreary one. The curtain fell back heavily—with troubled brow and lagging step Henrietta crept up the rickety stairs to her little chamber. But what brings back the sunny smile? On a rude shelf, beneath the small window, stands a broken piece of crockery, and from the rich earth which it contains, all unmindful of the deformities that surround it, springs a beautiful tea-rose loaded with blossoms. "Mine, all mine," cried the little one, stooping down to kiss and admire the treasure. She passes her fingers over the velvet petals—dreamily she gazes upon the rich clusters, oh, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever:" the sentiment filled her whole heart, changed entirely the tenor of her thoughts. "Dear Karl gave me this," she murmured. "I remember he told me if I waited patiently, it would one day repay me for all my care, and that I must be like the beautiful roses that would burst from these buds—that I must make those around me happy by cheerful looks and pleasant smiles—that my good deeds would be like the fragrance of these leaves, they would live after me and shed a beauty on my memory. Somehow I remember almost everything that Karl ever said to me. Dear brother, if he had only lived how good I could have grown, he would have watched over me just as I do over this, driven away ugly thoughts, and surrounded me with the sunshine that made his own heart glad. The memory of the past, of the pale face of her brother as she last saw it, drove away all thoughts of the bitter present, new resolves crowded upon her mind. Then came a feeling of weakness and dependence, with clasped hands she sank beside the low couch. The demon of discontent was vanquished, calm, refreshing sleep soon stole to her pillow. The smile came back to her brow, and the sweet lips murmured words of endearment. "Karl, dear Karl, I'm so glad you have come" Who shall say that no ministering angel watched those slumbers, soothing to quiet and happiness that fevered spirit.

CHAPTER II.

MORNING came, bright, refreshing morning. The clear azure had taken a deeper tinge after the tears of yesterday, a golden light radiated

the small chamber. Henrietta crept from her bed long before the usual hour of rising. She glanced at the simple frock of home manufacture, at the glowing checks of red and green: her face grew grave, and then as if recollecting herself, she smiled and quickly donned the plain garment. The brown hair, with just a gleam of gold in its hue, was brushed smoothly back from the broad brow and carefully braided; one half opened bud was severed from the parent stem, and with this pinioned to the bosom of her frock, the delicate leaves caressingly laid on the white neck, the little one glided below.

Mr. Bacon was an early riser. He seemed unusually pleased this morning to see his daughter as prompt and apparently as wide-awake as himself. He glanced at her earnestly once, twice, there seemed to be something in her appearance that struck him forcibly. As he stooped down in the act of splitting his kindling wood, he murmured half aloud, "A dear child, so like—" the fast coming tears for a moment blinded him, and with a gesture almost of impatience he drove the huge jack-knife not only the whole length of the shingle, but far enough into his hand to call forth a bounteous supply of life's crimson. Henrietta brought cold water, though her father declared it was just nothing at all, but he suffered her to bandage the slight wound: a deeper indentation had been made in the cold man's heart.

We call him cold, because he was continually checking those warm springs of affection that fertilize the heart, beautifying one's life with holy deeds of love. He allowed the best impulses of his nature to be smothered by a cold reserve, springing from an unnatural and foolish pride. The god-like sentiments that the Great Author of all had so richly endowed him with, had become congealed by an icy prudence that feigned superior strength and wisdom. With the thought of weakness, the every day look of busy indifference came back to the features of farmer Bacon. Henrietta's sweet face for the time seemed forgotten.

The morning's work was completed. To the child it seemed a long and wearisome task. The mother said but little, her mind was apparently centred upon her domestic duties to the exclusion of all others. Henrietta's roving fancies were continually checked by abrupt inquiries from her companion relating to the day's work. At last she was at liberty—even the hated knitting for once was forgotten—pinning a small blanket over her head and gathering it in graceful folds about her neck, the little girl directed her steps to the barn. Sadly, with a feeling akin to pain, she gazed upon the two noble horses.

Tread, tread, tread, would they never stop—must they keep moving—could they progress no farther? The dark eyes grew wonderfully large; her mind was busy, and a vivid comparison was being made between the monotonous routine of every day life and the ceaseless tramp of the horses. Just then one of the men touched one of them lightly with a whip. "I won't have it," she exclaimed, starting forward: "stop them." The man looked up, while a look alternately of surprise and amusement crossed his face. Mr. Bacon came from the farther end of the barn to see what had happened, if anything was broken. A loud laugh answered his inquiry: an angry flush stole to the girl's brow, drawing herself proudly up she turned and walked hastily away. She wandered on, hardly realizing where she was going: the path was a familiar one, and led to a favorite resort, a dark fir tree, a rock cozily sheltered beneath soon checked her rapid steps. Throwing herself on the ground, she gave full vent to her childish grief. A soft voice fell on her ear musically worded—a pair of stout arms encircled the little one, and a calm, benevolent face peered into her own—her loud cries hushed to low sobs. She dared not look up, and yet she knew that he who held her there was good like her brother Karl; perhaps God had sent another just like him for her to love, and the child nestled still closer to the stranger's heart. His eye rested upon the crimson bud—she noticed it, and taking it from her bosom she placed it in his hands. "It came from Karl—he brought it a long way—he will never come again."

"And who was Karl?" said the stranger: "and what is your name?"

The child crept from his arms and seated herself on the mossy turf at his feet. "My name is Henrietta Bacon," said she, folding the little hands before her, and looking earnestly in the face of her companion, "I live in the brown house yonder, just over the hill. It is not pretty—nothing is pretty there—no yard, no trees, no flowers. I did not mind it once, for I had a brother just like you, so good."

"And why do you think I am good, Etta? I shall call you Etta, it is shorter and sweeter than Henrietta."

"Because, sir, the look has grown there just as it did on his face. I was never lonely with him, everything then seemed so bright and glad."

"When he was a big boy he left us to go to school—he was not like other folks—he loved his books better than anything else, excepting his home and us. By-and-bye father said he couldn't afford it, so Karl came home, oh, how glad I was, it was just like Thanksgiving to see

him again—but he looked pale and tired, and did not talk much only to me, when we were all alone, and his face kept growing whiter and whiter; father kept saying it was all the books; I do not think it was; Karl said he didn't, but he never complained. He was very patient and contented, for all it was so hard for him to be sick, there were so many things he wanted to do. Sometimes he would take me in his arms and talk of heaven and the beautiful angels: but when he would speak of leaving me, as he very often did, he almost always cried.

"I did not then know what he meant by leaving me, I know now. Oh, dear! I wish I could die too."

"Die, Etta—and for what?"

"Oh, 'tis so beautiful up there, all starry and bright, and I should see him."

"But would you leave your father and mother?"

"Yes—I guess so. I don't think they would miss me much, after a little while."

The stranger looked sad. "I'm sorry," said he, after a moment's pause, "that your parents are not kind to you."

"Who said they wasn't kind?" answered the child, springing to her feet, "they are kind and good to me, I love them very much, but oh, not as I loved him," and bowing her head Henrietta wept afresh.

The gentleman seemed somewhat puzzled. He drew her gently to his side, the calm, musical voice seemed to possess a magical influence, it quieted her at once. "You have told me your name, Etta, now would you like to know mine? It is Paul Boston, I am a minister, and preach in yonder church."

"I don't believe it," interrupted the child.

"Why?" answered her companion, in smiling surprise.

"Because I have never seen you before, and you don't look or act like a minister; if you had been, you would have scolded me for being so very wicked."

"No, you have not seen me before. I came here only a week since, and I shall neither find fault with or advise you. There is a little speaker in your own bosom that can do that much better than I can. He is always with you, ever watchful, and knows as well when you think as when you do wrong—do you know what I mean?"

"I suppose you mean my conscience."

"Yes, that will always tell you what is right. I understand your feelings, Etta, some of them are what they should be, you ardently love the beautiful—but like many older persons seek it

through wrong avenues; you will soon learn that the truly beautiful lives in a well ordered life—in the depths of a pure heart. I suppose you can read, Etta?"

"A very little," answered the child.

Paul Boston took from his pocket a small Bible, and opened at the fifty-first psalm. Henrietta listened eagerly to the deep tones. "It was such a beautiful prayer," she told her mother that night, "would she please read it over to her."

Henrietta and her companion parted mutually pleased with each other. The little girl with a lighter heart than she had known for many a day, Paul Boston with a thoughtful brow. He soon became a favorite at the cottage. Mr. Bacon and his wife soon learnt to listen as eagerly for the well known foot-fall as the daughter. Here for the present we must leave them.

CHAPTER III.

"MOTHER, mother, come quick, father is dying—dead!" A girl of fifteen sprang wildly into the room. Two men quickly followed bearing their almost lifeless burden. The poor wife gave one eager, agonized look and fainted. Henrietta arranged the pillows for her father; bathed the white face of the mother till she opened her eyes once more to consciousness, and then with low, hopeful words sought to calm her fears. The exertion lent strength to her own mind. Pale, resolute, composed, she stood by the side of the doctor as he examined the injured man's wounds.

"A daughter's constant care and heartfelt devotion may save him," whispered the physician to Henrietta, with a glance at the mother. She understood it, the wife lacked the fortitude that had so long slumbered in her own bosom.

Mr. Bacon had left home, that morning, well and in good spirits, to fell some trees for the winter's fuel, but alas, we know not what a day may bring forth. A large limb had struck him to the earth, and made him a cripple for life; a bad-looking gash on the top of his head made even life a thing of doubt. It was very hard for that strong, powerful man to find himself a helpless invalid; it was hard to wait quietly the return of health and strength; to learn patience. But those days of trial were not without their benefit; they were preparing him to look upon life in its proper light, not merely as one never-ending round of toil, a play of nerve and sinew, but as a period to give birth and shape to those higher aspirations which crown one's life with a radiance, not fleeting, but with a glory that lights the way all along to the hereafter.

He had gone through the world thus far having eyes and seeing not; he had been lost in the mist of selfishness; and now that the star of love had been suffered to illumine the mental darkness that clouded his vision, he saw and felt what he and his had lost.

He looked upon the care-worn features of his wife, upon the soft hair sprinkled with silver, and then memory led him slowly back to the far past; to the laughter-loving creature that first won his boyish affections; to the dreaming maiden that had taken his name long years before. Whence had fled the gleeful music of her voice? Whence the merry smiles that once dimpled her face with beauty? She had been a loving, dutiful companion, you could read her whole life in the patient, staid, care-worn expression that rested ever upon her brow. Mr. Bacon knew, now, that he had not been to her all that he should, he had loved but not cherished; and his heart smote him. With a sigh he turned to his daughter. He loved to gaze into the calm eyes, in whose depths lay revealed a wealth of affection never before prized. The sick man was beginning to feel his own wants, and to realize that they, wife and child, must have theirs. He felt that his former life was wrong, that it lacked the keystone of happiness; and yet he knew not how to begin right. Other troubles soon clouded his brow. What was to become of them without the labor of his willing hands? He was one day expressing his fears in regard to the future, when he was interrupted by Henrietta. "Father, I overheard Deacon Copeland talking about the same thing yesterday, and he says you might be a rich man if you would only manage a little differently. There was Squire White that wanted that ten acre lot that joins his, that he would give almost any price for it. And——"

"Well, say on, Henrietta."

"Why, he said he thought it was wrong for you to keep your land so, cheating yourself and other folks too; that fifty acres, well tilled, would bring you twice the value yearly you now get from the whole farm. He wondered how a person endowed with so large a share of common sense, should so err regarding agricultural matters."

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Bacon, looking much troubled, "something must be done; have you noticed how pale and sad your mother looks lately, I fear it is worriment of mind; I can't bear to see her suffer. If we could only fix it all up without troubling her. Things can't be any worse certain, though I did hope to retain this narrow strip of land I inherited."

"I am sorry I said anything about it if it makes you so unhappy," replied the daughter, smoothing back the heavy hair from her father's forehead. "I will ask Deacon Copeland to come and see you, and perhaps you will feel better after you talk it over with him. I'm sure he is a good man, and would not advise you to do anything to your injury. I wish Mr. Boston would come, he always knew just what was best."

"Do you love Mr. Boston, my child?" said Mr. Bacon, while an almost painful expression flitted across his face. A moment after he was ashamed of his selfishness, and he finished the question with a smile. A faint flush warmed the maiden's cheek, it was so unlike her father to ask.

"Yes, I love him, but not, perhaps, as you mean; I love him, for he is good and noble, and has ever been one of my best friends. I long to see him again, but I shall meet him, father, as I would brother Karl if he had lived. My heart is here with you and yours."

"Thank heaven," said Mr. Bacon, and his daughter was folded to his bosom. "It would kill me now, Etta—dear little Etta—now that I am weak and not myself, to lose you. But remember, my child, should the time ever come my happiness shall be sacrificed for yours."

A few days after the foregoing conversation, Deacon Copeland might have been seen at the cottage in earnest conversation with farmer Bacon. Four weeks from that time Mr. Bacon owned just eighty of the two hundred acre farm. In one corner of the big chest that had always stood at the foot of his bed, was a nice little heap of silver; and Jerry Alton, a good-looking, smiling fellow of twenty-one, sat in the chimney corner each evening and read history and politics to his employer. A visible change was going on about the premises. Old broken down fences were rooted up, and neat, substantial railings took their places. Jerry Alton knew a thing or two, and if he was going to be overseer he would really like to experiment a little.

Mr. Bacon looked rather frightened at first. He did not like to lose sight of his money, but finally, just to please the young man, who had really managed finely thus far, he consented; and after having his cash returned a number of times three-fold, he made no further objection, but concluded to let Jerry have his own way, and a very good way it proved to be. Now that a pair of stout hands were ever at her command, Etta too began to look about. Would he please plant a bush here and set a tree there? Grapevines and roses soon learnt to feel at home, where briars and herbs had ever before held

undisputed sway. At last the old nest itself was demolished, and a little stone-colored building beautified the same spot. The old smile stole slowly back to Mrs. Bacon's face. She began to grow fat and to laugh like other people. Her husband caught something of the same feeling. About this time Paul Boston returned, and little Etta, as he still continued to call her, was lavishly supplied with books, pictures, and as much daily instruction as she could well digest.

Reader, let me introduce you once more to the family circle. Come this way through the nicely carpeted hall—gaze ye and remember the picture, it is one of domestic bliss; snowy muslin, cheap, but beautiful in its clearness, drapes the windows. In one corner stands a melodeon and a vase of flowers, arranged with a true artist's taste; dark engravings give richness to the walls; a solar lamp on the centre-table illumines the whole with a softened light. Little Etta, with her knitting, occupies a low stool in her favorite corner; and a great, elderly dog yawns lazily at her feet; beside her sits her mother, glancing merrily at her swift flying needles, half jealous that her daughter can beat her. Farmer Bacon has either fallen asleep in his easy-chair, or is busy contemplating the bright day-dreams that now fill his daily life with gladness. Paul Boston sits reading his loved Bible: now and then he glances from its pages to admire the opening beauties of a rose-bush that ornaments a little stand by his side. He has not forgotten the faded bud which was once given him, and which he still cherishes as a precious link of the past.

Jerry enters—look into his dark eyes you know at once that success has crowned his efforts, whatever they might have been. Smile on, Jerry, one does not often hear the welcome yes from as sweet lips as those of Susie Williams.

The beautiful and the useful is at last blended. There is quiet joy and happiness where discontent and almost misery once reigned. And are there not many such homes? Oh, that they should be called homes. The body is fed and nourished—four walls keep out the winds and rains of heaven, but the soul goes unwarmed, and fearful tempests oft wreck its life-long happiness. Home should be a sacred spot, a loved retreat where we may find rest and living light.

We think too much of the merely physical, too little of our spiritual wants. Why were they given us, these cravings, if there were not means to satisfy them? God gave us a passion for the beautiful—He painted the sky and decked the earth for our enjoyment—He clothed the fields with blossoms—He made lines of beauty in every created thing—the essence of beauty lives with Him.

We may be poor—but the poor have tastes and wants—trees and flowers cost little. The poor often buy needless luxuries to satisfy the animal appetite. Why not purchase the needed ailment for a starving soul; labor is drudgery when it ministers only to our physical wants. We know and feel that we were made for something different, something better. Beauty softens, relieves, blesses the troubled heart. Blessed be the gift which the Almighty's word hath hallowed.

BENEDICT AND BACHELOR.

BY B. SIMEON BARRETT.

You may talk of life and its blessings
When shared by one alone,
Of the pleasures of bachelor freedom,
In a mansion all your own;
You may tell us of splendid paintings
Adorning your parlor wall,
And boast of the rare enjoyment
In keeping a "Bachelor's Hall!"

But give me a gentle lassie,
With eyes of purest blue,
With cheeks like the Summer's roses,
And hair of golden hue;
And whose heart is ever beating
With pulses true and kind,
And in whose fairy presence,
Alone, a joy I find.

Your life and its blessings are wretched,
Your mansion's a desolate thing,
Your bachelor freedom's a humbug,
And Solitude's charm leaves a sting—
Your paintings are lifeless shadows
That hang on your parlor wall,
And dreary and chill is the greeting
That welcomes you home to your hall.

I'd live in a simple cottage,
And toil the whole day long,
To know, in the evening's stillness,
I list the happy song
Of her whose heart is ever
The same true heart to me,
Whose face, the brightest treasure
I ever wish to see.

CINDERELLA.

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

AT school and at home we called her Cinderella. This name relates the legend, sprang from an abbreviation of Lucinda; which being on a time cut down to Cindy, as my heroine grew older put forth a termination of its own, that plaintive dissyllable rella. It was no accident: fate re-christened the child.

How plainly I can see her enter the school-room now! Just late enough to be marked for tardiness, and early enough to hear the tedious exhortation which we dreaded worse than our Greek. She was tall for her age, and her dresses never were sufficiently long, and had a peculiar look as if they had hung for weeks behind the kitchen door. I remember in especial, one brown calico, with broad, shaded stripes, and rows of corpulent palm-leaves which nodded alternate ways, and both ways seemed losing their balance and resigning themselves to a fall; until, half down the skirt, a cross-way flounce gave them a new aspect, set the leaves all creeping off in one direction, like companies of shell-encumbered snails retreating from the tide. The fabric for this remarkable garment had been purchased by Cinderella's mother at an auction of damaged goods, and as only a piece here and there had been available, her dress-maker proposed the expedient of the flounce. Let it not be supposed that otherwise Mrs. Nute would have encouraged the womanly instinct for dress which was dawning then in all our minds. But everything Cinderella wore belonged to her, was adopted into her idiosyncrasy; her mother's fate ordained even penuriness and neglect.

Beauty she had none to boast; or else other more striking qualities prevented us from detecting beauty in features, which now I recall them, were classically vulgar. Her complexion was so dark that through a veil she might easily have been mistaken for a mulatto; but she had brown, straight hair, and an oval face, and eyes which must have been grey—I only recollect how they varied with her mood. I have seen them dull as the eyes of a beetle, and anon they glittered like diamonds, or glowed like burning coals. One seldom saw her eyes, she had a way of keeping their power in reserve, curtained under lashes which were longer than those of any person I have ever seen; almost as long at

the corners as in the midst of the lid, and as expressive too as the crest of a bird—joy, mischief, indignation, or disgust she could convey by the lifting and lowering of those strange lids.

Cinderella was always in trouble—only it did not trouble her. She never remembered her lessons; her marks and reprimands and punishments and attempted disgraces were innumerable, and yet she was never disgraced; always ready for an adventure, and frank as she was daring, ready and able to bear the whole blame of mischief which a score of us had combined to perpetrate; and neither hurt nor disgusted when we left her to suffer alone. Serene as a sybil the girl walked on through evil and good report; so, much as she had to encounter, we never said, "Poor Cinderella."

There were two other sisters; Melissa, the student, quiet, haughty and irritable, always puzzling over plus and minus, sines and co-sines on her slate; then came Miranda, the beauty of the school, with pink cheeks, smooth skin and flossy curls, fond of beaux and flattery.

What a school ours was! I cannot remember during all the years I spent there, of acquiring so much information as could be written in half a page; yet we pursued from ten to twenty branches of study, and had a smattering of every thing, from physiology to ethics, from mineralogy to Greek. Neither pupils nor teachers were in earnest, so we chased the arts and sciences as we might a pack of butterflies, and learned—the look of their retreating wings.

We scattered at last to enter various seminaries and finishing schools, or to hold levees of tutors for German, Italian and French—how far we afterward pursued the literature to which these languages open—how many of us ever read in the original a volume of Schiller, Tasso or Lamartine, would be a curious and mayhaps useful subject for investigation.

About that time Mrs. Nute had a long and serious illness; Miranda's complexion must not be ruined by confinement in a sick room, Melissa must not fall behind her classes in geometry and Greek; and Cinderella, though the youngest, must remain at home. Ah, it was a change, from the leader of all our merry mischief, to become the nurse of one neither grateful nor

easily pleased; one to whom, whatever she gave, Cinderella owed little love—to renounce music and belles-lettres for the concocting of gruel and listening to querulous complaints.

Years passed—those long years we used to live through in our childhood—years of rapid growth for us, and full of events and changes; but we came home to find Cinderella seated in the chimney-corner of her mother's sick room still, grotesque as ever in dress, yet with the same serene content upon her face. As a relief from her long, lonely vigils, she had looked into the arts of housekeeping, millinery and the like, and now could make pies as well as panada; and fabricate a bonnet, dress, or cloak with ease and skill.

"It is convenient," said Melissa, "It is Providential," said Miranda, "It is economical," said papa, "She was made for it," said Mrs. Nute; so Cinderella was elected housekeeper and seamstress from the day of her sisters' return. She did not expostulate—perhaps she was glad to be of use, they thought; how often I wondered what she thought, while working as she used, week after week, in that dull, upper room—her sisters amusing themselves meantime with all manner of gaieties. I fancied the event of Cinderella's contentment was, that she expected nothing of fate or friends; and being of a healthy nature, satisfied herself with her own inward resources. I fancied too that she had a sort of deep affection for her kindred—a deep pity for their selfishness, and restlessness, and frivolity; and took upon herself so many cares as a willing compensation for her own better gifts—I knew afterward how rich and abundant these were.

Mrs. Nute's health seemed quite shattered; her illnesses returned at such frequent intervals, that her physician became as one of the family. Dr. Gray had known her children from infancy; and in his philosophic way had watched without interfering with the development of their characters. He questioned Melissa about her Greek roots, and went with her through all the processes by which she could calculate an eclipse; he patted Miranda's downy cheeks, and prescribed for two freckles, whose appearance had made the beauty irritated for a week; then turning to Cinderella, he scrutinized her work, held the fabric against the light, stretched the seams; he tasted her gruel, watched her dust the room, and then as usual went home without a word of praise or blame.

But the young student who sometimes accompanied Dr. Gray in his visits was a more demonstrative person; he behaved toward the invalid with filial respect and tenderness, he flirted with

Miranda, he conjugated verbs and untangled algebraic problems and talked metaphysics with Melissa, he had even a kind word or a glance for Cinderella sometimes. If it had perplexed the sisters to decide which of them the old doctor loved, it was even more difficult to settle which the young man did not love with all his soul.

And certes the student was equally at a loss: he admired Melissa because she would converse with him all day; it fascinated him in Cinderella that she would seldom speak, and then in monosyllables; he knelt to Miranda's beauty and Melissa's freedom from vanity—that was enchanting too!

But Miranda grew weary of 'firtations which had no result; Cinderella seemed too much occupied and too practical for thinking of love; Lucinda was all smiles and sympathy, his own classical education was faulty, hers perfect—she might be of use to him—she would at least be grateful all her life if he married one so far from beautiful—so Frederic Carnes thought, gazing upon the fire in Mrs. Nute's sick room. Lucinda sighed—he sighed, he looked up and she averted her eyes; he asked, "Of what were you thinking?" She answered, "Hardly thinking at all, I was wondering what you thought."

He—"How I wished you would marry me, Lucinda!"

She, quietly—"I know nothing, Frederic, to prevent."

"What! then are we engaged?"

"Engaged!"

"I never thought love-making would be such a matter-of-fact arrangement as this," murmured Carnes to himself, as shaking hands with Lucinda he went home.

It was at least a satisfactory arrangement for the Nutes; their oldest, homeliest—and, if truth must be told, least amiable daughter was thus early and well provided for.

Yet with the downfall of a cup of gruel, fell all these high hopes; Cinderella was careless and Mrs. Nute was disappointed; the gruel blotted Melissa's book, and Melissa reproved her sister in no gentle tones. Cinderella, after a quiet apology, deigned no farther reply, while her kindred poured forth invectives with a facility which proved that the effort could not be new. Carnes had entered unobserved and listened in dismay: was his plain Melissa unamiable? Could his Greek dictionary scold?

Observing her lover's presence at last, the damsel calmed herself; but smiles would not come at her call and conversation lagged; and pleading headache, she retired at an early hour.

And still Cinderella sat in her corner and

sewed, and the young man kept his nook by the fire and gazed into the coals, and caught the solution of a problem for which Melissa's learning could not once avail.

The brands rolled down upon the hearth, and he did not see them. Cinderella did, she had eyes for everything practical. He apologized, and she told him no better could be expected from a man in love.

"No, he was not in love," he said.

And in her calm way she then blamed herself for what had passed, exculpated Melissa, told how the neat appearance of books was a weak point of hers.

"But how do you know I listened to Melissa? She has no thought that I entered in time."

Cinderella lifted her long lashes toward his face, and words could not have said more plainly, "You have no thought what I can see through these!"

"Do not always evade me, Cinderella, we are brother and sister now; let me tell you, for I have no sister of my own to listen, let me tell how disappointed I have been. I have always thought of love as so full of beautiful romances, have always felt there would be such a gush of joy in my heart when I found myself beloved—that I should live for a few weeks, at least, in ecstasy."

A mischievous smile crept about Cinderella's eyelashes, but her mouth was very serious; and she did not look up from her work as she asked, "Was that my sister's fault?"

"Ah, that is what I have been wondering. Why, Cindy, the settlement of the whole affair was as if I had asked you to go to a dance, and you had replied, 'With pleasure.'"

"That I should not have replied."

"Why?"

"I don't enjoy dances."

"You would soon receive attention enough, you are beautiful."

"Am I?"

"Yes, if they did not dress you so absurdly."

"I dress myself."

"If they did not always keep you close at work."

"I prefer occupation."

"You would shine in a palace."

"I do not wish to shine."

"But you would give happiness to others."

"I can do that here."

"You would be appreciated."

"I appreciate myself."

"Prove it!"

"All in good time!" And as she lifted her Madonna face it was irradiated with so pure a

light, that the young man knew it was not fit for the glare of festive scenes. He wished with all his soul that it was shining in the home of Frederic Carnes!

"You are a saint, a sweet, gentle martyr!"

"And do you wish to be a saint?"

"Ah, teach me!"

"Let go my hand, please. Miranda wants this dress finished to-night."

"But how shall I become a saint?"

"Keep your promises, satisfy the expectations you have raised. Think of my sister's happiness, not always of your own."

"I cannot, I cannot! Oh, Cinderella, I knew that other was not love. See! now the blood rushes into my cheeks, and my heart flutters like a girl's, and I can find no words to ask——"

"Do not seek them, you might, perhaps, ask in vain."

"Cinderella, what sort of a man shall you marry?"

"How can I marry? Who would make my sisters' dresses and my mother's gruel then?"

"You evade my question. Is it possible you have never dreamed of love?"

She looked at him again, and he knew there could hardly be sweet dreams of any kind, but had hidden beneath those lashes. "Yes, I have thought of him so often, that it seems to me I shall recognize my lover the first time we ever meet. I'll tell you!" She threw down her work, and her eyes had romance instead of prayers in them now. "He shall have great stability of character, he shall be thoroughly educated, well connected, rich——"

It was as if she had purposely sought to describe the failings of Carnes.

"And he shall be young and gentle, courteous and true, and—do I not 'appreciate myself,' Mr. Carnes?"

Mrs. Nute awaking, Cinderella resumed her work, and Carnes went home.

But he opened the chamber door too suddenly, the tall form of Melissa almost fell into the room.

"If you have listened, I shall be spared the pain of repenting, and you of hearing again what I told Cinderella," he said, "it was sad earnest. Good-bye, and forgive me!"

Miranda took the part of both her sisters, shook her curls, and said there were as good fish in the sea as had ever been caught, and Melissa had only to spread her nets again. But Melissa was left to her Greek, she had no second offer. "As for plain little 'Cind' having spirited the lover away, that was all absurdity!"

But Miranda's turn came to be wooed; and

when her lover spoke, one day, with something like interest of the silent sister with such drooping lashes and such busy hands, Miranda's heart was ill at ease, until she, Melissa and mamma had held a conference, and resolved to give Cinderella an opportunity to become acquainted with and enjoy the world as—governess in a family.

In the lover's presence this decision was announced; and, therefore, he had no reason to be surprised that Cinderella disappeared. He did not mention her again.

No wonder that Miranda did not wish to lose young Gray. I remember we girls all were half in love with him, and wondered how he could be satisfied with that insipid beauty. He had lately returned from India, wealthy, but not wrinkled or bilious; good-hearted and generous as he was entertaining and handsome. Perhaps we might win him after all—he had not offered himself to Miranda Nute.

Was it accident or fate that directed old Abraham Marvel to the house of Mr. Nute, when he was seeking a governess for his grandchildren? He fancied Cinderella at a glance. He drove in his carriage to meet her at the railway station; placed her at the head of his table, made her quite at home in his luxurious parlor, and listened to her droll stories, and took part in her amusing games as eagerly as the children. Indeed the old man quite forgot to question her about Italian and French; she spoke in a better language. What a change for Cinderella!

But greater changes were in store. Grandfather told the children, one day, that their favorite cousin Ned was coming to make him a visit; whereupon they danced with glee, and clustered about Cinderella to tell her what a dear, handsome, merry cousin Ned was.

Why did Cinderella's eyelashes fall so suddenly when at last he came? And why did cousin Ned, from among the children who surrounded him, glance at Cinderella with such an air of satisfaction on his handsome face?

And why was old Mr. Marvel so little surprised, when his governess became Mrs. Edward Gray.

Long after the wedding day, it transpired that it was Frederic Carnes' enthusiastic praise of her sister, which had led Gray to seek an introduction to Miranda Nute. And when the young man found she was only removed farther from him by his visits to the house, it was at Gray's own instigation that his uncle Marvel had sought a governess.

They make one family now, the Marvels and Grays, have one house and one fortune. Cinderella enjoys her home more because of the fine old man who sits by the fireside, and the orphans whose little feet patter about the floors.

Miranda Nute appears sometimes among her sister's guests; a beauty still, but the wife of a gray old man, a widower and member of Congress when she met him first. In return for one winter at Washington she must now nurse him, peevish and gouty as he is, for a score or two of years.

Gifted with no imagination, Melissa's learning was all a dead letter. She has given up Greek; and geometry too, except so far as consists in sewing ellipses and cubes upon old garments, as she sits year after year in Cinderella's nursery.

Cinderella entertains her husband's friends with the same quiet ease and ability with which she formerly constructed bonnets and made pies; and Edward Gray esteems his wife above the fortune he brought from India.

But still he spends money as one who appreciates its worth; their home is very luxurious, a favorite resort of the gay and good and gifted, and a centre of all refining, genial influences.

Ah, how often what we call labyrinthine mazes of accidents, are clues instead which gentle Clotho spins with care to guide us toward our destiny! But in our impatience we tear, till we become ourselves entangled in the web, and find thus our saddest hinderance in what might have been our surest help.

SPRING.

BY J. D. DENNIS.

Blessings be with the Spring, the joyous Spring!
Like a glad mother on her first-born gazing,
Heaven looks to earth, and earth to Heaven is raising
Bright smiles and happy sounds; the thrushes sing
In the green fields; the lark with spirit-wing
O'ershoots the clouds; the plovers on the moors,
The pensive blackbirds by the cottage-doors,

Alike, right loyally their tribute bring;
While in the quiet face of each sweet flower,
In no uncertain lines, we mark the joy
Which reigns, without abatement or alloy,
Through the fair earth, at this its wakening hour;
And streams and waterfalls unite their voice
To the full strain, and say, "Rejoice, rejoice!"

IN BEYOND THE ORCHARD.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER I.

It was a March night when we parted, with the dark clouds above, and the cold, black shadows all around us.

I did not read the future—second sight was denied me—but my soul was filled with direful forebodings.

Willis laughed at me when I shuddered in his embrace, and called me a "foolish little thing," as he kissed away the damp dew of presentiment which had gathered on my forehead.

Willis Graves and I had been playmates from our infancy up—the wild dells about Rock Spring had echoed to our united voices, and all the birds'-nests which had from year to year made their appearance in the old hedges, had been peeped into by two pairs of curious eyes, belonging respectively to Willis Graves and I. We grew to early manhood and womanhood with the same spirit of confidence between us, and the childish affection strengthened and expanded until it became an intense love. When Willis was eighteen and I two years younger, with the consent of our friends we were betrothed.

Willis had a strange, absorbing passion for study; his mind was unsatisfied with common things, and he longed ardently to distinguish himself. But his father was only a day laborer on the estate of Col. Giles, a man of wealth; and Willis went to the district school. Here his untiring industry conduced to success; and when Willis was fifteen, he was pronounced by his teacher the best scholar there.

By laboring for Col. Giles in the summer and fall, Willis contrived to scrape together means sufficient to support him through the winter and spring at Whitehall Academy. At the age of nineteen he entered college, teaching in the intermediate school to defray his expenses. That was a proud day for me—the day of his admittance to those halls sacred to the idol he worshipped—knowledge! I remember how I wandered out into the sunshine and thought the trees had never looked so bright, or the blue sky so fair—so much like heaven's own drapery. And there was a deep psalm of praise welling up from my heart, and joining the grand, beautiful anthem which the summer wind swept down from the grey mountains; for I was happy! oh,

so happy! The life-long wish of Willis was to be gratified—the barriers were removed, and the broad field which surrounded the temple of learning waited his footsteps.

I did not know then how very dear Willis was to me; a thousand times since have I realized all.

During his collegiate course he came often to see us, stopping at the old red house in beyond the orchard, to kiss the pale-browed woman who toiled there so patiently from morning till night; her heart nor fingers never wearying, for the thoughts of her absent boy were to her rest and strength.

Those were golden seasons—Willis' visits—and I, simple thing, used to count the very hours which would elapse ere the brown, curly head and hazel eyes would bring sunshine into the door.

Willis prospered; how could it be otherwise when his whole soul was concentrated upon the work? With the highest honors of the University he graduated, and after receiving his degree, came home to spend a few weeks previous to entering upon some business avocation. How we wandered, hand-in-hand, over the dear, familiar hills, and sat down together beneath the crimson maples. It was late autumn then; but the wild, hollow winds sounded not sad in my ear, for his voice broke their wierd chanting. What cared I that the cold dearth of November was settling over the earth—was not my life-path glowing and lighted by the star of love?

By-and-bye the first feathery snow came, and still Willis lingered, as if loath to leave us. The charge of the village school was offered him—he accepted it, and taught until the latter part of February. I wished the school might last forever; it would be so lonely when he was gone; but the end came, and Willis announced his intention of going to the great town of W—, some two hundred miles distant, to seek for employment suitable to his acquirements. His taste, his wish, he said, was to become an artist; he already sketched beautifully, and his drawings had taken the prize at the University exhibition. But Willis said he was poor, and without money or an influential patron: it would be useless for him to attempt to carry out his favorite project; and after much struggling with

his lofty aspirations, he had decided to come down from his ideal greatness, down even to a humble clerk if nothing better offered.

Two days before the time fixed on for Willis' departure for W——, he came running up the front path to our door, and sat down beside me on the portico, whither the unusual severity of the weather had enticed me. His countenance sparkled with joy, and he pressed my hand so tightly that he hurt me.

"Dear, dearest Melicent!" he exclaimed, every feature radiant, "I have such glorious news! Lie here on my shoulder, darling, while I tell you all about it," and he drew my head down on his bosom, and said, "Oh, Italy! Italy! land of the poet and painter! mine eyes shall behold thee!"

"Willis," I said, impatiently, "why not tell me what all this ecstasy is about? Are you going mad?"

He smiled at my uneasiness, kissed me tenderly, and then told me the whole story. A wealthy gentleman—a strong friend of Willis' preceptor—was going to sail in the "Emerald" for Europe. He wished to find a young man (if poor it would be a recommendation) to go out as a companion—a young man of education and good taste. The professor had mentioned Willis to his friend, an interview had taken place that very afternoon, and the result may be guessed. Willis was to sail in four days with Mr. Markley, to be absent an indefinite length of time—two years at the least. Willis was delighted—such a chance! It seemed as if the fabulous gardens of Hesperides were opening to his view. I sympathized with him, for I too admired Art, and grew enthusiastic over the theme of classic Italy. But after the first few moments I was sad. Willis was going away—would he return? Heaven only knew. I crept close up into his arms, and a great sob swelled in my throat. He divined my feelings, and raising up my cold face in his hands, he kissed me a great many times, soothing me all the while with bright hopes and sweet promises.

"Cheer up, Melly, darling! two years, only two years, maybe; only a little span of time! You will scarcely begin to miss me when I shall be back to call you mine—all mine! Don't weep so madly, Melicent, it grieves me!"

I wiped my eyes and tried to be cheerful, but the tears would come. Willis was all in all to me.

CHAPTER II.

THE evening before the day appointed for the sailing of the "Emerald," Willis came to say farewell. He asked me to walk, and taking

my hand we went out into the gathering night shadows. Oh, how dark and gloomy it was! a dead March night—cold and black. We went over the frozen snows to Rock Spring, but all was drear there.

We parted! I, cold, shuddering and foreboding; he, striving hard to infuse some of his own hopeful spirit into my desponding soul: but as well might the sunshine have striven to illumine the depths of the cavern rock!

The "Emerald" sailed. A wild, wet weeping morning, and I stood upon the blue, bleak headlands above the harbor, and watched her until the white canvass became a mere snow-flake upon the blue waste of waters.

Willis would write to me often, very often, he said, perhaps by every mail; and oh, how anxiously I waited the arrival of the first European packet!

I passed much of my time with Mrs. Graves, for we both had a common treasure upon the broad ocean—both felt the same commingled hopes and misgivings. That was a pleasant cottage, in beyond the orchard, at all times: doubly so when the monarch apple trees were loaded with pink-streaked blossoms, and every west wind that blew, cast corals and pearls from their bending boughs all over the green grass which made a carpet around their giant trunks. Mrs. Graves was a calm, quiet woman, hiding beneath an unpretending exterior deep wells of feeling and fountains of beautiful thoughts; and with her I never felt my absent Willis.

My aunt and uncle (for I was an orphan and lived with my mother's sister) often joked me about my paling cheeks and dejected air, and my frolicsome cousin Ned delighted in teasing me about my "knight errant," as he called Willis.

At last the first letter from him came. Oh, how I treasured it! and read it over, and over again, till every word was graven upon my memory. It was written on shipboard, within two days' sail of Havre, and informed me of the writer's health and happiness. Dear Willis! what tender, anxious inquiries he made of my health, pursuits, and a thousand things which drew tears to my eyes. It seemed like seeing him, and I felt happier and more hopeful for reading it.

Two months afterward there came another letter. He was in Florence, in the studio of a great artist. His prospects were cheering—the renowned master had pronounced him gifted in no ordinary degree. Mr. Markley was indeed a friend to him, he wrote, and under his auspices, and through the influence of his tutor, he had

been introduced into good society. Thoughts of his darlings at Rock Spring had kept his heart brave and strong; and then there were many little tender things written, which were of no consequence to any but me.

A year passed away, and Willis' mother sickened. A short, violent illness, and with many tears we laid her beneath the valley clods.

Scarcely had I transmitted the intelligence to her son, ere Mr. Graves, worn down by grief and weary watching, followed her to the silent chamber of death!

The house beyond the orchard was shut up, and I took the key, for Mr. Graves had given me the property, in trust, as the future wife of his son.

I received one letter from Willis after informing him of this last blow, a letter so fraught with anguish that my eyes ran over with tears as I read. I was the only tie binding him to his native land, he said, the only tie except those graves. Poor, dear Willis! He was prospering finely, but a cloud rested on his life—a cloud that my smile alone could dissipate.

CHAPTER III.

VERY often I went down to the old red house, and sat in the chair which had been Willis' when a child; but in spite of all, I could only think of him with the most intense sorrow! Why was it? I could not tell.

Weeks rolled into months, and ten months had passed since hearing from Willis. I had written him the day after the receipt of his last letter, and expected an immediate response.

A year and still no tidings. Fifteen months, and taking up a newspaper, which had just arrived from the city, I read, with feelings which those who have given their whole souls and been betrayed, can imagine, the following announcement:—

“Married, at Florence, Italy, March 20th, by Leon Gavzzie, Willis Graves, formerly of Rock Spring, R—— county, N. Y., and Mlle. Corinne, only daughter of Francois Guillet, of Fontainebleau, France.”

I sank down in a chair, not weak and sobbing, but transformed, as it were, into stone! Hours passed; I was insensible to all passing objects. They called me to dinner, but I waved them away with impatience. Oh, that bitter, dread awakening! Let me not dwell upon it.

This, then, was the reason of his long silence, his non-attention to my last, long confiding letter written fifteen months before! He had married, too, on the anniversary of the very day he had

last held me to his heart and called me his forever! past three years before.

Another year fled, and news of the glorious success of Willis Graves reached us. Admired, flattered, *feted*, he was fast making his way to the highest pinnacle of fame. Still later news—he was coming home.

My heart almost ceased pulsating, when I read the intelligence in one of the city papers, and the accompanying remarks on the fame he had won. A long, long time I sat communing with my heart. From the struggle I arose comparatively calm. My strong will, alone, kept me from sinking beneath this great affliction. My relatives knew but little of my sufferings—pride kept me silent, and when questioned by any one concerning Willis Graves, I maintained a cold, scornful silence. Hours and hours, when all were wrapped in sleep, have I lain upon the damp turf beneath the apple trees, and felt neither cold nor chilliness.

And he was coming home—to the red house beyond the orchard! Would his wife sit with him in the old place beneath the sweet apple tree? She lay in my place upon his bosom—why not?

He arrived in New York. I read the notice with scarcely an emotion. And soon my uncle received a letter, very brief, from Willis, saying we might look for him daily at Rock Spring.

It was a cold, chilly night in October, and I went late in the gloaming, to take a sort of farewell of the old red house, for when he came the key must be given into his keeping. I stole noiselessly along to the seat which his hand had fashioned beneath the apple tree, in those golden days ago. It was occupied!

Too late to retreat I observed this, and involuntarily I paused. The stranger sat with his face buried in his hands, and his whole frame quivered as if with strong emotion. The slight noise I had made, in approaching, disturbed him, and he turned toward me. Merciful heaven! A faint scream trembled on my lips, but I controlled myself, and I returned his horrified gaze proudly, defiantly! The stranger was Willis Graves!

“Great God!” he exclaimed, passing his hand slowly over his forehead, as if to re-call a scattered memory, “has the tomb given back its dead?”

Almost unconsciously, as if impelled by an irresistible fascination, I approached him, and laid my hand upon his shoulder. He shuddered, and shrank from my touch.

“Not dead to life,” I said, slowly, “but dead to happiness!”

He recoiled as though bitten by a viper. His pale face became even more corpse-like, and he cried, in a tone of wild, wondering entreaty,

"Melicent Graham! are you dead, or living?"

"I am Melicent Graham," I replied, calmly. "Do you wish to mock me?"

A rapid change passed over his face. He caught me almost savagely to his breast. "Milly, Milly—my own little lost darling! Oh, it is indeed my Milly come back to me?" and he passed his hand with the old caressing movement over my hair.

With a powerful effort I released myself.

"Doubly a betrayer!" I said, bitterly, "go, lest I scorn you! You, whom I made my idol! Oh, God! that one so true in seeming should be in reality so base."

He looked at me, with an expression I shall never forget—so anguished and grieved.

"Oh, Milly! oh, Milly! God help me! Listen to me, Melicent—there is some dreadful mistake in this—for the love of heaven, hear me!" and he caught me forcibly by the arm as I turned away. He attempted to seat me on the bench beside him, but I resisted. Yet his touch thrilled me through and through, and woke all the old love smouldering within me. I stood up before him. "Pray, proceed, Mr. Graves."

A flush flitted over his face—he hesitated, then fell on his knees before me.

"Here at your feet, Melicent, let me confess! Would to God that I were lying at peace, yonder!" and he pointed to the white tablet which covered the clay of his parents.

I stood, outwardly quiet; but a very Etna burnt in my breast. With a gesture of despair, Willis re-commenced.

"I need not tell you, Milly, that I did love you better than life, that I do love you now—married though I be—better than aught else on earth! Do not frown and condemn me, Melicent, until you have heard all. Then, as you hope for mercy, hereafter, judge me not too harshly! I left you, and reached Italy—the land of my life-dreams. My glorious imaginings were realized. A land of beauty, poetry, and art opened to my enraptured vision! I became an art-student with Professor R—. I made rapid advancement; and as the *protege* of the wealthy Mr. Markley, and the pupil of the worshipped R—, I was admitted into the most fascinating society in the city. But your blessed image, Milly, kept me even from admiring the many celebrated beauties who fluttered around me. I worshipped at a shrine too holy to admit another idol! I received your letter telling me of my mother's death—then the other

bearing the dread intelligence of my desolate orphanage! oh, how your words of consolation cheered me. I wrote to you immediately, and after waiting several months in vain for your reply, I wrote again. No answer came. Again and again I wrote, but received no response. I had seated myself to write for the sixth time, when my share of the United States mail was brought to me. I searched for letters—but the handwriting I wished was not there. I opened a New York paper, and strangely enough, the first paragraph that met my eye was an announcement of your death. For weeks after this I remember nothing—they told me when I recovered consciousness, that I had lain at death's door for nine weeks—ill of the brain fever, and that only the most assiduous care had saved me. I regretted that it was thus; why did they not let me die? I asked them again and again; it would have been better. Those around me smiled, as if they thought me even then deranged, but God knows it was my sincere wish! I found, on recovering, that I had been removed from my lodgings to the private abode of Mons. Guillet, a retired French officer, the husband of Mr. Markley's only sister, now dead. It was a long time before they would allow me to go out, and in the interval I was tended by their daughter, Corinne.

"Mr. Markley strove to arouse me from the apathy into which I had fallen; to inspire me anew with enthusiasm of art; but he might as well have talked to soulless marble! For months my life was one long reverie, in which I lived over all the past, back even to my blissful boyhood, when you were mine, all mine! my little Milly!" Mr. Graves paused, and tears, such as only a strong man can weep, burned through the fingers which covered his face. In a few minutes he conquered his emotion, and continued,

"Mr. Markley came to me one day, with an astounding revelation! Corinne Guillet loved me! I remember saying that I was very sorry, and then relapsing into my bitter reverie. Mr. Markley aroused me by entreating me to marry her. Surprised, shocked, and grieved beyond measure, I emphatically refused, and my excellent friend left me in displeasure.

"Near the *chateau* of Mons. Guillet was a high bluff of rocks overhanging a small inlet, and to these rocks I often went. The deep, hoarse voice of the waters groaned in unison with my heart, and the rough, black rocks were not blacker than the tempest which desolated my soul! One night I went there as usual, but scarcely had I seated myself when a light figure, draped in white, flitted past me with the speed

of lightning, and in an instant stood upon the very verge of the precipice! Poised on the extreme edge of a frail shelf of rock which overhung the frightful deep many fathoms below, she stood—her exquisite profile carved white as snow against the black sky, and her hands raised in mute supplication! She was praying. I heard my name upon her lips, coupled with expressions of the most passionate entreaty. It was Corinne. I recalled the weary days and nights when she had hovered over my sick couch like a ministering angel, her unremitting endeavors to make the tedious hours pass pleasantly—the sad, patient look graven ever on her beautiful features—and I said to myself why not make her happy? It could not make me more miserable! I sprang toward her and drew her back.

“‘Corinne,’ I said, ‘are you willing to give up friends, home, everything, and go with me?’”

“She turned toward me, her face glowing with inexpressible love, and replied,

“‘To the uttermost parts of the earth!’”

“This was our singular betrothal. In two months we were married. My wife is good and beautiful, and loves me passionately. She came here, to my country, without a backward look of regret. I could not bring her here, Milly, here where everything would speak of you! Milly, I believed you dead, and came here this night to find your grave.”

“And your wife?” I asked, when he had finished.

“Is in New York with her uncle Markley.”

I turned to go away. “Mr. Graves,” I said, handing him the key of the red house, “your parents gave me this until you should return. Everything is as they left it; and one thing more, Willis; by the memory of our early love, be kind, be gentle to that devoted girl who has forsaken all for you!”

He threw himself in my path. “Oh, Milly! my first—my only love! you shall not leave me! Great God! my brain will burst!”

“Willis,” I said, very calmly, “this is unworthy of you; it is weak—nay, criminal. I will hear no more of it! Good night, Mr. Graves,” and I tore myself from the arms that would have held me.

CHAPTER IV.

WILLIS GRAVES called at our house during the week, and I met him in the presence of the family. Both of us were very calm and ceremonious, and after his departure, uncle remarked, “No one would have dreamed of your old love, Milly, to see you together now.”

Mr. Graves settled in New York, and through

the newspapers I heard much of his success in his art. Years flew by, and his fame spread far and wide.

I was still unmarried; many flattering offers had I received, but declined all. I was thirty years old when my kind uncle died. It was a severe stroke to my aunt, and it fell not lightly upon me.

Four years more, and my aunt slept in the church-yard. I was left alone at the old place, for cousin Ned had married three years before, and was in business in the city. Uncle Graham’s will left the old house and its appurtenances to me; and immediately on the death of my aunt, I leased the farm and a portion of the house to a worthy man, who, with his wife, took up his residence there. I lived a lonely, dreamy life—fed and sustained by memories of the past.

One morning, late in the month of May, a letter was brought to me, post-marked New York. The handwriting paralyzed me, for a moment: then my pride came to my aid. I broke the seal and read:

“MY DEAR FRIEND MELICENT—Presuming on our old friendship, am I about to ask too much? My wife is declining—the physicians say only country air and exercise can restore her; may I bring her to Rock Spring, to your quiet home? It is just the blessed place she will love, and it will make me happier if you consent,

WILLIS GRAVES.”

Not an instant did I hesitate. I took up a pen and wrote, “Come immediately,” and despatched it to the post-office. By the next morning my preparations for my guests were finished. I felt a melancholy pleasure in making all things look beautiful for the eye of the poor invalid, for was she not Willis’ wife?

Two days afterward, a carriage drove to my door. I went forth to meet them. Oh! how pale and beautiful she was; but so very fragile, that I involuntarily extended my arms and lifted her from the carriage.

Willis pressed my hand, but neither spoke.

How delighted Corinne was with everything. Again and again she thanked me for the kind care I had taken for her comfort; and then like a wearied child she laid her head on Willis’ bosom, and fell into a gentle slumber.

Days passed. Corinne seemed to revive. Willis watched over her very tenderly, and I loved her from the depths of my heart, she was so good, so beautiful, so winning.

With the cold autumn winds Corinne grew weaker, although we scarcely perceived it; and

when gorgeous October came, with its yellow and crimson foliage, she was confined to her bed. In vain the skill of the most experienced physicians. In vain all our tender watchings. One midnight we stood around her dying bed.

"Willis," she said, opening her eyes from a long swoon, "you must love and care for dear Milly very tenderly for my sake, Willis. Put your hand in his, Milly, I want to bless you both together before my lips are sealed! You will love Willis when I am gone, won't you, dear friend? It would be very sad to be left in the world with no one to love you," she murmured, in a sweet, dreamy tone.

"Lie down close beside me, Willis—I am so cold! Where have you gone, Milly? I cannot see you for the mists and darkness—Willis—one more kiss—the last! God bless you!"

Corinne lay very white and still, and we knew that she was dead.

We buried her beside Willis' parents, and two days after her funeral, the bereaved husband wrung my hand and bade me farewell. I saw him no more until winter. In the cold January days he came to Rock Spring, a pale, bowed man, with silver hairs threading the brown locks upon his forehead. Those were very quiet evenings which we passed together, speaking never of the past, but of the world beyond the stars.

In March Willis went back to the city, and I

was very, very sad after his departure. I was an old woman. My youthful beauty had fled—the blooming maiden was transformed into the homely spinster of thirty-seven; but my heart was young—young as when I had stood beneath the apple boughs and made chains of dandelion stems to wreath the brow of my boy playmate.

With the first arbutus flowers Willis came back to me. We took all the old walks together, and returning sat down in the old seat under the sweet apple tree. We were very still, but not with suffering. Willis took my hand silently.

"It was her wish," he said, softly, "that I should love and care for you, Milly; how can I do so better than by a legal right? Will you—after all you have endured for my sake—give me that right?"

I laid my head in his bosom: his arms fell around me, and I felt no more the burden of heaviness.

A beautiful villa rises in front of the old red house, and we live there in a sort of blissful dream—Willis and I—and the apple trees almost meet above the old house, where we go often in the serene twilight to talk of the blessed life God has, at last, given us!

We are old now, but we know that there is a place awaiting us where the mantle of eternal youth shall fall upon us, and fulness of joy shall be ours forevermore!

FATHER! TO THEE!

BY ANGIE HARLAND.

FATHER! I turn to Thee!

Where shall the weary rest?
When fleshly comforts frown or flee,
And we are all unblest!

Unblest—we scarce know why!
We only feel an ache,
An inward tossing like the pain
When fevered patients wake.

We turn and pause and turn—
Some cloud has crossed our way—
Some smile has fled, or else we yearn
For dear ones far away.

Some accident of life
Has crossed the feverish heart,
Or we in some unwilling strife
Perchance have borne a part.

The soul is inly stirred,
And aching the breast
Yearns for the clasping of some heart
Where we have always rest.

Perchance—but no! 'tis vain—

It matters little why,
Or what makes up the sum of pain
Life pours as it fits by.

It matters little—yet
A thousand things there are
That make a mortal tire and fret,
And half his blessings bar.

Yet wisely all, aye, wise—
For were our passage given
By pleasant paths and sunny skies,
When would we turn to Heaven?

Father! I bless Thy name
For that I sometimes tire!
For that I weary, and in vain
For perfect rest aspire!

Father! I thank Thee here!
Upon my bended knee—
For knew I never listless care,
I'd never turn to Thee!

RACING FOR A HUSBAND.

BY ADA ALTON.

THERE never was such a romp as myself. Yet I was a little bit of a thing, ever ready to "vanish into thin air" when the Orthodox minister called, or aunt Emma chided me for some misdemeanor, or pa said, "Come, Fan, stop that mischief and put on a sober face."

I always had a strange antipathy to the "masculine gender," which my mother sagely observed would end in my utter ruin, for who could ever take a fancy to such a fly-away for a wife? As for pa, he said I never could stop long enough to be married.

I always told the folk, however, that I should be married when I found time, and that I had my future husband's miniature. A miniature, in fact, I had. When but a child, I was playing in a little grove, when I espied a chain glistening in the sunbeams. I drew it from its hiding-place and found a locket attached to it, which sprang open by my accidentally touching the spring, revealing the picture of a little boy, about my own age, who looked so roguish at me out of his deep blue eyes, and had such a sweet, mischievous smile, that I danced with delight, and ran home in childish glee to show my mother the treasure I had found. I always wore this miniature around my neck, and when any one jested with me about getting married, I would laughingly show them the locket, which I said contained my future husband's miniature.

As I was quite an equestrian, my father bought me, when old enough to ride alone, a little, black pony; and we, that is the pony and I, used to go racing over hills and plain. Pa used to say I looked like some wild gypsy. Generally I took one particular road, which seemed more pleasant to me than all the rest of Fairynook. There was another, however, running parallel to it for a mile or two, and at a crossing these two met, and then ran off in opposite directions. It used to be my favorite route to take one of these until I reached the crossing, and then the other, and so around home.

One fine morning I set out, thinking I would have a good ride before the rest of the family were awake. Dick was very impatient until I was fairly seated, when he sped away like lightning, my hair flying and Dick's mane waving in the breeze. While I was going at this rate, Dick

suddenly stooped short, and turned his head to the opposite road. I looked up to see what was the matter, when to my great amusement, I saw a tall, manly figure seated on a coal black horse, coming my way. "Now for a race," thought I. Dick darted away at the word. I knew if I could reach the crossing first, I should win. When I gained it, I gave a glance behind to see that my youth had not come in sight, then reined in Dick behind a clump of trees and shrubbery, where we always stooped to rest in the cool shade. Soon my champion made his appearance, and halting, looked up and down the road bewildered, to see what had become of me; then bending his eyes to the ground he tried to discover Dick's track. After turning his horse around, at least a half dozen times, in a very laughable manner, he came to the conclusion, I suppose, that I had not yet reached the crossing; for he turned down my road as if to meet me. I could see him quite plainly as he passed, and made the interesting discovery that he was a tall, handsome man of about twenty-four. I also discovered a merry twinkle in the eyes and a roguish smile, that looked extremely natural to me, and made me almost think I had seen him before. I waited until he was fairly out of sight, then bounding from my hiding-place, I crossed over to his road and started back with railroad speed. I soon saw him on the other road, and he saw me as quickly. I could not help giving him a hearty laugh at his astonishment, which he answered by doffing his hat, with an air that seemed to say, "You've caught me this time, but will hardly succeed again." I thought I had had fun enough for one morning, so Dick and I hastened home.

When we arrived, father came to help me off. Giving me a glance, he burst out in a loud laugh at my disordered costume. I ran up the steps and was soon in my own room, and taking a peep at the mirror, I could not help laughing myself at my wild appearance. My hair was all over my eyes, my hat on one side, my fingers peeping out from my gloves, my collar unfastened and dangling down my back. As I met father and mother at breakfast, they told me that I must sober down a little, for Col. Frederic Parkes was going to call, and they wished me to be in

readiness to welcome him. I had heard a great deal about Col. Parkes, but had never met him.

"Welcome a colonel, it's preposterous," thought I, and with one of the pleasantest smiles in the world, I informed father and mother that I had an engagement at cousin Maud's. "He must be some great, tall, whiskered, long nosed ogre, enough to scare the wits out of me," I said; and with this very comforting conclusion I set out for cousin Maud's, where I remained through the day.

When I arrived at home, Col. Parkes had taken his departure, regretting very much my absence. The next day I set out for another ride, not expecting a second race, of course; but turning my eyes to the opposite road, I soon discovered the same tall, gentlemanly figure, a little ahead. He looked around in a few moments, and seeing I was behind, waited until I came opposite, then raising his hat, he started with full speed for the crossing. I was soon more than even with him, and of course reached the crossing first. I quickly rushed behind the shrubbery. Soon he came up, and was as puzzled as before at my strange disappearance. I trembled for fear he would discover me, but he never looked in the direction of my hiding-place. He soon went on, when I left my concealment, and gave him another hearty laugh as I passed.

The next morning I set out again, for I had become quite interested in this novel acquaintance; but to my great disappointment I could see nothing of him. Somehow my spirits fell. "For shame, don't make a fool of yourself, Fan," I said; and with this resolve I cantered on quite briskly until I reached my hiding-place. I had turned around here, and was looking at the scenery, when I heard a slight noise. Looking up, what was my astonishment to find my acquaintance right in front of me, and gazing at me with the most mischievous, roguish eyes that you ever beheld. Dick too seemed to have got on terms of intimacy with his horse, for they had got their noses together and were carrying on a secret, telegraphic conversation altogether foreign to me. I sat a moment, winding the lash of my riding-whip around my finger rather too

tightly to be comfortable, I fear, and wishing myself a thousand miles away. I made a desperate attempt to flee; but Dick had no notion of leaving his new acquaintance: I was, therefore, left to my fate. I glanced again at the stranger, after making this fruitless attempt. He smiled at the look of despair depicted on my countenance, and with a quiet "good morning," asked me how I enjoyed my ride. While I was answering him he started his horse, and Dick followed without any trouble. I was at first annoyed, almost angry; but Dick, for once, would have his way; and at last, making a merit of necessity, I fell into a *tete-a-tete* with the horseman. It was not long before I made the interesting discovery that he was the same Col. Parkes that I had so much shunned the day or two before.

From that time we used to meet every morning. I do not doubt but there were a good many silly things said between us. At any rate, one afternoon, who should drive up to the door but Col. Parkes wishing to see father. How my heart beat, as, leaning over the balustrade, at the head of the stairway, I heard this inquiry. The gentlemen went into the library, and when they come out, father was rubbing his hands and looking very much pleased about something. I was called immediately. "Here you are, you little witch, to answer for yourself," he said. "She has already answered me," said Col. Parkes, taking my hand in his. Pa laughed, and giving me a pinch, said I was "a sly Puss in Boots."

We had a very quiet wedding. Neither of us has ever regretted the step. Soon after our marriage, I was looking at my little locket, and thought I would show the treasure to my husband, telling him the history of it; and also my little story of its being my future husband's miniature. As he took it, I saw a look of wonder on his face. With a mysterious smile, he asked me if I did not think it resembled him. "It is," he said, "a locket my mother used to wear, which has been lost for years."

Pa says, that, after this, he will believe any story I may tell, however preposterous.

LINES.

THERE is sadness o'er the household,
And hush'd is joy and mirth!
A mother's heart is anguished,
Her child has passed from earth!
A few short months this treasure,
Her God in kindness lent;

Beauty and Innocence its dower,
A magic influence blent.
An angel wandering from its sphere,
To seek a priceless gem;
Convey'd the treasure back to God,
Meet for Love's Diadem.

M. M.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

ADA MORTON was an only daughter, an acknowledged beauty, and the pet of New York society. The tone of her family circle was full and rich; every capacity for refined enjoyment was cultivated there, fortune and position holding out the opportunity.

But to these brilliant advantages there was one drawback, Ada had a brother, who was a fugitive from his father's house. She well remembered the night when she saw him stagger, with the silly laugh of intoxication, to the door of the parlor where a circle of friends was assembled. She remembered her father's words of mortification and anger, that sent him exasperated from the house, vowing never to return. His name was a forbidden sound in the home of which he had been the pride; but often did Ada sit and think of him in the twilight.

In process of time, many lovers came to woo. Mr. Morton preferred for his daughter Mr. Pennington, a travelled and accomplished man of forty. He was already established in an elegant house but a block from Mr. Morton's own, with carriage, servants, and all appointments complete. So Mrs. Morton undertook to prepare her daughter for the reception of Mr. Pennington's addresses.

"Oh, mamma!" was Ada's frightened exclamation.

"My dear, I hope your affections are not placed upon any one else?"

"No," Ada said.

"Well, then, why can you not regard Mr. Pennington in the light I mention?" asked Mrs. Morton.

"Because—because I do not love him," said Ada, blushing.

Mrs. Morton was a wise woman, and so she did not laugh and say, "Romantic nonsense!" she only sympathizingly, and gently said, "I trust he is not disagreeable to you, my love?"

"No," replied Ada, "on the contrary, I like his society very much, and respect him, and have no doubt he is all you represent him."

"My dear, what more would you have? You are too young to know your own mind, or rather your own heart. This is affection, or the basis for it. It is not necessary to be 'in love' with the man you marry. I never was 'in love' with

your father, and yet where will you see people more happy together."

Well, the wedding was magnificent. The bridal presents were not hired for the occasion as is sometimes, they say, the case. Mrs. Morton in *moire antique* and Valenciennes, was all that could be desired in a mother, and Mr. Pennington's polished attention to his bride was exactly "the thing." Ada was bewitching in her travelling-dress, and after a bright October jaunt, the bride and bridegroom landed at the foot of Courtland street, and drove gaily up Broadway. The carriage was delayed at a corner by a group of rude, mocking boys and men, collected around an unfortunate wretch who had just fallen to the pavement in intoxication. As Ada caught a sight of his face, her own turned deathly white, and she seized Mr. Pennington's arm.

"See! see! for mercy's sake let me get out!" she cried.

"Get out!" said Mr. Pennington, "impossible, my dear Ada. The fellow is not hurt, but drunk; and even if he were, you could do no good."

"Oh, you do not understand, you do not know," exclaimed Ada. "He is my brother."

By this time she had succeeded in getting the door open, and sprang to the ground before her husband could prevent her.

"Lift him up! lift him up!" she said, to two Irishmen who stood near the prostrate man, at the same time pressing silver into their hands. The men raised him by the feet and shoulders. "An where is it that we'd be carryin' him to, ma'am?" asked one of them.

Ada cast a glance at the carriage she had left, at the door of which stood her husband, a dark frown on his brow; then repressing the yearning in her heart, she pointed to the hotel in front of them.

"What do you mean, you rascals?" cried one of the waiters, as the men mounted the steps, "do you think we're going to have that fellow here?"

"I want a room for this gentleman," said Ada, pressing forward, while the crowd of ragged loungers followed close upon her heels. The man stared and curled his lip at the word which Ada instinctively applied to her brother,

and was preparing to say something insolent, when her husband came to her aid. His appearance and manner, assisted by a bank-bill, soon made the waiter stand aside, and let the two stout Irishmen march in. Ada would have followed, but her husband detained her. "Do not go any farther. The people here will give him every attention he is capable of receiving."

"But I want to find out where he lives and how," said Ada.

"No, my love, there is no occasion for you to renew the connection," said the gentleman.

"Oh, Mr. Pennington, I must, I must. He is my own brother," exclaimed Ada.

"So he was yesterday," replied Mr. Pennington, "yet you knew nothing of him then, and you have already announced that fact loud enough. Good heavens! if these people should hear you."

"But he may be in want," persisted Ada.

"My love, you know that your whole family have cast him off entirely—as my wife, I cannot allow you to carry this any farther. Come, we are already attracting attention."

As she was hurried along to the carriage, Ada exclaimed, "At least you will let me leave a sum of money with the landlord for him."

"Not for anything would I let the man suspect I had any connection with him."

With sobs, she threw herself back in the corner, and not a word more was spoken till they reached their destination. Thus Ada entered her new home.

As the years of Ada's married life went on, the girlish sprightliness disappeared from her manner sooner than one would have expected, but it was replaced by such a charming tinge of matronly grace, that none could be sorry. She drew around her a circle of delighted friends—a small one, for Mr. Pennington was very fastidious. The one among them whom she valued most was Mr. Leonard Thorn, a young man of brilliant genius. His society was the dearer to her for a certain warm sympathy she found in him which she missed in her own home. He was also Mr. Pennington's chief favorite. But as they met in society, Ada noticed how often his hand was on the decanter. Not only had she seen him in the ball-room at midnight, flushed and excited, but once she had gone to a meeting for a noble cause, at which he was the principal speaker, and heard him, after a glowing, passionate commencement, all but disgrace himself by a conclusion pointless and almost silly. She had dined by his side that day, and as she went home in disappointment and regret, could not but remember the many

glasses of wine she had seen him swallow. Sometimes the inspiration was better timed, and the orator who had begun cautiously, ere long felt the thrill come to his brain and the flush to his cheek, and then his words flowed like a resistless torrent. The next morning when he came to Mrs. Pennington to be congratulated, she would look on his worn face, and wish that she was his sister.

And should she not warn him? Was she, whom God himself had so plainly taught, justified in refraining? Thus, with a troubled brow, she often questioned herself. One evening he found her alone in her brilliant rooms, and with his fascinating smile, seated himself for a cosy chat. But Mrs. Pennington's thoughts were not on the subject of conversation, and presently he stopped and looked at her attentively. She smiled faintly, "Mr. Thorn, I wish I dare say to you what I want very much to say, though it is painful to me to do so."

"I think you may venture," said the young man, smiling. "I am not easily offended, and I can only be flattered by your doing it if it gives you pain."

As gently as she could, Ada told him her fears.

A deep color spread over his brow and cheek. "I am sorry," he said, stiffly, "that you did not inform yourself more correctly, my dear Mrs. Pennington, before——"

"There! I told you you would be offended," exclaimed Ada.

"Pardon me!" said Mr. Thorn, "I am not offended, only grieved that you have formed a wrong opinion."

"I expressed no opinion, I only meant to warn," said Ada.

"Excuse me," returned Mr. Thorn, "your opinion was implied if not expressed."

"If I have been mistaken, I am very glad," said Ada. "But," and her pleading eyes were fastened on his face, "be sure that I am. Pause and think."

"A second time I thank you," said Mr. Thorn, his color still heightening.

"Do not let us part in anger," exclaimed Ada, as he rose to go.

"By no means, Mrs. Pennington, I should exceedingly regret anything of the kind. I was merely about to say that as your estimate of me is such, it cannot be agreeable to you or Mr. Pennington, to retain me as an intimate, and I will bid good-evening for rather a longer time than ordinary."

The door closed behind him. Mrs. Pennington had lost a friend, and the tears that fell

fast from her eyes little relieved her sorrowing heart

Two or three weeks after, she was standing before her toilet-glass, one evening, having just returned from a party, when her husband entered, saying, "Ada, what is this about Leonard Thorn? He told me you had given him to understand you did not wish to see him here, and he seemed surprised that I expected him."

Sadly but quietly Ada repeated what she had said to Leonard Thorn.

"I'll have you to know, madam," exclaimed Mr. Pennington, "that I will not have my friends insulted in this manner."

And then poor Ada had to endure a storm of passion, the greater, perhaps, because of Mr. Pennington's usual repose of mind and manner. There she sat until two o'clock, the gaslight glaring on her aching eye-balls and bare arms and shoulders, still glittering with jewels. At length Mr. Pennington's violence spent itself, and she was allowed to go to bed. But this was not the last of the thing. For weeks, nay, months, she was made to feel in a thousand polite but cutting ways, that she had deeply offended her husband. And from that hour his feelings toward her never were the same.

A chill November sun was departing in order that Fifth Avenue might dine. Mrs. Pennington, alighting at her own door, with her little Lizzie by the hand, passed a little beggar girl hanging upon the area-railings. One glance at the eyes beaming beneath the coarse worsted hood, and she seized the blue, frost-bitten fingers, and dragged the child into the hall.

"Tell me your name," she said to her.

"Hannah Morton," said the frightened girl.

Hannah! it was her mother's name. Her poor brother, wherever he might be, had not forgotten his home! She stood looking at the two children before her. What a contrast! Lizzie's fresh, brilliant complexion, plump, rounded limbs and warm, bright garments; and her brother's child with her wan, sickly skin,

features distorted by disease and exposure, with dirty strings wound around her to keep her tattered garments from falling off. This was not the most painful difference. Her sharp, suspicious, old look shone beside Lizzie's innocent, untroubled countenance. Mrs. Pennington felt faint, and as she turned to sit down, reeled and sunk to the floor. When she recovered, she found herself on her own bed. Perfect quiet was enjoined.

In the silence of night, she said to the old nurse who watched by her side,

"Do you know what became of the poor little girl who was in the hall this afternoon?"

"No, ma'am. Mr. Pennington ordered her away," replied old Bridget.

"Then you can't tell where she lives. Has she ever been here before?"

"Indeed, I don't know, ma'am. I'm thinkin' she'll never come any more, for Mr. Pennington told her he'd hand her over to an M. P. if she did. He said it was no wonder you fainted, ma'am, with that dirty child so near you."

Ada had heard enough. She drew the bed-covers over her face and wept bitterly and violently. Again, again had she nearly laid her hand upon her brother's daily life; had almost been able to whisper in his ear words of entreaty, or at least of kindness, and the stream had borne her away.

She rose in the morning, and went on with her usual occupations. Nothing on the subject passed between her husband and herself. She knew that he had recognized the full dark eyes, so like her own. Her voice and smile were sweet as ever, but the day never dawned that did not hold many moments of instinctive and bitter comparison—comparison of the luxury for body, mind and heart that surrounded her, with the shivering, famished, squalid abode, resounding perhaps with oaths and blows, from which God had sent little Hannah Morton to stand beside her own Lizzie, and say, "What hath made us to differ!"

A MURMUR.

BY E. BEECHWOOD.

ALL Nature delights in a murmur,
To utter a thought of love;
To whisper a grateful devotion
To Nature's Creator above.

'Tis heard in the sweet flowing brooklet,
That winds through the meadow and wood;
And travels on, merrily singing
Glad thanks to the Giver of good.

'Tis heard when the zephyrs of evening,
That blow from the golden West;
Play softly on quivering leaflets
A murmur of quiet and rest.

And so, when the pure-hearted maiden
Turns blushing from love's eager eye,
She does as all Nature has taught her
And murmurs the precious reply.

LOVE'S LABOR WON.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," &C.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

"THE EXCESS OF GLORY OBSCURED."

Muse, Grace and Woman! in herself
All moods of mind contrasting
The tenderest wail of human woe,
The scorn like lightning blasting.
Mirth sparkling like a diamond shower
From lips of life-long sadness,
Clear picturings of majestic thought
Upon a ground of madness,
And over all romance and song,
A magic lustre throwing,
And laureled Celie at her side
Her storied pages showing.

VARIED FROM WHITTIER.

How the wind raves, this bitter night, around that bleak, sea-girt, snow-covered Island! how the waters roar as they break upon the beach! Not a star is out. Above, black scudding clouds sail, like ships, across the dark ocean of ether—below, ships fly, like clouds, before the wind, across the troubled waters; thus sky and ocean seem to mingle in the fierce chaos of night and storm.

But that massive old stone mansion fronting the sea and looking so like a fortification on the Island, recks little of the storm that howls around it—a square, black block against the sky—a denser, more defined shadow in the midst of shadows, it looks, scarcely relieved by the tall, stately, Lombardy poplars that wave before the blast around it—a steady light from a lower window near the centre of the front streams in a line far out across garden, field, and beach to the sea. Aye! little recks the strong house, built to brave just such weather, and little recks the beautiful woman safely sheltered in the warmest, most luxurious room, of the wild wind and waves that rage so near its thick walls.

Let us leave the storm without and enter that nook. Look! this room had been furnished with direct regard to Marguerite's comfort, and though showing nothing like the splendor of modern parlors, it was comfortable and luxurious, as comfort and luxury were understood at that time and place; a costly French historic paper, representing the story of the Argonauts, adorned the walls; a rich, deep-wooled,

square Turkey carpet, covered the floor to within a foot of the chair-boards; heavy, dark crimson damask curtains, upheld by a gilded oar, fell in voluminous folds from the one deep bay window in front of the room; high-backed, richly carved, and crimson cushioned chairs were ranged against the walls; a curiously wrought cabinet stood in the recess on the right of the tall mantle-piece, and a grand piano in that on the left; oddly shaped and highly polished, mahogany or black walnut stands and tables stood in corners or at side walls under hanging mirrors and old paintings; a fine sea view hung above the mantle-piece, and a pair of bronze candelabras, in the shape of anchors, adorned each end; choice books, vases, statuettes and bijouterie, were scattered about; but the charm of the room was the crimson curtained bay window, with its semi-circular sofa, and the beautiful harp and the music-stand that was a full-sized statue of St. Cecilia holding a scroll, which served as a rest for the paper. This recess had been fitted up by Philip Helmstedt in fond memory of the draped bay window in the music-room at Col. Compton's town house, where he had first breathed his love to Marguerite's ear.

The bridal pair, whose honeymoon in three months had not waned, were sitting on a short sofa, drawn up on the right of the fire. They were a very handsome couple and formed a fine picture as they sat—Philip, with his grandly proportioned and graceful form, perfect Roman profile, stately head and short, curled, black hair and beard and high-bred air—Marguerite, in her superb beauty, which neither negligence nor over-dress could mar—Marguerite, sometimes so disdainful of the aid of ornament, was very simply clothed in a plain robe of fine soft crimson cloth, about the close bodice of which dropped here and there a stray ringlet from the rich mass of her slightly disheveled, but most beautiful hair. Her warm, inspiring face was glowing with life, and her deep, dark eyes were full of light. Some little graceful trifle of embroidery gave her slender, tapering fingers a fair excuse to move, while she listened to the voice

of Philip reading Childe Harold. But after all there was little sewing and little reading done. Marguerite's soul-lit eyes were oftener raised to Philip's face than lowered over her work: and Philip better loved the poetry in Marguerite's smile than the beauty of the canto before him. They had, in the very lavish redundancy of life and consciousness of mutual self-sufficiency, left the gay and multitudinous city to retire to this secluded spot, this outpost of the continent, to be for awhile all in all to each other: and three months of total isolation from the world had passed, and as yet they had not began to be weary of each other's exclusive society. In truth, with their richly endowed natures and boundless mutual resources, they could not soon exhaust the novelty of their wedded bliss. No lightest, softest cloud had as yet passed over the face of their honeymoon. If Mr. Helmstedt's despotic character occasionally betrayed itself, even toward his queenly bride, Marguerite, in her profound, self-abnegating, devoted love, with almost a saintly enthusiasm, quickly availed herself of the opportunity to prove how much deep joy is felt in silently, quietly, even secretly, laying our will at the feet of one we most delight to honor. And if Marguerite's beautiful face, sometimes darkened with a strange gloom and terror, it was always in the few hours of Mr. Helmstedt's absence, and thus might easily be explained; for be it known to the reader, that there was no way of communication between their Island and the outside world except by boats, and the waters this windy season were always rough. If Mr. Helmstedt sometimes reflected upon the scenes of their stormy courtship, and wondered at the strange conduct of his beloved, he was half inclined to ascribe it all to a sort of melo-dramatic coquetry or caprice, or perhaps fanaticism in regard to the foolish pledge of celibacy once made between Miss De Lancie and Miss Compton, of which he had heard; it is true he thought that Marguerite was not a woman to act from either of these motives, but he was too happy in the possession of his bride to consider the matter deeply now, and it could be laid aside for future reference. Marguerite never reviewed the subject. Their life was now as profoundly still as it was deeply satisfied. They had no neighbors and no company whatever. "Buzzard's Bluff," Col. Houston's place, was situated about five miles from them, up the Northumberland coast, but the colonel and his family were on a visit to the Comptons, in Richmond, and were not expected home for a month to come. Thus their days were very quiet.

How did they occupy their time? In reading, in writing, in music, in walking, riding, sailing, and most of all in endless conversations that permeated all other employments. Their Island of three hundred acres, scarcely afforded space enough for the long rides and drives they liked to take together; but on such few halcyon days as sometimes bless our winters, they would cross with their horses by the ferry-boat to the Northumberland coast, and spent a day or half a day exploring the forest; sometimes while the birding season lasted, a mounted groom with fowling-pieces and ammunition would be ordered to attend, and upon these occasions a gay emulation as to which should bag the most game, would engage their minds; at other times, alone and unattended, they rode long miles into the interior of the country, or down the coast to Buzzard's Bluff, to take a look at Nelie's home, or up the coast some twenty miles to spend a night at Marguerite's maiden home, Plover's Point. From the latter place Marguerite had brought her old nurse, aunt Hapzibah, whom she promoted to the post of housekeeper at the Island, and the daughter of the latter, Hildreth, who had long been her confidential maid, and the son, Forrest, whom she retained as her own especial messenger. And frequently when

"The air was still and the water still,"

or nearly so, the wedded pair would enter a row boat and let it drift down the current, or guide it in and out among the scattering clusters of inlets that diversified the coast, where Mr. Helmstedt took a deep interest in pointing out to Marguerite, vestiges of the former occupancy or visitings of those fierce buccaneers of the bay-isles, that made so hideous the days and nights of the early settlers of Maryland, and from whom scandal said Philip Helmstedt himself had descended. Returning from these expeditions, they would pass the long winter evenings as they were passing this one when I present them again to the reader, that is, in reading, work, or its semblance, conversation and music, when Marguerite would awaken the sleeping spirit of her harp to accompany her own rich, deep, and soul-thrilling voice, in some sacred aria of Handel, or love song of Mozart, or simple, touching ballad of our own mother tongue. But Marguerite's improvisations were over. Upon this evening in question, Philip Helmstedt suddenly threw aside his book, and after gazing long and earnestly at his bride, as though he would absorb into his being the whole beautiful creature at his side, he said,

"Take your guitar, dear Marguerite, and give

me some music—invest yourself in music, it is your natural atmosphere,” and rising he went to a table and brought thence the instrument, a rare and priceless one, imported from Spain, and laid it upon Marguerite’s lap. She received it smilingly, and after tuning its chords, commenced and sung in the original, one of Camoens, exquisite Portuguese romaunts. He thanked her with a warm caress when she had finished, and taking the guitar from her hand, said,

“You never improvise now, my Corinne! You never have done so since our union. Has inspiration fled?”

“I do not know—my gift of song was always an involuntary power—coming suddenly, vanishing unexpectedly. No, I never improvise now—the reason is, I think that the soul never can set strongly in but one direction at a time.”

“And that direction?”

She turned to him with a glance and smile that fully answered his question.

“I am too happy to improvise, Philip,” she said, dropping her beautiful head on his bosom, as he passed his arm around her, bent down and buried his face on the rich and fragrant tresses of her hair.

I present them to you in their wedded joy this evening, because it was the very last happy evening of their united lives. Even then a step was fast approaching destined to bring discord, doubt, suspicion, and all the wretched catalogue of misery that follow in their train. While Marguerite’s head still rested lovingly on Philip’s bosom, and his fingers still threaded the lustrous black ringlets of her hair, while gazing down delightedly upon her perfect face, a sound was heard through the wind, that peculiar, heavy, swashing sound of a ferry boat striking the beach, followed by a quick, crunching step, breaking into the crusted snow and through the brushwood toward the house.

“It is my messenger from the post-office—now for news of Nellie!” said Marguerite.

Philip looked slightly vexed.

“Nellie!—how you love Mrs. Houston, Marguerite! I do not understand such intimate female friendships”

“Doubtless you don’t! It is owing to the slight circumstance of your being a man,” said Marguerite, gaily, compensating for her light words by the passionate kiss she left on his brow as she went from his side to meet the messenger—ah! the ill-omened messenger that had entered the house and was hastening toward the parlor.

“Any letters, Forrest?” she eagerly inquired, as the boy came in.

“Only one, madam, for you,” replied the man, delivering the missive.

“From Nellie, I judge!” she exclaimed, confidently, as she took it; but on seeing the postmark and superscription, she suddenly caught her breath, suppressing a sharp cry, and sank upon a chair.

Mr. Helmstedt, who had just turned and walked to the window to look out upon the wild weather, did not see this agitation.

Marguerite broke the seal and read; fear, grief and cruel remorse storming in her darkened and convulsed countenance.

Philip Helmstedt, having satisfied himself that the wind was increasing in force, and that vessels would be lost before morning, now turned and walked toward his wife.

She heard his step, oh! what a supreme effort of the soul was that—an effort in which years of life are lost—with which she commanded her grief and terror to retire, her heart to be still, her face to be calm, her tones to be steady, and her whole aspect to be cheerful and disengaged as her husband joined her.

“Your letter was not from Mrs. Houston, love? I am almost sorry—that is, I am as sorry for your disappointment as a man half jealous of ‘Nellie’s’ share in your heart can be,” he said.

Marguerite smiled archly at this badinage, but did not otherwise reply.

“Well, then, if not from Nellie, I hope you heard good news from some other dear friend.”

“As if I had scores of other dear friends!—but be at ease, thou jealous Spaniard, for Nellie is almost your only rival.”

“I would not have even one,” replied Mr. Helmstedt; but his eyes were fixed while he spoke, upon the letter, held lightly, carelessly in Marguerite’s hand, and that interested him as everything connected with her always did; and yet concerning which, that chivalrous regard to courtesy, that ever distinguished him except in moments of ungovernable passion, restrained him from inquiring.

Marguerite saw this, and lightly wringing the paper in her fingers, said,

“It is from an acquaintance—I have so many—perhaps it would amuse you to look it over.”

“Thank you, dear Marguerite,” replied Mr. Helmstedt, extending his hand to take it.

She had not expected this—she had offered believing he would decline it, as he certainly would have done, had he been less deeply interested in all that concerned her.

“By-the-way, no! I fear I ought not to let you see it, Philip! It is from an acquaintance who has made me the depository of her

confidence—I must not abuse it even to you. You would not ask it, Philip?”

“Assuredly not, except, in as much as I wish to share every thought and feeling of yours, my beloved! Do you know that this desire makes me jealous even of your silence and your reveries? And I would enter even into them! Nothing less would content me.”

“Then be contented, Philip, for you are the soul of all my reveries, you fill my heart as I am sure I do yours,” then casting the letter into the fire, lightly, as a thing of no account, she went and took up her guitar and began strumming its strings and humming another Portuguese song: then laying that aside again, she rang the bell and ordered tea.

“We will have it served here, Philip,” she said, “it is so bleak in the dining-room.”

Forrest, who had meanwhile doffed his overcoat and warmed himself, answered the summons and received the necessary directions. He drew out a table, then went and presently returned with Hildreth, bringing the service of delicate white china, thin and transparent as the finest shells, and richly chased silver, more costly from its rare workmanship than for its precious metal; and then the light bread and tea cakes, *chef d'œuvres* of aunt Hapsy's culinary skill; and the rich, West India sweetmeats with which Philip, for want of a housekeeper to prepare domestic ones before Marguerite's arrival, had stocked the closets. When the “hissing urn” was placed upon the table, Forrest and Hildreth retired, leaving their mistress and master alone; for Mr. Helmsstedt loved with Marguerite to linger over his elegant and luxurious little tea-table, toasting, idling, and conversing at ease with her, free from the presence of others. And seldom had Marguerite been more beautiful, brilliant, witty and fascinating than upon this evening when she had but him to please, and his occasional ringing laughter, testified her happy power to move to healthful mirth, even that grave saturnine nature.

An hour of trifling with the delicate viands on the table, amid jest and low-toned silvery laughter, and then the bell was rung and the service removed.

“And now—the spirit comes, and I will give you a song—an improvisation! Quick, give me the guitar for I must seize the fancy as it flies—for it is fading even now like a vanishing sail on the horizon.”

“The guitar? the harp is your instrument of improvisation.”

“No! the guitar; I know what I am saying,” and receiving it from the hands of her husband,

she sat down, and while an arch smile hovered under the black fringes of her half closed eyelids, and about the corners of her slightly parted lips, she began strumming a queer prelude, and then, like a demented minstrel, struck up one of the oddest inventions in the shape of a ballad that was ever sung out of Bedlam.

Philip listened with undisguised astonishment and irrepressible mirth which presently broke bounds in a ringing peal of laughter. Marguerite paused and waited until his cachinnations should be over, with a gravity that almost provoked him to a fresh peal, but he restrained himself as he wished the ballad to go on, and Marguerite re-commenced and continued uninterrupted through about twenty stanzas—each more extravagant than the other, until the last one set Philip off again in a convulsion of laughter.

“Thalia!” he said, “Thalia as well as Melpomene!”

“This is the very first comic piece I have ever attempted—the first time that the laughing muse has visited me,” said Marguerite, laying down her guitar, and approaching the side of her husband.

“And I alone have heard it! So I would have it, Marguerite. I almost detest that any other should enjoy your gifts and accomplishments.”

“Egotist!” she exclaimed, but with the fond, worshipping tone and manner, wherewith she might have said, “Idol!”

“So you like my music, Philip?”

“How can you ask, my love? Your music delights me as all you ever say and do, always, must.”

“I have heard that ever when the lute and voice of an improvisatrice has chained her master, she has the dear privilege of asking a boon that he may not deny her,” said Marguerite, in the same light, jesting tone, under which it was impossible to detect a substratum of deep, terrible earnestness.

“How? What do you say, my love?”

“My voice and stringed instrument has pleased my master, and I would crave of him a boon!”

“Dearest love! do not use such a phrase, even in the wantonness of your sport.”

“What is then Mr. Helmsstedt but Marguerite's master?”

“Her own faithful lover, husband, servant, all in one; and my lady knows she has but to speak and her will is law,” said Philip, gallantly.

“Away with such tinsel flattery. In ‘grand gravity,’ as my dear father used to say, I am no longer my own but yours—I cannot come or go,

change my residence, sell, or purchase property, make a contract or prosecute an offender, or do anything else that a free woman would do without your sanction. You are my master—my owner!”

Was this possible? her master? the master of this proud, and gifted woman, who ever before had looked and stepped and spoken like a sovereign queen? Yes, it is true, he knew it before, but now from her glowing lips it came, bringing a new, strong, thrilling, and most delicious sense of possession and realization, and his eye travelled delightedly over the enchanting face and form of his beautiful wife, as his heart repeated, “She speaks but truth—she, with all her wondrous dower of beauty and genius and learning, is solely mine—my own, own! I wish the prerogative were even greater! I would have the power of life and death over this glorious creature, that were I about myself to die, I could, slay her lest another should ever possess her:” but his lips spoke otherwise.

“Dear love,” he said, drawing her up to him, “we all know that the one-sided statute, a barbarous remnant of the dark ages, invests a husband with certain very harsh powers; but it is almost a dead letter. Who in this enlightened age thinks of acting upon it? Never reproach me with a bad law I had no hand in making, sweet love.”

“Reproach—you, Philip!” she whispered, yielding herself to his caress, “no! if the law were a hundred fold stricter, investing you with power over your Marguerite a hundred fold greater, she would not complain of it—for it cannot give so much as her heart gives you ever and ever! Should it clothe you with the power of life and death over her, it would be no more than your power now, for the sword could not kill more surely, Philip, than your possible unkindness would. No! were the statutes a thousand times more arbitrary, and your own nature more despotic, they nor you could exact never so much as my heart pours freely out to you, ever and ever!”

He answered only by folding her closer to his bosom, and then said,

“But the boon, Marguerite! or rather the command, my lady, what is it?”

“Philip,” she said, raising her head from his bosom, and fixing her eyes on his face, “Philip, I want—heavens! how the storm raves!—do you hear it, Philip?”

“Yes, love, do not mind it, it cannot enter.”

“But the ships, the ships at sea.”

“Do not think of them, love; we cannot help them: what is beyond remedy is beyond regret.”

“True, that is very true! what is beyond remedy is beyond regret,” said Marguerite, meditatively.

“But the ‘boon,’ as you call it, the command as I regard it—what is it, Marguerite?”

“Philip, I am about to ask from you a great proof of your confidence in me,” she said, fixing her eyes earnestly, pleadingly upon his face.

“A proof of my confidence in you, Marguerite?” he repeated, slowly, and then after a thoughtful pause he added, “does it need proof then? Marguerite, I know not how much the humbling sense of dishonor would crush me, could I cease for one single hour to confide in you—in you, the sacred depository of my family honor, and all my best and purest interests—you whom it were desecration, in any respect, to doubt. Lady, for the love of heaven, consult your own dignity and mine before demanding a proof of that which should be above proof, and immeasurably beyond the possibility of question.”

“You take this matter very seriously, Philip,” said Marguerite, with a troubled brow.

“Because it is a very serious matter, love—but the boon; what is it, lady? I am almost ready to promise beforehand that it is granted, though I might suffer the fate of Ninus for my rashness. Come, the boon, name it! only for heaven sake ask it not as a proof of confidence.”

“And yet it must necessarily be such, nor can you help it, my lord,” said Marguerite, smiling with assumed gaiety.

“Well, well! let’s hear and judge of that.”

Marguerite still hesitated, then she spoke to the point.

“I beg you will permit me to leave you for a month.”

“To leave me for a month!” exclaimed Philip Helmstedt, astonishment, vexation, and wonder struggling in his face, “that is asking a boon with a bitter vengeance. In the name of heaven where do you wish to go? To your friend, Nellie, perchance?”

“I wish to go away unquestioned, unattended and unfollowed.”

“But, Marguerite,” he stammered, “but this is the maddest proposition.”

“For one month—only for one month, Philip, of unfettered action and unquestioned motives. I wish the door of my delightful cage opened, that I may fly abroad and feel myself once more a free agent in God’s boundless creation. One month of irresponsible liberty, and then I render myself back to my sweet bondage and my dear master. I love both too well, too well, to remain

away long," said Marguerite, caressing him with a fascinating blending of passion with playfulness, that at another time must have wiled the will from his heart, and the heart from his bosom. Now, to this proposition he was adamant.

"And when do you propose to start?" he asked.

"To-morrow, if you will permit me."

"Had you not better defer it a week, or ten days—until the first of April, for instance—all fool's-day would be a 'marvellous proper' one for you to go, and me to speed you on such an expedition."

Marguerite laughed strangely.

"Will you allow me to ask you one question, my love? Where do you wish to go?"

"Gipsying."

"Gipsying?"

"Aye, my good lord!"

"Oh! yes! I remember! Marguerite, let me tell you seriously, that I cannot consent to your wish."

"You do not mean to say that you refuse to let me go?" exclaimed Marguerite, all her assumed lightness vanishing in fear.

"Let us understand each other! You desire my consent that you shall leave home for one month, without explaining whither or wherefore you go?"

"Yes!"

"Then most assuredly I cannot sanction anything of the sort."

"Philip, I implore you."

"Marguerite, you reduce me to the alternative of doubting your sincerity or your sanity!"

"Philip! I am sane, and I am deeply in earnest! Ah! Philip, by our love, I do entreat you grant me this boon—to leave your house for a month's absence, unquestioned by you! Extend the eyes of your sanction over my absence that none others may dare to question it."

"Assuredly none shall dare to question the conduct of Mrs. Helmsstedt, because I shall take care that her acts are above criticism! As to my sanction of your absence, Marguerite, you have had my answer," said Mr. Helmsstedt, walking away in severe displeasure and throwing himself into a chair.

There was silence in the room for a few minutes, during which the howling of the storm without rose fearfully on the ear. Then Marguerite, the proud and beautiful, went and sank down at his feet, clasped his knees and bowed her stately head upon them, crying,

"Philip, I pray you, look at me here!"

"Mrs. Helmsstedt, for your own dignity, leave

this attitude," he said, taking her hands and trying to force her to rise.

"No, no, no, not until you listen to me, Philip! Oh, Philip, look down and see who it is that kneels here! petitioning for a span of freedom. One who three short months ago was mistress of much land and many slaves, 'queen o'er herself,' could go unchecked and come unquestioned, was accustomed to growling, not to asking boons, until her marriage."

"Do you regret the sacrifice?"

"Regret it! How can you ask the question? If my possessions and privileges had been multiplied a thousand fold, they should have been, as I am now, all your own, to do your will with! No! I only referred to it to move you to generosity!"

"Marguerite! I cannot tolerate to see you in that attitude one instant longer," said Mr. Helmsstedt, taking her hands and forcing her to rise and sit by his side, "now let us talk reasonably about this matter. Tell me, your husband, who has the right to know, why and where you wish to go, and I promise you that you shall go unquestioned and unblamed of all."

"Oh, God, if I might!" escaped the lips of Marguerite, but she speedily controlled herself and said, "Philip, if you had secret business that concerned others, and that peremptorily called you from home to attend to it, would you not feel justified on leaving without even satisfying your wife's curiosity as to why and where you went, if you could not do it without disclosing to her the affairs of others?"

"No—decidedly no! from my wife I have no secrets. I, who trusted her with my peace and honor, trust her also with all lesser matters; and to leave home for a month's absence without informing her whither and wherefore I should go. Why, Marguerite, I hope you never really deemed me capable of offering you such an offence."

"Oh, God!—and yet you could do so, unquestioned and unblamed, as many men do!"

"I could, but would not."

"While I—would but cannot. Well, that is the difference between us."

"Certainly, Marguerite, there is a difference between what would be fitting to—a profane man to a sacred woman—there is a 'divinity that hedges' the latter, through which she cannot break but to lose her glory."

"But in my girlhood I had unmeasured, irresponsible liberty. None dared to cavil at my actions."

"Perhaps so, for maidens are all Dianas. Besides she who went 'gipsying,' year after

year, could compromise only herself: now her eccentricities, charming as they are, might involve the honor of a most honorable family."

"Descendants of a pirate at best," said Marguerite's memory; but her heart rejected the charge of her mind, and replied instead, "My husband, my dear, dear husband, my lord, idolized even now in his implacability:" her lips spoke nothing.

"Much was permissible and even graceful in Miss De Lancie, that could not be tolerated in Mrs. Helmstedt," continued Philip.

"A great accession of dignity and importance certainly," sneered Marguerite's sarcastic intellect. "Away! I am his wife! his loving wife," replied her worshipping heart: still her lips spoke not.

"You do not answer me, Marguerite."

"I was listening, beloved."

"And you see this subject as I do?"

"Certainly, certainly, and the way you put it leaves me no hope but in your generosity. Ah, Philip, be more generous than ever man was before. Ask me no questions, but let me go forth upon my errand, and cover my absence with the shield of your authority that none may venture to cavil."

"Confide in me and I will do it. I promise you, in advance, not knowing of what nature that confidence may be."

"Oh, heaven, if—I cannot. Alas! Philip, I cannot!"

"Why?"

"The affair concerns others."

"There are no others whose interests and claims can conflict with those of your husband."

"I—have a—friend—in deadly peril—I would go to—the assistance of my friend."

"How confused—nay, great heaven, how guilty you look! Marguerite, who is that friend? Where is he, or she? What is the nature of the peril? What connection have you with her or him? Why must you go secretly? Answer these questions before asking my consent."

"Ah, if I dared! if I dared!" she exclaimed, thrown partly off her guard by agitation, and looking, gazing intently in his face; "but no, I cannot—oh! I cannot!—that sarcastic incredulity, that fierce, blazing scorn—I cannot dare it! Guilty? You even now said I looked, Philip! I am not guilty! The Lord knoweth it well—not guilty, but most unfortunate—most wretched! Philip, your unhappy wife is an honorable woman!"

"She thinks it necessary, however, to assure me of that which should be above question.

Unhappy? Why are you unhappy? Marguerite how you torture me."

"Philip, for the last time I pray you, I beseech you grant my wish—do not deny me, Philip, do not! life, more than life, sanity hangs upon your answer! Philip, will you sanction my going?"

"Most assuredly not, Marguerite."

"Oh! heaven, how can you be so inflexible, Philip? I asked for a month—a fortnight might do—Philip, let me go for a fortnight!"

"No."

"For a week then, Philip, for a week! Oh! I do implore you—I, who never asked a favor before! Let me go for but a week!"

"Not for a week—not for a day! under the circumstances in which you wish to go," said Mr. Helmstedt, with stern inflexibility.

Again Marguerite threw herself at her husband's feet, clasping his knees, and lifting a deathly brow bedewed with the sweat of a great agony, and eyes strained outward in mortal prayer, she pleaded as a mother might plead for a child's life! In vain, for Mr. Helmstedt grew obdurate in proportion to the earnestness of her prayers, and at last arose and strode away, and stood with folded arms at the window looking out upon the stormy weather, while she remained writhing on the spot where late she had kneeled.

So passed half an hour, during which no sound was heard but the fierce moaning, wailing and howling of the wind, and the detonating roar and thunder of the waves as they broke upon the beach; during which Marguerite remained upon the carpet, with her face buried in the cushions of the sofa, writhing silently, or occasionally uttering a low moan like one in great pain; and Philip Helmstedt stood reflecting bitterly upon what had just passed. To have seen that proud, beautiful and gifted creature, that regal woman, one of nature's and society's queens, *la Marguerite des Marguerites*! his wife so bowed down, crushed, humiliated, was a bitter experience to a man of his haughty, scornful, sarcastic nature; passionately as he had loved her, proud as he had been to possess her, now that she was disrowned and fallen, her value was greatly lessened in his estimation. For not her glorious beauty had fascinated his senses, or her wonderful genius had charmed his mind, or her high social position tempted his ambition, so much as her native queenliness had flattered the inordinate pride of his character. He did not care to possess a woman who was only beautiful, amiable or intellectual, or even all these combined; but to conquer and

possess this grand creature with the signet of royalty impressed upon brow and breast—this was a triumph of which Lucifer himself might have been proud. But now this queen was dis-crowned, fallen, fallen into a miserable, weeping, pleading woman, no longer worthy of his rule, for it could bring no delight to his arrogant temper to subjugate weakness and humility, but only strength and pride equal to his own. And what was it that had suddenly stricken Marguerite down from her pride of place and cast her quivering at his feet? What was it that she concealed from him? While vexing himself with these thoughts, he heard through all the roar of the storm a low, shuddering sigh, a muffled rustling of drapery and a soft step, and turned to see that his wife had risen to leave the room.

"One moment, if you please, Marguerite," he said, approaching her. She looked around still so beautiful, but oh! how changed within a few hours. Was this Richmond's magnificent Marguerite, queen of beauty and of song, whom he had proudly carried off from all competitors? She looking so subdued, so pale, with a pallor heightened by the contrast of the crimson dress she wore, and the lustrous purplish hair that fell, uncurled and waving in disheveled locks, down each side her white cheeks and over her bosom.

"I wish to talk with you, if you please, Marguerite."

She bent her head and silently gave him her hand, and suffered him to lead her back toward the fire, where he placed her on the sofa, and then standing at the opposite corner of the hearth, and resting his elbow on the mantelpiece, he spoke,

"Marguerite, there is much that must be cleared up before there can evermore be peace between us."

"Question me, it is your right, Philip," she said, in a subdued tone, steadying her trembling frame in a sitting posture on the sofa.

"Recline, Marguerite; repose yourself while we converse," he said, for deeply displeased as he was, it moved his heart to see her sitting there so white and gaunt.

She took him at his word and sank down with her elbow on the piled up cushions, and her fingers run up through her lustrous tresses supporting her head, and repeated,

"Question me, Philip, it is your right!"

"I must go far back. The scene of this evening has awakened other recollections, not important by themselves, but foreboding, threatening in connection with what has occurred to-night. I allude in the first place to those yearly

migrations of yours that so puzzled your friends; will you now explain them to me?"

"Philip, ask to take the living, beating heart from my bosom and you shall do it—but I cannot give you the explanation you desire," she answered, in a mournful tone.

"You cannot!" he repeated, growing white and speaking through his closed teeth.

"I cannot, alas! Philip, it concerns another."

"Another! Man or woman?"

"Neither—oh, heaven, Philip, I cannot tell you!"

"Very well," he said, but there was that in his tone and manner, that made his simple exclamation more alarming than the bitterest reproaches and threats could have been.

"Philip! Philip! these things occurred before our engagement, and you heard of them. Forgive me for reminding you that you might have requested an explanation of them then, and if refused, you might have withdrawn."

"No, Marguerite! I am amazed to hear you say so. I had no right then to question your course of conduct, it would have been an unpardonable insult to you to have done so; moreover I thoroughly confided in the honor of a woman whom I found at the head of the best society, respected, flattered, followed, courted as you were. I never could have foreseen that such a woman would bring into our married life—an embarrassing mystery, which I beg her now to elucidate."

"Yet it is a pity, oh! what a pity that you had not asked this elucidation a year since!" exclaimed Marguerite, in a voice of anguish.

"Why? Would you then have given it to me?"

"Alas! no, for my power to do so was no greater then than now. But then, at least, on my refusal to confide this affair (that concerns others, Philip) to you, you might have withdrawn from me—now, alas! it is too late!"

"Perhaps not," remarked Mr. Helmstedt, in a calm, but significant tone.

"My God! what mean you, Philip?" exclaimed his wife, starting up from her recumbent position.

"To question you farther—that is all for the present."

She sank down again and covered her face with her hands. He continued,

"Recall, Marguerite, the day of our betrothal. There was a fierce anguish, a terrible conflict in your mind before you consented to become my wife; that scene has recurred to me again and again. Taken as a link in this chain of inexplicable circumstances connected with you, it

becomes of serious importance. Will you explain the cause of your distress upon the occasion referred to?"

A groan was her only answer, while her head remained buried in the cushions of the sofa.

"So! you will not even clear up that matter?"

"Not will not, but cannot, Philip, cannot!"

"Very well," he said, again, in a tone that entered her heart like a sword, and made her start up once more and gaze upon him, exclaiming,

"Oh, Philip, be merciful! I mean be just! Remember, on the day to which you allude, I warned you—warned you faithfully of much misery that might result from our union: and even before that—oh! remember, Philip, how sedulously I avoided you—how I persevered in trying to keep off the—I had nearly said—catastrophe of our engagement."

"Say it then! nay, you have said it! add that I followed and persecuted you with my suit until I wrested from you a reluctant consent, and that I must now bear the consequences!"

"No, no, no, I say not that, nor anything like it. No, Philip, my beloved, my idolized, I am not charging you; heaven forbid! I am put upon my defence, you know, and earnestly desire to be clear before my judge. Listen then, Philip, to thus much of a confession. When I first met you I felt your influence over me. Take this to your heart, Philip, as a shield against doubt of me—you are the first and last and only man I ever loved, if love be the word for that all-pervading power that gives me over, body, soul and spirit to your possession. As I said when I first met you, I felt your influence, day by day this spell increased, and I knew that you were my fate! Yet I tried to battle it off, but even at the great distance I kept I still felt your power growing, Philip, and I knew, I knew that ever that power would be irresistible! I had resolved never to marry, because, yes! I confess, I had a secret (concerning others, you know, Philip,) that I could not confide to any other, even to you, therefore I fled your presence—therefore when you overtook and confronted me I warned you faithfully, you know with how little effect! heart and soul I was yours, Philip! you knew it and took possession. And now we are united, Philip, God be thanked, for with all the misery it may bring me, Philip, I am still less wretched than I should be apart from you. And such, I believe, is the case with you. You are happier now, even with the cloud between us, than you would be if severed from me! Ah, Philip, is there any misfortune so great as separation to those whose lives are

bound up in each other? Is not the cloudiest union more endurable than dreary severance?"

"That depends, Marguerite! there is another link in this dark chain that I would have explained—the letter you received this evening."

"The letter—oh, God! have mercy on me," she cried, in a half smothered voice.

"Yes, the letter!" repeated Mr. Helmstedt, coolly, with his eyes still fixed steadily upon her pallid countenance that could scarcely bear his gaze.

"Oh! I told you—that it—was from an acquaintance—who—confided to me some of her troubles—which—was intended for no other eye but mine. Yes! that was what I told you, Philip," said Marguerite, confused, yet struggling almost successfully for self-control.

"Yes, I know you did, and doubtless told me truly so far as you spoke; but your manner was not truthful, Marguerite. You affected to treat that letter lightly, yet you took care to destroy it; you talked, jested, laughed with unprecedented gaiety: your manner completely deceived me, though as I look at it from my present view it was a little overdone. You sang and played, and became Thalia, Allegra 'for this night only,' and when the point toward which all this acting tended, came, and you made your desire known to me, you affected to put it as a playful test of my confidence, a caprice; but when you found your bagatelle treated seriously, and your desire steadily and gravely refused, Marguerite, your acting all was over. And now I demand an explanation of your conduct, for, Marguerite, deception will be henceforth fruitless forever!"

"Deception!"

"Yes, madam, that was the word I used, purposely and with a full appreciation of the meaning," said Mr. Helmstedt, sternly.

"Deception! Heaven and earth! deception charged by you upon me!" she exclaimed, and then sank down, covering her face with her hands, and whispering to her own heart, "I am right—I am right, he must never be told—he would never be just."

"I know that the charge I have made is a dishonoring one, madam, but its dishonor consists in its truth. I requested you to explain that letter; and I await your reply."

"Thus far, Philip, I will explain: that—yes!—that letter was—a connecting link in the chain of circumstances you spoke of—it brought me news of—that one's peril of which I told you, and made me, still leaves me, how anxious to go to—that one's help. Could you but trust me."

"Which I cannot now do, which I can never again entirely do. The woman who could pro-

tice upon me as you have done this evening, can never be more fully trusted! Still, if you can satisfactorily account for your strange conduct, we may yet go on together with some measure of mutual regard and comfort; which is, I suppose, all that, after the novelty of the honeymoon is past, ordinarily falls to the lot of married people. The glamour, dotage, infatuation that deceived us into believing that our wedded love was something richer, rarer, diviner than that of other mortals like us, is forever gone! And the utmost that I venture to hope now, Mrs. Helmstedt, is that your speedy explanation may prove that with this mystery, you have not brought dishonor on the family you have entered."

"Dishonor!" cried Marguerite, dropping her hands that until now had covered her face, and gazing wildly at her husband.

"Aye, madam, dishonor!"

"Great heaven! had another but yourself made that charge!" she exclaimed, in a voice deep and smothered with intense emotion.

"The deception of which you stand convicted is in itself dishonor, and no very great way from deeper dishonor! You need not look so shocked, madam! (though that may be acting also) Come, exculpate yourself!" he said, fiercely, giving vent to the storm of jealous fury that had been gathering for hours in his breast.

But his wife gazed upon him with the look of one thunder-stricken, as she replied,

"Oh! doubtless, Mr. Helmstedt, you have the right to do what you will with your own, even to the extremity of thus degrading her."

"No sarcasms, if you please, madam, they ill become your present ambiguous position. Rather clear yourself! Come, do it, for if I find that you have brought shame——"

"Philip!"

Without regarding her indignant interruption he went on,

"Upon the honorable name you bear—by the living Lord that hears me! I will take justice in my own hands and—kill you!"

She had continued to gaze upon him with her great, dark eyes, standing forth like burning stars until the last terrible words fell from his lips—when dropping her eyelids her face relaxed into a most dubious and mournful smile, as she said,

"That were an easier feat than you imagine, Philip. The heart burns too fiercely in this breast to burn long. Your words add fuel to the flame. But in this implied charge upon your wife, the injustice that you do her, is nothing compared to the great wrong you inflict upon your own honor."

"Once more—will you clear yourself before me?"

"No."

"What! 'No?'"

"No! Alas! why multiply words, when all is contained in that monosyllable?"

"What is the meaning of this, madam?"

"That your three months wife, even while acknowledging your right to command her, disobeys you, because she must, Philip! she must! but even in so doing, she submits herself to you to meet uncomplainingly all consequences—yes, to say short, they are natural and just! Philip, you have my final answer. Do your will! I am yours!"

And saying this, she arose, and with a manner full of loving submission, went to his side, laid her hand lightly upon his arm and looked up into his face.

But he shook that hand off as if it had been a viper; and when she replaced it, and again looked pleadingly up into his face, he took her by the arm and whirled her off toward the sofa, where she dropped amid the cushions, and then with a fierce, half arrested oath, he flung himself out of the room.

"I cannot blame him: no one could. Oh, God!" she cried, sinking down and burying her head amid the cushions. Quickly with sudden energy she arose, and went to the window and looked out: the sky was still darker with clouds than with night: but the wind had ceased, and the sea was quiet. She returned toward the fireplace and rang the bell, which was speedily answered by Forrest.

Forrest, the son of her old nurse, aunt Hapzy, was a tall, stalwart, jet black negro of some fifty years of age, faithfully and devotedly attached to his mistress, and whose favorite vanity it was to boast that—Laws! niggers! he had toted Miss Marget about in his arms, of'en an' of'en when she was no more'n so high, holding his broad, black palm about two feet from the ground.

"How is the weather, Forrest?" inquired Mrs. Helmstedt, who was now at the cabinet, that I have mentioned as standing to the right of the fireplace, and writing rapidly.

"Bad 'nough, Miss Marget, ma'am, I 'sures you."

"The wind has stopped."

"O'ny to catch his breafe, Miss Marget, ma'am. He'll 'mence 'gain strong'n ever—you'll hear—cause ef he did n' stop at de tide comin' in, dis ebenen, he ain gwine stop till it do go out to-morrow morn'n."

"Mrs. Helmstedt had finished writing, folded,

closed and directed a letter, which she now brought to her messenger.

"Forrest, I don't wish you to endanger your life by venturing to cross to the shore in a gale, but I wish this letter posted in time to go out in the mail at six o'clock to-morrow morning, and so you may take charge of it now; and if the wind should go down at any time to-night, you can carry it to the post-office."

"Miss Marget, ma'am, it goes. I ain gwine ask no win' no leave to take your letter to de pos'—when you wants it go it goes," said the faithful creature, putting the letter carefully into his breast pocket.

"Any oder orders, Miss Marget, ma'am?"

"No, only take care of yourself."

Forrest bowed reverently and went out, softly closing the door behind him.

Marguerite went and sat down on the sofa, and drew a little workstand toward her, on which she rested both elbows, while she dropped her forehead upon the palms of her hands. She had scarcely sat down, when Philip Helmstedt, as from second thought, re-entered the room, from which indeed he had scarcely been absent ten minutes. Marguerite dropped her hands and looked up with an expression of welcome in her face; Mr. Helmstedt did not glance toward her, but went to the cabinet—the upper portion of which was a book-case—selected a volume, and came and drew a chair to the corner of the fireplace opposite to Marguerite's sofa, sat down and seemed to read, but really studied Marguerite's countenance; and she felt that influence, though now while her head rested upon one arm leaned on the stand, her eyes were never lifted from the floor. So passed some twenty minutes.

Eleven o'clock struck. They were in the habit of taking some light refreshments at this hour, before retiring for the night. And now the door opened and Hildreth entered, bringing a waiter, upon which stood two silver baskets containing oranges and Malaga grapes, which she brought and placed upon the stand before her mistress, and then retired.

Mr. Helmstedt threw down his book, drew his chair to the stand, and took up and peeled an orange, which he placed upon a plate with a bunch of grapes, and offered to Marguerite.

She looked up to see what good promise there might be in this act, ready, anxious to meet any advance half-way; but she saw in his stern brow and averted eyes, no hope of present reconciliation, and understood that this form of courtesy sprang only from the habitual good breeding, that ever, save when passion threw him off his guard, governed all his actions. She

received the plate with a faint smile and a "thank you," and made a pretence of eating by shredding the orange and picking to pieces the bunch of grapes; while Mr. Helmstedt, on his part, made no pretence whatever, but having served Marguerite, retired to his chair and book. She looked after him, her heart full to breaking, and presently rising she rang for her maid, and retired.

Hildreth, the confidential maid of Mrs. Helmstedt, was a good-looking, comfortable, matronly woman, over forty years of age, very much like her brother Forrest in the largeness of her form, and the shining darkness of her skin, as well as in her devoted attachment to her mistress. She was a widow, and the mother of four stalwart boys, who were engaged upon the fisheries belonging to the Island. For the rest, Hildreth was an uncharitable moralist, and a strict disciplinarian, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children in her bitter intolerance of mulattos. Hildreth affected grave Quaker colors for her gowns, and snow white cotton cloth for her turbans, neckhandkerchiefs and aprons. Can you see her now? her large form clad in grey linsey, a white handkerchief folded across her bosom and tied down under the white apron, and her jet black, self-satisfied face surmounted by the white turban? Hildreth was not the most refined and delicate of natures, and consequently her faithful affection for her mistress was sometimes troublesome from its intrusiveness. This evening in attending Mrs. Helmstedt to her room, she saw at once the signs of misery on her face, and became exacting in her sympathy.

Was her mistress sick? had she a headache? would she bathe her feet? would she have a cup of tea? what could she do for her? And when Mrs. Helmstedt gave her to understand that silence and darkness, solitude and rest were all she required, Hildreth so conscientiously interpreted her wishes, that she closed every shutter, drew down every blind, and lowered every curtain of the windows, to keep out the sound of the wind and sea; turned the damper to keep the stove from "roaring," stopped the clock to keep it from "ticking," ejected a pet kitten to keep it from "purring," closed the curtains around her lady's bed, and having thus, as far as human power could, secured profound silence and deep darkness, she quietly withdrew, without even moving the air with a "good-night."

There is no fanaticism like the fanaticism of love, whether it exists in the bosom of a cloistered nun, wrapped in visions of her Divine Bridegroom, or in that of a devoted wife, a

faithful slave, or a poor dog who stretches himself across the grave of his master and dies. That love, that self-abnegating love, that even in this busy, struggling, proud, sensual world, where a cool heart, with a clear head and elastic conscience are the elements of success, still lives in obscure places and humble bosoms, that love that often misunderstood, neglected, scorned, martyred, still burns 'till death burns beyond—to what does it tend? To that spirit world where all good affections, all beautiful dreams, and divine aspirations shall be proved to have been prophecies, shall be abundantly realized.

Such thoughts as these did not pass through the simple mind of Hildreth, any more than they would have passed through the brain of poor Tray, looking wistfully in his master's thoughtful face, as she went down to the parlor and curtsying respectfully, told her master that she feared Mrs. Helmstedt was very ill. That gentleman gave Hildreth to understand that she might release herself of responsibility, as he should attend to the matter.

No sleep visited the eyes of Marguerite that night. It was after midnight when Philip entered her chamber, and went to rest without speaking to her.

And from this evening, for many days this pair, occupying the same chamber, meeting at the same table, scarcely exchanged a glance or word. Yet in every possible manner, Marguerite studied the comfort and anticipated the wishes of her husband, who, on his part, now that the first phrensy of his anger was over, did not fail in courtesy toward her, cold, freezing as that courtesy might be. Often Marguerite's heart yearned to break through this cold reserve; but it was impossible to do so. Not the black armor of the Black Prince was blacker, harder, colder, more impassable and repellant, than the atmosphere of frozen, self-retention in which Mr. Helmstedt encased himself.

By her conduct, on that fatal evening, his love and pride had been deeply, almost mortally wounded. A storm of contending astonishment, indignation, wonder and conjecture had been raised in his bosom. The East, West, North and South, as it were, of opposite passions and emotions had been brought together in fierce conflict. His glory in Marguerite's queenly nature had been met by humiliating doubt of her, and his passionate love by anger that might settle into hate. And now that the first chaotic violence of this tempest of warring thoughts and feelings had subsided, he resumed his habitual self-control and dignified courtesy, and determined to seek light upon the dark

subject that had occasioned the first estrangement between himself and his beloved wife. He felt fully justified even by his own nice code of honor, in watching Marguerite closely. Alas! all he discovered in her was a deeply seated sorrow, not to be consoled, an intense anxiety difficult to conceal, an extreme restlessness impossible to govern; and through all a tender solicitude and affectionate deference toward himself, that was perhaps the greatest trial to his dignity and firmness. For notwithstanding her fault, and his just anger, even he with his stern, uncompromising temper, found it difficult to live side by side with that beautiful, impassioned and fascinating woman, whom he ardently loved, without becoming unconditionally reconciled to her.

She with the fine instinct of her nature saw this, and knew that but for the pride and scorn that forbade him to make the first advance they might become reconciled. She, proud as Juno toward all else, had no pride toward those she loved, least of all toward him. Therefore, one morning, when they had breakfasted, as usual, without exchanging a word, and Mr. Helmstedt had risen and taken his hat to leave the room, Marguerite got up, and slowly, hesitatingly, even bashfully followed him into the passage way, and stealing to his side, softly and meekly laid her hand and dropped her face upon his arm, and murmured,

"Philip! I cannot bear this longer, dearest! my heart feels cold and lone and houseless, take me back to my home in your heart, Philip."

There could have been nothing more alluring to him than this submission of that proud, beautiful woman, and her whole action was so full of grace, tenderness, and passion that his firmness gave way before it. His arms glided around her waist and his lips sought hers silently, ere they murmuring,

"Come then to your home in this bosom, beloved, where there is an aching void, until you fill it."

And so a sweet but superficial peace was sealed between the husband and wife—so sweet that it was like a new bridal, so superficial that the slightest friction might break it. No more for them on earth would life be what it had been. A secret lay between them that Marguerite was determined to conceal, and Philip had resolved to discover; and though he would not again compromise his position toward her by demanding an explanation sure to be refused, he did not for an hour relax his vigilance and his endeavors to find a clue to her mystery. He attended the post-office, and left orders that

letters for his family should be delivered into no other hands but his own. He watched Marguerite's deportment, noting her fits of deep and mournful abstraction, her sudden starts, her sleepless nights and cheerless days, and failing health, and more than all, her distracting, maddening manner toward himself, alternating like sunshine and darkness, passionate love, and deep and fearful remorse as inexplicable as it was irradicable.

Not another week of quiet domestic happiness, such as other people have, was it henceforth their fate to know. Yet why should this have been? Mutually loving and loved as devotedly as ever was a wedded pair, blessed with the full possession of every good that nature and fortune can combine to bestow, with youth, health, beauty, genius, riches, honor—why should their wedded life be thus clouded? Why should she be moody, silent, fitful often, all but wretched and despairing? Often even emitting the wild gleam like heat lightening from her dark and splendid eyes, of what might be insipient insanity?

One evening, like the night described in the beginning of this chapter, (for stormy nights were now frequent) when the wind howled around the Island and the waves lashed its shores, Marguerite reclined upon the semi-circular sofa within the recess of the bay window, and looked out upon the night as she had often looked before. No light gleamed from the window where the lady sat alone, gazing out upon the dark and angry waste of waters; that stormy scene without was in unison with the fierce, tempestuous emotions within her own heart—that friendly veil of darkness was a rest to her, who, weary of her ill-worn mask of smiles, would lay it aside for awhile. Twice had Forrest entered to bring lights, and twice had been directed to withdraw: the last dismissal being accompanied with an injunction not to come again until he should hear the bell. And so Marguerite sat alone in darkness, her eyes and her soul roving out into the wild night over the troubled bosom of the ever complaining sea. She sat until the sound of a boat pushed up upon the sand, accompanied by the hearty tones and outspringing steps of the oarsmen, and followed by one resonant, commanding voice, and firm, authoritative tread, caused her heart to leap, her cheek to flush, her eye to glow, and her whole dark countenance to light up as she recognized the approach of her husband. She sprang up and rang.

"Lamps and wood, Forrest," she said. But before the servant could obey the order, Philip Holmstedt's eager step crossed the threshold,

and the next instant his arms were around her and her head on his bosom. They had been separated only for a day, and yet, notwithstanding all that had passed and all that yet remained unexplained between them, theirs was a lover's meeting. Is any one surprised at this, or inclined to take it as a sign of returning confidence and harmony, and a prognostic of future happiness to this pair? Let them not be deceived! It was but the warmth of a passion more uncertain than the sunshine of an April day.

"Sitting in darkness again, my own Marguerite? Why do you so?" said Philip, with tender reproach.

"Why should I not?" returned Marguerite, smilingly.

"Because it will make you melancholy, this bleak and dreary scene."

"No, indeed, it will not. It is a grand scene. Come! look out and see."

"Thank you, love, I have had enough of it for one evening; and I rather wonder at your taste for it."

"Ah! it suits me—it suits me, this savage coast and weather! Rave on winds. Thunder on sea, my heart beats time to the fierce music of your voices. 'Deep calleth unto deep'—deep soul to deep sea!"

"Marguerite!"

"Well?"

"What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing! only I like this howling chaos of wind and water!"

"You are in one of your dark moods."

"Could I be bright and you away?"

"Flatterer! I am here now. And here are the lights. And now I have a letter for you."

"A letter! Oh! give it quickly," cried Marguerite, thrown off her guard.

"Why, how hasty you are."

"True! I am daily expecting a letter from Nellie, and I do begin to think that I have nerves. And now to discipline these excitable nerves, I will not look at the letter until after tea."

"Pooh! my love, I should much rather you would read it now and get it off your mind," said Philip Holmstedt, placing her in a chair beside the little stand, and sitting a lamp upon it, before he put the letter in her hand.

He watched her narrowly, and saw her lips grow white as she read the post-mark and superscription, saw the trembling of her fingers as she broke the seal, and heard the half-smothered exclamation of joy as she glanced at the contents; and then she quickly folded the letter, and was about to put it in her pocket when he spoke,

"Stay."

"Well!"

"That letter was not from Mrs. Houston."

"No—you were aware of that, you saw the post-mark."

"Yes, Marguerite, and I could have seen the contents had I chosen it—and would under all the circumstances have been justified in so doing; but I would not break your seal, Marguerite. Now, however, that I have delivered the letter, and you have read it, I claim the right to know its contents."

Marguerite held the letter close against her bosom, while she gazed upon him in astonishment and expectation, not to say dread.

"With your leave, my lady," he said, approaching her; and throwing one arm around her shoulders, held her fast, while he drew the letter from her relaxing fingers. She watched him while he looked again at the post-mark, "New York," which told next to nothing, and then opened and read the contents; three words without either date or signature, "All is well!" that was all.

He looked up at her. And her low, deep, melodious laughter—that delicious laughter that charmed like music all who heard it, but that now sounded wild and strange, answered his look.

"Your correspondent has been well tutored, madam."

"Why of course," she said, still laughing; but presently growing serious, she added, "Philip, would to God I could confide to you this matter. It is the one pain of my life that I cannot. The time may come, Philip, when I may be able to do so—but not now!"

"Marguerite, it is but fair to tell you that I shall take every possible means to discover your secret—and if I find that it reflects discredit on you, by heaven—"

"Hush! for the sake of mercy, no rash vows! Why should it reflect discredit upon any? Why should mystery be always in thought linked with guilt? Philip, I am free from reproach!"

"But, great heaven! that it should be necessary to assure me of this! I wonder your brow is not crimsoned with the thought that it is so."

"Ah, Philip Helmstedt, it is your own suspicious nature, your own want of charity and faith that makes it so," said Marguerite.

"Life has—the world has—deprived me of charity and of faith, and taught me suspicion—a lesson that I have not unlearned in your company, Mrs. Helmstedt."

"Philip, dear Philip, still hope and trust in me! it may be that I shall not wholly disappoint you," she replied.

But Mr. Helmstedt answered only by a scornful smile, and having too much pride to continue a controversy that for the present, at least, must only end in defeat, fell into silent and resentful gloom and sullenness.

The harmony and happiness of their Island home was broken up; the seclusion once so delightful was now insufferable; his presence on the estate was not essentially necessary; and, therefore, after some reflection, Philip Helmstedt determined to go to Richmond for a month or six weeks.

When he announced this intention to his wife, requesting her to be ready to accompany him in a week, Marguerite received the news with indifference and promised to comply.

It was near the first of April when they reached Richmond. They had secured apartments at the — House, where they were quickly sought by Col. Compton and Mrs. Houston, who came to press upon them, for the term of their stay in Richmond, the hospitalities of the colonel's mansion.

Marguerite would willingly have left the hotel for the more genial atmosphere of her friend's house; but she waited the will of Mr. Helmstedt, who had an especial aversion to become the recipient of private entertainment for any length of time, and, therefore, on the part of himself and wife, courteously declined that friendly invitation, promising at the same time to dine with them at an early day.

The colonel and his daughter finished their call and returned home disappointed; Nellie, with her instinctive dislike to Mr. Helmstedt, much augmented.

The fashionable season was over, or nearly so that, to electrify society into new life, it required just such an event as the re-appearance of its late idol as a bride, and Mrs. De Lancie Helmstedt, (for by the will of her father, his sole child and heiress was obliged to retain her patronymic with her married name.)

Numerous calls were made upon the newly wedded pair, and many parties were given in their honor.

Marguerite was still the reigning queen of beauty, song and fashion, with a difference, there was a deeper glow upon her cheeks and lips, a wilder fire in her eyes, and in her songs a dashing recklessness alternating with a depth of pathos that "from rival eyes unwilling tears could summon." Those who envied her wondrous charms did not hesitate to apply to her such terms as "eccentric," and even "partially deranged." While her very best friends, including Nellie Houston, thought that during her

three months' retirement on Helmstedt's Island, Marguerite had

Suffered a sea change
Into something wild and strange.

No more of those mysterious letters had come to her, at least among those forwarded from their home post-office, and nothing had transpired to revive the memory of the exciting events on the Island. But Mr. Helmstedt, although he disdained to renew the topic, had not in the least degree relaxed his vigilant watchfulness and persevering endeavors to gain knowledge of Marguerite's secret; vainly, for not the slightest event occurred to throw light upon that dark subject. Marguerite was not less tender and devoted in private than brilliant and fascinating in public; and despite his wounded confidence, he could not choose but passionately love the beautiful and alluring woman, who, with one reservation, so amply satisfied his love and pride.

Their month's visit drew to a close, when Mr. Helmstedt accepted an invitation to a dinner given to Thomas Jeffersen, in honor of his arrival at the capital. Upon the day of the entertainment he left Marguerite at four o'clock. And as the wine drinking, toasting and speech-making continued long after the cloth was removed, it was very late in the evening before the company broke up, and he was permitted to return to his hotel.

On entering first his private parlor, which was lighted up, he missed Marguerite, who, with her sleepless temperament, usually kept very late hours, and whom, upon the rare occasions of his absence from her in the evening, he usually, when he returned, found still sitting up reading while she awaited him. Upon glancing around the empty room a vague anxiety seized him, and he hurried into the adjoining chamber, which he found dark, and called in a low, distinct tone, "Marguerite! Marguerite!"

But instead of her sweet voice in answer, came a silent, dreary sense of vacancy and solitude. He hurried back into the parlor, snatched up one of the two lighted lamps that stood upon the mantle-piece, and hastened into the chamber to find it indeed void of the presence he sought. An impulse to ring and inquire when Mrs. Helmstedt had gone out, was instantly arrested by his habitual caution. A terrible presentiment, that he thought scarcely justified by the circumstances, disturbed him. He remembered that she could not have gone to any place of amusement, for she never entered such scenes unaccompanied by himself; besides, she had distinctly informed

him that preparations for departure would keep her busy in her room all the evening. He looked narrowly around the chamber; the bed had not been disturbed, the clothes-closets and bureaus were empty, and the trunks packed and strapped; but one, a small trunk belonging to Marguerite, was gone. The same moment that he discovered this fact, his eye fell upon a note lying on the dressing-bureau. He snatched it up—it was directed in Marguerite's hand to himself. He tore it open, and with a deadly pale cheek and darkly lowering brow, read as follows:

"Our Private Parlor, — House, 6, P. M.

"MY BELOVED HUSBAND:—A holy duty calls me from you for a few days, but it is with a bleeding heart and foreboding mind that I go. Well do I know, Philip, all that I dare in thus leaving without your sanction; but equally well am I aware, from what has already passed, that that sanction never could have been obtained. I pray you to forgive the manner of my going, an extremity to which your former inflexibility has driven me—and I even venture farther to pray that even now you will extend the shield of your authority over my absence, as your own excellent judgment must convince you will be best. Philip, dearest, you will make no stir, cause no talk, you will not even pursue me, for though you might follow me to New York, yet in that great thoroughfare you would lose trace of me; but you will, as I earnestly pray you to do, await, at home, the coming of your most unhappy but devoted

MARGUERITE."

It would be impossible to describe the storm of outraged love and pride, of rage, grief and jealousy that warred in Philip Helmstedt's bosom.

"Yes! by the eternal that hears me, I will wait her coming! and then! then!" he muttered within himself, as he cast the letter into the fire. All night long, like a chafed lion in his cell, he paced the narrow limits of his lonely apartments, giving ill vent to the fierceness of his passions in half muttered threats and curses, the deeper for suppression. But when morning broke and the world was astir, he realized that he had to meet it, and his course was taken. His emotions were repressed and his brow was cleared; he rang for his servant, made a careful toilet, and at his usual hour, and with his usual appearance and manner, descended to the breakfast-table.

"I hope Mrs. Helmstedt is not indisposed, this morning," said a lady opposite, when she observed the vacant chair at his side.

"Thank you, madam; Mrs. Helmstedt is

perfectly well. She left for New York last evening," replied Mr. Helmstedt, with his habitual, dignified courtesy. And this story went the rounds of the table, then of the hotel, and then of the city, and though it excited surprise, proved in the end satisfactory.

Later in the day he took leave of his friends.

And by the next morning's packet he sailed for the Island, which he reached at the end of the week. And once in his own little, isolated kingdom, he said,

"Yes, I will await you here, and then, Marguerite! THEN!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LOVER'S RETURN.

BY OLIVE OAKLEY.

Her hair flowed down in wavy beams,
As golden as a poet's vision;
Her upraised eyes were azure dreams
Of far-off light and flowers elysian.

But most my heart delighted, when
The mellow organ-peal was dying;
A cloudy thought came o'er her then,
She turned her head, unconscious sighing.

I met her eyes so soft and grey
With gentle twilight's azure shading—
Her eyelids fell, as showers of May
Descend and close the flowers—upbraiding.

But tho' her violet eyes were bent
Still downward with a maiden feeling,
The glowing rose and lily blent,
And o'er her radiant face came stealing.

I thought the love of former years
In those veiled eyes was softly beaming,
Obscured perchance, with dewy tears
That rose for me! but was I dreaming?

The chanted hymn rose silvery clear,
Without to me one word of meaning;
My heart beat loud! she could not hear,
The broad church aisle was intervening.

At last the tardy prayer was o'er,
Its echoes in my ear still sounding;
My heart beats higher evermore,
Like an impulsive sea rebounding.

I sought to gain her side and speak
Such words as echoed my deep feeling;
While faltering step, and varying cheek
My timid love came nigh revealing.

A rosy smile, like buds that part,
Made all my heart-beats veer and vary—
I stole her hand with gentle art,
And all the word I said, was—"Mary!"

So—tender roses strove to vie
With her soft cheek in velvet seeming,
And June was smiling first, when I
Was blest! and knew I was not dreaming.

MY WIFE.

BY C. E. KELLY.

My love stands up among the sheaves,
Her forehead bound with maple leaves.
On her bosom she bears our child;
Mother and infant undefiled!
Sweetest picture of Virgin Saint—
Such as Raphael loved to paint.
With folded hair, and holy eyes
That draw their light from Paradise!
Day by day she smiles in my face
And fills our home with quiet grace.
Night by night she goes to her rest,
Our baby dreaming on her breast.
Thus I watch her—my love—my wife—
Dearest heart of my truest life!
Watch as her quivering lashes sweep
The flaky whiteness of her cheek.

And slumber—soft as dew that lies
In the cup of the lily, seals her eyes.
Whither now is thy spirit meek?
In the beautiful garden of sleep?
Barred from me by "the Silver Gate,"
Where, knocking, I must stand and wait?
I'm jealous of the dream that keeps
Her thought from me the while she sleeps.
I long for some dear sign to see,
That even in sleep, she dreams of me!
She whispers now! her lips unclose!
And on her cheek there blooms the rose.
Breathe it again—that murmured name—
Which like a breath of flowers came.
'Tis mine! ah, dearest joy to be
Remembered even in dreams by thee!

THE ORDERLY WIFE.

BY MARY DAYTON.

READER, will you take a peep with me into the interior of a dwelling, in one of our eastern towns? We will look into the parlors. The folding doors are open, and both are furnished so exactly alike, that we feel inclined to rub our eyes and ask ourselves if we really see two rooms—we have a slight fear that we are laboring under an optical illusion. The furniture, though not very expensive, is choice and elegant, but in its arrangement, more attention has been given to order than to taste. The rooms have an orderly, unused look, which destroys every home feeling, renders them chilling and gloomy, and unfit for social enjoyment. The chairs, ranged at equal distances, and so desperately fresh and clean, have a repelling appearance; the very ornaments have a sort of touch-me-not look; the richly bound, unsoiled books seem to shut themselves tight, with a firm determination never to store a brain with their contents.

On a pleasant afternoon, once upon a time, a lady was seated in one of these parlors, with some needlework. A door leading to the hall was open, a window was raised, the shutters thrown back, and the beautifully embroidered white curtains looped up; but there was dust in the street, and the light was only allowed to steal through the richly painted, semi-transparent blinds. The lady was, as the people would say, well-dressed, that is she was dressed in the reigning mode, but there was something in the methodical arrangement of all she wore, and in the regularity of every movement, that made one long to see straight lines and unbroken angles converted into curves. Her neck was straight and stiff; her head had evidently none of the bad habits of a lolling head; her elbows held themselves a-kimbo, like a pair of well-trained, alert elbows, that never were guilty of friction with anything. Her hair, parted in a straight line precisely on the top of her head, had long been cured of its natural morbid inclination to curl, and all the hairs were now marshalled like so many horizontal soldiers. Her face was a very good one, as far as color and features go, but there was a fixed expression of watchful, fretful anxiety, that darkly veiled all beauty.

A light, firm step sounded in the hall, and a gentleman, with a tall, fine figure, and a good-

humored, intellectual countenance, appeared at the door. He spoke in a rich voice, with a gay tone and brilliant smile,

"So, Amelia, you have really opened the parlors for once, and I certainly wish——"

"Why, Charles," in a hurried tone, "you seem to forget that the foot-mat is designed for use."

"There's no mud, Amelia, the walks are perfectly dry."

"But there is dust surely."

He paused, and with a half-impatient, half-amused look, wiped the dust from his feet.

Carelessly throwing his hat upon a sofa, he took a chair and seated himself near her. His wife rose quietly, and deposited the hat in its place in another apartment.

"How happens it that these rooms are opened?" he inquired, as she returned, looking round with a somewhat comical expression.

"Mrs. B—— told me the L——s would call here to-day: they leave town to-morrow."

"Where are Amelia and Mary?" he asked.

"In the nursery."

"I wish you would send for them; I've not seen them since morning."

"Surely, Charles, you would not have those children brought into these rooms?"

"Why not?"

"You know very well they would ruin every thing here in a few moments."

"Well, let them be brought into the sitting-room."

"I think the nursery altogether the best place for them; it is sufficient for them to keep one room in constant disorder."

"I wish your bump of order was in Jericho. I should think you would want those children to have the range of the house. Nothing can be more refreshing than they are, with all their music, beauty and grace. I don't care if they do soil things a little, and I am beginning to hate this funeral order. Let us join them in the nursery, if they must be cooped up there."

"You can, if you choose, but I had better remain here."

"If those people call, can't you be summoned?"

"Yes, but I don't like to leave these rooms when they are open."

With a light laugh, "Why if some one should

come in and move a chair a hundredth part of an inch from its place, you could put it back in a trice."

Cold silence fell. He took up a book and looked it over for awhile. He glanced at his wife's face, he was always the first to sue for peace, because he knew that Amelia would never propose terms herself, she was too sure that right and reason were on her side.

He spoke with a conciliating look and tone,

"Those people will hardly call to-night, Amelia."

"I think not—it is getting late."

"I declare," he resumed, throwing his book down upon the nearest chair, "I'm too weary even for light reading; my head is completely snarled with this intricate case I'm trying. I believe music would do me good, will you play for me?"

"Yes, presently."

He left the room, expecting her to follow; but she tarried to put the parlors in order and place them safely under lock and key, a work requiring some time.

Impatient at her delay, Charles sauntered to the nursery, and returned with one rosy, dimpled, smiling little girl in his arms; and another rife with all the Eden loveliness of childhood dancing by his side, just as Amelia was seating herself at the piano. She cast a look of apprehension and dismay at her offspring; of despairing resignation at her consort; and commenced playing. Charles threw himself upon as many chairs as he needed for a convenient couch, and took a large book from a table for a pillow. Amelia climbed up beside him, drew off a coral necklace and wound it about his head. Lillie leaned against an ottoman, and with intent look, pouting rose-bud lips, and slightly contracted brow, wearied her little fingers trying to pull the worsted from the flowers. Amelia did not see all this, her husband and children were behind her, she could not play without the constant use of two eyes, and as happily she was not an Argus, her unconscious back remained in blissful ignorance. Music was to Charles merely an abstract pleasure; he was soothed and gently stimulated by pleasant sounds; had he been a musical critic, he must have decided that if his wife's performance lacked those nice, variable touches indicative of feeling and taste, not an individual on the round earth could excel her in time.

Charles Lorell was a lawyer; some thirty years of age. He was successful in his profession, and had already realized a considerable income.

Amelia was an orphan: her little fortune had all been expended in her school education; and before her marriage she had been dependant upon relatives.

Lorell met her in "general society;" he was not a person to read character upon a slight acquaintance; he trusted the discriminating voice of the world, and the world declared her to be a model young lady, said that she was of good family, good-looking, well educated, accomplished; and that she would make an admirable domestic wife. The last of this praise was intelligible at least; and it was precisely what he wanted. He did not ask for genius, beauty, or wealth; but he wanted a wife who would make home a pleasant resting-place for him. For a few months after his marriage, he believed he had been very fortunate. In the excitement and novelty of finding herself mistress of a household, Mrs. Lorell's monomania slumbered for awhile, only to arouse with ten-fold power. Her natural love for order had been cultivated, until it had become a source of suffering to herself and all around her. Her eye was pained wherever she looked. The clouds would never have been piled in wild, fantastic masses if arranged by her; the rocks thrown together in rugged, picturesque harmony; the flowers strewn in beautiful disorder in their native bowers; but all would have been arranged by square and rule, line and plummet.

Lorell was constantly assailed, at home, by anxious, cautious, cold reproofs, appalling remonstrances. His children were denied the freedom and exercise he deemed necessary for their health. Her children, Mrs. Lorell was in the habit of saying, with a sort of mournful attempt at resignation, were just exactly like their father; meaning that they inherited, to the full, his disorderly propensity, and none of her cardinal virtue. Lorell made every effort to cure her of her foible; he tried reason, ridicule, authority; but all in vain: she persisted in believing herself the aggrieved party; and relentless as doom continued her orderly regulations, complaints and reproaches. Every day he repeated to himself, "She is really an excellent woman, and this is but a trifle." But he learned, in time, the great power of trifles. The most terrible torture invented by the inquisition consisted in the slow dropping of water.

He rose in his profession; he acquired wealth; but as far as enjoyment was concerned, he felt that his life was a failure. He had little social or professional ambition; he had little native love for literature or the arts; but he had strong domestic affections, and he had no home—for

him there were no cool, green, refreshing resting-places. After the day's toilsome duties of his profession had been attended to, he spent his leisure time in his office; there he could, at least, find such peace as solitude could give.

His daughters were early sent to a boarding-school: even there they led a freer and happier life than with their mother.

Mrs. Lorell was not happy: true, she was not troubled much with her husband and children; but servants would be disorderly; visitors must

be entertained, and they would turn the house topsy turvy.

She had some secondary troubles too: she believed that her husband had weaned the affections of her children from her; she considered herself a neglected wife. She talked much of mysterious Providences—Mrs. Lorell, like many wiser ones, was inclined to make a scape-goat of Providence—of bleeding victims on Hymen's altar, meaning her sacrificed self.

Ah, reader! great is the power of trifles.

WEARY.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

GENTLY, gently fall the snow-flakes

On the hill-side and the lea;
And the winds go sighing sadly,
Like a burial melody;
All is gloomy, all is lonely,
And my heart is weary now,
For a sadness seems to press me—
Strangely press my throbbing brow.

Old-time memories throng around me—
Scenes of other, brighter years;
When life seemed a fairy story,
Ere I knew of sorrow's tears.
Gently, gently o'er my spirit
Comes each bright and lovely dream,
Like the moonshine falling softly
O'er a murmur'ing, restless stream.

Sunny days of loving childhood!

Oh, how beautiful ye seem,
Gleaming through Time's shadowy vista,
Like a sweet and holy dream!
Ye have vanished like the flowers
'Fore the Autumn's cruel blast,
And have left but memories clinging
'Round the dim and shadowy past!

But the Spring will come in beauty,
As it oft has come before,
Wafting back the gentle zephyrs
From the sunny South-sea shore;
And the sweet and dear-loved flowers
Gladden every hill and plain.
Yet those sunny days of childhood—
They will never come again!

FANNIE, "MA BELLE."

BY LIBBIE D.

BLITHE as a robin,
Singing as sweet;
Crushing no flower
With those tiny feet;
Words rich in melody,
The love should tell
That all must feel for thee—
Fannie, "ma belle."

Oh! the deep truth that looks
From those dark eyes!
Soul-lit, with radiance
Caught from the skies.
We feel that an angel
Among us doth dwell,
When we witness thy spotless life,
Fannie, "ma belle."

Pride and a heart of fire
Nature had given,
How hast thou made it
Fit temple for Heaven.
Thy pure, firm principle
Honor we well!
Little Evangelist!
Fannie, "ma belle!"

May such an angel
Ever be given
My careless feet to guide!
Leading to Heaven!
"Patience" to whisper low—
Of hope to tell—
My earthly comforter,
Fannie, "ma belle."

THE BELLE OF LIEGE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

BACK of Liege, among the picturesque hills which break up the country around that singular old city, stood an ancient farm house, more imposing than the dwellings of ordinary landholders in Belgium, but yet by no means deserving the title of chateau.

It was a rambling old house, occupying considerable ground, with many wings and old, quaint angles. Its site overlooked a winding of the Outhé, from whose banks it was lifted by innumerable terraces, which were a good deal neglected, being evidently shorn to the usual velvety thickness desirable to ornamental grounds, only when the owner required the grass for agricultural uses. The rooms in this dwelling were irregular, as its exterior showed, some being lofty and spacious, others intersecting corners, breaking through all ordinary rules of architecture, and dim and irregular; but all overlooked glimpses of scenery that would have made even a hovel in that place desirable.

The smoke from Liege, where foundaries and furnaces were forever in lurid action, rose up like a cloud over the hills; and a distant hum from the city came dreamily to increase, rather than disturb, the profound quietness of the spot.

All along the hill-side, and up the opposite banks of the Outhé, lay cultivated fields owned by the farmer who made this dwelling his home. From hill-top to hill-top, across the sparkling stream and down where its windings were lost in the overflowing greenness, the land, with its abundant crop, was all his own. True, the domain was not very large, but there was nothing but the overhanging sky visible beyond the verge of those hills; and as he stood upon his own terrace, the Belgian farmer was at least monarch of all he surveyed.

Workmen were scattered over these grounds, giving an air of life to the dreamy landscape, and the owner of the house walked to and fro on a terrace before the kitchen, watching the sunset and idly remarking the growth of his fine harvest.

There was a rustic seat upon the terrace, formed from the gnarled boughs and twisted

branches of trees, that had been thinned from the elms and oaks that still shadowed the house; and here the stout old man seated himself to enjoy the approaching twilight.

He had been alone but a few moments, when a light step upon the turf, and a sweet, girlish voice, musical with some inner joy, that mellowed every note, reached his ear through the overhanging branches.

The old farmer smiled, a sleepy, pleasant smile, without opening his half-shut eyes, or moving his position in the least. A nightingale among the boughs had not disturbed him more pleasantly.

The girl came up from the lower terrace, mounting the turf steps very lightly, and caroling her song all the way. She stood there now, surprised by the sight of her father, blushing rose-red, and with the look of a half tamed bird, checked in its song by sudden fright.

The old farmer was looking at her through his half-shut eyes, with a certain rude sense of the beautiful stealing upon his senses, which the sight of that young creature must have aroused in any human breast.

The songstress was a young girl, it might be of eighteen or twenty, a tall, slender creature, with hair dark as midnight and eyes brilliant as stars. A peachy bloom warmed her cheeks, and her parted lips were rich and red, like ripe cherries with the dew and sunshine struggling over them together. A skirt of crimson cashmere fell to her ankles, without concealing their slender symmetry, and a corsage of black velvet was laced over her delicate figure, with a scarlet cord, which formed a network over the snowy muslin of a chemisette, cut low enough to reveal the curve of a most superb neck, with glimpses of a shoulder, from which the childish dimples had not yet entirely disappeared. There was some disorder in her dress, for the crimson kerchief, which had been knotted under her chin as she went out, fell back upon her shoulders, and was entangled among the heavy braids of her hair, which either the wind or some other cause had half unwound from her head.

All this added to the picturesque effect, which

this lovely girl produced as she stood thus, contrasted with the green verdure all around, and flooded by the glowing hues of a more than usually brilliant sunset. This warm light prevented the farmer seeing the flush that spread over that beautiful neck and face, as he became visible to his daughter. He saw the exquisite grace of her attitude, and the smile gradually disappeared on his face. It was a proud, honest smile, which told how truly the old man loved his child.

"Therese!" he said, patting the rustic seat with his large hand, "come, sit by my side awhile, I have been searching for you all over the house. Why is it, child, that you stay out-of-doors so much? The summer sun will make you brown as a filbert, if you live in it always."

The girl approached her father, hurriedly, and with a painful flush of the forehead. There was a slight quiver about her exquisite mouth, as if there had been a throb of fear or pain in the abrupt check given to her song.

"I did not expect you home from the fields till supper time," she said, seating herself by the old man, and making a vain effort to arrange the kerchief over her head.

"Yes, yes, daughter, but where have you been? I must begin to inquire a little into these long rambles, for you are a motherless young thing, Therese; and so very pretty that I begin to have misgivings about our way of life——"

"Misgivings of what, father?" faltered the girl, looking far away, as if there was something in the sunset which she had never seen before, while the rich color trembled away and faded from her face.

"Don't be frightened, child. I am not angry with you. Heaven forbid. But it seems to me, Therese, that you have less time and fewer thoughts for your father than usual. I did think when you left off school and came home for good, that my child would be more with me. Nay, nay, girl. What! tears? How foolish this is. As if I were chiding you for loving the fresh air. Come, come, kiss me, little one, and you shall live out-of-doors, like the birds, if it will make you happier."

So kissing the young girl, with an outpouring of fondness, the good father forgot all his anxieties, as usual, and began caressing the beautiful creature at his side, as if he had committed some grave offence, in pressing the question as to her movements.

But these caresses affected the girl more than his gentle chiding had done. Her bosom heaved with sobs, that broke quivering upon her lips;

her eyes were cast downward and flooded with tears; she no longer seemed afraid, but heart-broken. And for what? Because her kind old father had expressed a wish for the society of his child; a fear that it was unsafe for one so lovely to roam abroad at all hours of the day? Was this all? Old man, old man, had you questioned the girl then, kindly still, but more closely, it had proved better for you both.

He could not do it. The first tear in those saddened eyes swept away all his suspicions and disarmed his caution. He gathered the young creature fondly to his bosom and kissed her flushed forehead, calling her all sorts of endearing names, and begging her pardon for his cruelty. And so it always ended. Therese ruled the honest heart of that old man with despotic tyranny. In the affections, as in love, the one who feels most tenderly, must always be the slave. This daughter was all the world to the good farmer; but Therese had but a divided love to give in exchange for so much affection.

Poor wayward girl! So rich in wild and generous feelings, how could she help trembling on the honest bosom, which had lost so much wealth without knowing it.

How restless and wild she seemed, while her old father sat there so contented, as if her very presence were enough to fill his heart with the richest happiness. While his eyes dwelt upon her, and his great hands were caressing hers as a school boy might fondle a bird he had caught, she was looking abroad, casting furtive glances hither and thither, as if every object were better than her father's happy face; and with a nervous restlessness that betrayed a wish to spring up and fly from the presence, to which she was so welcome.

At last the supper bell sounded, and up from the fields came a troop of work-people, who passed the old farmer and his child, with something of the homage which persons of that class gave to nobles of the country, only the rude dignity of the man and the exceeding loveliness of that young girl had a sort of aristocracy of their own, which made itself respected spite of their comparative inferiority to the more privileged nobles.

"Come," said the old man, rising, with his arm still around the girl, "let us go in and give the good people their supper. The sight of your bright face at the board is better than wine of Cordova to a weary man. It pleases me to witness their honest eyes brighten at your approach."

"Not to-night, father, I would not have them

look upon me to-night. You see, father, how the wind has torn through my hair. Besides I am not hungry, and——"

"Well, well, child, have your own way. In fact your pretty face does look like a rose-bud in a kitchen-garden at our table. So if it pleases you better, the women shall wait upon you in your own dainty little room, only you must let the old father in to assure himself that it is not lack of appetite that keeps you so often from the common table. But for this warm bloom, child, I should fancy you were ill, or pining about something."

Therese started apprehensively, "Ill, father. Ah, not that; and as for pining, do I look sad?"

She turned her face upon him, radiant with a smile, not the less beautiful that it was a little forced.

"You look like an angel, child, or rather (for angels strike us poor mortals as cold beings after all) you seem nearer like one of those heathen goddesses, that were in place of our saints in times gone by."

The girl's black eyes flashed; her tall form erected itself proudly; and some dreamy sense of the future seemed to inspire her as she answered,

"Yes! a goddess, father—a goddess among men. I would be that rather than a saint; or an angel. What influence have they upon human hearts but to chill them? I wish some one else had thought to call me a goddess first though."

"Some one else? And who should that be, Therese? Who but your foolish old father would think of searching the heathen Paradise for a comparison for his child, while there was a saint left in the calendar?"

"No one, I dare say," answered the girl, with a quick motion of the head, "I only wish—that is one wants new titles once and awhile, and it is so tiresome to be called angel, angel, nothing but angel. Saint would be a variety—but I don't think any one ever called me that."

"No," said the old man, sadly, "saint was the title for your mother."

"She is a saint," answered Therese, and her superb eyes filled with moisture, "but I, I shall never be that. Her mission is in heaven, mine on earth, where hearts burn, and beat, and strive. Yes, father, I would be a goddess, at whose feet human beings should bow, not an angel or saint surrounded by creatures so pure and good that they chill the very imagination. So call me a goddess, father, for I am too wild for a saint, and too wayward for an angel."

"You are a strange child," said the old man, anxiously, "and I am getting to wonder at you

more and more. A countess would not act or look more proudly."

"Oh! if I were a countess! I would give my life, if you could make me a countess, only that life would become so precious then, that I could not part with it—oh! father, why was I born one of the people, and yet given such thoughts and this face?"

"Hush, child, hush, these are dangerous questions and difficult to solve. Remember, that to our work-people, yonder, your position is one to envy. They look up to you as you look up to the nobles. Be content, Therese, with the lot in which you are cast. Your mother never looked beyond it, and she was beautiful as you are!"

"And was she happy, father? Here, in the old farm-house, presiding over that long table, and dealing out food for those ravenous men—was my mother happy?"

"Your mother was happy, girl. She loved me, and I worshipped her. She need not have gone to Paradise so early, for this spot was a heaven to her and me."

"True, true, father; but she loved her equal, and it was easy to be content. She had not been taught pride among the privileged classes, by being educated with them as you have educated me. Besides you were no common man. Who could help loving so much gentleness and strength, so much courage and patience? But where in all the land is there another, not of rank, to compare with you? When I think of this, it reminds me that I am born one of the people. But those above us will never understand or acknowledge a greatness that lies in the individual. To the nobles of this land, you and your daughter are but peasants."

"And what else should we desire to be? While the hill-sides yonder are my own, and all this pretty valley can be given as an inheritance to my child, is it not better to use our wealth and power in ennobling the humbler classes, to which we, in some sort belong, than in envying those who look down upon us? Come, come, child, I shall regret having placed you in the convent, to be educated with so many noble damsels, if it has led you to scorn your old home and associates. My heart has often misgiven me on the subject, but your poor mother was so proud of you, and made it almost a dying request that you should have every faculty made perfect, that I could not refuse her, though aware how much danger lay in associating you with a class to which I did not even wish you to belong."

"And why not? why not?" exclaimed the girl, angrily.

"Because I would have nothing in common

with a class of men, whose vices keep pace with their power, and whose pride would trample you under foot, beautiful and perfect as you are, simply because of the blood in your veins. No, no, Therese, there is yet among our own friends, men who will be leaders of the people, and will never cease struggling till labor has filled up the great chasm which separates the nobility of caste from that of strength and thought."

"Can you believe this, father? Will the time ever come, when these two extremes of society can be forced together; when a nobleman would not feel a degradation to unite himself with a daughter of the people?"

"The time must come, child, when the people will assert their own rank——"

"Yes! yes! but will the nobles acknowledge it?"

"They will be forced to acknowledge it, or perish," said the old man, turning his face to the sunset, which fell upon it like a glory. "But come in, my daughter. The dews are beginning to fall, and our people will miss my presence at their meal. These are not subjects for a girl of your tender age. Forget them, and I will come, after supper, to that pretty nest which my birdling has built for herself, and hear her sing an air, or she may go to bed with all these weighty thoughts on her brain."

Again the girl seemed troubled. Her color came and went; she caught her breath as if taken by surprise, and answered quickly,

"Not to-night, father. The wind has made me hoarse, I could not sing a note. Besides I am so weary—and—and——"

"Oh, these long walks are too much. Go in and get some rest. Now I look at it, your cheek is paler than it was. I should have remembered that the night dews are unwholesome."

Therese did not reply, but taking advantage of her father's permission, walked quickly toward a wing of the building, in which her own apartments were located. Mounting some steps that led to a stone balcony where some orange trees were in blossom, she disappeared through a narrow door and entered her own pretty bower-room.

It was a cosy little nest, in which the girl found herself. Lighted by a broad lattice opening upon the balcony, and by an opposite window which looked out upon the green wall of an upper terrace, that sloped away from the back of the house, it was more sunny and cheerful than any other portion of the building. A screen of orange trees cast a network of quivering leaves across this lattice in front, and from a strip of level earth in the rear came the glow of flowers, roses

and heliotrope predominating, with white clematis vines creeping like clustering snow-flakes up the green steep of the embankment, some twenty feet away.

The furniture of this little room was very simple, and covered with chintz composed of many cheerful tints. A few drawings in water colors hung upon the walls, and the picture of a very beautiful woman, the shadow of Therese's lost mother, occupied a place over the couch upon which the young girl flung herself.

She was weary, yet feverish with an excitement that admitted of no rest. Now her cheek went pale, as if with some vague expectation; then it would flush hot and red, and she would cast angry glances into the sunset, with an impetuous wish to sweep all the rich crimson away from the sky, and cover the earth with a sudden darkness. Yes! it was the darkness she waited for, and a living presence, which she felt certain, as of her own life, that the darkness would bring into her little bower-room.

And where had Therese Merincourt been, that beautiful summer's day? Why was it that she came back to the old farm house, in a tumult of feelings, that now broke out in gushes of wild delight, now pressed upon her heart with a weight of anxiety that took away her breath?

CHAPTER II.

BEYOND the valley, in which her father lived, a mile or two farther from Liege, and buried deeper still among the broken uplands, stood an old chateau, surrounded by an estate equal to many German principalities. But the monied value of the estate was nothing compared to its picturesque beauty. The old forest trees that surrounded the mansion; the rose hedges that time had woven into thrifty luxuriance, clothing the grey old walls and turrets with their bloom; the broken hills and the river which ran through Merincourt's valley, a mile or two farther down, sweeping in a belt of silver through a green gorge of the hills far below the foundations of the old mansion, which at a certain hour of the day cast its shadows far across the stream, leaving the tracery of a stunted tower and an angle of the wall clearly defined upon the opposite bank—all this rendered the Chateau de Maury one of the most princely and picturesque places in the neighborhood. The grounds of this estate stretched down the river Outhé, till they joined those of the farmer Merincourt, and when Therese left the greensward, which was to be her own inheritance, it was always to penetrate into the deeper shades and more richly

cultivated lands of her aristocratic neighbor. Always. Yes! it was even so, for the unhappy girl had trod the path so often, and sought it so madly, that she had no power to turn another way, even had reason, for a moment, obtained a hearing in her rebellious heart.

How blind the old farmer was for two months. Therese had drooped and pined away, like a lost bird beneath his roof, and he had grieved over it constantly, without for once pausing to inquire into the source of all this languor and too evident trouble. He did not know that during this time her walks in the woods of Maury had been solitary ones; and this was why his child came home with a step so languid and eyes so heavy. He did not know of this, because in his fatherly trust, the old man never dreamed that she had, a year before, found a companion in these rambles, and that it was the solitude in which she was now left—the solitude and uncertainty—that was quenching the bloom from her cheeks and exhausting the vigor from her proud footsteps.

No! there is a mistake here, Therese had never taken her walks in utter solitude, for each day, just before she came in sight of the chateau, a boy, some twelve years of age, would drop to her feet suddenly from the boughs of a tree, where he had been idly swinging with the wind, or start up from some green hollow with hands full of valley lilies, and she would gaze upon him for an instant with parted lips and eager eyes, till he shook his head with a sorrowful motion—the sorrow of which lay in the keen disappointment visible in her face, and said to her, "Not yet, not yet, but to-morrow perhaps."

Then Therese would take his offering of flowers, with a sorrowful face, and give the lad money, which he honestly believed was in exchange for the blossoms he had gathered; and thus Therese learned, day by day, that the chateau was still in the hands of servants, and that neither the old Marquis de Maury nor his son had yet returned from Paris. This knowledge was almost killing the poor girl, and yet she went day by day that it might be confirmed, and that every fresh hope which sprang up in the morning might be crushed in her heart before nightfall.

And there Therese Merincourt lived with her grand-hearted father, her whole life embittered, and revolting cruelly at the fate which gave her an aristocratic education, which a plebeian birth must ever turn into a torment and a mockery—a secret buried up in her young heart which would have shaken his stout heart to the centre

had he but dreamed of it. There she lived, and hoped, and suffered, and he looked on profoundly unconscious, either of the fiery heart or fiery trials that had sprung into life beneath his very eye. Merincourt thought his child a little more wayward and moody than usual, but the solitude in which she lived accounted for that, and he sometimes resolved to seek out a female companion for her, which she always resolutely declined, and so their lives wore on.

That night, when the old man sat upon the terrace, waiting for his child, he could not fail to remark the change that had come over her. The fire of that heart flushing up redly into her face, the restlessness and wild snatches of joy, the happiness without repose, and the sting of a hidden anxiety which nothing could blunt, all these were enough to make the old man wonder what new train of thought had broken upon the solitude of his darling. Thought! Why every faculty of reflection had been broken up and plunged into a whirlpool of feeling, during the months in which he had been regretting the forced quietude of her life. Poor old man—unhappy girl!

At last the crimson and rosy purple, so hateful to her eye, faded quite away from the west, and the soft summer night came on with its splendor of stars, holding in abeyance a moon that would rise after midnight. Therese watched each star, as it came trembling out into the purple of the sky, with a joy of expectation, as one hears the footsteps of a beloved object far off, and heralds each increase of the welcome sound with a heart pulse.

"When the stars are all out, he will come," she murmured, burying her face in the cushions of her couch, with a shudder of impatient delight. "One, two, three, oh! now they come sparkling together in clusters and groups, so bright that they almost fling shadows from the orange leaves upon the floor. Hush! It is, it is——"

She started up and bent forward listening. Her breath was hushed, the eager flash of her eyes was visible even in the pale starlight. After a moment she fell back with a low moan. It was the heavy footstep of a workman that passed her lattice, and the tramp of his tired feet upon the turf smote upon her heart, till it was sick with disappointment. Then she grew weary and sank down upon the cushions, folding her hands tightly over her bosom and holding down the heart beneath with passionate force.

At last, this watchfulness became insupportable. She sprang up and began to walk back and forth in the room with burning haste, like a

young panther treading its jungle. The paroxysm of her impatience grew violent; she breathed with feverish pain; and was forced to fling open the lattice door in order to obtain a deep breath of air.

When once in the open air, she saw that the moon was up and silvering the distant trees with its radiance, touching the river here and there with tremulous gleams, but making the shadows around it still more dense. The moon was up; it must be after midnight. He would not come. What could she do? Wait till the dawn and then go forth with tearful, heavy eyes to meet her father? She shrunk from the torment of that lonely watch, to sleep were impossible, to remain quiet equally so. The curse of a quick soul was upon her, the fever and the pain which henceforth would never be quenched. Action she must have, action. She would plunge forth into the black shadows on the river, anywhere which gave space enough for her to breathe freely in.

She sprang down the steps and hurried away up the banks of the river. A faint footpath was trod along the sward, worn imperceptibly by her own wayward feet. She was soon away from the house, and saw it lying black and grimly on the slope of the hills, with the light of her own room twinkling like a star through the open lattice.

"He will come this way," she said, "he will come even yet. The boy never told me falsely in his life. He, in Liege, and not seek me at once. Oh! it is impossible. I would as soon doubt that the stars up yonder are shining. I will walk on a little way, just along this sweep of the hill, and if he meets me, why it will be easy to say that I was tempted out by the moonlight. How should he know that I have ever heard of his arrival? Besides, will he not be overjoyed at seeing me, a few minutes earlier than he expected?"

Thus consoling herself with fresh hopes, the young girl sprang forward, and walked rapidly on. But though she looked eagerly forward at each step, and held her breath at the faintest noise, nothing human met her sight, till she found herself close by the Chateau de Maury, which, like her own more humble home, stood upon the banks of the river.

Here Therese paused irresolute and struck with sudden timidity. The winding path had led her into a flower garden, which lay under a wing of the chateau. Directly over this garden, the narrow windows were golden with light, that streamed far out upon the flower beds, and was broken among the leaves of a tall tree that sheltered that angle of the building. Nothing but a

screen of roses in full flower separated Therese from these windows, and as she stood wistfully gazing upward, there broke through a shout of laughter, and the ringing of glasses dashed against each other, followed by a confusion of voices which rushed out upon the dewy night with singular repulsiveness.

There was one voice in the shout that made the heart leap in that young girl's bosom, like a wild bird shot in its covert. She sprang forward, lifted herself up by the screen of roses, shaking the blossoms loose in great clusters and blinding herself with a rain of snowy petals, till at last her beautiful face reached a level with the principal lattice.

He was there, standing at the head of a table, amid the remnants of a carouse such as Therese had never witnessed before. Wine-glasses of various tints, amber, green and ruby-colored, were huddled together in flashing confusion, some partly full of wine, others overturned and sending their half drained contents in a red stream upon the table linen. Vases of fruit had been overturned, amid the riotous mirth that satiated appetites could not quench: and among the prostrate glasses and open-mouthed decanters, ripe figs, nectarine and crimson cherries, were mingled with luscious richness. The room was brilliantly illuminated, and some beautiful object flung back the light at every point; but Therese saw nothing but this mass of floating colors in the centre of the apartment, and the handsome young profligate who stood with glittering eyes and flushed face addressing the reckless men grouped around the board. His dark hair, so glossy and abundant that it rendered the powder then in vogue quite unnecessary, had been gathered behind in a crimson ribbon, and were slightly sprinkled with powder, but the ribbon had broken loose during the revel, and hung fluttering among the long curls that fell in tangled masses down his back. His brow was moist and his lips red as coral, as he answered some light jest, which had been hurled at him from across the table.

"Well, well, I will give you her name then. To-morrow you shall judge for yourselves, if Versailles itself contains anything so lovely—The Belle of Liege, Therese De Merincourt."

The young count lifted a glass to his smiling lips, drained its contents, and whirling it upward in the light, shouted again "The Belle of Liege;" and the restive group shouted back the toast, while their goblets clashed together, and more than one fell in diamond fragments to the floor.

"To-morrow then we shall see this paragon,"

shouted one of the young men; "Count Alfred has promised it."

"Aye! have no fear. The little flutterer will be haunting the grounds by daybreak. I have but to send a hint of my arrival and she will fly to her old covert."

"And where is that? Tell us the spot."

"Oh, certainly, and he who lacks amusement may wait her coming, for ought I care. On the second winding of the river, just upon the stream, is an old thorn tree, where I parted from her three months ago. It was in blossom then. She will expect me to make a second tryst, now that it is red with leaves. Poor thing! she has never been at court, and will doubtless be mad enough to believe in the eternity of a three month's passion. So he

who wishes to surprise her waiting, must get up with the dew. For my part, I shall be under a cloud of silver curtains, dreaming of one who as yet shall be nameless."

That moment there was a shiver among the roses, near the window; and a dead weight fell downward upon the turf. There was no moan, or expression of pain; but some ten minutes after, a female form staggered out from among the shadows, and swept recklessly across the green-sward and flower-beds, trampling down every beautiful thing in her path; and so swifter and swifter, with her heart held tight in her bosom, as if girded there with bands of steel, Therese Merincourt sped on through the moonlight to her dark, dark home.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARY.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

I MIND me of a tale of yore,
An olden tale, though very sweet,
Of one who bore thy name before,
Who wiped the Saviour's weary feet.

Mary, sweet friend of mine, dost know
Thy name was spoken by Him once?
Methinks I hear its thrilling flow,
Its holy risen consonance.

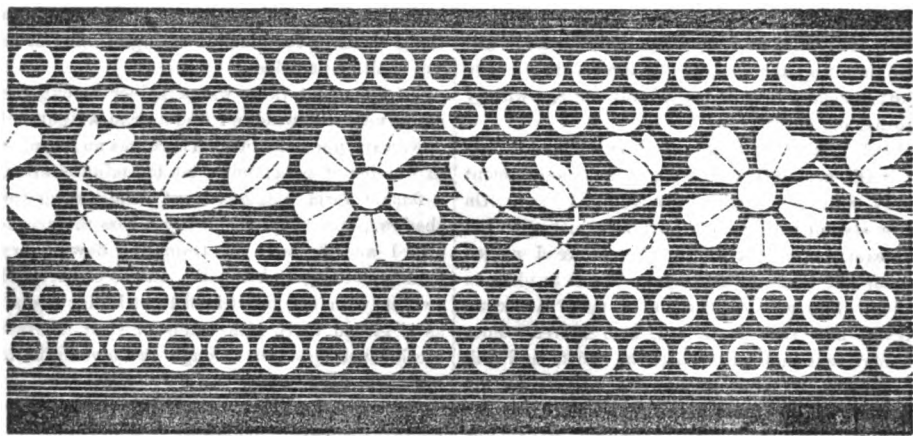
Safe in the shadow of the Cross,
May thy dear spirit ever hide;
And when life's waves of sorrow toss,
Rest in His strength, the crucified!

And meekly sitting at His feet,
Learn all Life's holy lessons there.
'Till thy pure spirit stands complete
In righteousness; this is my prayer.

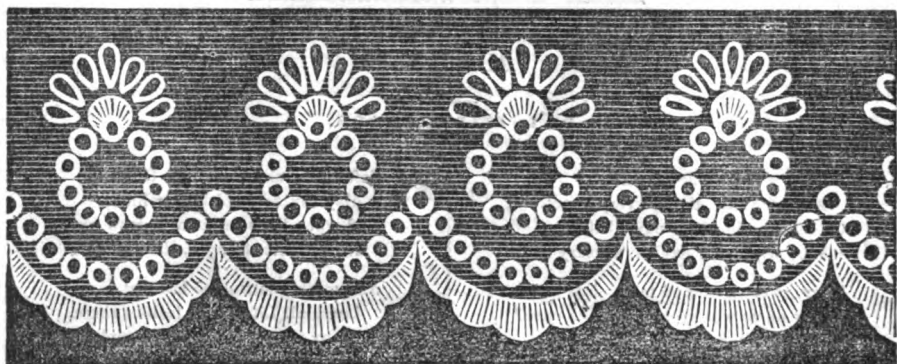
LATEST STYLES OF PARISIAN BONNETS.



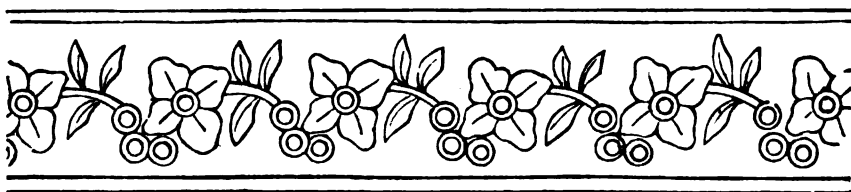
VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



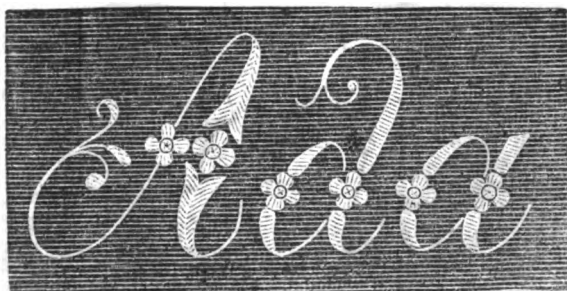
BAND OF UNDER-SLEEVE.



BORDER TRIMMING IN EMBROIDERY.



INSERTING.



NAME FOR MARKING.

VELVET CLOAK.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, a pretty cloak pattern, which is entirely new, and destined to be very fashionable.

It is, however, somewhat more difficult to make than many of our patterns; but any skilful person, even though not a professional dress-maker, can cut it out from the diagram in the opposite page.

The pattern consists of five pieces, the principal of which, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, are discriminated by the different character of their lines.

- No. 1. One front.
- No. 2. Half the back.
- No. 3. The sleeve.
- No. 4. Front of the collar.
- No. 5. Back of the collar.

The first thing to be done is to enlarge the pattern, in the proportion of five to the inch. That is to say, each side of each piece must be made five times as large as in our diagram, which will give a pattern suitable for a medium sized lady. The top of each piece is, of course, at the top of the diagram.

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In joining the pieces together, sew AAA of the front to AAA of the sleeve; BBB of the back to BBB of the sleeve; and CC of the front of the collar to CC of the back of the collar.

The straight side of the half of the back is the seam down the middle. Our page does not permit us to get in the whole of the front; but by projecting the broken lines till they meet, the pattern is made perfect.

In making up this cloak, if the material is of velvet, trim with a rich silk galloon or braid: on the part forming the sleeve, the three stripes of braid may be omitted, the cloak looking equally as well without them; the collar is pointed both at the back and front, the point at the back being finished by a rich, handsome silk tassel.

This style of cloak looks extremely handsome, however, made in grey cloth, and trimmed either with black, purple, or dark green velvet, and is well adapted for cold weather, being very warm and comfortable.

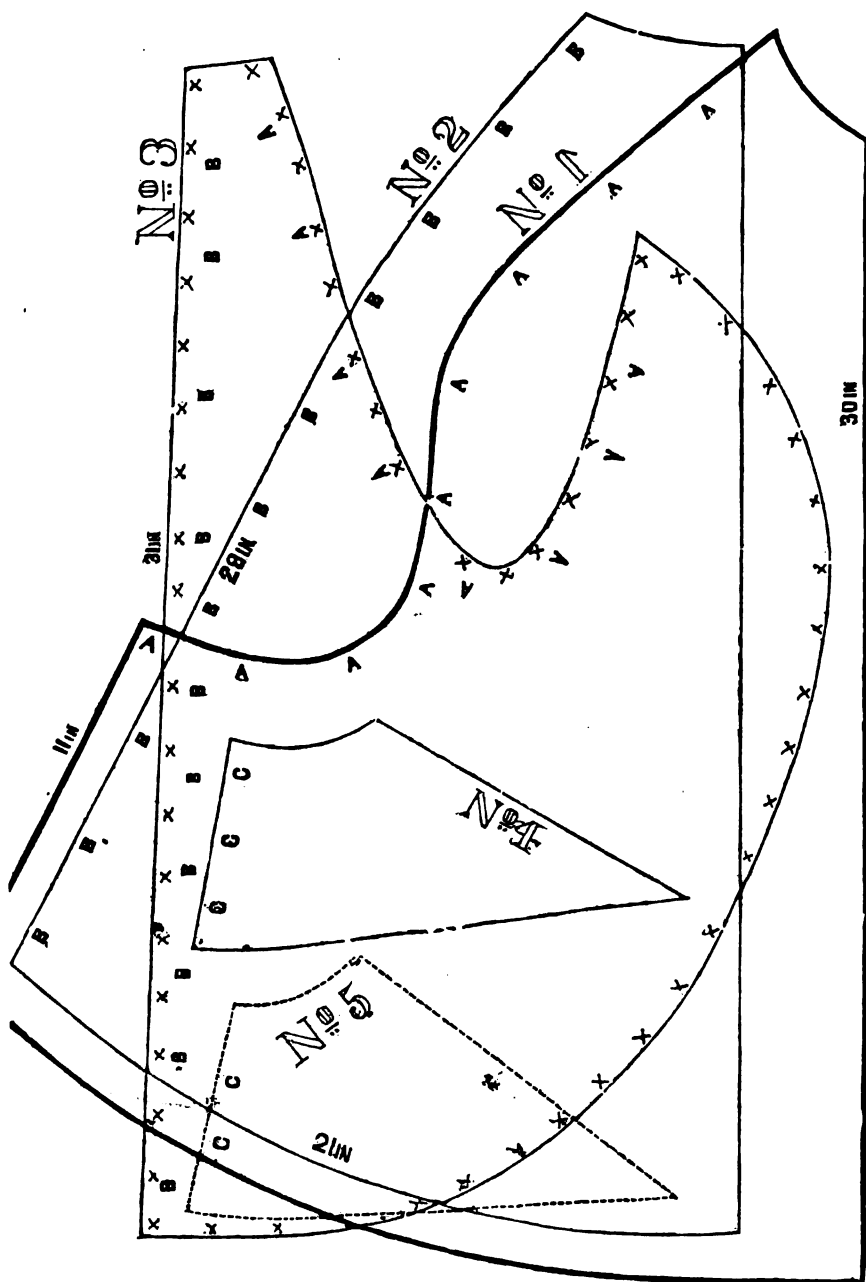


DIAGRAM FOR VELVET CLOAK.

brown, and in German wool. Make a chain of eighty loops, join it, and work round it one long stitch and one chain, in every second loop. You then commence the first row of the pattern by working three long, one chain and three long in every seventh loop of the last row; repeat these rows until the scarf is of sufficient length, alternating the colors. Finish the ends by netting three or four rows on a small mesh, and then, netting with double wool on a mesh about three

inches wide, two loops in one, which when cut forms the fringe, and completes this very useful little article. A very pretty cuff may be made to match by knitting a straight piece in garter stitch of about three inches wide, and when long enough to pass over the hand, cast off and sew up; then crochet on this about four rows of the same pattern, which corresponds with the scarf, and looks very well when worn together.

BRAIDED SLIPPER.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



MATERIALS.—Rich scarlet cloth, and Napoleon blue Russia braid.

Cut off a length of the braid, and draw out the threads of it, to serve for running on the braid instead of sewing silk. Take the stitches across the braid, and not along the centre or edge; and

sew it down at all points, before turning, so as to keep them fine and sharp. Claret and green, brown and blue, and many other combinations, may be used; and if wished very handsome, the outer side of the braid may be edged with fine gold thread.

BABY'S BOOT IN CASHMERE AND BRAID.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.

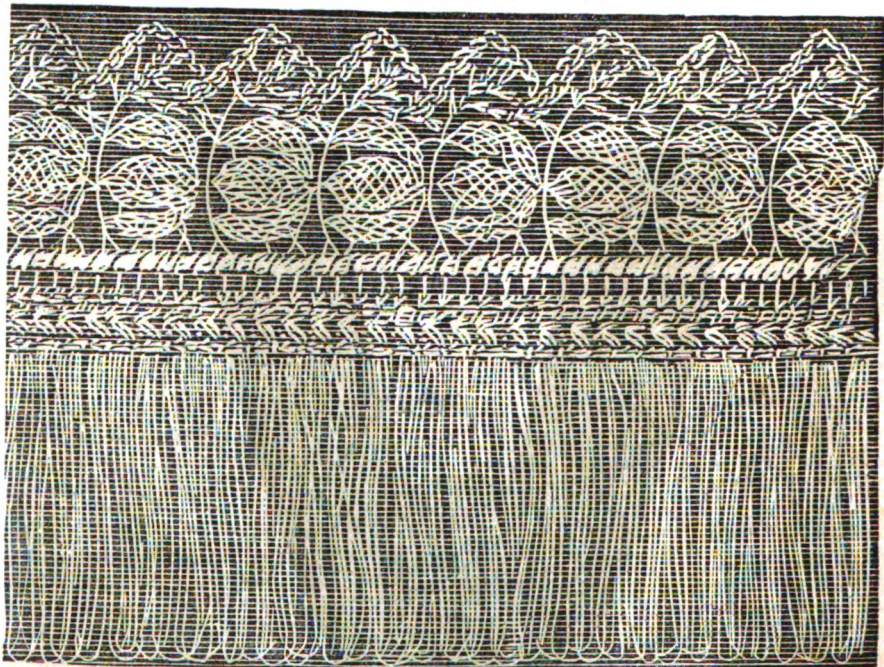
THIS charming little article, the three illustrations of which are to be found in the front part of the number, is one of the most useful in

the nursery, and one very easy to be made. The baby's boot may be made of cashmere of any color, braided either with its own or any other

color that may give an agreeable contrast. White cashmere looks very pretty braided with red or blue; blue cashmere with the pattern in red; red cashmere with white or black braid. The boot must be bound with the same color as the braid, and the buttonholes worked to match.

KNITTED FRINGE FOR COUNTERPANE.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



We recommend this fringe, as having a very handsome effect when hanging down the sides of a bed, and in many other positions where it may be equally suitable. The points being fastened at regular distances to the margin of the counterpane, leaving the openings clear and distinct between them, gives it a new and ornamental character. The richness and length of the fringe must, of course, depend on the inclination of the worker, but it ought to have some reference to the depth of the heading, and should likewise always have a proportionate fulness and length.

Cast on fifteen loops. First row—knit one, knit two together, thread forward twice, knit two together, thread forward, knit one, thread forward, make three stitches, thread forward, knit one, thread forward, knit one, thread forward twice, knit two together, knit one, place the needle in the loop, put the lengths of cotton,

previously cut and doubled in the centre, over the right hand needle, and then knit the loop in the common way; then bring the ends of the cotton forward and knit the next loop; pass the two ends back and knit the last loop.

Second row—knit six, purl one, knit one, purl nine, knit two, purl one, knit two.

Third row—knit one, knit two together, thread forward twice, knit two together, thread forward, knit three, thread forward, knit three, thread forward, knit three, thread forward, knit one, thread forward twice, knit one, thread forward twice, knit two together, knit one, insert the cotton for the fringe in the same manner as in the first row, always on the three last loops of the alternate rows.

Fourth row—knit six, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, purl five, purl three together, purl five, knit two, purl one, knit two.

Fifth row—knit one, knit two together, thread

forward twice, knit two together, thread forward, knit two together, knit one, knit two together, knit one, knit two together from the back, thread forward, knit one, thread forward twice, knit two together, thread forward twice, knit two together, thread forward twice, knit two together, knit one; insert the fringe as before.

Sixth row—knit six, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, purl two

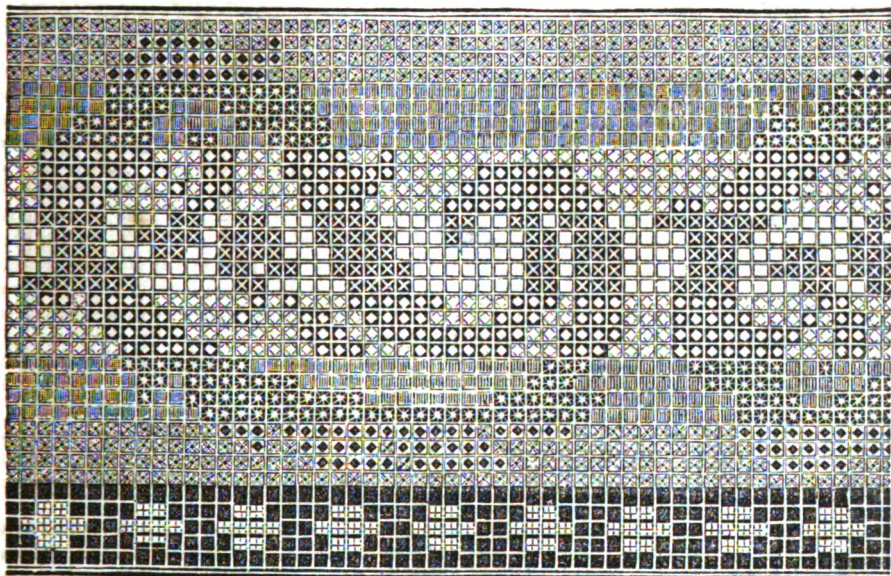
together, purl one, purl two together, purl one, purl two together, purl one, purl two together, knit two, purl one, knit two.

Seventh row—knit one, knit two together, thread forward twice, knit two together, thread forward, slip narrow and bind, knit one, slip narrow and bind, thread forward, knit eleven, insert the fringe.

Eighth row—cast off seven, knit four, purl three together, knit three, purl one, knit two.

PALM-LEAF IN COLORED EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



A BEAUTIFUL pattern. The key to the different colors, which we subjoin, will enable even the least experienced to work the pattern without difficulty.

KEY TO THE PATTERN.

Light Grey.	Middle Grey.	Dark Grey.	Light Green.	Middle Green.
White.	Dark Green.	Very Dark Green.	Dark Red.	Blue.

FOOT COVER IN KNITTED EMBROIDERY.

THIS is made very much like the Oriental Sofa-Quilt, described in the February number. The illustration, which is in the front of the number, will show where the differences are.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

SCHOOL CLOTHES.—The corset for childhood must be easy, elastic, and so constructed as to support the other clothing. It must have no bones in front; the shoulder-straps must be wide, elastic, and so constructed as to press upon the points of the shoulders, fastening at the same time far down the back, and in this way drawing back the shoulders and giving prominence to the chest. The under-clothing must be fastened on to the corsets by buttons, and never be tied up with strings, which cut and compress the body. If the whole of those conditions are not complied with, you had better put the corsets in the fire than round your child's body.

If any one desires to know the reason for this, it is to be found in the structure and functions of the heart, lungs, and digestive organs, and the absolute necessity there is for giving freedom to the chest and abdomen. It is a thing never to be forgotten by those who devote themselves to the education of children, that all the forces by which they reach maturity are internal, and are always rushing toward the external world for nutrition. Hunger, thirst, and respiration are incessantly laying hold of the material to supply the stomach market with goods; whilst the senses are always appropriating the ideal aspects of nature and transmitting them to the understanding, which may be denominated the spiritual stomach. The eyes see, and the ears hear, by virtue of the capacity which is inherent in them. No mortal can impart that capacity; what he can do is to direct, nurture, and develop it. But the child in an ill-contrived corset will be like a bird moped in a cage—wanting in vigor, life, and activity, and consequently power.

Next to the corset and under-clothing, the frock claims our attention. Two things are to be noticed in this: first, that it should fit well over the shoulder; and, secondly, that the material should not be thick and heavy enough for a grandmother, and have an additional load of flounces. It is not uncommon to see a child with a frock so low in the neck that it falls over the shoulder, and rests upon the arms just below. We defy any doctor to give a better prescription for producing a contracted chest and round shoulders than this, and yet, with the dear little creature shuffling and rising the shoulders toward the ears, this practice, either from stupidity or fashion, is persisted in. The poking of the head, the bending of the body, and the protrusion of the scapula may, in the majority of cases, be attributed to this abominable practice.

Precisely in accordance with this dress is the gait and habit that is imposed with it. Children, when free in their dress and motions, like to run, skip and jump along the streets and lanes like other young animals;

but this would be vulgar in Miss Patent-leather, and hence she is expected to walk through the streets with her hands on her waist, and her head and shoulders bent, as soberly as a maiden aunt of forty, who has turned serious since her last disappointment. When she comes out it is with her waist nearly out in two; and, if she gets married and has a family, her children will be as weak and wizened as herself. Feeble in mind, because they are feeble in body; unfit to be wives, and unworthy to be mothers of healthy, noble, and vigorous children.

Of all the evils to which women are subject—and they are many—there is none more serious than a deformity of the spine. This complaint may, we know, arise from various causes; but the reason why we meet with it so much more frequently in women than in men is, that their dress and habits are such as to make us wonder that the malady is not more general amongst them. A dress such as we have been describing possesses every qualification for insuring a curvature of the spine. During much of the time that they are in school, and more especially whilst drawing and writing, children must bend the shoulders in order to perform their work; but when they rise out of that position they should be perfectly free, for to tie their arms down by an ill-contrived frock is to keep them bent—is to cause a permanent deformity.

The weight of the clothing should be properly distributed over every part of the body. The clothing of a child should be light; but even a weight of a few ounces may be quite enough to cause a yielding, if the pressure be permanent upon some particular part; besides, it has a tendency to induce a shuffling and uneasy habit.

It requires an artist to dress a child well, so far as beauty is concerned, because it needs an appreciation of form, color, temperament, and a number of other niceties, to adapt the dress to the wearer; but ease, comfort, utility, are within the reach of all who are not either too vain or too stupid to approve of them. The child must always be upright, free, and able to move its limbs in any direction; and if the clothing will not permit this, cut it to pieces, or give it away; but pray do not punish your child by compelling it to wear a badly fitting garment. For bear in mind that, to those little innocents who are entrusted to your care, health is the fabric, and education only the ornament which is to adorn it.

UNAPPROACHABLE.—“The Philosopher,” published at Horse-head, N. Y., says:—“The last number of Peterson surpasses any previous number of this unrivalled publication, and reaches a point which has heretofore been considered unapproachable in magazine literature.”

A FINE POEM.—W. W. Story, Esq., of Boston, son of the late Judge Story, is something of an "Admirable Crichton." He has published a valuable law-treatise; is a sculptor of established reputation; and has lately surprised the world, though not his friends, by printing a volume of choice poems. As a sample of his finish and delicacy, as a poet, we copy the following, entitled "Love."

When daffodils began to blow,
And apple-blossoms thick to show
Upon the brown and breaking mould—
'Twas in the Spring—we kissed and sighed,
And loved, and Heaven and earth defied,
We were so young and bold.

The fluttering bob-link dropped his song,
The first young swallow curved along,
The daisy started in sturdy pride,
When loitering on we plucked the flowers,
But dared not own those thoughts of ours,
Which yet we could not hide.

Tiptoe you bent the lilac spray,
And shook its rain of dew away,
And reached it to me with a smile:
"Smell that, how full of Spring it is!"—
'Tis now as full of memories
As 'twas of dew erewhile.

Your hand I took to help you down
The broken wall from stone to stone,
Across the shallow bubbling brook.
Ah! what a thrill went from that palm,
That would not let my blood be calm,
And through my pulses shook.

Often our eyes met as we turned,
And both our cheeks with passion burned,
And both our hearts grew riotous,
Till, as we sat beneath the grove,
I kissed you—whispering "we love"—
And thus I do—and thus.

When passion had found utterance
Our frightened hearts began to glance
Into the future's every day;
And how shall we our love conceal,
Or dare our passion to reveal;
"We are too young," they'll say.

Alas! we are not now too young,
Yet love to us hath safely clung,
Despite of sorrow, years and care—
But ah! we have not what we had,
We cannot be so free, so glad,
So foolish as we were.

ABOUT YOUR CHILDREN.—How great the mistake of parents who labor all their lives to render their children independent, and either neglect their moral and intellectual training, or commit it entirely to others. Keep children in their proper place. Stimulate them to exertion. Limit sparingly to pocket money. Deny yourselves many social pleasures for their sake. Enter with them into amusements which minister to physical and intellectual health; and welcome associates who will enlighten their minds and improve their morals. Let no engagement whatever interfere with school preparations. Regard their teachers as the noblest of men; and set a higher value upon the progress which they make, under their tuition, than upon silver and gold.

A HUSBAND'S INCOME.—Every wife knows her husband's income, or ought to know it. That knowledge should be the guide of her conduct. A clear understanding respecting domestic expenses is necessary to the peace of every dwelling. If it be little, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." If it be ample, let it be enjoyed with all thankfulness. We believe that partners in privation are more to each other than partners in wealth. Those who have suffered together love more than those who have rejoiced together. Love is "the drop of honey in the draught of gall." When the wife, seeing her duty, has made up her mind to this, she will brighten her little home with smiles that will make it a region of perpetual sunshine. She will never imply a wish for things which are the appendages of wealth. She knows they could only be purchased at a cost from which she turns shudderingly. Following with the acuteness of a quickened affection every turn of her husband's thoughts, if she should see that he leans toward luxuries, then let her bestir herself for his safety and her own, for they are indissolubly united. If he bring packages of French gloves, or even costly bouquets, let her remember that these things are the beginning of evil. Let her take her woman's power into her own hands, and by all the gentle arts of love and the powerful arguments of truth, let her win him back to contentment with the lot that heaven has bestowed, and so force him to acknowledge that its best blessing is his wife.

ARE WE GROWING BETTER?—We have a charming letter from the author of "Susy L——'s Diary"—we have charming letters from many contributors—from which we cannot help making an extract. "And so, dear Mr. Peterson," she says, "another year opens itself before us. With longings strained to see the way, to begin at once to try what can be done in it, thousands and ten of thousands who dwell here on the earth now ask, 'Ah! how will it be with me this year; how when it closes? If I seek, shall I find? If I knock at the gates of beauty, wisdom and peace, will they be opened unto me? Oh, God, thou knowest, shall I this year attain my heart's desire?' I suppose we shall, in one way or another. That is, I suppose, every good, earnest desire meets, is sure to meet, in one way or another, fruition. Not perhaps in the form, not in the substance we ask. It is not perhaps poured out before our eyes into the measures we hold; but God's eternally wise and beneficent laws fix what the forms, the methods, and the times shall be; so that there is never really reason for repining, for saying, 'I longed, I strove, but the good did not come.' When I look back, each year, though I see that I have not always done what I longed to do, yet I see also the uses of that fear and do not murmur. Only, I do so wish that my yearly life were more truly, deeply Christian-like and worthy. So do large multitudes, thank God, whose hearts we do not see, whose hearts He does see."

THE "BABY'S SHOES."—Every mother, who has lost a child, will feel the truth and beauty of this poem. We find them in an English volume.

"Oh, those little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use!

Oh, the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue, unused shoes!

For they held the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet!

And oh, since that baby slept,
So hush'd! how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That dear little treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her forevermore
Of a patter along the floor,
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees,
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair,
A little sweet face
That's a gleam in the place
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then oh, wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start."

A SPURIOUS ARTICLE.—We wish to caution our readers against the many counterfeits of that really excellent article, the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." Unscrupulous men, with neither talent nor enterprise, are not only using the same name, but actually putting up the article in the same style and color as Mr. Petridge. We hope all honest dealers will frown down such cheats. Every honest man and woman must despise such impositions, and must be guarded in purchasing, as some dishonest dealers, because they get a larger discount on the spurious articles, will try to palm it off for the genuine. Be sure Petridge & Co., New York, is written on the side of each bottle.

MAGAZINE OF THE AGE.—The Washington County (N. Y.) Post says:—"We have received, in advance of his cotemporaries, Peterson's sprightly and extremely piquant Magazine. It is emphatically the Ladies Magazine of the age. We know of no Magazine for two dollars that possesses one-half the merit or interest of Peterson's. The ladies have only to become acquainted with it, to fall in love with its contents."

HOW THEY DO THINGS OUT WEST.—A lady, writing from the great West, says:—"Your Magazine takes well here, (she sends a club of twelve) and I hope to increase you list. This speaks well for the literary taste of our village, where, only two and a half years since, was but a wild, rolling prairie."

NOT SUFFICIENTLY THANKFUL.—The Rev. Charles Wadsworth, one of the most eloquent of our Philadelphia divines, has this apposite remark in his last Thanksgiving sermon:—"The ten thousand daily blessings wherewith God has been rounding our lives, are lost sight of in the occasional clouds of difficulty that may have chequered our pathway. We think more of the one thousand dollars lost, than of the twenty thousand left us. More of the one month of sickness, than the eleven months of health. More of the one beloved friend dead, than of the many beloved yet living. More of the mournful silence in the one sepulchre, than of all the sweet voices of our happy households. Whereas, if just reversing this process, we would look more at the bright side of things—at the stars that are not eclipsed; at the bright streams that are not broken by cataracts; at the profits of our business, and not at its losses; at the seats filled at the board and hearth, and not at the seats vacant. Then these earthly homes, which we are filling with mourning, and over whose portal we have written in black capitals, '*Rooms to let to the Sorrows*,' would flash again with festal lustres, and resound with festal songs; and seem to all who go by, the sweet and fair homes of God's happy, thankful children."

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.—Woman, in every stage of her life, influences all who approach her. Like the light of heaven, that influence is often unfelt; but like that light it vivifies everything it touches. As a child, the future woman, with her joyous laughter sends strains of mirthful music through the house. As a girl, the freshness of her feelings bring their own spring-time back to older hearts. As a wife, she is the centre of domestic joys. As a mother, a fountain of the most unselfish of all love. And the more happiness woman gives the more will she receive. In sorrow who can comfort like her? In sickness who can smooth the pillow like her? In disappointment who can soften into submission like her? If the world frown and lour, whose smile can outshine the darkness? If poverty befall, who can make the bitter draught seem sweet? We would not flatter. Women are not always the angel in the house: but they might be. They have it always in their power. They have been gifted with qualities which fit them for being the inspirers of joy, and the consolers of sorrow. Theirs is a high destiny. Will they be the weak, puerile, capricious, selfish? Oh! it is wonderful to reflect how much the happiness of the world is entrusted to woman's keeping.

BUGLED MOURNING COLLARS.—Mourning collars in crape, seed beads and small bugles of black net, covered with black crape, are very fashionable abroad. The two are to be run together very neatly, the edges out off, turned, and tacked down. The pattern is then to be traced in the beads and bugles, which gives a chance for ladies to exercise their ingenuity and taste.

THE WIFE'S COUNSELLOR.—Under this head, we insert, a few pages further on, two articles out from our exchanges. We do not say that they apply to all of our readers, or even to any of them, but as they speak about errors that really exist, at least sometimes, we think we are doing a service in extending their circulation. Our mission, as editors, is to discuss the faults of women, as well as to praise their virtues. One of the articles refers more particularly to wives living in great cities, and was, we may as well add, written for the latitude of Philadelphia.

WOODLAND CREAM.—This is the name of a new pomade, which has been laid on our table. It is intended to beautify the hair, is highly perfumed, is superior to any French article imported, and can be had for half the price. For dressing ladies' hair it has no equal, giving it a bright, glossy appearance. It causes gentlemen's hair to curl in the most natural manner. It removes dandruff, always giving the hair the appearance of being freshly shampooed. Price only fifty cents. None genuine unless signed Fetridge & Co., proprietors of the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." For sale at all druggists.

MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.—This beautiful mezzotint engraving needs no praise from us. It is the best illustration of the leaving of Moses, among the bulrushes of the Nile, which has ever been designed; and our artist has, in his engraving, preserved all the force of the original picture. Where, indeed, has there appeared such a series of superb plates, as we have given in the three numbers for this year? We can safely promise, too, that there will be no falling off.

HIGH MORAL TONE.—Says a lady, who sends us a list of new subscribers:—"Your Magazine is highly appreciated by the intellectual portion of this community. It does indeed seem a solace, away in the 'wilds of Wisconsin,' to be able to obtain a Magazine of such high moral tone."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Dore. By a Stroller in Europe. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this book is plainly an old European traveller, no longer deceived by the outside glitter of things, but asking himself continually "what is all this worth?" The title of the volume means, as he says in his preface, the difference between the inside and outside of things. The writer adds to his other merits that of being a thorough republican, whom the pomp and glare of royalty and aristocracy cannot blind, but who prefers his own country and her institutions before all others. Yet our "Stroller in Europe" is no prejudiced demagogue, but an appreciative traveller and observer, who, while admitting the superior physical civilization of Paris, feels that the gratification

of the eye and ear is not the "all in all" in life. Dore is really a sterling work.

El Gringo; or, New Mexico and her People. By W. W. H. Davis. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The best book we have yet had about New Mexico. The sketches of the journey across the plains are unusually spirited; the historical account of our new territory succinct and reliable; and the description of the author's residence there and his experience as a lawyer, for he was U. S. District Attorney, full of valuable matter. Too little is known, by the older sections of the republic, regarding the inhabitants of New Mexico. It is even said that the general government, principally through ignorance, has neglected that territory to such a degree, that life and property are less secure than under the Mexican administration. The present volume, which will be read everywhere for its raciness, will help, we trust, to correct this evil.

Frank Forester's Sporting Scenes and Characters. By William Henry Herbert. 2 vols., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Mr. Herbert is without a rival in this line. There are no books in the language, of their kind, equal to "The Warwick Woodlands," "My Shooting Box," "The Deer-Stalkers," and "The Quorndon Hounds," the four tales which make up these two volumes. The character of Tom Draw will live as long as that of Cooper's Leather-Stocking. Mr. T. B. Peterson has issued these volumes in a very elegant style, on thick paper, with graphic embellishments and in tasteful bindings. There are few gentlemen who will not read the "Sporting Scenes" with delight, and even instruction, for Mr. Herbert is no ignorant compiler of wood-craft incidents, but a famed Nimrod, who has won trophies without number.

Kathie Brande. A Fireside History of a Quiet Life. By Holme Lee. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In this capital novel, re-published from the London edition, we have the author's best work. The style is pure; the characters well delineated; the incidents arranged naturally and effectively. The nobleness and virtue of self-denial were hardly ever more beautifully depicted than in Kathie Brande. Altogether it is a novel we can recommend as very much superior to the fictions of the day in general.

Major Jones' Scenes in Georgia. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A new and handsome edition of the famous "Chronicles of Pineville," by the author of Major Jones' Courtship. It is incontestable that the most original portion of our American literature belongs to the class of books, of which this, Sam Slick, Major Jack Downing, *et cetera*, are prominent examples. We have laughed over this volume for the last hour. The work is graphically illustrated, the designs being by Darley.

The Two Lovers; or, A Sister's Devotion. By the Author of "The Twin Sisters." 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A deeply interesting story, published in cheap style, double column, octavo.

Ivora. By the author of "Amy Herbert," "Olive Hall," &c. 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Miss Sewell has made for herself so lasting a reputation, that whatever she now publishes is seized with avidity. "Ivora" excels, in some respects, even the best of her former works. We miss the occasional tediousness, which, in more than one of its predecessors, made us, here and there, hurry over the pages. The characters of Helen, Susan, Claude, Lady Augusta, Mrs. Graham and the Admiral, are capitally discriminated. The publishers have issued "Ivora" in a very neat style.

The Adventurer. By the author of "The Green Hand." 1 vol., 12 mo. Buffalo: A. Burke. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A novel of incidents, written with great spirit, and one that we can recommend as sure to prove interesting. We think, however, that the publisher has been misled, in attributing it to the author of "The Green Hand," for it is not at all in the style of that work. There is both incident and less power of word-painting, in "The Adventurer," than in "The Green Hand." Nevertheless, it is a very readable novel, and one that ought to have a large sale.

The Tragedies of Euripides. Literally Translated or Revised. With Critical and Explanatory Notes. By Theodore Alois Buckley. 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—These are two additional volumes of Harper's Classical Library. The annotator, Mr. Buckley, of Christ church college, England, enjoys a high reputation for scholarship; but it has been so long since we declined Greek verbs ourself, or translated Euripides, that we confess our present inability to speak, personally, of the merits of this work.

Simon Suggs' Adventures and Travels. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Another work, belonging to what we should call "The Library of American Humor," and nearly, if not quite equal to Major Jones' Georgia Scenes. The volume has seventeen capital illustrations, from original designs by Darley; is printed on thick, white paper; and is handsomely bound in crimson cloth.

Neighbor Jackwood. By Paul Oreyton. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—Every successive work, by this rising young author, is better than his last. We know no writer, indeed, who is more conscientious in this respect. As a consequence, he will yet stand, in reputation, in the front rank of American literature.

Vernon; or, Conversations About Old Times in England. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This little volume forms the twenty-seventh number of that excellent series, "Harper's Story Books for Children."

Durango's Terpsichore; or, Ball-Room Guide. 1 vol., 24 mo. Philada: Turner & Fisher.—A useful little volume to those fond of dancing, for it gives the figures for all the new dances, waltzes, &c., as well as the old ones.

The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A cheap, double column, octavo edition.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

SCHERHAZADE'S RANSOM.—Three of the company agree to sustain the parts of the Sultan, the Vizier, and the Princess Scherhazade. The Sultan takes his seat at the end of the room, and the Vizier then leads the Princess before him, with her hands bound behind her. The Vizier then makes a burlesque proclamation, that the Princess having exhausted all her stories, is about to be punished, unless a sufficient ransom be offered. The rest of the company then advance in turn, and propose enigmas, (which must be solved by the Sultan or Vizier) sing the first verse of a song, (to which the Vizier must answer with the second verse) or recite any well known piece of poetry in alternate lines with the Vizier. Forfeits must be paid either by the company when successfully encountered by the Sultan and Vizier, or by the Vizier when unable to respond to his opponent, and the game goes on till the forfeits amount to any specified number on either side. Should the company be victorious, and obtain the greatest number of forfeits, the Princess is released, and the Vizier has to execute all the penalties that may be imposed upon him; if otherwise, the Princess is led to execution. For this purpose, she is blind-folded and seated on a low stool; the penalties for the forfeits, which should be previously prepared, are written on slips of paper and put into a basket, which she holds in her hands, which are still tied behind her. The owners of the forfeits advance in turn, and each draws one of the slips of paper. As each person comes forward, the Princess guesses who it is, and if right, the person must pay an additional forfeit, the penalty for which is to be exacted by the Princess herself. When all the penalties have been distributed, the hands and eyes of the Princess are released, and she then superintends the execution of the various punishments that have been allotted to the company. We give two penalties. The number may be enlarged by the ingenuity of the players.

THE BLIND QUADRILLE.—This is performed when a great number of forfeits are to be disposed of. A quadrille is danced by eight of the company with their eyes blind-folded, and as they are certain to become completely bewildered during the figures, it always affords infinite amusement to the spectators.

THE TURNED HEAD.—This penalty should be imposed upon a lady. The fair one whose head is to be turned is invested with as many wrappings as possible, but every cloak, shawl, boa, &c., is to be put on hind side before, so as to present the appearance of a "turned head." She should be furnished with a muff, which she must hold behind her as much as possible in the usual manner, but her bonnet must be put on in the proper way. Thus equipped, she must enter the room walking backward, and until her

punishment is at an end, must continue to move in the same way.

THE WIFE'S COUNSELLOR.

HOUSEKEEPING AND HELP.—It is the almost universal complaint of housekeepers that domestic servants are no longer good for anything. Making every allowance for exaggeration, there still remains the great fact, that where so much discontent exists, there must be some foundation for it. Let us see whose is the fault of this condition of things.

At the very outset we are struck by the apparent paradox, that, while there is constant complaint of insufficient employment for women, there is as constant complaint that females will not work, at least in the kitchen, even when work is offered to them. The popular explanation of this curious state of affairs is, that kitchen work is considered degrading. Women, we are told, will starve at shop-work before they will go out to service. Housekeepers, with one voice, declaim against the absurdity, as they naturally ought. But are not housekeepers, after all, principally to blame?

For everybody knows that this opinion of the degrading character of kitchen work, originates, we may so say, with the upper classes. The law indeed recognizes no such classes; but those who have wealth and culture arrogate a certain social superiority, and those who have neither practically accord it to them. We speak now of the fact, without defending or extenuating it. But the women of these pretended upper classes notoriously regard kitchen work as vulgar. There may be exceptions among them, but the majority hold these views. It follows, that all silly females who wish to ape them, or who desire to be thought fashionable or aristocratic, look on household labor as degrading. There are thousands of daughters, in Philadelphia, who, though compelled to assist in the kitchen, are ashamed to acknowledge it. There are thousands more, belonging to families in moderate circumstances, whose mothers slave from morning till night, in order that they may be brought up in idleness, and thought to be fine ladies. The effect of this false notion reaches to the very poorest of the sex, so that it has become almost impossible to get a native-born female to work in the kitchen, while those who do condescend to such labor, regard themselves as degraded by it, seek to evade its harshest features, and escape from it as soon as possible.

The fashionable notion among females, that kitchen work is vulgar, operates in another way equally injurious. It creates and perpetuates bad servants. Mistresses of households, who are ignorant of kitchen work, can neither teach inefficient servants nor correct negligent ones. When girls go out at service there is nobody to learn from, except in the rare instances where there happens to be a capable upper servant; or the rarer case where the lady of the house is herself competent and willing. Nor is this all.

Even good domestic servants, when they get into a family where the mistress knows nothing, soon become inferior, if not utterly worthless. The fashionable notion that household work is unlady-like is, therefore, at the bottom of the whole evil: it is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and end of the entire difficulty. For as the majority of wives who keep domestic help, are indifferent housekeepers, it follows that the minority, who really are efficient, have to suffer through the faults of others; for if a good housekeeper exacts from her servant that work shall be thoroughly done, the servant retorts that "Mrs. A, where she used to live, never asked her to work so," and actually takes French leave, if the task is insisted on, sure of finding a place with some one of the numerous imitators of Mrs. A.

Put the parallel case. If men in general were as ignorant of their business as women are of housekeeping, how long would it be before clerks, journeymen and apprentices would become as worthless as domestic servants are said to be? An incapable master, it is well known, makes an incapable servant. But housekeeping is as much the business of a woman, who is at the head of a household, as trading, joinery, or the law is the avocation of the merchant, carpenter or attorney. The evil of incapable kitchen servants—to speak plain truth—will never be remedied till mistresses become capable, till housekeepers cease to consider work as vulgar.

WHAT A POOR MAN'S WIFE OUGHT TO DO.—Many young women enter the married state wholly unfit to discharge the important and responsible function of their new offices. The consequence is, that we find them at open war with their husbands before they have been married a month. The art of making home happy is not understood by them. They lack habits of order, habits of industry and habits of punctuality. When children cluster about them, their work is more difficult; but a large number lose their influence over husbands before the difficulty is increased by these maternal troubles. It is all thoughtlessness. They are out gossiping and idling when they ought to be preparing for their husband's return at night. The man comes home from the field or factory to find an untidy room and no symptoms of preparing for the evening meal. His wife has made no attempt to smarten herself, and his first growl of disappointment, in all probability, is responded to by a sulky face and a sharp tongue.

It may almost be laid down as a rule, that the man returning home after his day's work, is more or less in ill-humor. He is tired, hungry and thirsty, and has, perhaps, had to endure some hard rubs. He goes home out of humor with the world, but still hoping to find comfort and consolation where he has a right to look for it. He is disappointed, and he is at no pains to conceal his disappointment. The wife excuses herself and resents his querulousness. There is an end to the happy, quiet evening he had promised himself. And if he does not go out, he wonders he was such a fool as to marry.

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, &c.

SCARLET FEVER.—From the first day of the illness, and as soon as you are certain of its nature, the patient must be rubbed morning and evening over the whole body with a piece of bacon, in such a manner that, with the exception of the head, a covering of fat is everywhere applied. In order to make this rubbing somewhat easier, it is best to take a piece of bacon the size of the hand, that you may have a firm grasp. On the soft side of this piece slits are to be made in order to allow the oozing out of the fat. The rubbing must be thoroughly performed, and not too quickly, in order that the skin may be regularly saturated with the fat. The beneficial results of the application are soon obvious; with a rapidity bordering on magic, all, even the most painful symptoms of the disease are allayed; quiet sleep, good-humor, and the appetite return, and there remains only the impatience to quit the sick room. During the past winter, this remedy has been frequently tried in Philadelphia and elsewhere; and has been very successful. The Arabs have used it for centuries.

CURE FOR STRYCHNINE.—It is said that immersion in cold water is an almost instantaneous relief from the poisonous action of strychnine. The discovery was made in the following way:—A favorite spaniel had partaken of some poisoned meat intended for the destruction of wild cats. In less than five minutes it became to all appearance a stiffened corpse, evidently suffering extreme muscular agony. The suggestion to immerse the body in a tub of cold water was immediately put into execution, and to the utter astonishment of the assembled household, was attended with complete success, for within ten minutes of its first immersion the animal was restored to life.

CORNS.—The best cure for these troublesome things is to soak the feet in hot water for a quarter of an hour, so that the corn becomes soft, and then trim it off as close as possible, and not cause pain. Then take the tincture of the *Arbor Vitæ*, placed upon a little cotton and apply to the corn, and after a few applications to the corn, will not only disappear entirely, but will not be likely to return again.

TO CURE CHILBLAINS.—Rub the feet occasionally with spirits of turpentine. Or make a plaster by spreading soap-cerate (which may be procured at the chemists' shops) on lint or linen. Cover the part likely to be affected with the plaster, and do not remove it. Let it adhere as long as it will. Keeping the feet warm by wearing lamb's-wool stockings is also good as a preventive of chilblains.

FROSTED FEET.—Heat a brick very hot, and hold the foot over it as closely as it can be held without burning. Cut an onion in two, and dipping it repeatedly in salt, rub in all over the foot; the juice of the onion will be dried into the foot, and effect a cure in a very short time.

FUMIGATOR.—Fresh-ground coffee may be used with advantage in a sick-room; a few spoonfuls spread and exposed on a plate, burned by a red-hot iron, is a safe and pleasant fumigator.

WAKEFULNESS AT NIGHT.—A rapid bath at bed time, woollen stockings at night, a soft pillow under the feet, and proper covering above, will generally conquer wakefulness proceeding from cold feet. Another cause of wakefulness is tingling in the skin, with fidgets. This often proceeds from indigestion, and is curable by hartshorn and water, or by half a glass of soda water taken with about five-and-twenty grains of carbonate of soda. When the tingling and fidget is habitual, it is well not to sleep every night in the same bed, and to change, not only the bed occasionally, but also the texture of the bed-clothes. A little exposure of the body to cold air, and passage of a damp sponge over the parts of the skin most subject to the tingling often gives effectual relief.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

A Good Trifle.—Sweeten three pints of cream, add to it half a pint of white wine; grate in half a nutmeg and the rind of a lemon, and squeeze in the juice. Whisk this up, lay the froth on a large sieve, and place the sieve over a dish containing ratafia cakes, macaroons, sweet almonds blanched and pounded, candied lemon and orange peel cut into small pieces, some current jelly and raspberry jam. When these ingredients are thoroughly soaked with the liquor running from the sieve, remove them to the dish in which the trifle is to be served up. Put the froth on them, and stew over the froth some nonpareils, and small slices of orange and lemon peel.

Spring Soup.—Use for this soup the same roots, cut differently, as saute, with the addition, if to be had, of spinach, cabbage-lettuce, a very little sorrel, as it turns acid on the stomach, all cut rather small, tarragon, chervil, green asparagus, young peas, and cucumbers; cut the asparagus about one inch long, cut the tarragon and chervil a little, and a few French beans cut, use your consommé stock as before, boiling all your green parts particular green in water a few minutes, leaving them to be sufficiently done in your stock; if you have a cauliflower boiled, pick a few small pieces, and put in the soup tureen; the boiling soup, when poured in, will make it hot; season.

Shrewsbury Cakes.—Sift one pound of powdered lump sugar, some pounded cinnamon, and one grated nutmeg, and mix the whole with three pounds of flour. Add a little rose water to three eggs well beaten, and mix these with the flour and other ingredients. Pour in as much melted butter as will make the mixture of a good consistence for rolling out. Knead it well, then roll it thin, and cut it into such shapes as you like.

Sausage Meat.—Chop pork or beef exceedingly small, mix with it pounded spices and aromatic herbs, shred fine. These ingredients must be put into skins, thoroughly cleansed, and tied into lengths of from two to five inches. A glass of Rhenish champagne or other wine may be added.

Custard Pudding.—Boil a pint of cream with a bit of cinnamon and a quarter of a pound of lump sugar. When it is cold, put to it the yolks of five eggs well beaten, and stir it over the fire until it is pretty thick; but take care that it does not boil. Let it again stand to cool, and when quite cold, butter a cloth well, dust it with flour, tie the custard up in it very close, and boil it three quarters of an hour. When you take it up, put it into a basin to cool a little; untie the cloth, lay the dish on the basin, and turn it up. Take the cloth off very carefully, or you will break the pudding. Strew some pounded sugar over the pudding, and send it to table with sauce made of melted butter and a little wine. The same should be served in a tureen.

Mince Pies.—Weigh two pounds of grated beef, free from skin and strings; of suet, picked and chopped, four pounds; six pounds of currants, nicely washed and perfectly dried; three pounds of chopped apples, the peel and juice of two lemons, a pint of sweet wine. To the above ingredients add the following reduced to the finest powder:—One nutmeg, a quarter of an ounce of cloves, the same quantity of mace, and the same of pimentos. Mix the whole well together. Have ready some citron, orange and lemon peel, and put some of each in the pies when made.

Black Puddings.—Soak a quart of whole grits in as much boiling hot milk as will swell them, and leave half a pint of liquid. Chop some pennyroyal, savory and thyme; then add salt, pepper, and pounded allspice. Mix with the whole one quart of bullock's blood. Half-fill the skins, and boil the puddings in a large kettle; pricking them as they swell, to prevent their bursting. When sufficiently done, lay them in clean cloths till cold. When they are to be sent to table, scald them for a few minutes and boil them.

To Keep Figs.—Put some figs into a large earthen jar in layers, with some of their own leaves between them: then boil some honey and water, skim it well, and pour it warm over the figs. Stop the jar very close. When you take the figs out for use, soak them for two hours in warm water.

The Best Method of Transferring all braiding patterns and cloth, is by laying between the pattern and the cloth a sheet of transfer paper, and tracing over the design with the point of a knitting-needle. The paper is to be bought at most of the artist's color shops. Red is one of the best colors.

Camphor Soap.—Beat together in a mortar two ounces of bitter almonds, blanched, and half an ounce of camphor. When thoroughly incorporated, add one pound of the hardest white soap, grated fine. Mix the whole up with two ounces of tincture of benzoïn, and form it into small cakes.

To Clean Water-Casks.—Scour the inside well out with water and sand, and afterward apply a quantity of charcoal dust; another and a better method is to rinse them with a strong solution of oil of vitriol and water, which entirely deprives them of their foulness.

Poultry is best fattened by being kept clean, warm and dry. For food, mix oat and pease meal with mashed potatoes, add a little kitchen stuff. Rice swelled in sweet milk improves the color of the flesh. Do not cram them.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS OF BLACK SILK, with two deep flounces. Basque of black velvet, trimmed with two rows of deep guipure lace. Bonnet of pearl colored thierry velvet, with a short ostrich plume on each side.

FIG. II.—A HOUSE DRESS OF FAWN COLORED SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with three flounces, with satin bands woven in the material. Basque corsage with bretelles like the flounces. Sleeves in large puffs, set on under wide-spreading caps, gathered on a band at the elbow, and finished with a deep ruffle. Head-dress of black lace and scarlet flowers.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE COSTUME.—Dress of ruby-color velvet; the corsage, which is not shown in our illustration, is in the jacket style, having the basque edged with ruby-color tassel fringe. The burnouse cloak is made of a new material, just introduced in Paris. It is a kind of light, soft cloth, striped in grey and red, and it is much employed for making burnouse cloaks. The bonnet is made of grey velvet, and is trimmed with crimson velvet and black lace. Above the curtain, at the back, are two puffs of velvet, and at each side there is a small tuft of grey and crimson feathers.

FIG. IV.—UNDER SLEEVE of the latest fashion. It has just been received from Paris, where it is distinguished by the name of the *Louis XIII.* The puff is composed of nansouk muslin; and the turned-up cuff, which is ornamented with needlework of a very rich pattern, is sufficiently broad to ascend about half-way up the sleeve.

FIG. V.—MUSLIN BODY, ornamented with a bertha continued behind in a rounded form. This bertha is composed of puffings of plain Valenciennes, insertions of the same, and of embroidered muslin trimming. The sleeves and body are terminated by a muslin puffing, an insertion of Valenciennes, and insertions and trimmings of embroidered muslin.

FIG. VI.—MORNING CAP made of embroidered muslin and Valenciennes insertions. Trimming of embroidered muslin and Valenciennes. Tulle curtain, terminated by an insertion of embroidered muslin and a row of Valenciennes.

FIG. VII.—FANCHON CAP of plain muslin with a festooned band. Silk ribbons.

FIG. VIII.—COLLAR made of embroidered muslin, with an embroidered band, and terminated by narrow Valenciennes.

FIG. IX.—PLAIN MUSLIN SLEEVE puffed all over, an insertion of embroidered muslin closes the seam and forms the wristband.

FIG. X.—MUSLIN SLEEVE, with two puffings separated by insertion of embroidered muslin. Deep trim-

ming of embroidered muslin and Valenciennes raised by a bow.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We can say as yet nothing definite with regard to the spring fashions. As we write the snow is softly falling, and our gay ladies are drawing their furred mantles over rich velvets and brocades, shivering at the thought of spring dresses, mantles and bonnets. Fickle fashion is quiet for a moment, though her brain is busy with new devices for the coming season. We know, however, that fancy silk and jet trimmings will be most lavishly employed on dresses, mantles, and basques. Lace also is at present so highly fashionable, that there are few articles of dress in which a trimming of this beautiful fabric is not admissible. Caps formed of a combination of black and white lace still obtain favor; and black lace may be said to be almost universally employed in trimming bonnets.

SOME NEW UNDER-SLEEVES are of plain muslin, tight at the wrist, with a puffing, from which proceeds a ribbon and a rosette. The sleeves are puffed lengthwise at intervals. A pink ribbon is also run in these puffings.

Other sleeves have large puffs stuck about with ribbon butterflies; the material employed for them is tulle.

VERY PRETTY VELVET BRACELETS, or (as they may more properly be called) cuffs, have just made their appearance. They are very well adapted for the present cold weather, being almost a sufficient substitute for fur cuffs. The usual band of velvet, drawn on elastics, encircles the wrist, and above it is a gauntlet cuff of plain velvet, edged at top and bottom by a narrow band of fur. These cuffs are made either of black velvet, or of velvet of some rich, dark hue, as green, purple, or brown. The fur employed in trimming them is usually sable, mink, chin-

chilla, or ermine, each band being little more than an inch in width. Velvet or ribbon bracelets intended for morning or plain evening costume may be black or colored. Many have large ornaments of polished steel or Roman pearl, sometimes in the form of a star or a crescent; others of a more simple kind are merely finished by two or three pearl, gilt, or steel buttons.

It is said that China Crape Shawls will be in favor again. At present we see a great many square cashmeres both of Indian and French manufacture.

IN ARTICLES OF JEWELRY, floral patterns and fanciful devices are much in favor. Some of the most elegant of the new ear-rings represent roses, marigolds, daisies, heart's-case, &c., beautifully executed in jewels and gems. The heart's-case is formed of sapphire, topaz, and diamonds; the rose of rubies and diamonds; the daisy of emeralds and diamonds; and the marigold of yellow topaz and pearls.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

THE PARISIAN BLOUSE FOR A LITTLE BOY OF FIVE YEARS OF AGE, is made with straps, open at the side. The hat is of felt, trimmed with a feather and plaid ribbon.

THE IMPERIAL FOR A BOY OF SIX YEARS, consists of a velvet vest and shirt, made separately with a silk waistband; the whole ornamented with pendant jet buttons. Velvet cap with a curled feather.

BABY'S DRESS.—Cloak with a large cape of white Siberian. Bonnet with a cap crown, made of silk and terry velvet.

DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF TEN OR ELEVEN YEARS.—Silk skirt with broad bands of black velvet. Black velvet jacket, trimmed inside with a ruche of silk ribbon. Silk bonnet with puffing and bows.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

DELAY IN THE MAILS.—In seventeen years experience of publishing, we have never known a storm, which disarranged and delayed the mails to the extent which that of the eighteenth of January did. For nearly a week hardly a train arrived at Philadelphia, or left it; and for the whole of that period, therefore, we were unable to send off Magazines. This accounts for the delay, to which some of our subscribers were subjected, in the receipt of February numbers. When, at last, the roads were open, a whole week's mails from the West, and a whole fortnight's from the South, came in together.

PREMIUMS.—When entitled to a premium, state, in remitting, which you prefer. In case no selection is made we shall send "The Garland of Art."

POST-OFFICE STAMPS are taken *only* for fractions of a dollar.

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

NEVER TOO LATE.—It is never too late in the year to subscribe for "Peterson," for we can always supply back numbers to January inclusive.

TRANSFERRING PAPER, for copying designs in embroidery, &c., forwarded, post-paid, in a neat package, for twenty-five cents.

ENCLOSE A STAMP.—Letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTION.—No subscription, at club rates, taken for less than a year.



Ilman & Sons.

LES MODES PARISIENNES

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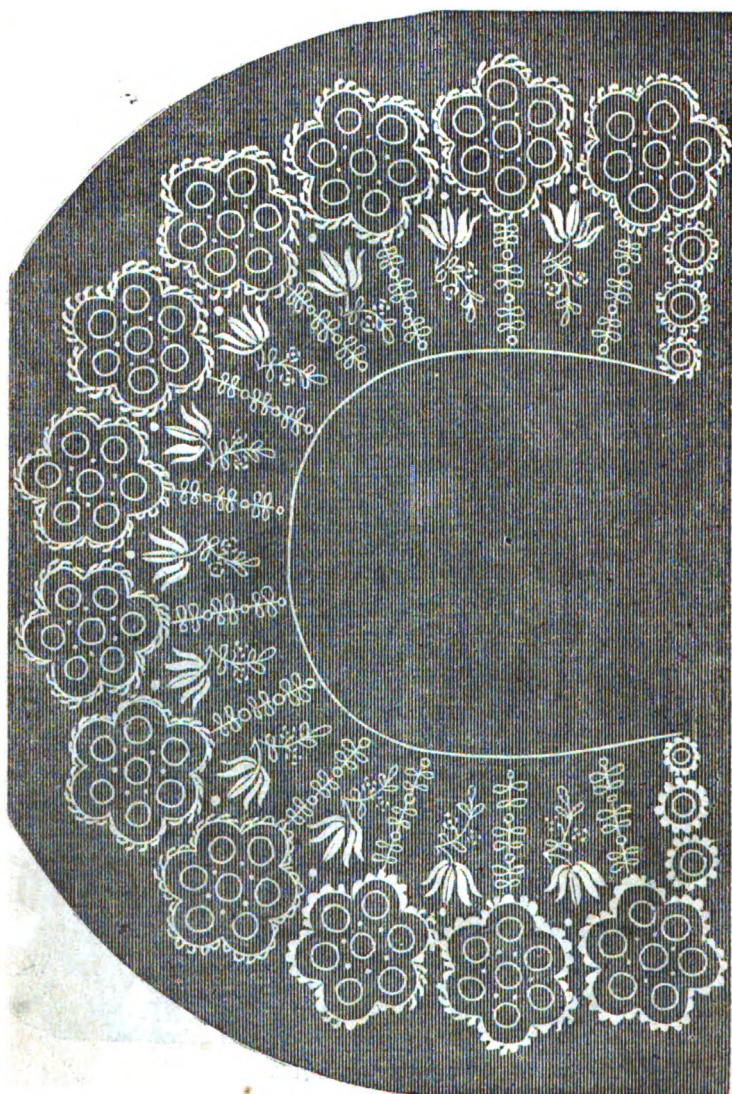
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VELVET CASAQUE.

Fanny

NAME FOR MARKING.



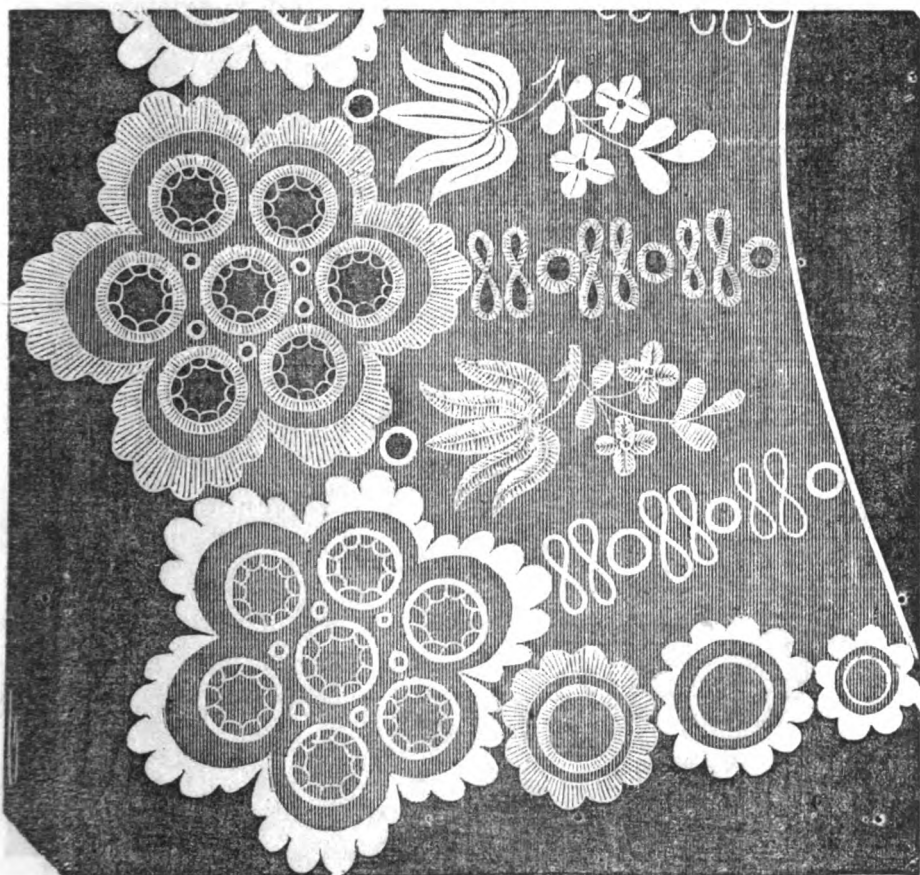
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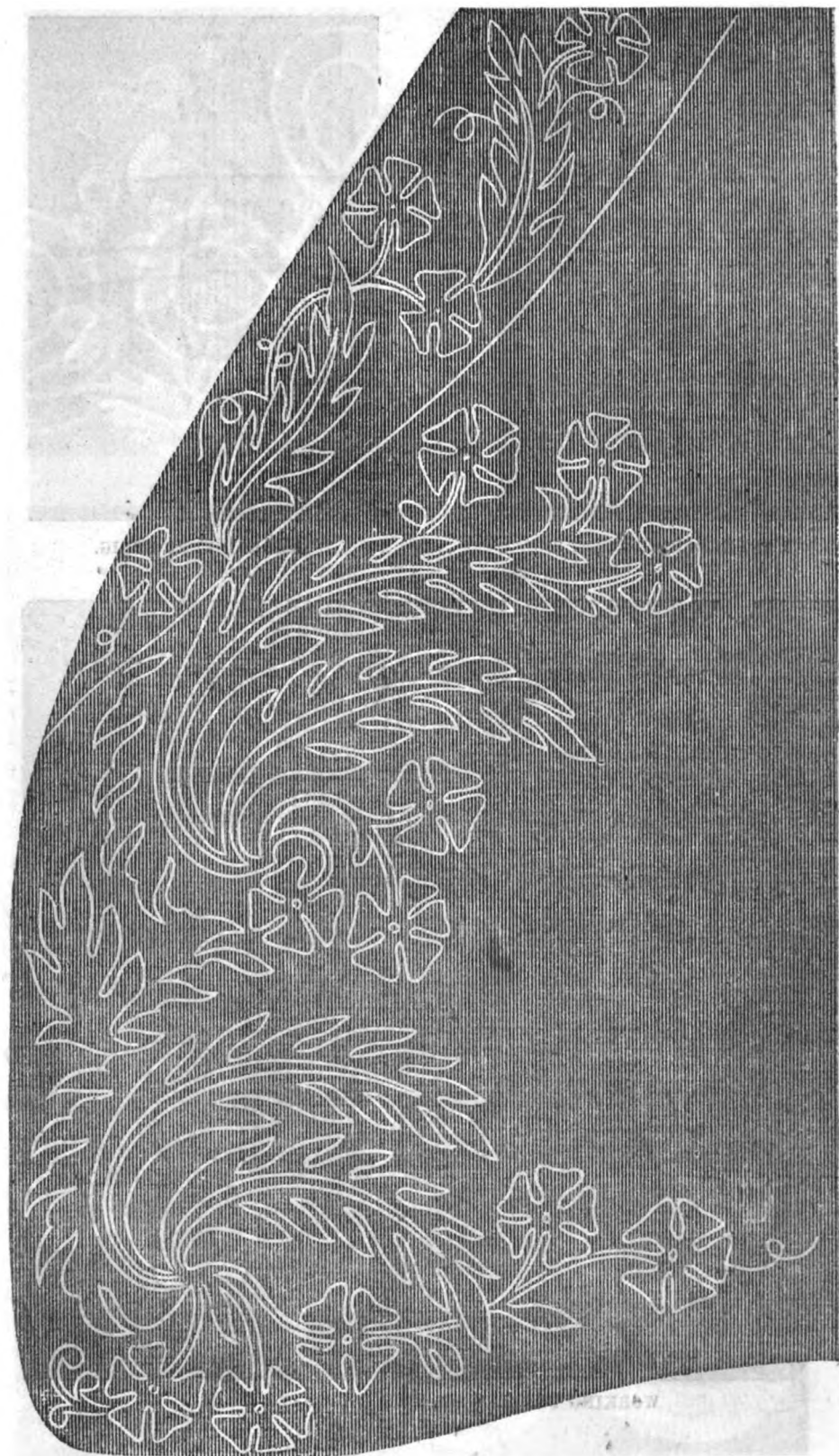
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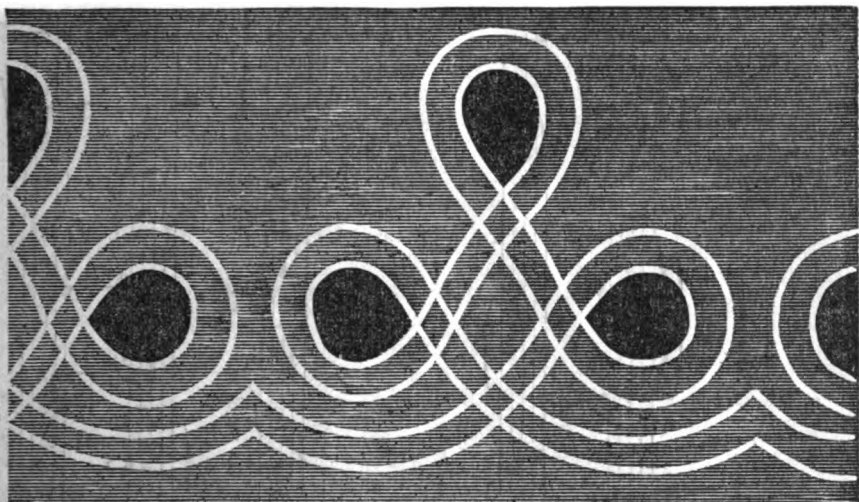
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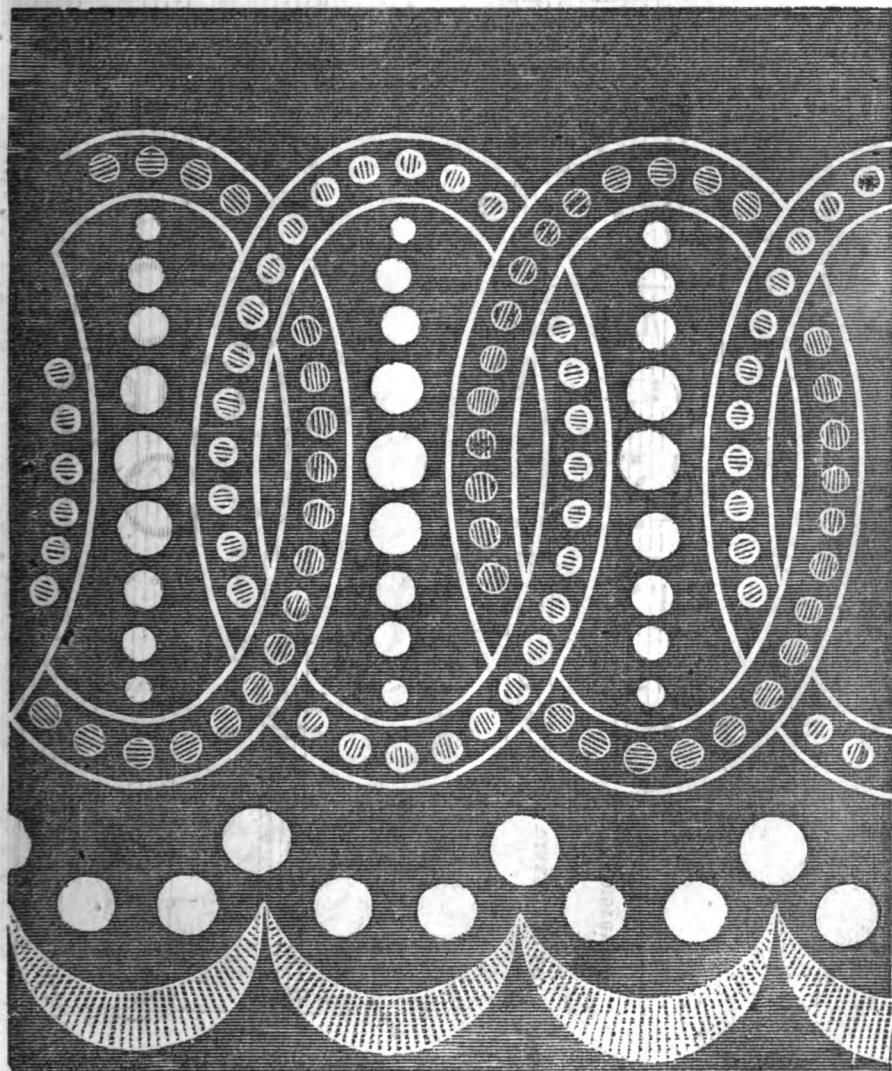
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WAISTCOAT PATTERN.



PATTERN IN BRAIDING.



FLOUNCE FOR EVENING DRESS IN COLORED EMBROIDERY.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

AIR, "THE BRIDEGROOM GRAY."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major, indicated by two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is common time (C). The music begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

POCO ADAGIO,

CON SENTIMENTO.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves in treble and bass clefs, maintaining the D major key and common time. The melody in the upper staff includes the lyrics: "When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame, And a' the warid to sleep are gane; The". The music is marked with a piano (p) dynamic and includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and accidentals. The system ends with a double bar line.

The musical score is written on three systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second system has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third system has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words in italics. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

was o' my heart fa' in show'r's frae my e'e, When my gude-man lies sound by me.

poco rall.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for his bride;
 But saving a crown, he had naething beside;
 To make that crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea—
 And the crown and the pound were bath for me.

He hadna been gane a week but only twa,
 When my father brake his arm, and the cow was stown awa:
 My mither she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father couldna work, and my mither couldna spin;
 I toid'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win.
 Auld Rob maintain'd them bath, and wi' tears in his e'e,
 Said, "Jeanie, for their sakes, O marry me."

My heart it said nay—I look'd for Jamie back;
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack.
 The ship it was a wrack, why didna Jeanie dee?
 And why do I live to say, was's me?

My father urged me sair, my mither didna speak,
 But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break.
 So they g'i'd him my hand, though my heart was at the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
 When sitting aae mournfully [ae night] at the door,
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
 Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee!

O sair did we greet, and meikle did we say,
 We took but a kiss, and we tore ourselves away;
 I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
 Oh! why do I live to say, was's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
 I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin:
 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
 For Auld Robin Gray is [a] kind [man] to me.



BLACK BLONDE CAP.



MORNING CAP.



BONNET.



BONNET.



BASQUE FOR LITTLE GIRL.



BONNET.



THE REJECTED.

Engraved & Printed by J. Smith & Sons expressly for the London Magazine

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

XXXI.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1857.

No. 4.

A BACHELOR IN TROUBLE.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

"Well, I have a confession to make—one I am much ashamed of making—one I ought not to attempt to make—but, I am an old bachelor. Not as very old either—I am only forty—yet not young bachelor. How it has come about—how such a doom has fallen upon me—I do not know. I am thus punished I know not, but I know is, that it is not by my own will or choice. I am that I am.

"Old bachelor! laugh! the thing I have especially dreaded from childhood. A dried up, decrepid, meddling, selfish old rogue of a bachelor, the very idea sickens me—and to think of the greatest peril in which I stand drives me to despair. It is hard—I, who have always so loved and admired the ladies—I, who have always been so constant, so susceptible, it is unmerited.

"Why, I remember when I was only ten years of age, my devoirs to a little beauty of six, whose knowing eyes laughed and winked at my innocent fancy. It was remarked, 'What a fine man little Master Jacky was already—so plain enough he would never be an old bachelor!' Ah, blessed prediction, oh! glorious prophecy, could it had been fulfilled! Alas! for my heavy reverse, the desolate unfulfilment of that distant hope.

"I am a man, as I flatter myself, peculiarly fitted for the domestic relation; a man who delights in creature comforts; a man who likes a comfortable shirt, a neat house, a warm fire, and a well-mended coat; a man who rejoices in being caressed, and coaxed, and kissed; (on this point I don't speak from experience, but from an intuitive self-knowledge) a man who

her prime law—no waste of material. Am I not forced to see, hard as the fact bears on me, that she wastes no single leaf—no thread—no fibre even; all is applied, re-produced, economized. Why then? Am I more worthless than the dead leaf, the dew-drop, a straw, that she has cast me away as quite useless?—or what is just the same, turned me into an old bachelor?

"But how does it happen?" I hear some impatient reader exclaim. "To hear men talk now-a-days, one would not think they had any difficulty in getting wives—indeed their somewhat conceited sneers and insouciance would seem to infer that the difficulty lies on the other side."

So they say, good reader—as they say—but I have not found it so. Those whom I have fancied have not fancied me, and those who might perhaps have condescended to fancy me, my perverse disposition, or my evil star, prevented me from fancying. I will instance one such case.

Fanny B—, a nice girl—a clever girl—a good girl, though a poor girl. Her friends tried hard to make the match—it is no vanity but the truth to say so—and Miss Fanny herself I could not but perceive was not averse. "I saw all her good qualities, all her attractions," I saw them, but I could not feel them. I actually told myself to task, scolded myself, abused myself, reviled myself, flouted myself for my obstinacy to Miss Fanny. I said to myself, "I am a poor fellow, you say, you—your bachelors—don't you know here you are at thirty years and still you don't marry now, you never will, and if you don't have a chance, here is a poor girl, a girl too good for you."

portance as the head of a family: and that such a man, I say, so desirable as a husband—so desirous of filling that happy relation, should have been cast away on the desert sands of celibacy, does seem like a departure by nature from

more do you want?"

"Ay, willing, there was the rub. Too willing for my fastidious fancy. I never could bring myself to propose for her, simply because I knew she was expecting it—simply because I saw that

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An old bachelor! laugh! the thing I have especially disaffected from childhood. A dried up, fussy, quiddling, selfish old rogue of a bachelor, the very idea sickens me—and to think of the imminent peril in which I stand drives me to despair. It is hard—I, who have always so loved and admired the ladies—I, who have always been gallant, so susceptible, it is unmerited.

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"Ay, willing, there was the rub. Too willing for my fastidious fancy. I never could bring myself to propose for her, simply because I knew she was expecting it—simply because I saw that

I could never open my mouth but that she was thinking, "Here it comes—he is going to make love, or say something now."

How could any man of spirit and independence make love under such circumstances? Even with the awful penalty of old bachelorhood before me I could not, and did not, propose for Miss Fanny.

Can the reader understand such crotchets and whims? If he cannot, he cannot understand me, and I may as well stop writing, for I am full of them.

As in Fanny's case, so in many others, scruples as absurd, perhaps, but as unconquerable, have stood in my way, and forbidden me to reach the golden apple of matrimony.

As I have spoken of those whom I could not love, I should perhaps speak of those I could—but upon this theme I can touch but lightly and tenderly. The shadow of past sorrow rests upon it. Twice I have felt the thrill of genuine affection, and twice experienced the mortifying grief of knowing it unreturned—to confess so much is to avow that I have endured no small amount of human misery, as those will testify who like me have loved in vain.

But that is all gone and past—the sharp, old griefs have worn themselves dull—but in my

present dilemma I want aid and comfort. My question is, what shall I do to be saved from bachelorhood? Kind editor, or gentle readers, can you not give me counsel?

I don't want to be a bachelor—I hate to be one. I cannot endure old bachelors, never could—should be obliged for the sake of consistency to desperately hate myself if I became one—but how can I avoid my impending fate?

My difficulties stated succinctly appear to be, First, the intractability and obstinacy of those whims or prejudices which forbid me to marry any woman who is willing to marry me.

Second, the intractability and obstinacy of those women who refuse to marry me without that voluntariness.

—Dear editor and readers, are these difficulties insuperable? Write, I beseech you, and relieve the anxieties of a much distressed and long suffering man. Perhaps you, Mr. Editor, as a man experienced in such delicate matters, may be able to give me an invaluable, a serving hint. Or perhaps some fair, pitying spirit may, in Christian charity, extend a helping hand to a poor fellow mortal on the brink of an abyss—the dismal gulf profound of musty, fusty, rusty, dusty, crusty old bachelorhood.

THERE IS DARKNESS IN THE CHAMBER.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

THERE is darkness in the chamber,
There is gloom upon each face,
Empty stands the baby's cradle,
And a coffin in its place.

Fast the burning tears are falling
On the face forever cold,
Oh, 'tis but a little coffin,
Yet a mother's heart doth hold!

There is wailing in the chamber,
Where sweet baby's voice was heard;
Baby's voice that came like singing
Of the earliest Spring-time bird.

Oh! the great world jostles onward,
But the mother's world is still;
Yet she murmurs 'mid her weeping,
'Tis our Heavenly Father's will.

SONNET ON A STATUE.

BY W. G. SIMPSON.

To catch, ere yet Decay had robb'd that shrine
Of Innocence and Beauty, once called mine,
And fix each fleeting grace, Death spared his prey:
Thanks to thee, Artist, and thine Art divine!—
Yes, there all beautiful in death she lay,
Companion'd by the rose-buds o'er her shed—
Snatched, even as she, from parent stem away,

But fragrant yet, and yet unwithered!
But, gentle Artist, not thy magic skill,
Which can so well each lineament portray,
Could give that Beauty's ever-varying play
Of sweet expression—from the morning's grey
Its roseate blush—to sunny, dazzling day!
Ah, me! but in my heart she liveth still!

AUNT HAPZIBAH AT THE DONATION PARTY.

BY MISS CAROLINE E. FAIRFIELD.

Wildfire Hall, January 1st.

WHEN I first came up here, Mag, to this lonesome old place, I thought I should never survive the winter, one has always such horrid ideas of the winter in the country, you know: but I must say I have been for once agreeably disappointed. I do really begin to think rural life not so very unendurable after all. To be sure every house isn't like this; and everybody hasn't an aunt Hap to play off pranks upon, or a cousin Al to play them. I really do think aunt Hap is, after all, a treasure; though at first I set her down for as tormenting an old bore as ever afflicted a family of lively young people like ourselves. As for Al, he really is an incomparable joker. He is like nothing else in the world but the monkey in the Happy Family at Barnum's; stirring up everybody to mischief, and especially delighting to provoke the weazen-faced, asthmatical old Tabby, who sits in the corner, looking a blood-thirsty upon the little mice who go brushing their long tails past her very whiskers.

A week ago to-day, which was Christmas, there was a donation party at Mr. Stanley's. Ever since aunt Hap's affair with her "spiritual partner," alias the ghost of Jim Larned, alias Al in a white sheet, she has been especially spiteful about parties, and dancing, and beaux, and actually came near influencing uncle Wildfire, who is a good man at heart, although he does think it incumbent upon him, as deacon in the church, to make himself as much as possible like a walking tomb-stone, to forbid our attending any dancing parties. However, thanks to Kate, who has a full share of that inestimable quality known as woman's wit, she didn't succeed. If Eve was naughty when she pulled the wool over Adam's eyes, she was kind enough to transmit the art to all her daughters, so I, for one, will never abuse the dear old lady.

As I said, Christmas was donation day at Mr. Stanley's. Of course as the half sister of Deacon Wildfire, and the presiding genius of his household, it was plainly the duty of aunt Hap to favor the occasion with her presence; and we youngsters must also testify our regard for the worthy pastor in a similar manner.

"I dread it," said Kate, as we were talking over the matter the day previous, "for of course

we shall have no dancing, and in such a mixed assemblage as there will be there, there will be no alternative but those rude, boisterous plays, like 'Blind Man's Buff' and 'Hunt the Slipper.' I never could endure them."

"They are well enough," said Al, "for such parties as we have when all uncle Warren's children come down here, and we go into the great dining-room for a real frolic; but for anything else they are terrible bores."

"For my part," said I, "I don't see how any body, even aunt Hap, can advocate them in preference to a quiet quadrille. Even the fancy dances are far more innocent, I think."

"Oh! aunt Hap was brought up in those good old times. Then, being an old maid, all the milk of human kindness has curdled in her bosom, and the whey that runs off once in awhile when she gets into a fit of lecturing us, 'all for our own good,' is somewhat acid. How I do hate an old maid. I never read the marriage list in the newspaper without a feeling of intense thankfulness, that somebody's nephews and nieces are spared the torment of an old maid aunt. I expect I shall marry, one of these days, just out of pure benevolence."

"Self-sacrificing youth," said Kate, laughing; "but here comes aunt Hap this minute; I wonder what is to pay now?"

"Well, gals," said aunt Hap, with the sweetest, that is to say, the least vinegary expression which she could command, as she sat down by the table upon which our work-baskets stood, "I suppose you are e'en a'most ready for the party. Law, now, Lizzie, that ere is a powerful pretty thing you're a making. What mout it be?"

It was a Chenille head-dress upon which I was working, but that the bright showy colors should attract aunt Hap's favorable notice, so astonished me that I could scarcely repress my wonderment as I replied to her question.

"Shayneel, is it? Well, that's a queer name, but it's drefful pretty. I 'spose you think o' wearin' on't to-morrow night, don't ye?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Well, I think it'll become ye, and I don't doubt you'll be just the prettiest gal there."

Now as it is very well known through the family, that I am no great favorite with aunt

Hap, being regarded by her as a very carnal-minded young person, given up irredeemably to the vanities and follies of this present evil world, this little bit of flattery was somewhat astounding. "What is in the wind?" thought I. "Has aunt Hap had an offer? Has some unhopd-for declaration of love acted as a sweetener upon her usual acidity? Has somebody been pouring pearl-ash upon that fountain of curdled 'milk?'" recurring to Al's metaphor. A shrewd whisper over my shoulder let in a ray of light upon the vexed question.

"An axe to grind, Lizzie. Look out or you'll be promised for some complicated piece of cap manufacturing before you know it."

"You see I was young myself once, gals," continued aunt Hap, "and it ain't so long ago yet that I've forgot it, though my memory is uncommon treacherous, to be sure; and I know what it is to be proud of one's good looks."

A sudden upraising of Al's eyebrows and a comical gesture, provoked a smile which I could not repress. Aunt Hap saw the smile, divined its cause, and laid up a grudge against Allan, which she is sure to pay over with interest one of these days. I can't help it; if Al will be so funny, I don't know as it is my duty to run the risk of an explosion to save him from the consequences of his own acts.

"As I was about to remark," continued aunt Hap, "I think it is everybody's duty to dress in a way that's becomin'. I don't believe, and you know it, in curls and flounces and fol-de-rols, but I think folks ought to 'provide things decent in the sight of all men;' that was the apostles doctrine, and it's mine; I consider it's my duty to go to the donation party, though you know, gals, both on ye, that I don't approve of parties in general, but this is a different thing; and I do suppose now that I ought to have a new cap to wear; and I thought now, Lizzie, since you was from the city and knew the ways of folks, and bein' too as you had pretty considerable good taste, maybe you'd make me one."

"Certainly, aunt Hap," I replied, "I shall be very happy to oblige you in the matter, if you will trust me."

"Well, then, I'll go up stairs and get the things."

"Now you see," said Allan, as she left the room, "aunt Hap is human after all; much as she scolds and frets about the foolishness and extravagance of young women now-a-days, she isn't above the weakness of her sex. So pile on the bows, Lizzie; set the streamers flying, and then we'll watch and see who the old lady sets the new cap at first. Do you know, girls, I have

a notion we can get some spirit out of this donation party yet."

Aunt Hap returned shortly with sundry old maidish-looking bundles of faded yellow fringe, and sitting down by me, commenced unrolling therefrom various bits of laces and ribbons, and a few coarse artificial flowers. I suppose I must have surveyed the stuff with a dubious expression, noticing which, aunt Hap began to make some apologies.

"You see, Lizzie, I ain't never extravagant. I don't believe in buying new things when you've got old in the house that will do every grain as well. These ere have all been nice things in their day, and I reckon we can get something out of 'em yet. There is a good deal of that lace that is very good; and them pink and yaller ribbons is just as nice as new. I took 'em off of a couple of caps when I went into mourning for my grandmother, six years ago, this fall; I thought then they'd come in play some time. Lone folks never keeps no such things, but I always do. There is Jim Larned's widow, she that was Sally Casewell, she is the most con-sarnedist extravagant critter I ever did see. When she went into mourning for her husband—much she mourned him, I guess, they say she scolded and jawed him continerally as long as he lived, and now he is dead, she's a hoity-toity-ing around with every feller that comes in her way. Mis' Mosier's girl was a tellin' me, last night, how she see her out a sleigh-ridin', night afore last, with somebody she thought looked jest like Seth Warner; he that married Polly Gravell, and she died o' the influenza. Now such goin's on among people of their age, and members of the church too, that had ought to know better, in my opinion is nothing more nor less than downright scandalous. I 'spose they'll be at the donation to-morrow; and of course Sallie will be rigged out in all her nippenny-sippennys. She's left off her mourning now, and they say she does dress to kill."

"But what about her going into mourning, aunt Hap?" said Al, "you began to tell us something about her extravagance."

"Now, Allan, you know I don't never accuse nobody of nothin'. I've got enough to do to take care of my own faults; we ain't none on us perfect—I no more'n the rest—but I must say that I never should have throwed away all the nice things that Sally Casewell did, just because my husband had happened to die. It was jest as good as throwin' them away to give 'em to that silly-pated niece o' hern to be flouted out at dancin'-school, and sich like places; to say nothing about the sin of the thing; encouraging

cernal amusements among the young. There's no mistake about it, Sally Casewell is a most awful extravagant piece; but I guess she'll find out some folks can dress as well as others."

All this time she had been assorting and arranging the odd-looking bits of finery, remarking occasionally that "some on 'em was worn more'n she thought for," and others "had got yaller a lyin'." Al took occasion of her pre-occupation to whisper slyly,

"The murder is out, Lil; she's going to set her cap for the widower; so make it dashy as a peony."

Kate, who understood the joke, now suggested, "I have some lace up stairs, aunt Hap, which will answer better than any of yours;" and without stopping to notice the delighted exclamations of the spinster, ran away to bring it.

If you think I am going to initiate you into all the mysteries of the making of that cap you are mistaken. Suffice it to say that between aunt Hap's rather original taste, and the wickedly mischievous suggestions of a very officious young gentleman, who might have found better business elsewhere, I was more than once nearly in despair of achieving anything like a creditable result. At last, however, it was completed; the pink and yellow bows, and faded artificials were all arranged to a nicety; and when aunt Hap tried it on by candle-light, Allan paid her a profusion of compliments, and finished by striking an attitude with his hand upon his heart, and with a most obsequious bow, declaring himself the slave of her charms; and with a smile of conscious triumph, aunt Hap bore off the miracle of art to her own apartment.

"Bless me!" said Al, "how the dear old Venus will shine to-morrow night! I do believe she will succeed in captivating the widower; and mind, Lil, if she does catch him, I shall give you all the credit; and you shall live on pound-cake and sugar-plums all the rest of your life."

The married people were invited to come in the afternoon, and the young folk in the evening; so about four o'clock uncle Job came in, and inquired of aunt Hap if she were ready for the party.

"Well, brother Job," she replied, "I've got a good deal to see to this afternoon that I can't put by; and I guess you'll have to go over alone, and I'll come by-and-by with the girls, 'twont make no great odds, I suppose."

"Certainly not, sister Hapzibah," said the deacon, with a quiet smile, as he drew on his buckskin gloves and left the house.

We were all ready soon after tea, waiting for aunt Hap, and she made her appearance directly;

with her shining black foretop curled in the most becoming manner; a new wrought collar, bought expressly for the occasion, fastened by an old-fashioned brooch over a figured alpaca dress, grass green in color. But the crowning article of her dress, and the one in which she evidently took the greatest delight, was the new cap. It was set jauntily back upon the crown of her head, and the strings, which were one of pink and the other of yellow ribbon, instead of being tied discreetly under her chin, flaunted back over her shoulders like streamers.

"She does look blooming, and no mistake," whispered Allan, gravely, loud enough for the delighted spinster to hear. "Blamed if I wouldn't like to kiss her."

"Oh! Allan," said aunt Hap, with a groan, which was assumed to hide a smile, "will you never remember that you are a deacon's son, and a baptized member of the church?"

When we reached Mr. Stanley's, there was already quite a large party assembled, and the sport of the evening was well under weigh.

"There's the widder," whispered aunt Hap, eagerly, and pointing to a bright-eyed, trim-looking little woman of about thirty, who was chatting pleasantly with a tall, rather ungainly specimen of masculinity, "and that is Seth Warner she's a talkin' to. Ain't she a brazen-looking thing?"

A romping game of Blind Man's Buff was going on in the centre of the room; Frank Peters was blinded, and as he came near Allan, I heard Al whisper something in his ear, and in a minute more he pushed the handkerchief up so as to get a peep out. The next instant he sprang toward the corner where we were standing, and throwing both his arms around aunt Hap's neck, exclaimed,

"I've caught somebody," and then giving her a kiss on each cheek. "Good evening, Kate. I'm glad to see you."

"I ain't Kate," screamed aunt Hap, struggling to free herself from the strong embrace of her captor. "I'm Hapzibah Dorcas Greenleaf; and I ain't used to bein' used in this way. Go 'long off." Frank had let her free by this time, and was apologizing with utmost apparent humility for his unintentional rudeness. "Really, aunt Hap," said he, gravely, but with a wicked twinkle in his eye, "if you will look so blooming, you must expect to be taken for a girl. I am sure the company will agree with me, that the mistake was a perfectly natural one."

Everybody was laughing too much to regard this appeal; while aunt Hap was smoothing her ruffled feathers and striving to regain her

amiability, which it is my private opinion was really no difficult matter.

"Goodness gracious me, to think that I should be kissed by a man," she murmured, half audibly; that was the dying out of her wrath, for in a minute more she turned to me and asked in a smiling whisper, "if I didn't think Frank Peter was a dreadful pretty young man."

The game was ended by this time, and some one proposed "Pawns." Allan was appointed to gather them, and in his tour he approached Mrs. Larned, who was sitting near aunt Hap, and striving with becoming assiduity to engage the stately spinster in cheerful conversation.

"Uncle Simon says point up," he exclaimed, to the merry little widow.

"Oh! I'm not in the play, am I, Allan?" she replied, gaily.

"Yes, indeed you are. There shall nobody escape when I am pawn-master, unless they escape by their wits. So 'point down.'"

Down went the widow's thumb unbidden by "uncle Simon." "A pawn, a pawn," was the cry, and the widow tossed him a dainty little pocket-handkerchief edged with lace.

"Come, aunt Hap, it is your turn now."

"Allan, I am amazed at you, trying to engage a woman of my sense in such foolish, nonsensical sports. Let them take part in 'em that hain't sense enough to see the folly of it; for my part, I'm disgusted with sich goin's on."

"Carefully, aunt Hap, this is a donation party, and we are at the minister's now; people don't fiddle and dance here, they only play kissing plays; so no sermonizing, but give us your pawn."

"Marcy to us, Allan, I hain't got nothin' to give ye."

"Yes, you have; there's your bottle of smelling salts," said he, seizing the precious bottle which she always carried in her hand.

"Ludy, Allan, you can't have that; what shall I do without it when I have the headache?"

"Oh! you'll have a chance to redeem it by-and-bye, never fear."

The selling of the pawns had not proceeded far, before I noticed the widow's pretty handkerchief suspended over the head of Kate, who was judge.

"Fine or superfine?" asked Kate.

"Superfine."

I can't say certainly that there was any understanding between Al and Kate, but two or three times in the course of the play, the aptness of the penalties looked very suspicious.

"Let her pick cherries with Mr. Warner, and hand them down to aunt Hap and Frank Peters."

"What's that about me?" asked aunt Hap, nervously.

"Oh! not much; I'll soon show you," said Al.

Two chairs were placed opposite each other in the centre of the room, in one of which stood the widow, and in the other Mr. Warner. Aunt Hap was then led to the gentleman's right hand, and Frank took his station opposite her by the side of Mrs. Larned. Kisses were then exchanged between the first couple, which were to be handed down to the others.

"Well did I ever," exclaimed aunt Hap, as the widow put up her pouting lips to Mr. Warner, "that beats me;" but in a minute more, a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and before she was aware the ripe cherry was transferred to her own face.

Probably aunt Hap was struck with amazement, for she made no resistance till it was all over; then she shrieked and struggled, and declared she was never so "put upon" in all her life. Straight to Mrs. Stanley she went with her grievances.

"To think that I, Hapzibah Dorcas Greenleaf, a deacon's sister, should be so misused in a minister's house. Mrs. Stanley, I never expected it."

"Oh, the young people don't mean any harm; they must have some amusement, and you know dancing is prohibited. For myself, though I must say, I much prefer it to these rude plays."

"How can you say it, Mrs. Stanley. There was Sally Casewell that was, she was a real Herodias's daughter; she'd 'a danced John the Baptist's head off of his shoulders, just as quick as she'd 'a eat a meal of vittles, that she would. Oh! I don't think kissin' is nothing near so bad as dancing; but I didn't like to be put down there on the floor to take 'em second-handed."

Luckily aunt Hap was called for just that moment to redeem her pawn, so Mrs. Stanley wasn't called on to reply.

"Come, aunt Hap, here's a chance to redeem the precious smelling-bottle. Kate says you must kiss Mr. Warner Yankee fashion."

"Kiss Mr. Warner! why, Allan, I'm ashamed of you; you know I wouldn't do it for the world. My stars! me kiss a man."

"Well, if you don't choose to redeem the pawn I shall keep it, that is all; and I'll tell you what I'll do with it too. I'll give it to Mrs. Larned, for she has behaved like a sensible woman all the evening. She has not put on airs once."

"Give my smelling-bottle away. Why, Allan, you know I never could live through one of my dreadful headaches without it; why that bottle

of smelling salts old Dr. Harlow fixed for me before you was born—that is when I was a little girl."

"Can't help it. Must be redeemed, else it's mine. That's the rule, and I ain't going to break it."

Aunt Hap put on her most resigned look, and with a groan, replied,

"Well, if I must, I must, I 'sposes. I hope you'll excuse me, Mr. Warner; you see it's greatly against my will, but I'm forced into it."

"Stop," says Al, "it must be done Yankee fashion."

"How is that, for mercy's sake? It's bad enough the common way."

"Don't you know," said Mrs. Larned, earnestly, "I'll show you. Stand up here, Mr. Warner; come, Miss Greenleaf," and she placed them opposite each other; then throwing her pocket-handkerchief over aunt Hap's face, she stepped quickly up to the widower, gave him a hearty kiss, and led him triumphantly to a seat on the sofa. Aunt Hap, through the thin cambric handkerchief, viewed the whole proceeding. If you could have seen her eyes, as she snatched the handkerchief from her head, and screamed,

"Sally Casewell, you mean, underhanded, contemptible critter," and amid a roar of laughter, she sprang forward and seized her arm, intending to give her a rough shaking; the exclamations of a half-dozen around her, however, caused her to pause; and looking down at the handkerchief, which she still held in her hand, she discovered that having seized it hastily, regardless of the unfastened condition of her cap, she had removed both together from her head, leaving exposed her own grey hair and the glossy foretop, which she prided herself upon being able to palm off as natural.

With snapping eyes, she loosened her hold of the widow, and bestowing upon her one parting epithet, not particularly endearing, rushed into a dressing-room to re-arrange her disordered toilet.

No persuasions could induce her to appear again in the parlor; and Kate and I, weak from laughing, and more than satisfied with the display which aunt Hap had made of herself, prepared to accompany her home. Of course Al has been in disgrace ever since; but it don't crush him overpoweringly; and we have hopes that he will survive.

MIDNIGHT BY A BED OF SICKNESS.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

FATHER! pale and still she lies!
Half-shut are her moveless eyes,
And her slow breaths hardly stir
The light covering over her.
She is very near to Death,
Yet thou can'st restore her breath.
God of mercy! let her stay!

Take her not away!

Spare her! spare her to our prayers!
Life is full of bitter cares;
On her children they will fall
Soon enough—the lot of all.
But without her guiding hand
They would be a stricken band,
And the light of their young years,
Dimmed too soon by cares and tears.
For their sake we humbly pray

Take her not away!

Spare her! for my life would be
Dark without her sympathy.
None my waywardness to chide—
None my erring youth to guide—
None to care when I go forth
To the crowded walks of Earth—

None to welcome my return—
All the voices cold and stern.
Oh! in pity let her stay!

Take her not away!

Mournfully, when she is gone,
And the lonely night comes on,
I shall think with vain remorse
Of my past life's wayward course.
Every unkind word I've said
Rising like one from the dead!
Oh! such pain I could not bear!
Even the thought is black despair!
God of love and grace! I pray

Take her not away!

Still she moves not. Still she lies
Waxen-white, with half shut eyes;
Still the shadows and the gloom
Slumber in this lonely room.
Thou to whom all hearts lie bare
Through the midnight hear my prayer!
Sadly, for the hearts that break—
Humbly, for her children's sake
If it be thy will, I pray,

Take her not away!

CONVENTS AND COQUETRY.

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

"How hard it is to decide for oneself! If there's a trial in the world it lies in the exercise of free will."

"Wherefore, Lizzie?" asked her father.

"Of course we wish to do everything that pleases our fancy, and of course we wish to oblige all our friends; and so of course we propose and promise everything, until one thing gets in another's way, and all are confused, everybody's disappointed, and we don't do anything at all. I'm tired of life. I wish I were a nun."

"Let me see. How many gentlemen have asked my leave to pay their addresses to you?"

"Nine, I suppose."

"And how many have you, at various times, accepted?"

"Eighteen."

"That is a fair beginning for a nun; but what's the trouble now?"

"Why, to tell the truth, father, I have made seven engagements for this afternoon, and all with different individuals. What shall I do?"

"Say, that being indisposed you have concluded to remain at home, and read the President's message to me, like a dutiful child."

Lizzie's face brightened, "I know a plot worth two of that; we will take a walk together; for one doesn't wish to be poring over political documents in such an afternoon as this. Wait till evening, when I'll read you asleep with the message."

"Oh, you must excuse me, child, I am busy."

"But I cannot excuse you. We shall both enjoy the walk; and think of being preferred to all the beaux in Wilmington! I will wear my sables and my new Paris hat, and you'll be proud of your daughter. There, you will go, I see in your face. I have rung the bell, and when Dolly comes, you must order your coat and rubbers, for I'm away."

An only child, educated by a doting father—for her mother died at her birth—Lizzie Lee had known as little trouble or restraint as could well fall to a mortal's lot. Accomplished and sprightly, elegant rather than beautiful, with fine hair, a pleasant voice, and unquestionable taste in dress, she took the lead in the gay society of Wilmington. Many lovers made fullest

possible acknowledgement of her fascinations, by offering hands and hearts which were accepted for awhile, in an obliging way, and then forgotten.

Mr. Lee was yet in the prime of life, handsome in person, courtly in manners. Wealthy and indolent, he had gradually abandoned his profession, and suffered his fine abilities to rust unused, while he devoted himself to the enjoyment of belle-letters and society. He and Lizzie were mutually fond of each other; and took care as seldom as possible to cross each others' inclinations.

"Mr. Breckenbridge," said Dolly, as she brought her master's coat, "the gentleman who was here last night, is in the parlor waiting for Miss Lizzie."

"Didn't you know that Miss Lizzie was out?"

"No, sir. I saw her in her room, two minutes ago. I expect she's going to walk with Mr. Breckenbridge—he said so."

"Lizzie must really mend her ways. What can I say for her," muttered the father, as Dolly equipped his feet in the overshoes she had been warming. "The youth is no fop. I like him, and he deserves better treatment."

Lizzie appeared in due time, magnificent in furs and finery; and found her father alone in the drawing-room.

"Why, I thought Norval Breckenbridge was here!"

"He has been, but in spite of my apologies went home offended, I think. It is wrong—wrong, Lizzie, to multiply engagements as you do. This young lieutenant ran all risk to obtain an hour's leave of absence, that he might keep the appointment with you."

"Oh, well, don't scold, papa. I feel sorry myself, but I can console him easily enough. Do you know I mean to marry Breckenbridge."

"Do you love him? here's something new."

"As well as I know how; to tell the truth, father, I seem to have used up my heart by little and little, upon all the multitude of lovers I've endured; and now that I am growing old—twenty to-morrow!—and would be glad to settle down in life, and be somebody's dutiful spouse, I don't know how to work, I am as ignorant as a country lass that never had an offer in her life,

I haven't any heart, I'm tired of flirtations. Come, father, let us go abroad."

Six youths forgave Lizzie Lee for that day's disappointment, in consideration of a smile; but the seventh avoided her with silent dignity. It was the one for whose forgiveness she cared more than for that of all the rest, it was Norval Breckenbridge. If he had only been angry, she would have felt him in her power, and soon have wearied of him afterward; but now his indifference was too tantalizing, she watched jealousy his attentions to other ladies, her pride was piqued, she grew angry, and—in love. She urged still more strongly the voyage to Europe, and her father's consent once obtained, they sailed in the next steamer.

And too late, Lizzie found that what she was flying in search of she had left at home; content, repose, all Europe could not furnish. Restlessly she roved from city to city, viewing scenery, pictures, architecture, and listening to music, all in vain. Visions of an earnest, manly face which might be with her now, of a serene and happy home which might, alas, which might have been! would haunt her everywhere.

While in this state of mind Lizzie met in Paris an enthusiastic young Abbe, her father's friend, and an eloquent advocate of the doctrines and ceremonies of the Romish church. Perceiving the heart-ache that caused Lizzie's restlessness, the youth wearily painted the peace and repose, the life of easy duties here, and sure reward hereafter, which his church had to offer all who could renounce this world.

They journeyed on to Rome, and Mr. Lee bore letters to several of the Abbe's friends; it occurred to him afterward, that this fact might have some connection with succeeding events. One day, all by chance, it seemed, Lizzie encountered a beautiful young nun, a Sister of Charity, accomplished and fascinating, like—yet how unlike—herself. The atmosphere of peacefulness and holiness which surrounded sister Agnes seemed, for the time, to quiet Lizzie's restless heart; they met frequently, the nun showed great kindness in procuring her new acquaintance all opportunities for observing the ritual of the church. Lizzie obtained admission in her convent at length as a student of music. The holy tranquil life of the nuns, by its very contrast to aught she had ever felt or desired, so fascinated our gay young belle, that Mr. Lee returned from a tour in Russia, to find his daughter a member of the Romish church, and resolved never again to leave the seclusion of her monastery.

"She will forget this new love with the rest,"

the indolent father thought, and revelling himself in the contemplation of beauty which had failed to satisfy Lizzie, he was only glad of the new diversion she had found. The Abbe, who had followed Mr. Lee to Rome, was his unfailing companion, and useful guide about the Eternal City; and was at the sametime more weary of lingering amid its wonders, and more at a loss in projecting a plan for some new tour beyond the limits of Italy. Weeks multiplied to months, and months to years, and still the Lees lingered at Rome.

About this time a stranger, attracted by the bustle about its doors, entered one of the public hospitals of Rome, into which they were bearing wounded and dying men; for there had been an insurrection the previous week, and many soldiers had been killed or mangled fearfully. The stranger was himself a soldier; as his interest betrayed, no less than the undress uniform which he wore. Walking up and down the wards, a pitying spectator of the tumult and cheerlessness of the place, as this young man took note of the impatient agony of those sufferers who waited for their turn in the scanty supply of medical attendance, the still terror of those who already were suffering surgical operations, the groans of the neglected, the curses of such as felt their misery increased by the carelessness of their bearers, his attention was arrested by the approach of two Sisters of Charity.

He had striven in vain to quiet the impatience or the apprehensions of those immediately about him, fellow-soldiers as they were; but when these women came, wise only in their kindness, strengthened only by their love, the stranger saw how at once the magnetism of their presence subdued the sufferers, until prayers took place of curses, and the sleep of exhaustion fell upon faces which had so lately writhed with anguish.

"Why, Agatha, how you tremble," said sister Agnes, suddenly, "we must not thus be overcome by our own feelings in the presence of suffering. Come, take heart! see that poor creature," pointing to his parched lips, "bring him drink!"

And Agatha moved to obey, but the crucifix which she had clasped to her bosom dropped from her helpless hands, and she would have fallen save for the stranger's help.

"Am I dreaming? Lizzie Lee!"

"Hush, hush, for heaven's sake! No, it is not my name, I am sister Agatha." Before the stranger could say more, she was hurried away.

But Agatha's dreams that evening were not such as befitted one who on the morrow would

take her final vow of renunciation to the world; she looked at the Virgin's picture, and only thought how human eyes had looked as earnestly into hers—she clasped the golden crucifix, and wished it were a human hand that could clasp back her own.

The morrow came, on which Lizzie Lee was to kneel before the altar, to have her beautiful, abundant hair cut away and her rich garments removed; to lie upon a bier and be covered by a pall, with painted death's heads surrounding her, and the death-bells tolling; to say, by these awful ceremonies, that another spirit was about to be buried from the world.

And she was buried, but only from its "cares and vanities." No welcoming hands of nuns led sister Agatha into the convent. Lizzie's unrest was buried away, without the death's heads and the sable pall. For, early the next morning, human eyes came to gaze as earnestly as the pictured eyes of the Virgin had once looked into hers; and she found a hand which could clasp hers back as fondly as once the young nun had clasped her crucifix. Lizzie Lee did not become a Sister of Charity.

And thus Lizzie Lee and the young soldier returned to Wilmington as Lieutenant and Mrs. Breckenbridge.

NELLIE.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

Rose morn, with trembling fingers,
Pushed aside the robes of night,
And a flood of sunbeams fluttered,
O'er the world with golden light;
All so quietly they fluttered,
All so gloriously shone,
Like they seemed to rays of glory,
From God's own Eternal throne.

Soon the Sabbath bells were pealing
On the perfume-laden air,
Worshippers, devout and holy,
Calling to the house of prayer;
But our hearts were filled with sadness,
Earth could not a comfort lend,
For we stood around the pillow,
Of a loved but dying friend.

There was dew upon her forehead,
Dampness in her raven hair,
Pallor on her pulseless temples,
Ah! relentless Death was there!
On her face a glory rested,
Like the glory of a crown,
And a smile lit up her features,
As life's star was going down.

"Mother," said the dying maiden,
In a voice so sweetly clear,
That we fancied sister angels
On their pinions hovered near;
"Mother, mourn not my departure,
Far I do not fear to go"—
Angels bore her happy spirit
Where the living waters flow.

STANZAS.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Bud and leaflet opening slowly,
Woo'd with tears by winds of Spring,
Now of June persuaded wholly,
Perfumes, flowers, and shadows bring.

Every, in the linden alley,
All alone I met to-day,
Tripping to the sunny valley,
Spread across with new-mown hay.

Brown her soft curls, sunbeam-tinted,
Golden in the wavering flush;
Darker brown her eyes are, painted
Eye and fringe with one soft brush.

Through the leaves a careless comer,
Never nymph of fount or tree
Could have press'd the floor of Summer
With a lighter foot than she.

Few her words; yet like a sister,
Trustfully she looked and smiled;
'Twas but in my soul I kiss'd her,
As I used to kiss the child.

Shadows, which are not of sadness,
Touch her eyes, and brow above;
As pale wild roses dream of redness,
Dreams her innocent heart of love.

LOVE'S LABOR WON.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," &C.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 229.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

She had moved to the echoing sounds of fame,
Silently—silently died her name,
Silently melted her life away,
As ye have seen a rich flower decay,
Or a lamp that hath swiftly burned expire,
Or a bright stream shrink from a Summer fire.

MRS. HEMANS.

NEARLY maddened between the deeply suppressed, conflicting passions of wounded love, outraged pride, gloomy jealousy, fierce anger and burning desire of revenge, Philip Helmstedt's impetuous spirit would have devoured the time between his arrival at the Island and Marguerite's expected return. Now feeling, through the magic power of memory and imagination, the wondrous magnetism of her personality and praying for her arrival, only that all else might be forgotten in the rapture of their meeting—then with all the force of his excessive pride and scorn, sternly spurning that desire as most unworthy. Now torturing himself with sinister speculations as to where she might be, what doing? with whom tarrying? Then feeling intensely, as resentfully, his indubitable right to know, and longing for her return that he might make her feel the power of the man whose affection and whose authority had been equally slighted and despised. And through all these moods of love and jealousy still invoking, ever invoking, with a breathless, burning impatience that would have consumed and shriveled up the intervening days—the hour of her return; for still he doted on her with a fatuity that neither possession nor time had power to sate, nor pride nor anger force to destroy—nay, that these agencies only goaded into phrenzy. Strong man that he was, she possessed him like a fever, a madness, a shrouding fire! he could not deliver himself from the fascination of her individuality. Was she a modern Lamid, a serpent woman who held him, another Lexius, in her fatal toils? So it sometimes seemed to him as he walked moodily up and down the long piazza before the house, looking out upon the sea. At all events she held him! very well, let it be so, since he held

her as surely, and she should feel it! Oh! for the hour of her return! All day he paced the long piazza or walked down to the beach, spy-glass in hand, to look out for the packet that should bear her to the Isle. But packet after packet sailed by, and day succeeded day until a month had passed, and still Marguerite came not. And day by day Philip Helmstedt grew darker, thinner and gloomier. Sleep forsook his bed, and appetite his board; it often happened that by night his pillow was not pressed, and by day his meals were left untasted.

Speculation was rife among the servants of the household. All understood that something was wrong in the family. The Helmstedt servants took the part of their master, while the De Lancie negroes advocated the cause of their mistress. It was a very great trial to poor old aunt Hapsibah, the housekeeper, to find her best efforts unavailing to make her master comfortable in the absence of her mistress. Every one likes to be appreciated; and no one more than an old family cook whose glory lies in her art; and so it proved too much for the philosophy of the old woman, who had taken much pride in letting "Marse Fillip see that eberyting went on as riglar as dough Miss Margit was home hersef—to see her best endeavors unnoticed and her most *recherche* dishes untasted." And so—partly for her own relief, and partly for the edification of her underlings in the kitchen, she frequently held forth upon the state of affairs in something like the following style:

"De Lord bress de day an' hour as ever I toted mysef inter dis here house! De Lord men' it, I pray! Wonner what Marse Fillup Hempseed mean a-scorrin' my bes' cook dishes? Better not keep on a-'spisin de Lord's good wittles—'deed hadn' he if he is Marse Fillup Hempseed! come to want bread if he does—'deed will he! Set him up! What he 'spect? Sen' him young ducks an' green peas? down dey comes antotch! try him wid lily white weal an' spin-nidge? down it come ontaste! sen' up spring chicken an' sparrowgrass? all de same! Igwine

stop of it now, I tell you good! 'deed is I. I ain't gwine be fool long o' Marse Fillup Hemp-s-d's funnolly nonsense no longer! I gwine sen' him up middlin' and greens, or mutton an' turnups—you hear me good, don't you?"

"I wonder what does ail master?" remarked Hildreth.

"I know what ail him well 'nough! I know de reason why he wont eat his wittles!"

"What is it den?"

"He can't eat anything else case he's—eatin' his own heart! An' it makes men mad—that sort o' eatin' does!"

"My Lors!" ejaculated Hildreth, in real or affected horror.

"Eatin' his own heart," continued old Hapzibah—"eatin' his own heart, wid his black eagle head an' hook nose poke down in his buzzum, a-chawin' an' a-chawin'! Always a-chawin' an' a-chawin'! Walkin' up an' down de peeazzy a-chawin' an' a-chawin'! Stan'in' up to his screwtaw, tendin' to write, but only a-chawin' an' a-chawin'! Settin' down at de table, a-chawin' an' a-chawin'—not my good wittles, mine you!—but his own heart—always his own heart! He better stop of it too! It won't 'gest nor likewise 'gree wid him! nor udderwise fetch Miss Margit home one minit 'fore she thinks proper for to come!"

"Well, den, ennyways, t'ink its 'pears mon'ous strange your Miss Marget don't come home ef our Marse Fillup wants her to come"—here put in old Neptune, one of the Helmstedt negroes.

"Set him up wid it!" indignantly broke in aunt Hapzibah—"set you an' your marse bofe up wid it! Who de serpent! he? or you either? I reckon my Miss Marget allers went an' come when ebber she thought proper, 'fore ebber she saw de hook nose o' Marse Fillup Hempseed, or any his low life saut water niggers either—not as I tends for to hurt your feelin's, Nep—you can't help bein' of an' antibberous creetur like a lan' tarripin or a water dog, as 'longs to nyther to'ther, nor which! nor likewise to hit you in de teef wid your marster, who is a right 'spectable, 'sponsible, 'greeable gemplemun—ef he'd leave off a hookin' of his crook nose inter his buzzum an' a-chawin' his own heart—which he'd better, too, or it'll run him rampin' mad! you see, chil-lun! you see!"

One afternoon during the last week in May, Philip Helmstedt, as usual, walked up and down the beach in front of his mansion house. With his arms folded and his head bowed upon his chest, in deep thought, he paced with measured steps up and down the sands. Occasionally he stopped, drew a small spy-glass from his pocket,

placed it at his eye and swept the sea to the horizon.

Before him, miles away to the westward, lay the western shore of Maryland and Virginia, cloven and divided by the broad and bay-like mouth of the Potomac—with Point Lookout on the north and Point Rogers on the south. Beyond this cleft coast the western horizon was black with storm clouds. A freshening gale was rising and rushing over the surface of the water, rippling its waves, and making a deep, low, thrilling murmur, as if Nature, the improvisatrice, swept the chords of her grand harp in a prelude to some sublime performance. Occasionally flocks of sea-fowl sailing slowly, lighted upon the islands or the shores. All signs indicated an approaching storm. Philip Helmstedt stood, telescope in hand, traversing the now dark and angry waste of waters. Far, far away upon the distant Potomac, like a white speck upon the black waters, came a vessel driven before the wind, reeling against the tide, yet gallantly holding her course and hugging the Maryland coast. Marguerite might be in that packet, (as indeed she might have been in any passing packet for the last month) and Philip Helmstedt watched its course with great interest. Nearing the mouth of the river, the packet veered away to avoid the strong current around Point Lookout, and still struggling between wind and tide, steered for the middle of the channel. Soon she was clear of the eddies and out into the open bay, with her head turned southward. Then it was that Philip observed a boat put out from her side. A convincing presentiment assured him that Marguerite had arrived. The gale was now high and the sea rough; and that little boat, in which he felt sure that she was seated, would have but a doubtful chance between winds and waves. Dread for Marguerite's safety, with the eagle instinct to swoop upon and seize his coveted prey, combined to instigate Philip Helmstedt to speedy action. He threw down the spy-glass and hastened along the beach until he came to the boat-house, where he unfastened a skiff, threw himself into it and pushed off from the shore. A more skilful sailor than Philip Helmstedt never handled an oar—a gift inherited from all his sea-faring forefathers and perfected by years of practice. He pushed the boat on amid heaving waves and flashing brine, heedless of the blinding spray dashed into his face, until he drew sufficiently near the other boat to see that it was manned by two oarsmen, and then to recognize Marguerite as its passenger. And in another moment the boats were side by side. Philip Helmstedt was standing resting on his

oar, and Marguerite had risen with one low-toned exclamation of joy,

"Oh! Mr. Helmstedt, this is very kind; thank you—thank you."

He did not reply by word or look.

The wind was so high, the water so rough, and the skiffs so light that they were every instant striking together, re-bounding off, and in imminent danger of being whirled in the waves and lost.

"Quick, men, shift Mrs. Helmstedt's baggage into this boat," commanded Mr. Helmstedt, as with averted eyes he coldly took Marguerite's hand and assisted her to enter his skiff. The two men hastily transferred the little travelling trunk that comprised Marguerite's whole baggage—and then with a respectful leave-taking, laid to their oars and pulled rapidly to overtake the vessel.

Philip and Marguerite were left alone. Without addressing her, he turned the head of the skiff and rowed for the Island. The first flush of pleasure had died from Marguerite's face, leaving her very pale—with a pallor that was heightened by the nun-like character of her costume, which consisted simply of a gown, mantle and hood, all of black silk. For some moments Marguerite fixed her large, mournful eyes upon the face of her husband, vainly trying to catch his eyes, that remained smouldering under their heavy lids. Then she suddenly spoke to him,

"Philip! will you not forgive me?"

The thrilling, passionate, tearful voice, for once, seemed not to affect him. He made no answer. She gazed imploringly upon his face—and saw, and shuddered to see, that an ashen paleness had overspread his cheek, while his eyes remained rooted to the bottom of the boat.

"Philip! oh! heaven—speak to me, Philip!" she cried, in a voice of anguish, laying her hand and dropping her sobbing face upon his knee.

The effect was terrible. Spurning her from him, he sprang to his feet, nearly capsizing the skiff that rocked fearfully under them, and exclaimed,

"I do not know where you find courage to lift your eyes to my face, madam, or address me! Where have you been? Come, trifling is over between us! Explain, exculpate yourself from suspicion! or these waters shall engulf at once your sin and my dishonor!"

"Philip! Philip!" she cried, in a voice of thrilling misery.

"Explain! explain! or in another moment, God have mercy on your soul!" he exclaimed, drawing in the oar, planting its end heavily on the prow of the skiff, in such a manner that by

leaning his weight upon it he could capsize the boat—and standing there, glaring upon her.

"Philip! Philip! for the Saviour's sake, sit down," she cried, wringing her pale fingers in an ecstacy of terror.

"Coward! coward! coward! you fear death, and do not fear me or shame!" said Philip Helmstedt, his eyes burning upon her with a consuming scorn that seemed to dry up her very heart's blood. "Once more, and for the last time, madam, will you explain?"

"Philip! mercy!"

"Commend yourself to the mercy of heaven! I have none!" cried Philip Helmstedt, about to throw his whole weight upon the oar to upset the boat, when Marguerite, with a shriek, sprang up and clasped his knees, exclaiming,

"Mercy! Philip! it is not my life I beg at your hands; it were not worth the prayer! but another innocent life. Philip, spare your child," and fainted at his feet.

The boat, shaken by this violent scene, was rocking fearfully, and he had much ado to steady it, while Marguerite lay in a dead heap at his feet. The phrenzy of his anger was passing for the present. The announcement that she had just made to him, her swoon and her perfect helplessness, as well as that majestic beauty, against the influence of which he had been struggling through all this scene, combined to stay his frantic purpose. He stood like a man awakened from a nightmare, recovered from a fever, come to himself. After cautiously trimming the boat, and letting it drift until it had spent the violence of the impetus, he took up the oar, turned its head, and rowed swiftly toward the Island. Pushing the skiff up upon the sand, he got out and fastened it, and then went to lift Marguerite, who on being raised sighed and opened her eyes and said, a little wildly and incoherently,

"You will never be troubled by any more letters, Philip."

"Ah!"

"No! and I will never leave you again, Philip."

"I intend that you never shall have the opportunity, my—Marguerite."

She had, with his assistance, risen to her feet, and, leaning on his arm, she suffered herself to be led up the slope toward the house. The whole sky was now overcast and blackened. The wind so buffeted them that Marguerite could scarcely stand, much less walk against it. Philip had to keep his arm around her shoulders, and busy himself with her veil and mantle, that were continually blown and flapped into her face

and around her head. By the time they had reached the house, and despatched Forrest to put the boat away and bring the trunk home, the storm had burst.

All night the tempest raged. Marguerite, in the midst of all her private trouble, was sleepless with anxiety for the fate of the little vessel she had left. But for Philip, a navy might have been engulfed, and he remained unconcerned by anything aside from his own domestic wrong. The next morning the terrible devastation of the storm was revealed in the torn forests, prostrate fences and ruined crops. Early Marguerite, with her spy-glass, was on the look-out at the balcony of her chamber window, that was immediately over the bay window of the parlor, and commanded a magnificent sea view. And soon she had the relief of seeing the poor little barque safely sheltered in Wicomia inlet. With a sigh of gratitude, Marguerite turned from that instance of salvation to face her own doubtful, if not dangerous prospect. Philip Helmstedt, since bringing her safely to the house, had not noticed her by word or look. He remained silent, reserved and gloomy—in a mood that she dreaded to interrupt, lest she should again rouse him to some repetition of his fury on the boat, but that in every gentle and submissive way she sought to soothe, accepting all his scornful repulses with the patience of one offending where she loved, yet unable to do otherwise, and solicitous to atone. It was difficult to resist the pleading eyes and voice of this magnetic woman, yet they were resisted.

In this constrained and painful manner a week passed, and brought the first of June, when Col. Houston and his family came down to their seat at Buzzard's Bluff. Mr. and Mrs. Helmstedt were seated at their cold, *à-la-carte* breakfast-table, when Nelie's messenger, Lemuel, came in with a note announcing her arrival at home, and begging her dearest Marguerite, as the sky was so beautiful and the water so calm, to come at once and spend the day with her.

The mournful face of Marguerite lighted up with a transient smile; passing the note across the table to Mr. Helmstedt, she said,

"I will go," and then rang the bell and directed Forrest, who answered it, to conduct the messenger into the kitchen, give him breakfast, and then get the boat *Nereide* ready to take her to Buzzard's Bluff. The man bowed and was about to leave the room, when Mr. Helmstedt looked up from his note and said, "Stop!"

Forrest paused, hat in hand, waiting in respectful silence for his master's speech. After a moment Mr. Helmstedt said,

"No matter, another time will do; hasten to obey your mistress now."

The two men then withdrew, and Mr. Helmstedt turned to his wife and said,

"Upon second thoughts I would not countermand your order, madam, or humble you in the presence of your servants. But you cannot leave this Island, Mrs. Helmstedt."

"Dear Philip—Mr. Helmstedt! what mean you?"

"That you are a prisoner! That you have been such since your last landing! and that you shall remain such—if it be for fifty years—do you hear?—until you choose to clear up the doubt that rests upon your conduct!"

"Mr. Helmstedt, you do not mean this!" exclaimed the lady, rising excitedly from her seat.

"Not?—look, Marguerite!" he replied, rising, and following her to the window, where she stood with her large, mournful eyes now wildly glancing from the bright, glad waters without to the darkened room and the stern visaged man within. "Look, Marguerite! This Island is a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide—with many thousand acres, with deep, shady woods and pleasant springs and streams and breezy beaches—almost room, variety and pleasure enough for a home. Your house is besides comfortable, and your servants capable and attentive. I say your house and servants, for here you shall be a queen if you like—"

"A captive queen! less happy than a free scullion."

"A captive by your own contumacy, lady. And mark me. I have shown you the limit of your range—this Island! attempt to pass it and your freedom of motion, now bounded only by the sea, shall be contracted within the walls of this house; and so the space shall narrow around you, Marguerite, until—"

"Six feet by two will suffice me!"

"Aye! until then if need be!"

"Mr. Helmstedt, you cannot mean this! you are a gentleman!"

"Or was; but never a fool, or a tool, lady! God knows—Satan knows how strongly and exclusively I have loved—still love! but you have placed me in a false and humiliating position, where I must take care of your honor and mine, as best I may. You cannot imagine that I can permit you to fly off, year after year, whither, with whom, to whom, for what purpose, I know not, and you refuse to tell! You left me no other alternative, Marguerite, but to repudiate—"

"Oh! no, no! sweet heaven, not that! You love me, Philip Helmstedt! I know you do. You

could kill, but could not banish me! I could die, but could not leave you, Philip!" interrupted his wife, with an outbreak of agony that started cold drops of dew from her forehead.

"Compose yourself. I know that we are tied together (not so much by church and state as by something inherent in the souls of both) for weal or woe, blessing or cursing, heaven or hell—who can say? But assuredly tied together for time and for eternity!"

"God be thanked for that at worst!" exclaimed Marguerite, fervently. "Anything—anything but the death we live, of absence from you, Philip! Oh! why did you use that murderous word?"

"You left me no other alternative, than to repudiate——"

"Ah!" cried Marguerite, as if again the word had pierced her heart.

"Or—I was about to say—restrain you. I cannot repudiate—I must restrain you. You, yourself must see the propriety of the measure."

"But, Philip, my husband, do you mean to say that I may not even visit Mrs. Houston?"

"I mean to say that until you satisfactorily explain your late escapade, you shall not leave the Island for any purpose whatever."

"Not even to visit Nellie?"

"Not even to visit Mrs. Houston!"

"Philip, she will expect me; she will come and invite me to her house; what shall I say to my bosom friend in explanation? or keeping silence, what shall I leave her to think?"

"Say what you please to Mrs. Houston, tell her the truth, or, decline to explain the motives of your seclusion to her—even as you have refused to exhibit the purpose of your journeys to me. You can do these things, Mrs. Helmstedt."

"Oh, heaven! but the retort is natural. What will Col. Compton think or say?"

"Refer Col. Compton to me for an elucidation. I am always ready, Marguerite, to answer for my course of conduct, though I may seldom recognise the right of any man to question it."

"I could even plead for an exception in favor of my little Nellie; but that I know your inflexible will, Philip!"

"It is scarcely more so than your own; but now, do you forget that there is an answer to be written to Mrs. Houston?"

"Ah, yes," said Marguerite, going to the escrutator that we have already named, and hastily writing a few words,

"Dearest Nellie, I am not well and cannot go to you; waive ceremony, beloved, and come to your Marguerite."

Meanwhile Mr. Helmstedt rang for Mrs. Houston's messenger, whom, he was informed, had gone down to the beach to assist Forrest in rigging the "Nereide."

"We will walk down to the beach and send him home," said Mr. Helmstedt, taking his straw hat and turning toward Marguerite. She arose to join him, and they walked out together across the front piazza, down the steps, and down the terraced garden, through the orchard and the timothy field, and finally to the sanded beach, where they found the two negroes rigging the boat.

"Mrs. Helmstedt will not go, Forrest, so that you may leave the barque. Lemuel you will take this note to your mistress, and say that we shall be glad to see the family here."

Marguerite had not been down on the sands since the stormy evening of her arrival, and now she noticed, with astonishment, that of all the little fleet of some half-dozen boats of all sizes, that were usually moored within the boat house, but a single one, the little Nereide, remained; and she saw that drawn into the house, the door of which was chained and locked, and the key delivered up to Mr. Helmstedt. When this was done and the men had gone, Marguerite turned to her husband for an explanation.

"Why, where are all the boats, Mr. Helmstedt?"

"Sold, given away, broken up, dispersed—all except this one, which will well serve the necessities of myself and men."

"But why, Philip?"

"Can you not surmise? You are a prisoner—it is no jest, Marguerite—a prisoner! and we do not leave the means of escape near such! I am not playing with you, Marguerite! You fled me once and maddened me almost to the verge of murder and suicide!"

"I know it! Oh, heaven, forgive me."

"And you must have no opportunity of repeating that experiment. Your restraint is a real one as you will find."

She turned upon him a look so full of love, resignation, and devotion, as she held out both her hands and said,

"Well! I accept the restraint, Philip. I accept it! Oh, my dear husband, how much more merciful, than that other alternative of separation! for your Marguerite tells you, Philip, that would it come without sin—she would rather take death from your hands than banishment! The one great terror of her life, Philip, is of losing you by death or separation—she could not survive the loss, Philip, for her very life lives in your bosom! How can a widow live?"

Your Marguerite could not breathe without you; while with you, from you she would accept any thing—anything! Since you do not banish her, do your will with her, you have the right—she is your own.” A few more words sighed out upon his bosom, to which he at last had drawn her, and then lifting her head she murmured,

“And listen, dearest husband; give yourself no care or anxiety for the safe custody of your prisoner, for she will not try to escape. It is your command, dearest Philip, that binds me to the narrow limits of this island, as no other earthly power could do. You know me, Philip! you know that, were I in duress against my will, I would free myself, I would escape, were it only to heaven, or to Hades! Your bond, Philip, is not on this mortal frame but on my heart, soul, spirit, and I should feel its restricting power, were all nature else, beckoning me over the limits you have prescribed, and all opportunities favorable to the transgression.”

“You love me so! you say your life lives within mine; and I believe it does, for you inhabit me, you possess me, nor can I unhouse you, incendiary as you are—and yet you will not give me your confidence; will not justify yourself before me; while I, on my part may not bate one jot, or tittle of your restraint, until you do.”

“I do not arraign you even in my thoughts, love, so far from that, I accept you for my judge; I submit to your sentence! There is this dark cloud settled on my bowed head, love! (would it rested only on my own) and some day it may be lifted! In the meantime, since you do not exile me, do your royal will unquestioned with your own, my king! Ah, Philip! we are not angels, you and I; and we may never find heaven in this world or the next; but such as we are, even with this cloud between us, we love each other; on this earth we cannot part; and even in the next we must be saved or lost—together!”

“Marguerite, tell me! is there a hope, that one day, this mystery may be cleared up.”

“Philip, dearest, yes! a faint hope that I scarcely dare to entertain.”

During all this time she had been standing within his circling arm, with her face upon his shoulder, and her soft, fragrant ringlets flowing past his cheek. Now as she lifted her head, her wild, mournful eyes fell upon a distant sail skimming rapidly over the surface of the sparkling water, from the direction of Buzzard's Bluff.

“Nellie is coming, dear husband,” she said, “but she shall know that it is my own pleasure to stay home, as it truly is, since you will it.”

“No concealment for my sake, Marguerite! I tell you, I will answer what I do. Kiss me

now, thou cleaving madness! before that boat comes.”

On bounded the little sail boat over the flashing water, and presently drew so near that Nellie in her green hood could be recognized. And in a few more minutes the little boat touched the beach, and Nellie, with her two boys, as she called her step-sons, jumped ashore and ran to greet Marguerite and Mr. Helmstedt.

“And here are my boys, whom you have never seen before, Marguerite. Ralph speak to Mrs. Helmstedt. Franky that's not the way to make a bow, sir! pulling a lock of your hair, you must have learned that from Black Lem. Ralph does not do so; he's a gentleman,” said the young step-mother.

Marguerite, who had embraced Nellie with great affection, received her step-sons with kindness. And Mr. Helmstedt, who had welcomed the party with much cordiality, now led the way up to the house.

This was Mrs. Houston's first visit to Mrs. De Lancia Helmstedt's new home, and she was full of curiosity and observation.

“How rich the land is, Marguerite! I declare the Isle is green down to the very water's edge, in most places—and so well timbered. And the house too, how substantial and comfortable its strong, grey walls look. I like that bay window with the round balcony over it, to the right of the entrance; such an unusual thing in this part of the country.”

“Yes, my husband had it built just before he brought me home; the bay window abuts from my own parlor, and is arranged in memory of that ‘celebrated’ bay window of your father's library and music-room. The round balcony above it opens from my chamber, which is just over the parlor; both the window below and the balcony above command a magnificent western view of the bay, and the opposite shore of Maryland and Virginia, divided by the mouth of the Potomac—you shall see for yourself to-day.”

“And yet it must be lonesome here for you, Marguerite. I do not understand how one like you, who have led so brilliant a life in the midst of the world, can bear to live here. Why, I can scarcely endure Buzzard's Bluff, although it is a fine old place, on the main land with neighbors all around.”

“My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy I find therein,”
murmured Marguerite, with an ambiguous smile.

The day passed agreeably to all. Mrs. Houston had a budget of city news and gossip to open and deliver. And by the time that this was done dinner was announced; and when

that meal was over, Mrs. Houston reminded her hostess of her promise to show her through the house.

Nellie was unhesitating in her commendations of Marguerite's chamber.

"Rose-colored window curtains and bed hangings and lounge covers by all that's delightful; why, Marguerite, you have everything in civilized style in this savage part of the world!" Then they passed out of the chamber upon the balcony, and stood admiring the wide expanse of blue water, dotted here and there with islets, and the far distant coast, split just opposite by the river, and varied up and down by frequent headlands and inlets. Marguerite placed a spy-glass in her friend's hand.

"I declare, Marguerite, this Island lies along due east of the mouth of the Potomac. Why, I can see the pines on Point Lookout and Point Rogers with the naked eye—and with the aid of the glass, I do think I can see so far up the river as your place, Plover's Point."

"That is fancy, my dear; Plover's Point is fifteen miles up the river."

As the air was calm and the water smooth, with the promise of continuing so for the night at least, and as there was a full moon, Mrs. Houston felt safe in remaining to tea.

When she was ready to go home, and before she left the chamber, where she had put on her outer garments, she tried to persuade Marguerite not only to come very soon to Buzzard's Bluff, but to fix the day when she might expect her.

"You will excuse me for some time yet, dearest Nellie. The truth is, that I arrived at home the day of the last storm; in crossing in a boat from the schooner to the Island, the wind was high and the water very rough, and I received a terrible fright—was within an inch of being lost in fact; I have not entered a boat since—have not the least idea that I shall be able to do so for a long time," said Mrs. Helmstedt, evasively.

"Why, not even when the sea is as calm as it is this beautiful night?"

"I fear not—the sea is proverbially treacherous."

"Why, you do not mean to say that—rather than venture on the water—you will confine yourself to this Island all your life?"

"I know not indeed! life is uncertain—mine may be very short."

"Why, Marguerite, how unlike yourself you are at this moment. What! Marguerite—my heroic Marguerite, she who 'held the blast in scorn,' growing nervous, fearing storms, doubting still water even, thinking of death? Whew! there must be some noteworthy reason for this

metamorphosis! Say, is it so, my dearest Mrs. Helmstedt?" inquired Nellie, with a smile half archness, half love.

For an answer Marguerite kissed her tenderly, when Nellie said,

"Well! well! I shall visit you frequently, Marguerite, whether you come to see me or not, for no change has come over your little Nellie, whom you know you can treat as you please—slight her, flout her, affront her, and she is still your little Nellie. Now please to lend me a shawl, for the air on the bay is too cool at night to make my black silk scarf comfortable, and I'll go."

Mr. and Mrs. Helmstedt walked down to the beach with Nellie and her boys, saw them enter the boat which quickly left the beach, and, with the dipping oars raising sparkles of light in its course, glided buoyantly over the moonlit water toward the distant point of Buzzard's Bluff.

Philip Helmstedt and Marguerite were left alone on the beach.

Philip stood with folded arms and moody brow, gloomily watching the vanishing boat.

But Marguerite was watching him.

He turned and looked at her, saying in a troubled voice,

"Marguerite, you are the warden of your own liberty! You can speak, if you choose, the words that will free you from restraint. Why will you not do it? You punish me even more than yourself by the obstinate silence that makes you a prisoner."

"Philip, it is not as you think. I cannot speak those words to which you allude; but, Philip, beloved, I can and do accept your fiat! let it rest so, dearest, until, perhaps, a day may come when I may be clear before you."

"The air is too chill for you, come to the house," said Mr. Helmstedt, and without making any comment upon her words, he gave Marguerite his arm and led her home.

From that day forward, by tacit consent, they never alluded to the subject that gave both so much uneasiness. And life passed calmly and monotonously to the Island.

Mrs. Houston made herself merry in talking to her mother, who was on a visit to Buzzard's Bluff, of Marguerite's nervousness and its probable cause. And both mother and daughter waived ceremony and often visited the Island, where they were always received with warm welcome both by Mr. and Mrs. Helmstedt. And not the faintest suspicion that there was any cause of disagreement between their friends ever approached the minds of either the Houstons or the Comptons. They saw the deep attachment

that existed between Philip and Marguerite, and believed them to be very happy. It is true that Mrs. Helmstedt's palpable ill-health was a subject of frequent comment on the part of Mrs. Houston, as well as of serious anxiety to Mrs. Compton.

"I fear that Marguerite will not live! I fear that she will die as her mother died," said the elder lady.

"I can scarcely realize that such a glorious creature should die; nor do I believe it! but she does remind me of that rich, bright, tropical flower that I bought at the conservatory in Richmond, and brought down to Buzzard's Bluff. It did not fade or bleach even in our bleak air; but dropped its head, wilted and died, as brilliant in death as in life. Marguerite lived out her glorious life in Richmond among worshipping friends—but now. And yet Philip Helmstedt loves her devotedly, loves her almost to death, as my little step-son, Franky, vows he loves me," said Nelie.

"To death!" there is some love like the blessed vivifying sunshine, such as the colonel's affection for you, Nelie, and some love, like the destroying fire, such as Philip Helmstedt's passion for Marguerite. And I do not know that she is one whit behind him in the infatuation," replied her mother.

One morning, Mrs. Houston brought a new visitor to see the beautiful recluse of Helmstedt's Island, the Rev. Mr. Wellworth, the pastor of Rockbridge parish, on the Northumberland shore, a gentleman, who from his elevated moral and intellectual character, was an invaluable acquisition to their limited circle.

Mr. Wellworth expressed a hope that Mrs. Helmstedt would come to church, and also that she would call on Mrs. Wellworth, who would be very happy to see her.

But Marguerite excused herself by saying that her health and spirits were fluctuating and uncertain, and that she never left home, although she would, at all times, be very much pleased to receive Mr. and Mrs. Wellworth, whom she hoped would do her the signal favor to waive etiquette, and come as often as they could make it convenient or agreeable.

Readily admitting the validity of these excuses, the pastor took the lady at her word and soon brought his wife to visit her.

And excepting the family at Buzzard's Bluff, this amiable pair were the only acquaintances Mrs. Helmstedt possessed in the neighborhood.

Thus calmly and monotonously passed life on and around the Island; its passage marked that year by only two important events.

The first was the retirement of Col. Compton from political life, (dismissed the public service by the new President, Thomas Jefferson,) followed by the breaking up of his establishment at Richmond, and the removal to Northumberland county, where the colonel and his wife took up their abode with their daughter and son-in-law at Buzzard's Bluff. This event broke off the intimate connection between them and the bustling world they had left, though for a few weeks of every winter Nelie went to visit her friends in the city, and for a month or two, every summer, received and entertained them at Buzzard's Bluff. Nelie declared that without this variety she should go melancholy mad; and at the same time wondered how Marguerite—the beautiful and brilliant Marguerite—would endure the isolation and monotony of her life on the Island.

The other important occurrence was the accouchment of Mrs. Helmstedt, that took place early in October, when she became the mother of a lovely little girl. The sex of this child was a serious disappointment to Mr. Helmstedt, who had quite set his heart upon a son and heir, and who could scarcely conceal his vexation from the penetrating, beseeching eyes of his unhappy wife.

Mrs. Compton came and passed six weeks with the invalid, nursing her with the same maternal care that, in like circumstances, she would have bestowed upon her own daughter, Nelie, and often repeating cheerfully,

"When Marguerite gets well we shall have her out among us again," or other hopeful words to the same effect.

But Marguerite was never again quite well. Brighter and brighter, month after month, burned in her sunken cheeks and mournful eyes, the secret fire that was consuming her frame.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

THE VISITOR.

Speak! speak thou fearful guest!

LONGFELLOW.

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy blood! SHAKESPEARE.

SPIRITUALLY speaking there is no such thing as time or space, as measured by numbers. For often moments in our experience drag themselves painfully on into indefinitely protracted duration, and sometimes years pass in a dream, "as a tale that is told."

Life passed monotonously to all on Helmstedt's Island; but most monotonously to her who might not leave its shores. Every one else among its inhabitants often varied the scene by going upon

the main-land on either side of the bay. Mr. Helmstedt went off almost every morning, not unfrequently remaining out all day to dine at Col. Houston's, Mr. Wellworth's, or some other friend's house. The domestic and out-servants relieved each other in turn, that they might go to church on Sundays, or visit their friends on the shore. Only Marguerite never upon any account left the Island. The Houstons and the Comptons would expostulate with her, and talk to Mr. Helmstedt, alike in vain.

"Indeed I cannot leave the Island, dear friends," would Marguerite say; without assigning any reason why she would not.

"Mrs. Helmstedt does not choose to leave home; it is her will to confine herself to the Island, and her will is a very dominant one, as you know," would be Mr. Helmstedt's explanation.

"I declare it is a monomania! Marguerite is a riddle. Here some years ago she used to run away from us all, and be absent six or seven months without deigning to inform us either where or why she went; now she chooses to confine herself within the limits of her Island home, without giving us any reason for the eccentricity. But I suppose, indeed, that it is all occasioned by the state of her nerves," would be Nelie's comment upon all this.

Meanwhile Mrs. Helmstedt passed her time in superintending her house and servants, all of which was faultlessly managed; in rearing her child; and in attending, as only a devoted wife can attend, to the personal comforts of her husband during the day, and in entertaining him and any chance visitor with her harp, or voice, or varied conversation, in the evening. Those days upon which Mr. Helmstedt was absent were the longest and heaviest of all to the recluse—but her greatest comforts were her child, her occupations, and the contemplation of the glorious scenery around her.

She could never weary of the "infinite variety" of the sea. Some days, in fine weather, when the sky was clear, the air calm, and the water smooth, the bay spread out a vast, level mirror, framed far away by green shores, and reflecting the firmament from a bosom pure and peaceable as heaven. Other days, when the winds were rising and the waves heaving, the whole sky lowered down upon the sea, the wild waters leaped to meet it, and clouds and waves were mingled together in dreadful chaos, like two opposing armies in mortal conflict. Some nights the whole grand expanse of the bay was changed into an ocean of fluid silver, with shores of diamond light, by the shining of the full moon down

upon the clear water and glittering white sandy beach. Other nights, when there was no moon, the dark, transparent waters reflected clearly the deep blue firmament, brilliantly studded with stars. And between these extreme phases, under foul, or fair days, or dark or bright nights, there was every variety and shade of change.

When the weather and her engagements permitted, Mrs. Helmstedt, attended only by her faithful Newfoundlander, "Fidelle," passed much time in walking up and down the sandy beach, looking far out upon the free waters, or using her spy-glass to observe some distant passing ship and its crew. She made the most of the space allotted to her. The Isle, a mile long by a quarter broad, was about two miles and a half around. Often, to afford herself the longest walk, she started from some given spot, and following the beach made the circuit of the Island. A long and varied walk for a stranger; but monotonous to her who had no other, and who from her earliest infancy had been a natural Rambler. She, who through childhood and youth, had delighted to wander out among the wild scenes of nature, and lose herself amid the pathless woods; or to spring upon her favorite steed and fly over hill and vale, miles and miles away; or jump into a boat, propelled by her own single hand, and explore the coast with its frequent points and headlands, creeks and inlets, felt most severely and bitterly this constraint upon her motions. She never complained, in word, or even in look; she accepted the suffering and hid it deep in her heart with her secret sorrow. Both prayed upon her health of mind and body. Daily her form grew thinner, and the fire in her cheeks and eyes brighter and fiercer.

Philip Helmstedt observed all this with pain and dread. Yet his pride and firmness would not permit him to yield one tittle.

This is a conflict between our wills, Marguerite," he said, "and one in which you should, at once, as you must sooner or later, yield."

"I will when I can, Philip!"

"You must, for you are very weary of this Island."

"I have not said so."

"You are very obstinate, Mrs. Helmstedt."

"I am very unhappy in offending you—that is a greater sorrow to me than my restraint."

"They are the same in fact. Remember, Marguerite, that you are your own custodian, and know how to get your liberty. Speak and you are free!"

"Would, indeed, that I might utter the words you wish to hear, Philip Helmstedt. Alas, I cannot!"

"Will not, you mean. Very well, Marguerite, then remember that you choose this confinement to the Island."

She bowed her head in proud, though sad acquiescence, saying, "Be it so! I accept your version of the affair, Philip. I choose this confinement to the Island."

Mrs. Helmstedt's immense wealth was for the present not only of no use, but of some vexation to her; it was troublesome to manage, upon account of her various estates being in places distant, or of difficult access; and some four or five times in the course of each year, it became necessary for Mr. Helmstedt to make a journey of three or four weeks for the settlement of accounts.

These absences were so trying to the secluded woman, who had no companion but her husband, and could scarcely bear to lose him for a day, that she suggested to Mr. Helmstedt that they should avail themselves of the first favorable opportunity to dispose of Eagle-flight, her mountain farm, and of her house on Loudoun street, in Winchester. Whereupon, Mr. Helmstedt, who desired nothing better, immediately advertised the property for sale and soon found purchasers. When the transfer was made and price paid, Mr. Helmstedt consulted his wife in regard to the disposition of the purchase money.

"Invest it in your own name, and in any way you see fit, dear Philip," she said.

And he probably took her at her word, for the subject was never renewed between them.

Plover's Point, her most valuable estate, being but fifteen miles up the river, on the Virginia side, was so readily accessible that it had been permitted to remain under cultivation, in the hands of an overseer, subject to the occasional supervision of the master. But at last an opportunity was presented of selling the place for a very liberal price, and Mr. Helmstedt made known the fact to his wife. But Marguerite declined disposing of Plover's Point upon any terms whatever.

"It was my mother's ancestral home, and my own birth-place, dearest Philip! As my mother left it to me, I wish to leave it to my daughter."

"As you please," said her husband, and dropped the subject.

A few days after that, he came to her with an inquiry whether she would be willing to give a lease of the property for a term of years. And glad to be able to meet his wishes at any point, Mrs. Helmstedt at once agreed to the proposition.

The new tenant of Plover's Point was Dr. Hartley, with his wife, son and daughter. They

were a great accession to the neighborhood, for though fifteen miles up the river, they were in that sparse district considered neighbors. The Houstons, Comptons and Wellworths called upon them, as also did Mr. Helmstedt, who apologized for the non-appearance of his wife, saying that Mrs. Helmstedt suffered in health and spirits, and never left her home; and expressed a hope that they would dispense with form and visit her there. And this at last, Dr. and Mrs. Hartley decided to do, and after having once made the acquaintance of Marguerite, they felt powerfully attracted to pursue it.

About this time, being five years from the birth of her daughter, Marguerite became the mother of an infant son, who merely opened his eyes upon this world, to close them again immediately in death.

The loss of the babe was a severe disappointment to Mr. Helmstedt, and for that reason a heavier sorrow to Marguerite. Her health was now so enfeebled that her physician, Dr. Hartley, earnestly advised a change of air and scene; and his advice was warmly seconded by her friends at Buzzard's Bluff.

This consultation took place in the presence of Marguerite, who smiled proudly and mournfully.

Her husband answered,

"It shall be just as Mrs. Helmstedt decides; but as she has confined herself exclusively to her home, against the wishes and advice of all her friends, for more than five years, I greatly fear that she will not be induced, by anybody, to leave it."

Mrs. Houston replied,

"Think of it, Dr. Hartley. Mrs. Helmstedt has not set foot off this Island for nearly six years! enough in itself to ruin her health and spirits."

"Quite enough, indeed," said the kind-hearted physician, adding, "I hope, Mr. Helmstedt, that you will be able to persuade your wife to leave here for a time."

"I shall endeavor to do so," gravely answered that gentleman.

And when the visitors had all departed, and Mr. Helmstedt was alone with his wife, he took her white, transparent hand, and gazing mournfully into her emaciated, but still brilliantly beautiful face, said,

"Marguerite, will you have mercy on yourself? will you save your life? will you, in a word, make the revelation I require as your only possible ransom, so that I may take you where you may recover your health? Will you, Marguerite?"

She shook her head in sorrowful pride.
 "Have you so mistaken me after all these
 years, Philip! and do you think that the revelation
 I could not make for your dear sake six

years ago, I can make now for my own? No,
 Philip, no."

And again, for a time, the harassing subject
 was dropped. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A DREAM AND A REALITY.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

UNFETTERED by a single care
 I roved on Fancy's radiant wings,
 Through scenes so bright, so Heavenly fair,
 As ne'er are found 'mid earthly things.

Methought I saw a lovely stream,
 Whose tranquil depths reflected bright
 An azure sky, which morning's beam
 Was flooding with a golden light.

And on its banks, where sweet perfumes
 Like incense rose from myriad flowers,
 Bright birds displayed their gilded plumes,
 And filled with melody the bowers.

Angelic forms in bright array
 Sported that chrystal stream beside,
 Or 'mid the flowers wove garlands gay,
 And cast them on its azure tide.

Stainless and pure they seemed to be,
 Incapable of guile or wrong,
 With hearts from care and sorrow free,
 Like creatures of some poet's song.

The trusting confidence of youth
 Made eloquent each beaming eye,
 And spoke in words of Heaven-born truth
 From lips ne'er soiled by flattery.

Transported with what seemed more fair
 Than legends paint Elysian land,

I seemed to breathe enchanted air,
 And on enchanted ground to stand.

I waked, and oh! how changed the scene,
 How quick, alas! the enchantment fled,
 When fancy dropped the radiant screen
 That o'er the scene such brightness shed.

The stream a troubled flood had grown,
 Whose surging waves tossed wild and high,
 Dark shadows o'er the earth were thrown
 From clouds that swept along the sky.

Still by the stream some flowers were strewn,
 'Twere cheerless all without them now;
 Though half their melody was gone,
 The birds still sung on leafy bough.

The angels too were there, but oh!
 Care-worn and earth-stained were they now,
 And sin (of every charm the foe)
 Had left its impress on each brow.

'Tis ever thus, when Life's wild stream
 We deem a calm and sunny tide,
 We wake to find 'twas but a dream,
 And feel the storms that o'er it ride.

And vainly may we hope to find
 Perfection 'mong the sons of earth,
 For spotlessness of heart and mind
 Are only found with Heavenly birth.

I'D LIVE A LIFE AMONG THE HILLS.

BY JOHN DENNIS.

I'd live a life among the hills,
 Come, Mary, wilt thou live with me?
 We'll have the music of the rills,
 Or skylark's sweeter melody.
 No angry words shall mar our rest,
 'Twere hard if two could not agree,
 We'll be so happy in our nest—
 Come, Mary, wilt thou live with me?

I know a dear sequestered nook,
 A sheltered spot, a happy place,
 Oh! there the very flowers would look
 More lovely, gazing on thy face;

I know a cottage far away—
 But not too far for Love to flee—
 Then, Mary, answer, yea? or nay?
 Sweet Mary, wilt thou live with me?

The town is not a place for rest,
 I'm weary of its garish strife,
 And long with Nature to be blest,
 And thee, dear Mary, as a wife.
 How gladly through life's checkered day,
 I'd share its weal and woe with thee!
 Then, Mary, answer, yea? or nay?
 Sweet Mary, wilt thou live with me?

HUSKING.

BY OLARA AUGUSTA.

AUTUMN is passed—the yellow corn was husked and deposited in ample graneries and groaning barns long ago—we know that as well as any one, but we love to talk of things that are passed, and so we sit down to tell you about a husking, a regular old-fashioned husking which took place two years ago.

At that time I was at school in M—— Academy. A glorious place that M——! splendid location on the beautiful river W——; flourishing manufacturing, shops where (wonderful to relate) you could find what you wanted, and not everything that you did not want; three churches in good standing; three ministers (world's wonders!) that exactly suited the ideas of their respective people; two lawyers and four doctors made to order; and women who meddled with nobody's business but their own.

While at school I formed a somewhat intimate acquaintance with a very pretty young girl, from far back in the country, by the name of Emma—Emma Seymour. Well, to come at once to the point, Emma invited me to go home with her to spend a vacation of four days, which the principal's business obliged him to have. As my own home was some sixty miles away. I consented to Emma's proposal; and at the expected time her brother, Walden Seymour, came for us with a horse and chaise. A delightful ride we had through a delightful section of country—broad meadows, swelling hills, tiny lakes, with the crimson maples and yellow beeches bending lovingly over their bosoms; and the blue-mist wrapped peak of Chocoruer looming boldly up in the distance. The ride was not long, only about fifteen miles, and by sunset the old farmhouse appeared in view. Just the place for visiting—just the place for home enjoyment. A long, low house, with moss-grown eaves, situated in the very midst of a grove of elms; and the windows were curtained with the wild eglantine bushes, which climbed over the weather-stained porticoes. Then there were wide barns, and ample sheds attached, and yards full of good-natured looking cows, and demure oxen resting from their labors under the huge sycamores. All in keeping—nothing out of place—I was delighted.

Then such a reception as we met with! and

such a supper! Chickens done a delicate brown, just the right shade, excellent white bread, golden butter, fragrant cheese, delicious custard, and then on one side, my own favorite dish, creamed apples! strange how they guessed it. Then we had a pleasant, sociable evening, before the great beech-wood fire, which the cool weather rendered grateful, chatting on popular themes, and eating walnuts.

The next day, at breakfast, Mrs. Seymour asked me how I should enjoy an old-fashioned husking—"red ears of corn," and all.

"Glorious! Mrs. Seymour, glorious!" I returned, with a school girl's enthusiasm.

"The boys have made preparations for a time, and if you'll enjoy it there's nothing to hinder it's coming off to-night—is there, Walden?" and Mrs. Seymour looked with all a mother's pride upon her eldest born, and I looked in that direction too. (N. B.—Walden Seymour was fine looking.)

Walden had no objections to offer, so the domestic preparations went on, and by sundown an epicure's heart would have been rejoiced at the array of eatables in the great kitchen closet. Pumpkin pies by the dozen, apple pies counted in the same way, heaping pans full of dough-nuts, gingerbread, cranberry tarts, lemon cakes, snow-white biscuit: and in the side brick oven were steaming the most tempting plum-puddings only waiting to be devoured.

At an early hour the company began to assemble; some in carriages, some on foot, and a very few on horseback. Young, aged, middle aged, male and female, long faces and short ones, all crowding in together, anxious to see, hear, and know everything that passed.

Mrs. Seymour kindly introduced me to those young gentlemen whom she considered the "best matches," supposing (thoughtful old lady!) that I was anxious for a "settlement."

When all invited had arrived, we proceeded to the great barn, the floors of which were covered with the gathered ears, ripe and yellow, peeping out from their coverings of wan gold. Benches were ranged around the sides of the floors for the laborers, and huge baskets placed at a convenient distance awaited the "spoils."

Mrs. Seymour had, in the goodness of her

heart, dressed me in a long, blue apron of hers. Soon one great awkward fellow, with a superfluity of limbs, which, by-the-way, he had no definite idea of a fitting manner of disposing of, made room for me on the bench beside him, offering me his coat to sit on, "for fear," he said, "I should get my gowned siled." I thanked him, but declined his magnanimous offer.

He blushed up to his hair, and applied a red silk bandanna to his nose, not so much because that important organ required such attendance, as because he felt it necessary to do something, but was not certain what would be most appropriate.

"Oh," said he, when at last he found language, "you was intirely velcome, if you hadn't 'a been I shouldn't ha' said so!"

"Very fine evening, Mr. Hawkins," said I, wishing to draw the gentleman out.

"Tol'ble so—rather chilly, though—powerful bad for corn that hain't cut; our'n is out, as much as tew acres of it, and the old man's got nobody to blame but hisself—I said he'd better git the corn in and let the taters alone, but he sed, no, he'd dig the taters first, and he did! Now, don't you think the corn ought to ha' been got fust?"

"Certainly, Mr. Hawkins; you must be right."

"Wal, there! you're quite a sensible gal arter all, now, ain't ye? The fust semernary gal that ever I seed that know'd beans! Em 'll be spilt if she stays down there to M—— much longer—begins to hold her head rather spyery aready!" (in a very low whisper) "did you know that John Stiggins wanted to stay with Em Seymour?"

"I know nothing of John Stiggins," I said.

"Law! hain't you heerd of that? why, I thought everybody from Dan to Bensheber knowed that! it's been the town talk! Wal, John is a well-to-do young feller, got a farm, and fifty dollars in the bank, but jest between you and I, he ain't over-and-above bright in the upper story; kinder thinks more of hisself than anybody does of him."

About this time there was a disturbance at the other part of the barn, girls screamed, some giggled, and I observed that many covered their faces in their hands and sat like "inanimate statues."

"What are they doing?" asked I, of my Hawkins.

"Golly! I guess you'll find out! he, he, he! he! Do ye know what kissin' is? eh?" And my amiable companion smirked up into my face, till I wished him the other side of the Rocky Mountains.

Along come a Hercules of a fellow, swinging

and brandishing far above his head an ear of red corn, and certainly, if he had been a prince of the royal blood, bearing the banner of his ancestors, he could not have borne himself more regally. To my inexpressible horror, I saw him eject an enormous quid of the Virginia weed from his capacious mouth, previous to making his way to my humble self, remarking as he did so, "Some gals don't like terbaceer!" As he said this, he made a low bow, which it is my private opinion, dislocated as much as one vertebra, and said,

"Marm, I'm a sort of a modest feller where there's perlite female women, and as I got the fust red ear, I 'spose you know what I've got to do? Don't ye?"

"No, sir, I am not overseer of your business, to my knowledge," I replied, in a tone intended to be as cold as Nova Zenbler.

"Good Lord! you hain't then? are ye? Wall, who sed you was, I wonder? If I must speak plain, I've got to kiss ye. Make way there, Tom Hawkins, and let me come!"

"Sam Smith," interposed my Hawkins, drawing himself up till he was terrible in his straining vest-buttons, "this lady is under my keer, and if you kiss her agin her will, I'll knock ye into the middle of next week in no time!"

Reader, if you'll believe me, Tom Hawkins looked interesting to me then.

Sam Smith turned up the yellows of his eyes, and as he "made off," I caught the muttered ejaculation, "Don't keer a snap! Sem gals allers paints and white-washes, they say—should 'a got my mouth full of it, I'll warrant," and Mr. Smith consoled himself with bestowing his caresses on a red-haired girl, with a nose like an ancient sugar bowl. Did him good, no doubt.

A song was called for, and a dozen different voices, singing a dozen different parts, not laid down in ordinary singing books, performed "Old Dog Tray" to the tune of "Old Hundred."

"Whoa! there!" called out my Hawkins, "that sounds like a rat runnin' on a shingle! sing it agin, and put some kind of life intew it, like this," and he immediately immortalized "Old Tray" in the stirring air of "Yankee Doodle."

By nine o'clock, the corn was finished, and safely deposited upon the wide floor of the great "corn-house." It was a cheering sight to look at it, and think of all the delicious puddings, "short cakes," "tea drops," and "brown Indian bread," in which it would form the principal ingredient.

The supper was highly relished, I have no doubt, for the rapidity with which eatables and

"drinkables" disappeared, reminded one forcibly of the account in the old story book of "the big toad that swallowed up the whole earth and himself after it."

As soon as supper was despatched, the girls set to work at clearing the table, and making ready the kitchen (as my Hawkins informed me) for a short season of old-fashioned "plays," in which kissing and peeping through chair-backs formed the principal part.

"Blind Man's Buff," was proposed, and Mr. Hawkins consented to be the first blind-folded, and in pursuing of a tall girl with a graceful curve in her back, which enabled her to pass safely through "narrow places," Mr. Hawkins unfortunately attempted to follow her beneath an enormous clothes pole, which occupied one corner of the room, when, alas, for human frailty! his head came in violent contact with the pole, and in less time than my lazy pen can write it, he lay upon the floor.

"No bones is broke!" observed that gentleman, after feeling to see if his drab-colored moustache was safe, (Emma declares it was nothing but a piece of buffalo skin fastened on with sticking plaster) and arranging his rumpled "dickey" before the looking-glass.

About twelve o'clock, some of the other people suggested the propriety of "being a-moving," and our interesting guests took their leave; each and every one urging me to come to "their house" to tea, before I returned to M——.

Mr. Hawkins gave me an affectionate squeeze of the hand, and in a low voice informed me, "that after all, he shouldn't wonder if that fall had hurt his left hip some," but urged me, "not to be worried about it; he'd got some stuff to hum, that would make it as good as new!"

"Carry," said Mrs. Seymour to me, as we were sitting at breakfast the next morning, "you have made a conquest. I shouldn't be surprised if Hawkins should ask an important question—soon." Aunt Seymour laughed pleasantly, and displayed her teeth—Mrs. Seymour had splendid teeth.

For the rest of my stay at the farm, we rode and walked, and romped to our heart's content; and the last afternoon, Welden left his work and went beech-nutting with us—just to please me, of course.

Scarcely would I have believed so much poetry lay hidden in the breast of that farmer boy as flashed out during our pleasant stroll that gorgeous October day. He told me that he hoped, one day, to be able to go to college, and in books of classic lore find that full fruition of his aspirations, which was denied him in the ordinary walks of life. And when I saw his dark eye kindle and his cheek flush, I knew that he would yet stand high in the temple of honor; and I was right. Through stony places his way lies even yet, but there is light upon the distant hills; and he will, in due time, sit down in its silent glory!

A few words more of Tom Hawkins. Mrs. Seymour was a true prophetess, for shortly after my return to M——, I received a note, making me an offer of partnership in the house of Hawkins. The cogent reasoning in favor of this "firm" was, as nearly as I recollect, as follows:

"Our cows is gittin' skittish of men folks, and mother is gittin' skittish of the cows; and I want a wife. Father's lame back gits worsen instead of better, and he wants a sight of waitin' upon, and I want a wife—and I kinder took a shine to you at the huskin', and if you want a husband, I don't see how you can do any better than to take me! Hopin' to hev an onsur soon, I am

Your'n till deth does part us!

THOMAS HAWKINS."

My "onsur" was the simplest of all things.

"MR. HAWKINS—I decline your offer.

Yours, &c., C—— J——."

Emma is married now to a young lawyer; and I am the same "stray waif" as ever; but to let folk know that I have received one offer, I have told about Tom Hawkins.

IN HEAVEN.

EARTH was aglow with Autumn's deep'n'ing tints,
And the low music of old Ocean's wave
Came like the echo of a far-off strain.

Love's radiance lit that golden harvest time,
And the love ballad of Affection's lyre
Made earth all glory, like the Christian's Heaven.

Then life seem'd one long day of happiness.

But waking from that sweet, untroubled dream,
How cold and cheerless all the Future dawns!

A worn-out, weary heart, a care-toss'd soul,
I gaze upon the mystic gloom of night,
Less dark and shrouded than the mind within.

A spell is on my spirit—I can ne'er
Unclasp this mournful memory from my heart,
But bear it sacred 'till we meet again. J. A. B.

TWO WAYS OF MANAGING HUSBANDS.

BY PERCIE H. SELTON.

Few things are more common in domestic life, than for the husband and wife to strive for the mastership; and thus human beings, who ought to assist each other, and dwell together in affection, frequently pass a life of discord in rendering each other unhappy. The husband who is not greatly influenced by a prudent and affectionate helpmate is unworthy of her, and the wife who so far forgets herself as to try to rule her husband, will not increase her happiness by usurping his authority. The husband, when he is aware that his wife has more prudence, judgment, and talent than himself, does well to avail himself of them by leaving to her the management of affairs requiring the exercise of these qualities. It is a purely selfish motive that actuates either husband or wife to rule each other, and yet this motive, unworthy as it is, exerts its baneful influence in ten thousand times ten thousand hearts.

Mr. Connor was a well-meaning man of very little energy of character, and was completely under the control of his wife. Mrs. Connor was continually boasting no man should rule her, that she took care to let her husband see that she had spirit, and that she could make him do what she liked at any time. Poor Mr. Connor submitted to this thralldom very patiently, rather than contend with her, for when he did try to contend with her, she got into such dreadful passions that she actually terrified him half out of his senses, and he trembled like one in an ague; to secure his own peace he consented to her ruling him, and rule him she did in every thing.

Mr. Cooper, a neighbor, was fond of laughing at Mr. Connor's weakness. "Would I," he often said, "be such a poor, spiritless being as to be ruled by my wife? No, never! Poor Connor dare not say that the sun shines, without first asking leave of his wife; but my wife knows pretty well that my will must be obeyed." Now this very positive over-bearing disposition on Cooper's part enabled his wife to manage him easily; if she wanted to stay at home, she proposed to go out, when he immediately determined not to stir a foot out of doors, to show he was master; if she really wished a walk, she had only to request him to allow her to finish

what she was engaged in within doors, and he would put on his hat, and in a dictatorial manner tell her to put on her bonnet.

Mrs. Connor and Mrs. Cooper once agreed to have a day's pleasure, it was therefore settled between them that their husbands should take them to a place of popular resort, about twelve miles distant. It was only necessary for Mrs. Connor to express her intention in a determined way, when her husband, to avoid a quarrel, agreed directly to drive her over. Mrs. Cooper, however, went another way to work. She was determined to go, and commenced to her husband as follows:—"Would you believe," said she, "that our neighbors, the Connors, are silly enough to spend a whole day in a visit to Bluff Springs; they mean to go to-morrow." Says Mr. Cooper, "I do not know there is anything so silly in it; if I felt disposed to go there or anywhere else I would go." "Certainly," said Mrs. Cooper, "you might go, but you would not be so unreasonable as to take me there against my will." "Against your will indeed!" said Mr. Cooper; "a wife ought to have no will but that of her husband; if I thought proper for you to go, you should go." "Excuse me," said Mrs. Cooper, "you have had your own way too much; if I were determined not to go, you would find some trouble in persuading me." "Trouble in persuading you," said Cooper; "then I am resolved to go, and you shall go too. I will have my way, Mrs. Cooper, and no wife in the world shall control me; so to-morrow morning prepare to go to the Springs, for whether you will or not, there shall you go." "Mr. Cooper," said his wife, "I know when you take a thing into your head you will have your own way; I never yet met with so determined a man."

"Well," retorted Mr. Cooper, "I will have my way, and to show you that I will, I will have a chaise at the door at eight o'clock." In the morning Mr. and Mrs. Connor set off, and soon after the Coopers. Mr. Cooper fully determined to convince his wife that he was master, his wife secretly delighted to think how well she had managed him.

There are too many wives, who are either like Mrs. Cooper, or like Mrs. Connor; and too many husbands, who either drive, or are driven.

Selfishness on one part begets selfishness on the other. A tyrannical husband makes his wife either broken-spirited or cunning. An exacting wife changes even a good husband into a dissipated or unmanly one. There should be mutual consideration for each other's wishes on both sides; and without this, indeed, true or permanent happiness, in the married state, is impossible. Neither husband nor wife should ever think of managing the other.

THE MOUNTAIN.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

BEHOLD the mountain monarch on his throne
Of granite, robed in mist, and crowned with light!
The sea which sighs forever at his feet
Showers kisses on him from the lips of shells,
And breaks like a great heart upon the shore.
Coquetting clouds, flushed with the glow of morn,
Fold their soft arms about his ample neck,
And on his shoulders weep delicious showers,
While he like a stern lover stands unmoved.
When thunder smites him with a lance of fire;
When hail, shot from ice-batteries in the clouds
Breaks on his unprotected head as though
The sky were an exploding shell; when winds,
Strong gusts, assault him with invisible wings,
And tumble avalanches down his sides,
Then hurl them into chasms deep and dark
Like moons rolled from their sphere into the night;
He leans against the stars, and quiet looks
Beyond the storm where Heaven is calm, serene.
Giant of earth! offspring of this fair orb!
Upon thy rocky pages I can read
The history of thy ancient mother Chaos.

Imperishable records of the past
Are chronicled in granite language here
In the Creator's own chirography.
I will ascend this stairway of the sky
To the bald peaks where eagles build their nests,
And wild goats browse amid the dangerous crags.
Thy awful shadow chills my ardent blood,
And haunts the valley like a Titan Ghost.
Up step by step I slowly wend my way,
Until I reach the summit which looks down
On vales below, "wide spread and beautiful."
This noble mountain lifts me from the world
In its white arms beyond the rosy clouds,
Where I may freely taste the virgin air
Unstained by fevered lips and foul breathed tubes.
The ocean, lashed by winds, crawls from the shore
Like a huge monster bellowing with rage;
Torrents unwind their shining threads from hills
About, into the fertile plain which seems
Another sea, whose grassy billows mock
The undulations of the adjacent deep,
He sees it all stern, heedless, and unmoved.

THE REALM OF DREAMS.

BY CLARENCE MELVIN.

I WANDERED through the realm of dreams,
Where Fancy's visions throng,
And gazed upon its sunny streams,
So fair in light and song;
I watched the ever varying shade
Steal o'er the sunset hue,
And shifting colors burn and fade
Along its boundless blue.

No shadows from the realms of night
Across its fields were thrown;
No clouds to dim its azure light
Its sunny skies had known;
But radiant from its living source,
The tide of beauty came,
And scattered, in its golden course,
Its ever-burning flame.

Lulled by the echoes breathing sweet,
My spirit caught the glow
Which Time, upon its ceaseless beat,
Reveals to none below;
And Hope, amid its wandering,
Had reached its high desire,
Where glad fruition marks its reign
In bright, celestial fire.

Forgetful that its fairy light
Had aught of shadow deep,
I pictured in sweet Fancy's flight
The mystic realm of sleep;
But fading from my wondering eyes,
Like Hope's deceitful gleam,
I saw the golden vision rise,
And found it all a dream.

DEACON JONES' DAUGHTER.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

It was quite early in the morning, so early that the half-opened eyes of the sun were peeping drowsily over the mountain, and his "yellow hair" floating disheveled "upon the eastern clouds." Slowly he raised his great head; downward and downward fell his warm glances, until they reached the roof of Deacon Jones' barn, illumining it with fluid gold.

At this signal, the inmates of the poultry-house contiguous to the barn, having for some time testified their uneasiness by divers crows and cacklings, floated down *en masse* from their airy stations and filled the barn-yard with commotion—geese, turkeys, ducks, hens, &c., speaking fast and joyfully in their several tongues, as if life were, to them, a blessing. Ah! did no faint foreshadowing, no dim foreboding of their coming doom, dampen the spirits of these fated fowls? For, gentle reader, Deacon Jones lived in Connecticut, and this was the day before Thanksgiving.

Deacon Jones' house looked quite ancient, but very pleasant, nestled under some maples, with a few antique poplars guarding it like sentinels. A column of smoke was already rising from its chimney, (for Deacon Jones was so old-fashioned as to have faith in that exploded maxim of one Mr. Franklin, viz: "Early to bed," &c.) The deacon, who was going through the yard with his milk-pail, observed the aforesaid column of smoke rising straight and high through the morning air, and with great satisfaction remarked to himself, "We ain't apt to git storms when the smoke goes up like that. A sartain sign o' fair weather," and selecting a golden pumpkin from a pyramid of them in the back yard, he entered the house. Let us follow him.

Within that ample kitchen all speaks of peace and plenty. The sunshine streams far across the painted floor; Bridget, the "hired girl," has spread the breakfast-table with scrupulous care; and a pleasant odor of coffee and buckwheat-cakes fills the room. Little Sammy, the son and heir of the Jones', has evidently just risen and made a hasty toilet; for his little check apron is buttoned up wrong; his yellow hair, "soft as the flax unspun," sticks up amazingly in a tangled shock of curls; he has on but one shoe, and sits gazing at the other with a bewildered and vacant

aspect, for his thoughts are still in dream-land; he is but half awake. Bridget, suddenly observing his forlorn appearance, pounces upon him, bears him away to a back room with a pump in it, known as the "sink-room," subjects him to an ablution, and seizing a comb, ruthlessly straightens his golden locks; thereby causing his pretty blue eyes to fill with tears, while Bridget thus administers the balm of her consolation. "Sure, now, what a lookin' objick ye be, intirely! Isn't it yer blessed mar that's cummin home to-day, and wud she knows her own darlint in such a wig? Niver a bit of it!" and pulling the comb through with a final jerk, she left him. His face was bright enough, as he took his seat at the table and exclaimed, "Mother and Susy are coming home to-day." "Yes," said the deacon, "and perhaps Ally 'll come with 'em and bring her baby. I hope they 'll come in the morning train, for your mother 'll have enough to do fixin' for Thanksgiving'. I expect the new minister will come to town to-day; perhaps he'll come in the same train with them; and I shall ask him here to dinner to-morrow, and as he's a stranger, I should like to have something uncommon nice."

It has become evident that Mrs. Jones, the wife and mother, "the centre and sun" of the household, was absent. She had gone with her youngest daughter, Susan, to visit her eldest daughter, Alice, who, two years before, had married a thriving mechanic, and gone to live in the city of New York. Mrs. Jones had been from home a week, and was expected back to-day, to give the finishing touches to the Thanksgiving "fixings."

Mr. Dawes, who had for many years been pastor of the church of which Deacon Jones was an official member, had died the summer before, and his successor, Mr. Philips, a young clergyman from New York, was to preach the Thanksgiving sermon. He had never visited the neighborhood, and was a stranger to most of its inhabitants, consequently curiosity was on the *qui vive*, and ominous were the predictions of divers old ladies, that "he'd never make Father Dawes' place good."

Meantime the "train," which contained Mrs. Jones and Susan, was speeding along with

dizzy swiftness, over embankments and bridges, through forests and villages. Mrs. Jones was a gentle, pleasant-looking woman, with an expression of calm, good sense in her grey eyes; though her face was traced with lines of care, the invariable portion of the wife of a New England farmer. Susan was about eighteen years old, but looked younger, and so fair and fresh was she, that she put you in mind of a half opened rose-bud, with the dew and freshness of the morning upon it. "How provoking it is," said she, to her mother, who was ever and anon glancing from the window of the car with an uneasy expression, "that Allie couldn't come home with us to-day! Father and Sammy will be so disappointed. How provoking that the baby should take it into his head to have the whooping-cough, just at this time, of all others," and a slight pout of her rosy lips revealed two rows of clear, shining, perfect teeth.

"Babies are not usually very accommodating nor self-denying," said her mother, with a faint smile, "but for my part, I feel as if it would all be for the best that she couldn't come. I've felt all day as if something was going to happen. It is foolish, superstitious, perhaps, but I cannot shake it off."

"Oh, mother," said Susan, "don't talk so! you frighten me. You are nervous. We are but fifteen miles from home, why should you fear?"

"I do not fear, Susan, though there is a dreadful weight upon my spirits. I know that, whatever happens, I am in the hands of God, and have nothing to fear."

At this moment the whistle gave a sudden, piercing shriek—Mrs. Jones involuntarily put her head out of the open window to see what the matter was. There was a jerk, a twitch—a vibratory motion—a crash—and all was darkness.

As soon as Susan recovered her thoughts, she found that she was half stifled beneath a pile of passengers, all of whom were struggling to regain their feet, making her position a perilous one. She clung desperately to the cushioned back of a seat which she felt near her, and for a moment lost her consciousness. Soon she became aware that a gentleman was assisting her through an aperture of the shattered car, and she passed through and stood in the open air, unharmed, save a few slight bruises, but so frightened that she could hardly stand. It appeared that the engine and the foremost car had been thrown from the track by running over a cow; and were now lying in a ditch at the foot of a steep embankment; but the couplings having

provisionally broken, the rest of the train was left standing upon the track. The conductor soon made his way among the stunned and terrified group of passengers, and ascertained that no one was materially injured; but their number was not all there; one was missing! "Oh! mother! mother!" cried Susan, in gathering terror, but no answer was returned. Getting more alarmed and excited every moment, she wrung her hands and ran distractedly to and fro among the passengers. The conductor, with several others, proceeded to examine the broken car, and soon ascertained that the lifeless remains of poor Mrs. Jones were lying partly in and partly under it. The horror-stricken, yet compassionate faces which they turned toward Susan, told her the dreadful truth as plainly as any words could have done, and a deathly sickness of agony struck to her heart; and every eye in the group of passengers was wet with sympathy and pity. Alas for the fair young girl, left motherless in the dawn of womanhood. Alas for poor little Sammy, who waits at the depot with his check apron nicely smoothed over his fluttering, expectant little heart, to receive the first kiss from the mother he will never see again!

When at last the car was raised up, and the mangled, crushed remains were placed upon a shutter, although Susan entreated wildly and passionately, and prayed upon her knees to be permitted to behold her mother; in very pity and humanity they restrained her, lest the sight should drive her mad.

Poor, poor Susan! she clung to a post of the fence which crossed the marshy meadow where they were standing, and leaned heavily against it in the utter blankness of despair. So stunning was this terrible blow of her first sorrow, that it seemed as if she were dreaming some frightful dream, from which she prayed God in mercy soon to awaken her. She saw as in a dream the mellow autumn landscape, the distant mountains veiled with silver mist-like floating gossamer, the river winding through the brown meadows, and the sad and awe-struck faces near her; but all seemed like a dream.

"I think I am not mistaken in taking you for a clergyman!" said the humane conductor, to a young man standing near. "Do, for the love of heaven, take charge of the poor child, and see what you can do to comfort her. Ladies and gentlemen, we are not half a mile from the next station; you had better proceed thither on foot, and remain for a few hours, when, I trust, we shall be able to proceed."

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He will

sustain thee," said a low voice at Susan's side, modulated to the softest tones of sympathy and compassion. Still hoping that her agony was but a dream, from which some one was about to awaken her, Susan looked up at the speaker. He was a young man, evidently less than thirty years old, dressed in a clerical suit of black, and holding his hat in his hand, having involuntarily and reverently bared his head in the awful presence of death and sorrow. Susan uttered no sound, and the stranger continued to speak on. Susan made no reply, save by a burst of tears, yet she suffered him to assist her up the embankment, and soon, with the other passengers, she was sheltered in a little inn at the railway station, and in about two hours was proceeding on her journey, while her stranger-friend, seated by her side, was gently leading her thoughts, by his words of strong and undaunted faith, up to that better country, where there shall be no sorrow nor sighing, no darkness nor shadow of death.

"A coffin!" exclaimed Deacon Jones, as the train stopped, "and to be left here. Whose can it be? Here comes Susy. Bless me, child, what is the matter with you? Where is your mother and Almy?"

"Oh, Susy! Susy!" cried Sammy, running up with his sweet face all a-glow, "Oh! I'm so glad you've come. I've been good all the time you've been gone. I have gathered a peck of chestnuts, and I'm going to give every one to you and mamma. But where is she?"

Poor Susan! what could she do but sit down and cover her face with her hands in utter helplessness. But her unknown friend came forward, and with the most careful kindness and gentleness, broke the fearful tidings. Let us not dwell upon the scene. It is every day enacted in some part of the broad earth, for hearts are daily broken, and mourners daily go about the streets; and so it must be until Christ shall put all enemies under his feet; and the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

Brightly shone the sun, the next morning, upon a thousand happy New England homes, alive and brisk with festive preparations. It shone upon a thousand happy faces which had turned from the conflict of life, to rest for that day under the roof-trees of their childhood; upon scores of pleasant churches, where the people would assemble that day to join in anthems of thanksgiving; upon silvered heads and failing eyes, which were to be gladdened that day by the sight of their long-scattered children, all gathered once more round the ancestral hearth. It shone also upon Deacon Jones' stricken and

desolated household, but it seemed to bring no warmth nor comfort. In the darkened parlor was a closed coffin; closed never to be opened; in their hearts was a void, never to be filled on earth. Sammy was still in his little bed; moaning, with flushed cheeks, in his heavy sleep for "Mamma, mamma!" and his yellow curls were still damp with tears. As Susan moved noiselessly around the house, every object she saw seemed to stab her to the heart. There was her mother's work, with the needle just as she left it; there was her Bible with the leaf turned down where she had last been reading.

The dreary hours of the morning and mid-day at last wore away, and late in the afternoon the little band of mourners were seated in the church, together with a large number of people who had assembled to pay the "last rites man pays to man." All was still within the church. The low, soft notes of the organ first vibrated upon the silence, and then many united voices solemnly chanted, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." The tones died away, and the minister read in a low, clear voice, which thrilled distinctly through the crowded church, "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come up to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." An undefinable sense of consolation entered Susan's heart, and for a moment she raised her drooping head to look at the speaker. It was her stranger-friend of yesterday, and she observed that his left arm was supported by a sling. The sermon proceeded. How soothingly each comfort-laden word fell upon the ears of that waiting congregation! how earth and its cares faded away! and how bright and near appear the eternal shores! It seemed as if the glowing faith of the speaker shed some portion of its influence upon all present; for at the conclusion of the sermon and prayer, instead of singing a funeral hymn, they burst forth, almost involuntarily, into a triumphant anthem of thanksgiving.

"Lift your glad voices in triumph on high!
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die!"

Then that closed coffin into which no tear of love might fall, no last lingering look of love be directed, was consigned to dust, and the mourners sought their home.

But, oh! the loneliness and dreariness of that home, when the twilight fell, with its gloom and shadows. And how the heavy consciousness of their loss came upon them when the lamps were lighted, and they gathered round the fire as usual. But soon there was a knock at the door, and as

Bridget opened it, Susan recognized, with feelings of grateful relief, the face of the new minister. He knew his presence, that evening, must be a comfort to the lonely family, and a great comfort it was.

"I see that your arm is bandaged," said the deacon, soon after his arrival, "were you, too, injured by your fall yesterday?"

"Yes," was the reply, "my arm was seriously bruised, but the physician hopes the bone is uninjured."

"Why did you say nothing of it yesterday?" inquired Susan, suddenly.

"I did not wish to trouble you, my child," said he, kindly, "you had enough to bear."

Susan said no more, but she thought of the fortitude with which he had concealed his own suffering, while he had been so kindly endeavoring to comfort her, and she began to reflect that there was something selfish in her own utter abandonment to grief, and that, for the sake of her father and brother, she should conceal her sorrow, and do what she could to lighten theirs. And she thought of it still, even when the evening was far spent, and the last words of the minister's fervent parting prayer had died away, and he had gone. And that night she earnestly besought of God that she might "suffer and be strong."

And bravely she acted upon her resolution during the long, long months of the following winter. Never had the house looked more cheerful and tidy, never had the work been more carefully "seen to," never had little Sammy's curly hair been more nicely brushed. Yet she met with many trials and discouragement in her youth and inexperience: there were many nights when her pillow was wet with half despairing tears; and there were days of care and perplexity when the want of her mother pressed heavily upon her heart.

But the nearest neighbor, old Mrs. Baker, was, as the saying went, "a kind, motherly soul," and to her Susan went with many of her troubles to have them smoothed. Many invaluable instructions in the mysteries of "doin' up sass," "puttin' down meat," "spungin' bread," &c. &c., did Susan receive from her kind old friend, who, though somewhat addicted to gossiping, was nevertheless a great assistance to her.

Mr. Phillips, the minister, was always a welcome visitor. He had lost his young wife two years before, and his only child was a fair, delicate girl of three years, of whom Susan soon became very fond; perhaps in sympathy for her motherless condition. As the parsonage was quite near, Susan would often send Bridget over

to bring little Ella home with her to spend the day, and Mr. Phillips never seemed better pleased than on such occasions. Indeed, Mr. Phillips' very frequent visits at the deacon's had become the theme of various speculations in the vicinity. It was surmised by some single ladies who were wont to watch the minister's movements, that the deacon's pretty daughter was quite as much the cause of those frequent visits as the transaction of church business with the deacon. But not a syllable of this had reached Susan's ear, and if it had, she would have rejected the idea with indignation. She regarded the minister with a respect, a reverence amounting to awe. She thought him a person of almost superhuman perfection, but the idea of marrying him had no more entered her mind than that of wedding the "man in the moon."

The winter at last passed away, "the time of the singing of birds had come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land." Deacon Jones' house was attacked by that semi-annual epidemic which rages in New England, known as "house-cleaning." It was a soft, warm day when the symptoms appeared in the form of a yard full of blankets hung to dry, while in the green field in the rear of the house might be seen Bridget, with her substantial arms bared to the shoulders, shaking and beating carpets with all her might. Within the house all was dire confusion, bedsteads taken to pieces and "piled up," curtains removed, furniture thrown together in heaps as if by an earthquake. The panic had not yet extended to the cozy sitting-room, nor to the kitchen, where Susan stood in trouble and perplexity. The morning was wearing away, there was everything to be done, and there was a veal-pie to be made for dinner, and she knew not how to prepare it; and Bridget, usually the kindest of her kind, was cross and hurried, and refused to leave her cleaning for all the "veal-pies in the country." Susan's eyes were full of tears, of care, and vexation, when they suddenly lighted upon the huge bonnet of old Mrs. Baker passing the kitchen windows. Susan sprang to meet her with a cordial and beaming face, and an earnest and child-like entreaty for her to stay and help her out of her trouble. "Yes, child," said Mrs. Baker, "I thought I'd come over and stay a spell. I reckoned you might want my help, as you ain't much used to house-cleanin'. Is it a veal-pie you're makin'? Mercy! you wasn't a calculatin' to put in all that saleratus, was you? 'Twould spile it! You jest put away my bunnit and give me an aperon, and I'll mix up the crust for you."

Accordingly the old lady's bonnet was put

away, and before her skilful hands and motherly instructions Susan's perplexities vanished. The house-cleaning progressed finely, and an excellent dinner was on the table in good season. Soon after, Mrs. Baker resumed her bonnet. "Oh, don't go yet," pleaded Susan, "do stay all the afternoon; it is so lonesome."

"If I'd a fetched my knittin' work," said Mrs. Baker, "I could a stayed as well as not; but I can't set idle all the arternoon."

"But I will send Sammy over after your work, and you shall stay with me. Come, take this rocking-chair and let me make you comfortable. You are so kind to me," and the bright, young face beaming with gratitude, which Susan turned toward her kind old friend, pleaded powerfully. So Sammy was despatched for the knitting, and the matron took the coxy chair by the fireside, and commenced gossiping upon a subject which was evidently near her heart. "Susy," said she, as the girl drew a low ottoman to her feet and sat down upon it, "Susy, you're gettin' to be the nicest little housekeeper in the world; and I ain't the only one that knows it neither. I expect to see you a keepin' a house of your own afore long, if reports is true."

"What reports, Mrs. Baker?" inquired Susan, with curiosity.

"Oh, Susy, don't fancy you can blind me by lookin' so unsuspectin'. What everybody says must be true. Mr. Philips don't come here so much for nothin', and he's worthy of you, if any body is, for a pionser young man never lived. Old Miss Pearson and Marthy Ann was into our house yesterday, and they was a speakin' about it. They said they thought his objict in marryin' was to git a housekeeper, and somebody that could take care of little Elly; she needs better care; she's lookin' pale and delicate. They said they thought you was ruther young for a minister's wife; but I told 'em you would make a good step-mother. Now I think the best thing Mr. Philips can do is to git married at once. 'Twould not only save the expense of hirin' a housekeeper, but Elly would have better care."

Hitherto Susan had listened in silent indignation, but there was a gathering fire in her eyes, and now the explosion came. "Mrs. Baker," said she, springing to her feet, "I should think people would do well to attend to their own affairs before distressing themselves with mine. I am not yet necessitated to go into employment either as housekeeper or nursery-maid, and if forced to gain a livelihood, should prefer some other calling. Mrs. Baker, you will oblige me by never mentioning the subject again. It is too absurd." The good old lady was thunder-

struck by this sudden burst of petulance in her usually docile and gentle young friend, and said but little more during her stay, although Susan, soon penitent and ashamed of her unwonted flash of anger, talked to her in the kindest and humblest manner possible.

That evening, the deacon went to visit at a neighbor's and took Sammy with him. He urged Susan to go also, but she declined. As soon as they were gone she burst into indignant tears. That every one should be talking of her marrying Mr. Philips vexed her, and the idea of wedding any one for the sake of curtailing domestic expenses, grated harshly upon her romantic dreams. And then the minister was very different from the ideal vision which sometimes flitted through her mind, of some model youth six feet in height, and not more than twenty-one years of age, with the darkest of hair and eyes, and the most commanding of miens. (We are all dreamers at eighteen.) Mr. Philips was not above the medium height, his appearance was more winning than commanding; his hair—it must be said—was slightly tinted with the Saxon red, Susan's aversion. And he was almost thirty! how could people talk as they did? She wrought up her imagination to such a pitch that she actually thought herself abused and wronged, and she was still sobbing over her imaginary wrongs, when there was a knock at the hall door, and before she had time to wipe away her tears the minister entered. He advanced and took her hand as usual, (she would have run away if she had the opportunity) but on observing her tears, there was the deepest sympathy expressed upon every lineament of his face. Indeed, as he looked down upon her sweet, young, blushing face, all wet with tears, like a rosy blossom sprinkled with the dew of morning; and when he thought how very rough the path of life must be for that slight form to travel alone, he longed to take her in his arms and shield her, as far as possible, from every earthly trouble. But he only sat down calmly by her side. It was a very unpropitious time for him to proffer his suit, but he did so nevertheless, and unfortunately concluded his pleading by an allusion to Ella's motherless condition and want of care. This made Susan indignant again. It is needless to say that he received a very decided rejection, in words more petulant than pleasant. He received it with a look of sorrowful surprise, but not with that tragical air of despair which Susan had decided should belong to rejected lovers as a class. "My child," said he, soon after, ("child!" thought she, contemptuously,) "you have destroyed a very pleasant dream, but

I have no right to murmur at your choice. May God bless you, and make you happier than you would have been with me. Good night," and he was gone.

Now Susan sat down and cried in good earnest, and this time not without reason, for she had lost the golden opportunity of her life; she had voluntarily closed against herself the gates of earthly happiness. In vain did she try to work up her imagination to its former pitch; the scales had fallen from her eyes; her feelings had undergone a sudden revulsion. She thought of all the minister's deeds of unassuming kindness, ever since that dreadful day when she first saw him, and her self-condemnation and repentance were most bitter. "Oh!" thought she, "if my mother had lived she would have told me better! I did not know my own mind, and it was so sudden; and there was none to advise me!" She felt that she could forgive Mr. Phillips for being but five feet nine inches in height; could forget his venerable age; and even his red locks seemed like the luminous halo encircling the forehead of a saint. Her pillow that night was a thorny one.

For several succeeding days she saw nothing of Mr. Phillips; then she heard from the neighbors that little Ella was very sick. Owing to the carelessness of her attendant she had taken a severe cold, which, settling upon the lungs, had produced fever. This report was confirmed by Mrs. Baker, who called in just at dusk. "I've come over, Susan," said she, "to see if you'll go there and watch with me to-night. Miss Hinman sat up last night; and Marthy Ann Pearson the night afore; and I told 'em I'd come to-night; but she's so dreadful sick that I don't like to set up alone. I'm afraid she won't live through the night." With a heavy, heavy pain at her heart, Susan signified her willingness to go. Mrs. Baker continued, "Mr. Phillips is about wore out, though he don't make no complaints. He hain't left her bedside for three nights." Susan said nothing, for she dared not trust her voice, but she immediately accompanied her friend to the parsonage. On arriving, she was struck with grief and fear to see the change which a few days had wrought in the child. Ella's little face was flushed purple with the fierce fever which seemed to be consuming her young life. Her breath was quick and difficult, her once beautiful violet eyes were blood-shot and vacantly staring, and her soft, fair ringlets were thrown back upon the pillow away from her heated face. As Susan bent down and touched her lips to the burning little forehead, her tears fell fast and thick; and looking up she met the

eyes of Mr. Phillips. He was pale, almost haggard from anxiety and watching; but his features wore a look of calm and lofty resignation; and he greeted Susan with his accustomed kindness. The physician was there intending to spend the night, and he implored the minister to go and take some rest; assuring him that he should be called if there was the least change; and at last, yielding to the persuasion, Mr. Phillips left the room.

Long, and slow, and painfully anxious were the hours, until near midnight, while Mrs. Baker, Susan, and the doctor, watched by the little sufferer. Then her moans grew fainter and fainter, her breath slower and slower, until it was hardly perceptible, while the purple flush faded from her face leaving it colorless as clay. Susan, in her great alarm, was scarcely less pale than the unconscious child over whom she bent. "Had you not better call Mr. Phillips," she gasped. The doctor poured a few drops of some restorative into the parted lips of the child, and seeing Susan's tremor, said, "You are faint. You had better go out a few moments." She left the room, almost doubting whether she had strength to do so. As she went out, she saw a light shining through the half-open door of Mr. Phillips' study, which was on the opposite side of the hall, and Mr. Phillips himself within, sitting by a table upon which a shaded lamp was burning. His folded hands rested on an open Bible, and she heard him softly repeat those words once spoken in an hour of bitter agony, by the holiest lips that ever spoke, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done," and he raised his eyes upward with a sublime expression of faith and resignation. Susan softly glided in, and approaching the table, burst into tears. He looked up in alarm, apprehending that she had come to tell him that the child was dying.

"Is there any change?" he asked.

As soon as she could command her voice, which was choked with sobs, she said, obeying the impulse of her full heart,

"Mr. Phillips, I am not worthy even to speak to you; but you comforted me in the darkest hour I ever knew, and I wish I could say something to comfort you now," and again she wept bitterly.

"My poor child," said he, compassionately, "is it for my sorrow you are grieving thus? There is no need. My treasures are laid up where not even death can destroy them. If God sees fit to take my little bud, this world will be lonely without her; but it will be but for a little while, and then I shall meet her in Paradise

expanded to a perfect blossom. Do not tremble so! let us go to her."

Gently taking her hand, he led her toward the sick-room, but when they reached the door she stopped.

"Oh!" said she, "before you go in, forgive me for being so cross and rude to you, the other night, or I shall never be happy again! I was excited and angry before you came in—and I hardly knew what I said—I did not know my own mind—I have been very unhappy ever since."

And her pale and tear-wet face, her uplifted, beseeching eyes, testified to the truth of what she said. There was a light, almost of gladness upon the minister's face, as he stooped and softly touched his lips to her forehead.

"Susan," said he, "even in this hour of darkness and of the shadow of death, your words have given me a great happiness. Forgive you! We will talk about it another time," and retaining her trembling hand, he led her into the chamber, and to the bedside of his child. Susan approached it with awe and fear, almost expecting to look upon death. The child was lying with closed eyes, motionless and waxen-white, but her breath, though very faint, had become calm and regular. The long and painful conflict between nature and disease was over, and

nature had gained the victory. The first one who spoke was the kind physician, softly saying,

"The crisis is past, and the child's life is spared! The fever has left her, and nothing now is necessary but great care and attention."

Poor Mr. Philips, he had prepared his mind to bear a great sorrow with firmness and strength, but this great joy completely overcame him. He hastened from the room to return his rapturous thanksgivings to the Giver of Life.

When the day dawned, Susan went home with a light step and a lighter heart. The child convalesced rapidly. It was not many days before Mr. Philips called and requested a private interview with the deacon. What business was transacted during that interview we are not at liberty to divulge, but it was something which gave the deacon great satisfaction. Yet when he whispered to Susan about it, her face became redder than the June roses.

In a few weeks little Ella was so far recovered that she was wrapped in shawls and taken to the deacon's for a visit. In the evening, Mr. Philips went there also; and the little circle of faces in the cozy sitting-room was bright with subdued happiness. Thus we leave Susan, merely saying, that the predictions of "Old Miss Pearson and Marthy Ann" will probably be confirmed.

ABSENCE THE GRAVE OF LOVE.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

'Tis said that absence is the grave of love,
And that he liveth only by the light
Of tell-tale eyes
That are with beauty beaming,
Like golden stars whose rays are streaming
Upon the still and solemn night;
And that when lovers separately rove,
He languishes and dies.

Who doth believe it hath too small a faith
In man's diviner part,
To wit, the nat'ral heart,
Which keepeth till the evening of its death
The first impressure of its Maker's front
With native clearness stamped upon't.

For true love is immortal;
Its birth-place is the skies;
It never languishes or dies;
The more the absence of the loved one lengthens
The more it strengtheneth,
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Forming a chain that lasts forever;
And nought can sever
Its golden linking, separation
Is true love's confirmation:
Instead of weakening the tie
It feeds its constancy,
And gives it strength and lustre, till the heart
That beateth distant from its counterpart,
More tenderly for love's sweet nurture yearns,
And with new-born affection burns
To hasten back to her whose tenderesses
And delicate caresses,
Reward it sweetly for the anguish
It suffered while 'twas doomed to languish
Absent from its dear idol. Then ne'er fear
That absence shall estrange my heart from thee;
Each month of absence make thee doubly dear,
And doth entreat my feet to flee
The fortune that detains me here,
So far from her whose faithful love
Is all the world to me.

A LEGEND OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY CLARENCE MELVIN.

HUNDREDS of years ago, before the foot of the white man had pressed the soil of New Hampshire, there dwelt in that state a powerful tribe of Indians, whose name is now almost forgotten. Their dominion extended from the White Mountains on the north to the ocean on the south, and from the Androscoggin to the Connecticut on the east and west. They were feared and respected by the neighboring tribes, not so much for their wisdom in government, or greatness of character, as for the skill and power they displayed in the savage warfare that was continually waged between the contending chiefs. Accustomed to danger and hardships in every form, and taught to consider themselves invincible, they had learned to regard life as valueless if its price was victory, and that death an honor which was won in the heat of battle. The only enemy whom they had reason to fear lived at the North, but the icy mountains separated them, and though the most deadly hatred was cherished by each, the bond of peace which had been imposed by the Great Spirit, could not be broken with impunity. The deep animosity and jealousy that existed between them, was only governed by that superstition and fear, that is so potent with uncivilized man. The rival tribe was also very powerful, and as unyielding as themselves. Their braves were strong and fearless, and in battle they were like the fierce wind that sweeps everything before its fury. Their wigwams were covered with the scalps of their enemies, and the sacred beads that were too numerous to count, told how many of the enemy had fallen before their tomhaws.

The hatred that existed between the rival tribes only increased with the passage of years. They held no communication, and avoided each other as much as possible.

Many moons before, Wacouza, the young chieftain of the North, had loved the daughter of his rival, and his affection was returned. He first saw her paddling her light canoe over the little lake, and from that moment a wild passion filled his soul, that it was vain for him to attempt to smother. He watched her till she had landed upon the opposite side, and then unbending his bow, and fastening his quiver upon his shoulder, he retraced his way over the snowy mountains,

forgetful of everything except the Indian maiden. He became more silent and taciturn, refusing to answer any questions which his warriors asked, and passed his time in his wigwam, with no living creature to keep him company except his faithful dog. The battle-field and the chase had no pleasures for him, and it was in vain that his braves sought to draw him from his seclusion, and awake his mind from the lethargy into which it had fallen.

Suddenly, he again resolved to cross the mountains. He filled his quiver with his best arrows, strained his bow, and departed at the close of day, without informing any one of his destination. The withered leaves rustled in his path, and the naked branches threw their shadows before him, but he pressed on with measured steps, unmindful of the deep darkness of the trackless forest, or of the autumn wind that sighed through its branches. It was a long journey, but the chieftain's limbs were strong, and his heart was fearless. He climbed up the steep sides of the mountains till he reached the highest summit, covered with the first light snow of the season, and then descending upon the other side, he gained the cover of the forest that circled the little lake, just as daylight was tinging the East with red. Here, in the depths of the woods, he felt secure, though in an enemies' country, and throwing himself upon the ground to refresh his weary nature, he watched the light smoke curl up in the distance from the wigwams of his foes.

Many hours passed before he caught sight of Winona, the Indian maiden. The light wind just ruffled the surface of the water, and away in the distance he saw her light canoe drawn up on the white beach. The deer came down and lapped the water within reach of his arrows, but they passed away unmolested. She made her appearance at length, long after the sun had passed the meridian, and pushing the frail bark from the shore, paddled it out into the lake. The young warrior's heart beat high with hope, and he gazed with admiration upon her graceful form, as she swayed lightly to and fro in propelling the boat. He saw with joy that she was directing it toward him, and would probably land upon the shore if not alarmed. The canoe

glided swiftly over the water, guided by the skilful hand of the young voyager, and the chieftain's eye kindled as she came nearer and nearer. Her long, dark hair swept unconfined over her neck and shoulders, and fell in wavy masses to her waist. Her figure was slight and symmetrical, and her clear, dark complexion was lighted up with a ruddy glow, that gave evidence of health and youth.

With a few graceful sweeps of the paddle, the Indian girl guided the bark into a narrow inlet, but a little distance from where Wacouza rested. As soon as it touched the sands, she stepped to the shore, and drawing it up so that the winds and waves would not drift it away, she busied herself in gathering the wild flowers and evergreens that grew among the trees. The young chieftain's heart throbbed wildly as she approached him; not with fear, for he was aware that he would not be recognized; but with contending emotions, such as he had never before known. Drawing himself to his full height he leaned upon his bow, and awaited the moment when she should discover him. His suspense was not of long duration. The bewildered maiden would have fled to her boat, but the kind words and manly bearing of the stranger deterred her.

"The lily of the forest need have no fear of the unknown hunter," said Wacouza, in a quick breath; "for he means her no harm. He has watched her canoe cross the blue lake, and in the distance he has seen the smoke ascend from the wigwams of her tribe. He holds in his hand the pipe of peace, and he only asks that he may be heard."

"What would the stranger say? The ears of Winona are open," said the maiden, in a trembling voice.

The warrior's bosom throbbed quicker as she spoke. He had not known till now that she was the daughter of the sachem of her tribe. He forgot the jealousy that existed between himself and her father, at the sound of her liquid voice, and he longed to tell her all his love and admiration. With that openness that is so natural to Indian character, he did not hesitate to speak of what dwelt in his mind, and his language was clothed with ease and simplicity, that denotes a soul filled with the higher attributes of nature.

"The father of Winona is rich and powerful, and his braves are like the leaves of the forest. His tomahawk is sharp, and his arrows are true, and his wigwam is covered with the scalps of his enemies. But the stranger brave is not less powerful or noble, for he is the sachem of his people, and they look up to him as a father. Their souls are as one, and when he leads them

to battle, they never turn back from the foe. His wigwam is clothed with the skins of the mouse and bear, and the deeds of his fathers are recorded upon the sacred stone which the Great Spirit has bestowed upon his tribe."

Winona gazed with admiration upon the young chieftain as he spoke, and with that impulse that is characteristic of her race, she listened eagerly to his words, and treasured them up in her mind. The appearance of the stranger was so manly and noble, that she did not doubt but what he said was true. His dark eyes flashed with a deeper light, while his tall form seemed to rise in still more majestic proportion, and his bosom swelled while he spoke of the greatness of his fathers. As he paused the maiden said,

"Winona hears. She has listened to the words of the unknown brave, and she believes him. The Great Spirit looks down with kindness upon all his children, and blesses them alike; and if some of them are unhappy it is their fault and not his. If her tribe are powerful, they are also happy; for Manito has given them all they could wish, and they thank him in their hearts for his goodness. Their hunting-grounds are boundless and the game is plentiful, and they hold the pipe of peace to all their brother tribes."

"As the water to the parched earth, so are the words of Winona, the forest flower, to the stranger. He lingers on the melody of her voice, and lives in the light of her eyes. If the arm of her father is strong, her glance is more powerful, for it conquers the heart of the beholder. Her eyes are like the stars that shine in the sky, and her voice is like the breath of the soft south wind. Her long hair falls in waves like the branches of the drooping willow, and her form is like that of the young deer sporting upon the hills. Will the mountain bird listen? Her lake is beautiful, and she is happy in her father's smile, and her tribe delight in her presence. Her wigwam is clothed with soft furs, but there is another that would be lighted by her smile, which is now lonely and cheerless; and if she will accompany the stranger, and be his companion, she shall be happy. The young maidens shall twine beads in her hair, and strew flowers at her feet, and when she is weary they shall watch over her, and the Great Spirit will look down with joy and bless them. What says the water lily?"

The eyes of the maiden lighted up with joy, and a smile rested upon her features, but it suddenly faded, and turning half away, she gazed over the waters where burned the council-fires of her tribe.

"The words of the stranger are welcome, but

Winona cannot accept them. She is very happy, and if she were to leave her tribe her father would die of grief. His hairs are grey, and she could not turn his heart to sorrow, for if she should the frown of the Great Spirit would rest upon her forever."

"The tones of the mountain bird are very sad and sink into the heart of her listener. He has longed to look upon her, for she is the star of his life, and his hope has been that she would love him; yet he would not sacrifice her happiness to his own. If she will go with him, she can visit her father's wigwam at pleasure, and he will forgive her when he knows it is for her happiness."

Winona seemed undecided what to do, for her ardent, impulsive nature, untutored by civilization, drank in every word that was spoken: and the fine form and noble appearance of the young brave had won her admiration. Laying her flushed cheek in her hand, she gazed once more at the setting sun, and then turning toward the chieftain, said,

"The hunting-grounds of the stranger may be broad and his warriors countless, but Winona cannot go with him. Her father could not forgive her, and would mourn in secret for her loss. Where is the chieftain's home, and what is his name?"

"His name his Wacouza, and his hunting-grounds are beyond the mountains."

The maiden gazed with astonishment at the warrior, who, conscious of right, stood up proudly in his own strength.

"Wacouza is the enemy of the father of Winona. The tomahawk has been unburied, and the bow unbent, and the pipe of peace unlighted. His life is in danger, for should he be discovered by Uncas, his revenge would be complete. Yet Winona wishes him well, and as a proof of her friendship, she will meet him on the morrow when the moon rolls up over the forest."

Pushing her light canoe from the shore, the Indian girl paddled it out into the silvery lake, and directed it toward the opposite side. Wacouza followed its wake with his eyes till it had reached its destination, when, again drawing it up on the sands, the maiden passed into the forest and disappeared from his sight. He seated himself upon the banks, and leaning his head upon his bosom, watched the faint sunset light steal over the water, while his soul was wrapped up in the veil of thought. His bow was cast thoughtlessly by his side, and the arrows lay upon the ground, for he was forgetful of every thing save that one living presence. Winona

had cast a charm upon his senses which time could not wear off, and he thought how cheerless would be the future if he could not listen to the melody of her voice. It would be difficult to trace his imaginings, as thought upon thought crowded upon his mind, for imagination differs widely from reality. He was king of his people, but he could not govern his own soul, and he felt how useless was the trial.

Another day had passed, and the sun had sunk behind the western hills, and the round moon rising up over the lake brought the time when Winona was to meet him again. He watched eagerly for her appearance, and when he saw her light boat upon the water he could hardly contain his joy. She looked even more beautiful than before, and when she stood beside him, and her dark eyes met his own, he could not refrain from again telling his love.

"Winona has again come to warn her brother of his danger. He treads upon the hunting-grounds of his enemy, and his braves are not near to defend him. If he regards his safety, he must depart at once, before another sun falls upon the water. Does her brother hear?"

"His life is worthless unless Winona will go with him. Her father is his enemy, but he will forgive all when she is gone. The wigwam of Wacouza will be silent without her voice to cheer its gloom, and his heart will be filled with sadness. If she will accompany him, the Great Spirit will smile upon them, and they will be happy."

The tones of the hunter fell upon Winona's ears like music, and when she gazed in his eyes they burned with such a deep light that they seemed to pierce to her very soul. Her heart throbbed more quickly, and she turned her gaze to the ground to hide the emotions that worked upon her features. Her love for the noble stranger was overcoming her resolution, and his words to her were as sunshine to the flowers. He took her hand in his own and continued,

"Wacouza's tribe and that of Uncas can become as one. The same wigwam can cover the warriors, and they can smoke the pipe of peace together. The tomahawk will be buried, and they will be as brothers, if the fair wild flower will become the bride of Wacouza."

"Winona will go, for her heart is weak. She may see her father no more: but she cannot refuse. If she does wrong, may the Great Spirit forgive her."

The heart of the Indian lover swelled with joy as she spoke, and he drew her furs still closer around her, to shield her from the cold night wind. The young girl gazed across the moonlit

waters toward her home, while a sigh escaped from her bosom, and her eyes filled with tears; and then resigning her hand to her companion, she followed with him under the naked branches, and over the heaps of dead leaves that rustled in their path. Half supporting the fragile form of his beautiful burden, the athletic Indian pressed onward up the steep sides of the high mountain before him, pausing only when she was weary to let her rest and cheer her in their arduous journey. But she did not falter, for with that deep resolve and devotion that characterizes the race, when the first step is taken, her heart remained firm and unshaken, and she needed no encouragement to guide her on. Up, still higher and higher they climbed, till the clouds lay under their feet and all around them. The dry leaves were covered with a thin robe of snow, but it offered no impediment to their journey. The hard frozen earth resounded to their tread, and the huge rocks loomed up before them like spectres, but they passed them unheeded.

But the moon, that had shone so clearly and brilliantly below, became obscured by clouds. Wacouza had noticed with anxiety the deep, dark volumes roll up the steep sides of the mountain, for they foretold the coming storm. He did not fear for himself, but for her who was dearer to him than life. The path, which had been so plain in the moonbeams, had become obscured by the darkness, but the unerring eye of the hunter still marked its place. The wind swept past them in fitful gusts, bearing the light snow before it like chaff, and the twigs of the stunted trees bent and writhed in its grasp, while their dark tops swayed to and fro with a moaning sound, that seemed like a wail of agony. To add to the increasing gloom, the snow commenced to fall in broad flakes, and the darkness became more intense. Wacouza's heart sunk within him at the dismal view, for although the path might be followed, it would be a long time ere they could reach their destination, and his tender companion would be exposed to the pitiless fury of the storm. He still pressed on, shielding her as much as possible from the wind with his own body, and encouraging her by his example and words.

The storm increased, and the wind became almost a hurricane. It was impossible to resist its fury. The snow, which had fallen so fast, had become so deep that it was with difficulty that they could make their way through it, and Wacouza could feel the form of his companion tremble with the cold. To return was equally as difficult as to go on, and the young chieftain at once saw the necessity of seeking some shelter

from the tempest. But this was exceedingly difficult, for there were no trees to break the fury of the wind—nothing but the hoary rocks to cover his beloved. He found a narrow place among them, carpeted with dead leaves, and secluded from the snow, but it afforded no shelter from the piercing wind and intense coldness of the air. He wrapped his own furs around her, and with her head resting upon his shoulder, he sought to cheer her drooping spirits, although he felt in his own heart how sad was their situation.

The hours passed slowly away, and the storm seemed only to increase. The snow fell yet faster, and the wind rushed by with a wilder shriek over the tops of the icy mountains. Winona was unconscious of her situation, for reason had forsaken its throne, and she murmured only her father's name, and wondered why he did not answer. Her cheek was cold as the icy rock that covered her, and the touch of death was already at her heart. Her lover bent over her in the deep darkness, forgetful of his own suffering, and sought to wake her once more to consciousness, but in vain.

At length, just as daylight was breaking in the east, she seemed to arouse from her lethargy, for she opened her eyes and gazed vacantly around, and when they met those of her companion, she called his name in so sweet a voice, that its melody thrilled to his very soul. He raised her head from its resting-place, and twined the long, dark locks between his fingers, but it again fell back upon his bosom, and she was dead! A sweet smile rested upon her features, which even the hand of death could not remove, the parted lips retained all their freshness, and the closed eyes told how calmly her soul had passed to the Spirit Land. Wacouza gazed upon her features, while his heart was too full for utterance. He parted the hair over the cold forehead, and pressed his lips to her own, but they could not bring back the life that had fled. Life was no longer a blessing to him, and he welcomed the progress of the insidious cold that was stealing slowly but surely through his frame, and chilling the life-blood as it circled through his bosom. The icy air was more pleasant to him than the zephyrs of summer, and the lethargy that was stealing over his senses banished every thought of pain, while the joyful hope that he would soon join his beloved in the Spirit Land, when the Great Spirit would smile upon them forever, animated his soul and made him forgetful of everything else.

The day waned and passed away. The storm ceased, and the sunset light fell upon the snow

drifted in confusion upon the mountain tops, but no sound dwelt upon them, except that which was made by the wind as it sighed among the withered twigs. All was desolate, as if the foot of man had never trodden upon their bosoms, or the rocks echoed to his voice. The Indian lovers lay side by side, cold and lifeless, while the wind mingled their dark locks together, and wandered past them with a solemn murmur, heaping the snow in strange, fantastic drifts at their feet, and then died away in the distance, so calmly that it seemed like the breath of the passing spirit.

But it was calm and serene below; no snow rested upon the bosom of the earth, and the little lake smiled as brightly in the twilight as ever. The days came and went, but Winona's light canoe rested upon its bosom no more. The stern old chieftain had missed his daughter from his wigwam, and her little bark was found where she had left it, at her departure. The quick eyes of his braves soon detected the trail of the lovers; and led by the father, they followed it far up the side of the steep mountain, till it was lost in the smooth, untrodden snows. Then separating, each climbed up higher and higher, in search of the lost maiden. Uncas wandered on alone, with his heart weighed down with sorrow, and his soul bowed with grief. At last, chance brought him to the foot of the fatal cliff where rested her body. He would have ascended it, but like Sinai it was sacred from the tread of mortals. The moment he touched his foot to its soil, it shook as if the earthquake was rioting in its bowels, and the air was filled with the noise of thunder. The sky became darkened till the sun looked like a globe of blood, and the mist rolled up the side of the

mountain, hiding everything below. It seemed as if the end of time had come, and uncovering his head, the age chieftain bowed before the spirit of the wilderness. At the same time, a voice spoke from the clouds as follows:

"The Great Spirit watches over his people and loves them. Let the eternal mountains be a barrier between the contending tribes, and woe to those who first break the bond of peace, for his anger shall rest upon them forever. The pestilence shall waste them away, and they shall die with famine, till nothing shall remain to tell that they have ever existed; and the Spirit Land shall never be opened to them. If they will cherish peace toward each other they shall be happy, and multiply till they are as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore. They shall become powerful, and the tribes around shall fear them for their wisdom and courage, and the Great Spirit will look down upon them in love. Let them heed his words."

Once more the mountain shook to its centre, and the thunders echoed through the air, and then all was again still. The mist rolled away from the base, and the sun shone out in its full splendor, while the cloud that had overshadowed all passed away, leaving nothing but the blue sky. The aged chieftain pursued his way silently down the mountain's side, with his soul filled with awe, which overpowered grief and cast a spell around him that time could never wear away.

Such is the legend. Peace remained unbroken between the two tribes, and they both became powerful. The superstition that governed their hatred prevented them from ascending the mountains, and their hermit tops remained unexplored and unknown.

TO A FRIEND MUSING.

BY SARAH E. JUDSON.

WHAT is it you see in the pleasant fire-light,
That wakes o'er your face such a vanishing smile?
Has fancy called forth some sweet fairy or sprite,
To lead in soft fetters our senses awhile?

Ah, swiftly it fades, 'tis no magical spell,
On our forehead the shadow too heavily lies;
And I saw as the fire-light flickered and fell,
The tear-drops quick gathering fast in your eyes.

To the scenes of the past you have wandered away,
Old friends throng around you, familiar and dear,
Sweet faces rise up from the mouldering clay,
And voices, sweet voices are echoing here.

'Tis long since we missed them at eve by the hearth,
And still in the twilight stands vacant each chair,
All mute are the voices, all hushed is their mirth,
And changed are the faces that once were so fair.

We still hear by the window the katy-did's tone,
And the cricket is blithe on the hearth as of yore;
But you, love, and I are now sitting alone,
The lost ones will gather around us no more.

They've left us, and vain are our tears and our sighs,
Yet often as now, we shall fancy them here,
Old mem'ries like phantoms unbidden will rise,
Like phantoms sweet faces again will appear.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S PET; OR, FRANK COLEMAN'S DELUSION.

BY BESSIE BEECHWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

How horrified would the "principal" of one of our modern "seminaries" have been, could she have been set down in the midst of Elm-hedge School room one bright autumn day, as the "class in history" was reciting before the little table that formed the point of power in that clean, cheerful room.

On one side was ranged a double row of desks, over which bent heads of every shade, from lint white to jetty black, and young feminine faces, some of which would in after years flush with the consciousness of their own fairness, or send a pang to the heart as their reflection should be borne back to the eyes of their plainer possessor.

On the opposite side a similar range met the eye, but instead of the scrupulous neatness of its *vis-à-vis*, a more careless air pervaded the double line, and, in place of the shining braids and tresses, an equally variegated array of heads, left rather more to their own wayward nature, betrayed their owners to be, start not, "Lady Principal," members of the "sterner sex," of every age, from the frolicsome monkey of five, to the quiet, manly student of fifteen.

While we have been describing the *personelle* of Elm-hedge School, the "class in history" before mentioned has completed its morning's task, and stands hearing a discourse on its merits and demerits, from the wise and candid lips of Mr. Sampson, the village schoolmaster.

The class consisted of two young girls of about fourteen years of age, the leaders of the female department, and rivals, of course. For a long time the race had been warmly contested, for to Laura Elliston, the dark-haired, flashing-eyed one, superior ability made success easy, and that ability, stimulated by rivalry, enabled her to keep an equal footing with her hazel-eyed classmate. Why then did she not surpass her? Because with Ella Weston study was as much a principle as a passion. Her mental endowments were not brilliant, but she was exceedingly fond of books, and deemed it her duty to improve to the uttermost the advantages her parents, with some self-denial, were enabled to afford her. Thus an earnest, never-flagging application had earned her a position, which, by a few bold

strokes, Laura Elliston had reached, and, for a time, shared. But in a little time Laura's energy gave out, for the end attained, the motive power ceased, and she gradually slipped back to her former indifference. This had no influence on Ella, she did her best at all times, and of a quiet, even temperament, no impulse could vary her steady course. With commendable correctness her tasks were rendered, and had for some weeks before her introduction to the reader, thrown the imperfectness of Laura's into greater contrast.

Although this did not rouse the indolent beauty, who relied much on her father's position and her own charms to carry her through into renewed exertion, it did not increase her good-will toward the innocent cause, and the relationship between them was, in consequence, not the most cordial.

Now, although Laura was the daughter of the most influential man in the place, Richard Sampson was not the man to let this neglect of her duties and assumption of superiority go unrebuked. He had waited in vain for some amendment, knowing from previous success that indifference alone caused the sad falling off in one he had looked upon as one of his most promising scholars.

The serene look impressed upon his firm-lined face, as question after question remained unanswered by Laura, and was quietly and correctly given by Ella, who seemed to feel no triumph, but rather pity for her classmate.

"I am surprised and ashamed, Laura," said the master, in a clear, grave voice, as he shut the book, "that you should persist in this very reprehensible course. You must not think because you are 'Squire Elliston's daughter, you may do what would be forbidden in a poorer pupil. Your position, in the world's eyes, may cover many a fault, but here all are on an equality, and your disregard of the requirements of the school, and utter waste of your precious time must both be reformed, or so pernicious an example must be removed from before my more tractable pupils."

Who that has ever been to school, cannot see the curious, half frightened faces that turned

toward the point whence issued this awful sentence. Only one of the whole group refrained from glancing at the delinquent. This was a fine, manly boy of sixteen, who occupied the end of one of the rows nearest to the master, and consequently in full view of the two girls. His eyes remained fixed on his book, but the flush that arose to his cheek, told that he was not unconscious of what was passing.

Laura's only reply to the reprimand was a flash of defiance from her black eyes, as she turned with a proud step to take her seat. Trembling and embarrassed as though she were the culprit, Ella held out her hand for the book, which Mr. Sampson still retained; but, instead of returning the book, the master kindly took her hand, saying,

"I am as much pleased to commend as I am grieved to censure, even when deserved. I am grateful for so good and diligent a pupil as you, Ella; your parents cannot but be proud of a daughter who so faithfully regards their interests and her own."

With a blush of pleasure and a moistened eye, Ella glanced toward the pre-occupied student before mentioned. A pair of dark grey eyes met hers with a kind and encouraging smile that deepened her color, and sent her back to her desk with a light heart. The dark eyes followed her, and failed not to note the vindictive glance Laura Elliston cast upon her as she passed: and with a look of pain Frank Coleman turned to his book again.

School was out, and the girls gathered to talk over the great event of the morning; but most of the boys were off on their several ways, forgetting or caring nothing for a girl's troubles, for, as the boys said, "they were always getting into some hot water."

Of course there were two parties. Numerically, the stronger gathered around Ella to congratulate and praise her; but Laura's were the *élite*, who felt themselves aggrieved with their distinguished chief, and the "*toadies*," some of whom are to be found in every station.

Not long did Laura tarry among the sympathizing gossip, for she saw Frank slowly emerging from the school-house, passing Ella's party without noticing them, and thoughtfully advance toward the gate that led him homeward. With a hasty good-bye, she left the rest and stepped quickly on in advance of Frank, then slackening her pace, walked sorrowfully forward, feeling sure he would overtake and join her.

The fact is, Frank was suffering from that violent epidemic, a first love! and the black-eyed Laura was the object of this attachment

and, although he was too just and clear-sighted to deny her fault and the justice of the rebuke, yet the chivalry of his young heart bade him pity and excuse her.

Her woman's instinct had not deceived her, and as Frank reached her side, the nascent coquette called up a flood of tears to her eyes, and bent her head in deep agitation.

"Never mind, Laura," said Frank, in great embarrassment how to console her, "don't take it so to heart! Mr. Sampson is severe, but he means it for your good."

A fresh burst of tears was her only answer for awhile, but presently she sobbed out that she was so unhappy; every one hated her, and she had no friend in the world but her father.

Frank remembered that she was motherless, and that thought, together with her apparent deep distress, cancelled all memory of her faults, and he swore eternal friendship and devotion to her cause forever!

Could he have seen the flash of triumph from those black eyes, of which only the moistened handkerchief was witness, he would have at least doubted the sincerity of her softened mood.

In their pre-occupation they had made a considerable *detour*, and came out upon the road just below Ella's cottage home. She was slowly and thoughtfully wending her way alone toward the little gate, and raised her eyes as they approached. A shadow flitted across her face, but in an instant the tear-marked cheek of her former rival smote her heart, for the unintentional agency she had had in causing those tears to fall. Never hesitating to do what her heart prompted, she stepped quickly out into the path and offered her hand to Laura, saying,

"You do not think hard of me, Laura, do you, for the share I had in the unpleasant occurrence of this morning? I am very sorry if anything I have done has contributed to your unhappiness."

Laura would have given much to have dared to dash aside the offered hand and pass scornfully on! but Frank was by, and she would not so soon destroy the dominion she had just so successfully established. So she clasped Ella's hand with apparent warmth, though the chill struck upon the sensitive nerves of the young girl.

"Certainly not, my good Ella," replied she, graciously, as she passed on, though the heartlessness and condescension of the tone failed not be perceived by Ella, while Frank, never doubting, rejoiced at the reconciliation of the two for whom he cherished a warm affection. Oh! man! how easily you are dazzled and deceived!

CHAPTER II.

THE *prestige* of Laura's position having been swept away by Mr. Sampson's democratic harangue, she found no difficulty in inducing her father to withdraw her from school, for though no very attentive or affectionate parent in general, he chose to feel himself aggrieved in the reprimand administered to his daughter, and injudiciously, like too many parents under similar circumstances, listened to Laura's artful story, and yielded to her wish.

This occurrence attracted Mr. Elliston's attention to the fact, that Laura was growing to womanhood, and that the education likely to be obtained at Mr. Sampson's humble establishment would not fit her to be the mistress of his elegant home. Therefore he resolved to remove to a neighboring city where she might be "finished," a word too often ominous in its signification!

This was sad news to Frank Coleman, for the rosy chains were strong about him, and he believed the bright leaves would never fall, disclosing the frail vines that seemed iron links when hidden by their bloom.

A mother and sister were looking to him as their future stay, and he was eagerly striving to fit himself to take the place of his departed father to those he loved, and this did much to dissipate the grief of a first parting. But Ella saw his unhappiness, for her heart was ever intuitively alive to the sorrows of those she loved, and endeavored to soothe his regrets. Frank had ever been a brother to her, and as such he regarded her, and young and innocent as she was, she believed hers but a sister's tenderness for him. Certainly it was a pure and self-forgetting sentiment, for so long as he was happy she was contented.

Thus then her gentle ministrations won from him the secret of his young heart's devotion, and he felt happier in giving utterance to the bright aspirations of his sanguine mind, sure of a sympathizing hearer in his gentle sister. An occasional sigh, or may be a few tears, when alone, were the only tokens that sweet Ella owned a nearer place in his consideration. Thus months passed.

Meanwhile, Laura Elliston was weaving the embroidery into a fabric not strong enough to hold the embellishments, at a fashionable seminary. But what matter if the ground-work were "tattered and torn," so long as it would hold the gay threads of music, French, Italian, etc., it were a garment quite *comme il faut* to the mind of a modern young lady.

The young coquette had not forgotten amid the new conquests she had already made, the

handsome boy who had devoted himself to her cause in pretty Elm hedge. Nor did the probable result of her absence, in throwing him more with Ella Weston, fail to be considered by her, and she was unwilling to yield even his homage to another, and that one especially Ella. So a bright idea occurred to her, by which she might separate him from Ella, and by making him her debtor receive his attention at her pleasure. She applied to her father to send Frank an invitation to come to the city, and accept a situation in the store in which Mr. Elliston had become interested. This her father was very willing to do, for he knew young Coleman to be trustworthy, and it gave him no trouble since a vacancy just then offered. He also consented to Laura's writing the invitation, since he was willing to have her acquire the additional dignity of being "Lady Bountiful."

With a ready tact Laura worded the letter so as to convey the idea, that the obligation was entirely cancelled by his peculiar fitness for the position, and the pleasure they should have in seeing him again, yet not compromising herself.

With sincere delight the youth received and accepted the offer, which he believed naught but kindness could have prompted, and which would much more speedily place him in a position to assist his family, than he could attain by remaining in Elm hedge.

It was a heavy day for Ella when Frank, in all the glow of gratitude and anticipation, imparted the great news to her. Not for a moment did the art of the would-be benefactress dazzle her as to the intention, and too probable result of the invitation; but she doubted much whether true affection was the motive. Had she been sure of that, she would have been more reconciled to her obscure and so soon to be forgotten lot, for there his happiness would be secured, and she could bear her own griefs alone, but to know that he was trusting and deceived would have added a keener pang than ever she could feel for herself.

With tears she parted from him, who had been her playmate, her companion, her brother, and with a promise still to make her his confidant through his letters, he pressed a kiss upon his little "sister's" pale cheek, and left her with eyes more moist than the manliness of sixteen would have cared to acknowledge.

Two years passed with no striking incidents to vary or mark them. The milestones of the year to the mother, sister, and friend in Elm hedge, were the periodical, kind, and unrestrained letters of the absent Frank, who confided as freely in his adopted sister as ever, and she felt that

they were but half parted, while she retained that place in his thoughts.

Most of the time was spent by Laura in the completion of her accomplishments, and though she saw Frank but once a week, she was satisfied that he was away from Ella's influence, and "ready when called for."

Meanwhile, Frank was steadily making his way in the counting-house, and proving to Mr. Elliston that Laura's worldly wisdom was in this instance of the most reliable. The weekly glimpse he caught of his still adored Laura, with the letters from home, made him happy and contented, joined as they were with the consciousness that he was doing his duty, and advancing in fortune and position.

Every spare moment saw Ella at her books, and with the special assistance of Mr. Sampson, whose favorite she was, she made much progress, so much, indeed, that she was a "class by herself" in most of her studies; and had there been any one who desired particularly to engage the master's attention, they might have complained with some show of reason, that he gave Ella Weston more of his time than was strictly her due. But all were willing enough to escape his watchful eye, and so his doings went, if not unnoticed, at least unmentioned.

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOL days over, two years more were spent by Laura in travelling with her father, whose close attention to business was prevented by an affection of the eyes. Returned once more, they took up their residence for the summer amid the quiet and retired shades of Elm Park, which though still retained, had not been occupied by them since their hasty departure four years before.

Time, while it had matured the casket, had spared the jewels of mind and heart which Frank Coleman had taken with him into active life, and so well had integrity and purity "paid" in his too single instance, that he was now, though still so young, junior partner in the house of Elliston & Co., the senior partner's worldly wisdom being willing to acknowledge the soundness of its investment in truth and honesty, by this movement, which could not, at the same time, fail to benefit the house.

The occasional glimpses Frank obtained of Laura, when her graciousness blinded him to her true character, had served to keep alive the flame which her girlish charms had lighted in his youthful heart, and no other object offering to awaken his true feelings, he believed himself

deeply attached to her, and looked forward with eagerness to the time when he should dare ask her hand.

His frequent, frank letters, kept Ella still advised of every feeling that stirred the steady current of his life, and she looked forward with forebodings for his happiness, born of her better knowledge of the heartless girl, to that hour which he anticipated with so much joy. She felt there was no hope for her own affection, but cherished it in silence and secret, finding her greatest pleasure in all that pleased him. The same sisterly tenderness greeted Frank upon each of his short visits home, and little did he suspect the depth of feeling that lay in that young heart.

Matters had gone ill with farmer Weston in the last two years, the heaviest grief being the loss of his gentle hard-working wife. Poor Ella found little time to indulge in sorrow, amid the cares of the house and the charge of a younger brother and sister. These cares bore oppressively upon her slight frame and mind, and seemed more laborious than many another would have found them; so, feeling that she could give her father real assistance by lightening his expenses in a way more congenial to her organization, she hired an old woman of the village to perform the duties of housekeeper, and sought and obtained an assistant teachership in Mr. Sampson's school, now grown almost beyond his single power to direct.

The worthy man was not displeased to have the company of his favorite pupil thus constantly. Naturally they were thrown much together, and the humble and pre-occupied object was the only one whom his marked attentions escaped. The villagers smiled and glanced after them, as the master escorted her home from school, while she considered it the most natural thing in the world for an old friend to do, especially as their roads did not lie far apart.

Great then was her astonishment and perplexity, when one bright afternoon, as they were wending their way slowly through a little piece of woods that stood in their homeward path, with trembling lips all "unaccustomed to sue," Mr. Sampson declared his affection in a speech, where true feeling set the "rules of composition" quite at defiance. So great was her surprise and regret at having awakened a feeling she could not reciprocate, that words failed her for a moment. Just then horses' feet were heard approaching, and without waiting for her reply, Mr. Sampson exclaimed,

"Think of it, my dear pupil, and next Saturday give me a reply," pressing her hand, he dis-

appeared among the trees, but not soon enough to escape the quick eye of the *equestrienne*, whose approach had startled him.

It was Miss Elliston returning to the park, on a part of which grounds the grove stood. Her knowing, half scornful, half malicious smile as she passed, covered Ella's cheek with indignant blushes, and quickening her pace, she stepped hastily by and gained her house in a flutter of conflicting feelings.

The closing incident was certainly the most agreeable in Laura's ride, and upon her return she set her mind cogitating how she should convey the news to Frank, and thereby destroy entirely the influence she half feared, knowing that it must ever be counter to hers, even though she wished to exercise her own but for her amusement.

This was easily accomplished, for business letters were being constantly written to the other partners, and this duty devolved upon her since the failure of her father's eye-sight. Thus then she could add the information to a business letter to Frank, when she would not have condescended to write to him directly from herself. The more important affairs disposed of, she appended the following:

"P. S.—It is no longer difficult to account for our worthy *dominie's* partiality for his excellent pupil, Ella Weston; and she, as in duty bound, is about to reward his long devotion and many delicate attentions. I, to-day, unintentionally interrupted quite a tender scene between them, and so conclude the village gossip true.
LAURA ELLISTON."

On the receipt of the letter, Frank eagerly broke the seal, for it was a pleasure merely to see her neat characters, though they clothed but the cold details of business. The postscript was unusual, and the news it contained anything but pleasant, though why, Frank could not, for the life of him, tell! Sampson was a worthy man in his way, but he was not of the delicacy of feeling and refinement calculated to make a gentle girl like Ella happy! Yes, that was it! It was Ella's happiness which he had so much at heart that produced the uneasiness he experienced; and Frank warmed himself into a paroxysm of virtuous indignation that quite satisfied his conscience.

"I will write to her at once and dissuade her from this foolish step," thought he. "But no, to-day is Thursday, and to-morrow I must see Mr. Elliston, so I will wait and tell her myself when I see her."

With this he dismissed the thought, and fell to musing on the fancied perfections of the fair

Laura, as her name written in her own hand recalled her vividly before his eyes. Yes, he would hesitate no longer! He could now offer her a comfortable home, and, though he was young to marry, he had been early thrown upon his own resources, and felt and looked five years older than was true. She, too, was young, and Mr. Elliston might require a year or two's delay, but certainty was better than this indecision!

Did he never doubt the issue? Yes, but youth is hopeful, and the reception he had ever met with from Laura, had never chilled his presumptuous hopes, so, with a possibility of defeat, he hoped and expected success.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next afternoon saw Frank Coleman at Elmledge. A hasty greeting to his mother and sister over, he set out for Mr. Elliston's.

Laura was walking on the elm-shaded lawn, and her reception made his heart beat high with hope and pleasure.

"I am delighted to see a city friend in this solitude," said Laura, "and Mr. Coleman is doubly welcome."

"You little dream, Miss Elliston, what happiness it gives me to hear you say so," replied Frank, with a speaking glance.

"I must be careful what I say, or I shall make you vain," she returned, with a laugh and a slight blush.

"There is no fear of that; but one word from you could make me supremely blessed!" said Frank, earnestly taking her hand.

She drew it haughtily away, and in a freezing tone replied,

"Mr. Coleman forgets himself!"

"Not so, nor do I forget the years that you have been ever present in my thoughts, and better still, do I remember the kind interest you have ever shown for me, and your gracious reception of an homage you could not have failed to see, though it was silent!"

"Sir," replied the coquette, proudly as an offended queen, "if ever you have interpreted my conduct other than as that which become my father's daughter toward his clerk, you have wilfully deceived yourself, and I have nothing with which to reproach myself, except listening to this folly. Good evening, sir."

"One moment, Miss Elliston," he exclaimed, as she was about to leave him, "do not go with the impression that you have crushed the clerk, the memory might return and cast a shade over some moment of future triumph. Let conscience rest, for you have but awakened a dreaming boy

to the knowledge of the precious moments he has wasted in fancying perfections you do not possess, and he leaves your presence a man much wiser, and I hope better for the lesson. Good evening, Miss Elliston!" And without entering the house, he turned and left her standing, pale with rage at his boldness, and mortified beyond measure to meet so cutting a retort from one who seemed all mildness and adoration.

Frank's words were warmer than his heart, and his step was quick and nervous as he hastened from Elm hedge. He felt the need of some sympathizing parent to soothe his outraged feelings. His mother and sister were good and kind, but they could not understand him. Ella was the one to whom he longed to tell his griefs, sure of a delicate sympathy inexpressibly dear to him; but an unaccountable disinclination to risk seeing her betrothed in the old post he had once occupied, as friend and counsellor to the mild-eyed, loving child, but with the right to lavish upon her that tenderness she so richly merited from a more appreciative source. He thought of her as the object of the well-meant, but awkward caresses of the old dominie, until he forgot his own fresh sorrows, and rushed hastily forward toward Ella's humble home, explaining to himself that it would be unkind not to hasten to see and counsel upon her new relations after his long absence.

Ella Weston sat sadly gazing from the casement of the little sitting-room. Her hands lay idly in her lap, holding a piece of neglected work, while lost in painful thought she looked upon the sunset. The children were playing in the garden, the old housekeeper was visiting, and her father had not returned from the village.

The next day she was to give the master his answer! More than once had she been tempted to make it affirmative. He was a good, plain man, and loved her truly, she felt sure. What had she to hope? Even if Laura should reject Frank, could she dream he would love her after their long friendship had made for her no other place in his heart than a sister's? No, she could be nothing more to him; was she doing right, then, in refusing to make another happy, even though he should fall so far short of her ideal? No, and she had just determined to tell Mr. Sampson all, and then accept him if he persisted. The struggle had cost her many tears, and they were flowing still when Frank bounded through the open door, in his old boyish way, and stood before her! She knew not of his arrival, and his sudden appearance, at such a moment, startled and distressed her. She turned deathly

pale, and then flushed crimson, as if she feared her late thoughts had been discovered.

"Ella, you have been weeping, what has happened?" said he, taking her hand.

"Nothing, Frank, nothing," replied she, hastily brushing and looking so glad to see him. "How long have you been here?"

"Not two hours," answered he, a shade settling on his brow.

"You have come on business? You have been to the park then?" she asked, looking earnestly in his face when the shade was deepening.

"I have been to the park, but not on business," said he, slowly and sadly.

The tears sprang to the sympathizing eyes that were fixed upon him.

"It is then as I feared!" said Ella, "she was unworthy of you."

"You are right, Ella, and I have awakened from a dream, a sweet dream, but still not reality. Her own act has opened my eyes to the fact, that the germ I have been nursing these four years was a weed, and not the immortal blossom I believed it. I have rooted it from my heart, and though the soil is scarred and shaken with the uprooting, the plant can never spring again! But why did you fear this termination? Did you wish my success?"

A wild bound of the heart sent the crimson to Ella's cheek, as she met Frank's earnest, inquiring glance, but she answered calmly,

"Yes, for I believed your happiness so deeply involved, that failure would have grieved you more than I see it has. I am glad that you can look on it thus calmly."

A light shone for a moment in Frank's dark eyes, and he pressed her hand warmly; but suddenly remembering her altered circumstances, he dropped her hand and said in a cold tone,

"But I am forgetting myself, this friendly intercourse which has ever been so dear to me must now cease!"

"Cease! Frank, what do you mean? What has happened to change you thus?" exclaimed Ella, in alarm.

"Have you, too, forgotten your affianced husband? He might object to my brotherly familiarity," said he, bitterly. "But what right have I to complain if you are happy? I might have had the right once, but like a boy, I threw it by and chased the painted butterfly that led me so far from reason, that when I returned the prize was gone."

"Frank, are you mad?" exclaimed Ella, trembling with hope and agitation. "Of whom are you speaking? What do you mean?"

"Are not you, my sweet, gentle Ella, betrothed

to Sampson, our old schoolmaster?" cried he, eagerly, as a glimmer of the truth dawned upon him.

A merry laugh burst from the relieved heart of the happy girl, as the ridiculous, yet blissful idea of Frank being jealous of Mr. Sampson burst upon her.

"Is that all?" exclaimed she, as soon as she regained her composure. "And what upon earth would it matter to you if I were?"

"Oh! Ella, for heaven's sake, keep me no longer in suspense," cried he, grasping both her hands, unable to determine her meaning, "tell me, is it so?"

"No, Mr. Curiosity, it is not so," replied she, saucily, to hide her growing confusion. "Now are you satisfied?"

"No, Ella, I am not satisfied! Nothing will make me so till you say you forgive the blind boy, who could not see the fair reality walking by his side, but pursued a glittering image that led him on but to deceive! Not until you admit me to that place in your heart, from which I

believed another had forever excluded me, and from which I had so nearly banished myself."

What could she say? Very little, but oh! that little was full of meaning, and carried happiness to the truly awakened heart of the young man!

The reply was softened by every kindly art that shut out hope from the warm heart of the schoolmaster, and he was too generous long to grieve for that which secured the happiness of two whom he esteemed so highly.

The elegant Laura Elliston, in supreme disgust, quitted the humble village of Elm hedge, and induced her father to sell the park, thereby breaking the last tie between her and its peculiar inhabitants. She would have used her influence to prejudice Frank with her father, but here policy and interest stepped in, and he retained his place in the firm, finally rising to be the senior partner, and enjoying wealth and honors, which took their greatest charm from being shared with his beloved wife.

Laura married "brilliantly," and lived as unhappily as she deserved.

LELIA, OR LOVE UNREQUITED.

BY BELLONA HAVENS.

SHE sang me a song when the night was hushed,
Her heart beat high, and her cheek was flushed;
But her brow was pale as the hue o'erspread,
On the icy cheek of the silent dead—
No gifted pen could define the grace,
That slept in the smile of her sweet, sad face;
Nor the hue of the raven's wing compare,
With the glossy curls of her silken hair.

Her form was fair as an artist's dream,
On the spell-fraght shore of Parnassus' stream;
And her spirit bright I could well descry,
'Neath the dreamy lids of her poet eye—
The song was o'er, and the lute laid by,
We wandered forth 'neath the starry sky;
And she breathed a tale in my listening ear,
That woke from its slumber the silent tear.

'Twas a tale of love, and a dream of bliss,
By far too bright for a world like this;
And I wondered much why her cheek grew pale,
As her lips breathed forth such a blissful tale—
But I would she had ceased ere she told me more,
How sadly she woke when the dream was o'er;
How her heart was crushed and her spirit bow'd,
And her sky o'ercast with a midnight cloud.

She loved in vain—and alas! too well!
Her soul was charmed by the witching spell—
'Twas a beacon light on a stormy tide,
When the winds blew free o'er the waters wide,

And sported wild with her light bark, frail,
The voice of love stilled the fearful gale—
And light broke forth where clouds had cast,
Their midnight gloom o'er the tempest blast.

She knew he never had breathed of love,
'Neath the glimm'ring light of the stars above;
But she read it well in his flashing eye,
In his trembling voice and deep-drawn sigh:
But not for her was the priceless worth
Of the visions bright, by love called forth;
And not for her was the dreamy sigh,
Or the love-glance bright in his brilliant eye.

He sought her home on a Summer's night,
And breathed low words 'neath the pale moonlight;
They were softly sweet as the zephyr's sigh,
That was breathed on her brow as it hurried by—
Yet they blanched her cheek to a deadly white,
And seared her heart with their with'ring blight;
For they breathed of love to another given,
And the crushing blow had her young heart riven.

He never knew that her heart was crushed,
Tho' her lips were pale, yet her voice was hushed;
And he never knew by a glance or word,
Of the anguish deep that her spirit stirred;
And he dreamed e'en then, when her heart was chill'd,
'Twas a brother's love that her bosom filled,
And he marvelled much why her heart was mute,
When his own was glad as a silver lute.

"HOPE DEFERRED MAKETH THE HEART SICK."

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

IN the study of the Rev. Dr. Dorr were seated himself, Mr. Arthur Balch and Mr. Edward Sanford, the latter gentleman recently ordained to the ministry.

"The first thing you must do," said the Rev. doctor, "is to look about for a wife. Have you one engaged, brother Balch?"

"No, sir," answered Mr. Balch.

"As you are to be a missionary," returned Dr. Dorr, "you have only to send in your name to the Mission Rooms; no doubt they'll have one to match it, or can find one, of some lady wanting to go on a mission. Don't stare so—the thing is done every day."

Dr. Dorr then turned to Mr. Sanford. "There's the Mount Holyoke Seminary—they educate the pupils there expressly for clergymen's wives."

The young man shrugged his shoulders, and glanced at his fellow-student, "A full course of meekness and self-denial, with the passive virtues generally, I suppose," said he.

"The passive virtues, my boy," exclaimed Dr. Dorr, "I think the young maidens will require some active ones to bring up eight children on four hundred a year. Many congregations are better satisfied if their minister's wife is from Mount Holyoke; and for the parish to be satisfied is a great help to happiness in the family of a clergyman. Don't you want to know the road to Mount Holyoke?"

"Not just yet," replied Mr. Sanford.

"Well, well," said Dr. Dorr, "listen to what I tell you. You are going to the West—the great, the noble West. A glorious career opens before you. You can live more in one year there than in ten here. With an ardent, energetic, self-reliant help-mate, what a work you could do! Oh! if I were but fifteen years younger! Well, I'll take my pleasure in watching the progress of you and your wife, my dear fellow," and Dr. Dorr shook his young brother by the hand, his eyes glistening with tears.

Instead of Mount Holyoke, Mr. Sanford turned his steps to New York, to a plain house in a street running out of Eighth Avenue. Since his last visit, a dark foreboding had entered those doors. Sophie's eyes, toward whose brightening look the young student had travelled as to his load-star, had been attacked with a severe

inflammation. For some time she had been unable to use her needle.

"Mother, don't try your sight with stitching those wristbands," she would say, "do leave them till my eyes get well."

"Till my eyes get well," were words often in her mouth. One morning, the physician, after his usual visit, called Mrs. Mason into another room, and communicated to her the fact that her daughter would soon become blind. Sophie heard all by means of a door left ajar.

"Is there no remedy?" sobbed the terrified Mrs. Mason.

"None, madam, in the present state of medical science—none," was the reply.

Mrs. Mason, after hearing the doctor close the front-door, returned in a kind of bewilderment to her daughter. She found her cold and rigid.

When she succeeded in restoring her, she sprung up, looked wildly into her mother's eyes, then dashed past her, and up the stairs into her own room. Mrs. Mason could not gain admittance, and for hours listened to her, pacing the floor in passionate excitement. For two days she refused all consolation, all sympathy, in a sullen, defiant mood, but the evening of the third day found her with her head on her mother's breast, weeping and wailing.

"How long, doctor, how long can I see?" she asked, the next morning.

Dr. Elliott turned away, "I could not tell you exactly, my dear young lady," he replied, after a moment.

"Can't you give me any idea? two weeks, three weeks?" said Sophie.

"Oh, yes, yes," answered he, "certainly, two months. It may be longer; I give you the shortest time."

How precious those two months were to Sophie none can tell. She displayed a feverishness most painful to witness, lest she should not be making the most of every hour. She had a desire to do once more everything she had been in the habit of doing. She took her needle and sewed for half an hour, got out her drawing materials, read over her favorite passages, went out for her accustomed walks, went to see the pictures and statues she most liked. The brilliant blue of ultra-marine had always had a peculiar

attraction for her, and she now kept a quantity of the paint in a box in the sitting-room, and looked at it many times a day, "I want to carry that color into my darkness with me," she said. But most of all, she would sit and gaze on her parents' faces, then shut her eyes and bring them before her inner sight, then gaze again, then again close her lids to make the picture more minute, and so for hours. She comforted poor Edward Sanford, talking over the schemes she had hoped to share, sometimes with a smile that sought an answering one, and ah! sometimes with eyes streaming with tears.

One day, Mrs. Mason was standing in the hall, and saw Sophie coming down stairs with closed eyes—practising. How fast and burning fell the mother's tears.

One morning, she called to her mother, the door being open between their bed-rooms,

"Mother, what is the matter? Why are you getting up so early?"

"Early!" replied Mrs. Mason, "why, it is broad daylight."

There was a spring and a cry of terror. Mrs. Mason rushed into her daughter's room, and saw her sitting on the side of her bed, straining her eyes wildly round and round.

"Mother," she cried, "it is dark night to me!"

Mrs. Mason threw her arms around her, and drew her head down to her bosom. Gradually she slid from her, and lay crouched at her feet, shaking from head to foot. Then came a hoarse whisper, "Mother, are you sure it is light?"

"Yes, my child. Be calm, oh, be calm."

"Oh, mother, I expected it, but I did not know it was like this."

"Let us pray," murmured Mrs. Mason, through her sobs, and sinking on her knees, she lifted up a mother's cry to Him who has said, "Call upon me in the hour of trouble." When she ended, Sophie lay passive, but Mrs. Mason could not persuade her to rise, though she manifestly heard all that was said. The desire more than the power appeared wanting. She seemed unable to will one of those bloodless hands to move, or her bent form to straighten itself.

Days passed away, and Edward Sanford prayed her to be his wife even then.

She shook her head, and he could not urge her as he looked on her pale cheek and fast thinning form, apparently soon to pass away. He rose up and went home to his solitary room, where he found a letter from his friend Arthur Balch, informing him of his surroundings. Let us take a peep at brother Balch. He had sent his name to the Mission Rooms, and received a letter of

introduction to a clergyman, in whose flock was a young lady who had determined on the sacrifice of going on a mission. A meeting was arranged. Enter a lady sallow, thin and thirty. She seated herself on the extreme point of a chair, twisted her long hands together, and turned her head to one side. The subject of missions was introduced. She felt she "had a call," she said.

After a few more interviews, the thing was settled, and the Dorcas Society of the church, commenced Miss Penny's outfit.

On the morning of the wedding, Mr. Balch rose early and occupied several hours in concentrating his mind on the idea that his work as a missionary must engross his whole being—and solely as his helper among the heathen he met his bride. She, on the contrary, as the hour drew near, had been thinking of the thing more as a woman with a living, beating heart. When the service was ended, her bosom was heaving and her lips trembling, and the look she raised to her husband asked, oh! it asked a thousand things—it sought a response and it met none.

When Mr. and Mrs. Balch, came to New York to embark, Sophie Mason wished to meet them, and Mr. Sanford brought them to her father's one evening. Mr. Balch addressed his wife as "my dear," and behaved very properly in everything, but Sophie's already acute ear made her parting kiss almost pitying. Mrs. Balch's tears fell fast upon the blind girl's hand. Her husband started, looked at her attentively, and went out of the house in a deep study. That capacity for sympathy, tenderness was not meant to slumber, thought he. From that hour he allowed his heart to assist itself, and the life of both was widely different. Sophie! this was your work.

"No remedy in the present state of medical science." None knew how those words lay down and rose up with Sophie Mason, as year after year passed away. She learned to be patient, cheerful. People admired her very much. Her pastor came and sat long by her side, and then quoted her in his evening lecture, as an instance of the power of God to make a creature just as happy when deprived of the greatest blessings.

Sophie could write to Mr. Sanford, but she could not read his replies, and her mother read them to her. This wove a new, a sacred tie between them. Mrs. Mason felt that she stood in this shrine of a love purified "so as by fire," and Sophie welcomed her there with fond confidence. It was very beautiful, this mingling of the soul of mother and daughter. Thus eight years went into the past.

One evening, Mr. Mason sat down by his

daughter, and told her that Dr. Elliott had proposed an operation on her eyes. A discovery had recently been made in Paris. He was not very sanguine, but if she thought it worth while to try—

"Worth while to try," repeated Sophie, raising her glowing cheek.

"But it will be very painful, my dear."

Sophie only smiled, and the thing was arranged. For weeks she lay in a darkened room, with bandaged eyes. What visions of flashing sunbeams, of the sparkling green robe of nature, of smiles on dear faces went and came under those bandages! The day arrived when they were to be taken off. If the operation were successful, in a few weeks Sophie would see. Gently the last one was laid off. All waited in breathless stillness. The trained features of the professional man expressed nothing: his lips only said, "We must reduce this inflammation."

It was enough for Sophie's acute ear. She spread out both her hands, and burst into a loud cry that rung to the depth of every heart there. The parents turned to the physician and met confirmation.

The doctor went away. The room was put in order, and Mrs. Mason sat down by the fire. The blind girl still lay on her sofa, the clock ticked briskly on the mantel, the canary hopped and chirped in the sunshine, and all was as quiet as if the hopes of eight years had not just been crushed out. To Sophie it seemed so, for she could not see the tears that rolled hot and burning down the mother's cheek. What wonder that her heart grew rebellious, bitter?

She now sunk into a state of nervous debility, that confined her almost entirely to her sofa. Hope deferred had indeed "made the heart sick."

Meanwhile, Edward Sanford labored at the west. The village where he had "located" had grown rapidly, and great and noble was the work he had done among its mixed and ardent population. He stood up, a man among men, prized by all but the most lawless, and respected even

by them. What means the sigh with which he sinks into his chair after a hard day's work? Where are his thoughts as he leans his head upon his hand? Where but beside the sofa on which a restless invalid has lain for two years. If his eyes had been there as well, he might have seen Dr. Elliott coming to propose a second operation with increased knowledge. There is a faint tinge on Sophie's cheek, but she only says in sad tones, "Just as you please," and the hand she has half-raised, drops. He might have seen Dr. Elliott entering again, this time with a dozen students to look on.

But now, joy! joy! Will not this rouse you, Sophie? Soon you will see heaven's blessed light again!

"There, gently, gently," said Dr. Elliott, "lay her down gently. It is too much for her."

Mr. Sanford did not see all this; but he saw—ere long—Sophie's speaking, tearful smile as she held his hand, and gazed intently on every lineament of his face.

Two friends rode over the prairie into a village of Illinois, months after, "Yonder is Mr. Sanford's house," said one, pointing with his whip. "You will find him just sitting down to tea, I think. He is lately married."

"So I have heard," responded Dr. Dorr.

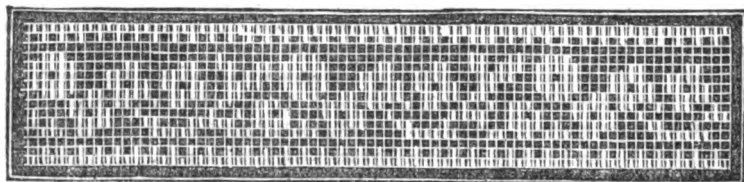
Fairly welcomed to Mr. Sanford's tea-table, and presented to the pale, shattered woman at its head, Dr. Dorr stared in amazement.

Dr. Dorr was a Yankee, and before two days had passed, he propounded the question plainly to Mr. Sanford, in a tone of condolence, why he had married such a woman. Edward smiled, and told him the story.

"Sophie has been subdued and refined by suffering," said he, as he concluded, "and from her spiritual companionship, I go forth, the power of a higher sphere with me. Her soft glance, so long darkened, is more to me than the co-operation of the most energetic woman—though these last are very noble in their way."

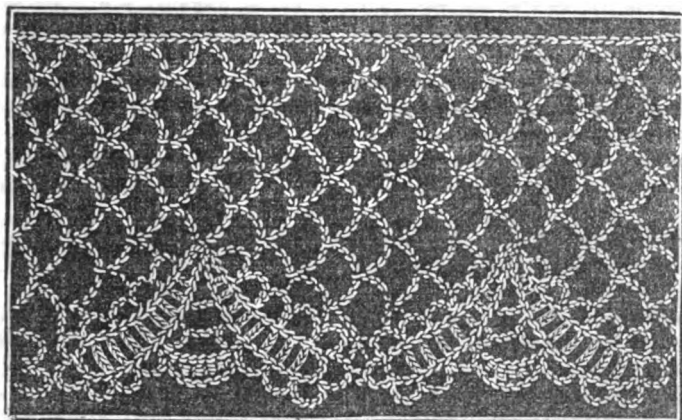
Was it not a true woman's work that had been kept for Sophie?

CROCHET EDGING.



DRESDEN LACE IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.



MATERIALS.—Crochet cotton, No. 20; crochet-hook, No. 21.

1st.—18 ch.; turn, miss 1, sc. on 2nd, † 5 ch., miss 3, sc. on 4th, † 4 times.

2nd row.—Turn, † 5 ch, sc. under loop, † 4 times; 5 ch., sc. on so.

3rd row.—Turn, slip up 3 of the last 5 chain, † 5 ch., sc. under the next chain of 5, † 3 times; slip on the two remaining chain of that loop and the next so.

4th row.—Turn, † 5 ch., sc. under the next loop, † 3 times, 5 ch., sc. at the end of the row.

5th row.—Turn. Slip up 3 of the last 5 ch., † 5 ch., sc. under loop, † 3 times.

6th.—Like 4th.

7th.—Like 5th. After this begin the flower.

FLOWER.—12 ch., miss 2, 2 dc. on the next two, 2 dc. in each of the next two; on the remaining six 2 dc., 2 sc., 2 slip. Slip six stitches up this edge, without turning the work. 6 ch., tc. on the last slip, 2 ch., miss 2, dc. on the next, 2 ch., miss 2, slip at base. Slip-stitch (still without turning) as far as the tc.; chain; miss 2, 2 dc. on the next 2. On the next four work two contracted stitches; they are done thus:—

A **CONTRACTED STITCH.**—Begin as in a common dc. stitch; bring the loop through, and draw the thread through it, and the thread twisted on the hook. Then, instead of completing the stitch, twist the thread again round the hook; insert this in the chain, draw the loop out, and bring the thread through three of the four loops on the

needle. Finish the stitch as in common double crochet.

The object of this stitch is to contract the edge of the work, and so make the cup-like form of the flower in the border.

After the 2 contracted stitches, 2 dc., 2 sc., slip to the stem. Bring the thread to the other side of the flower, 2 ch., join to the first loop of five, 2 ch., miss 1, 1 sc. on the edge of the flower; 8 ch., join to the next loop of five, 2 ch., miss 1, join to the flower, 8 ch., miss 1, sc. on next, 3 ch., join at the last slip of 2nd row, 2 ch., miss 2 on flower, join on 3rd, 3 ch., sc. on 5 ch., 2 ch., connect with the point of the petal, 4 ch., (a) miss none, sc., † 3 ch., miss 1, sc. on next, † 3 times. 6 sc. on the 6 chain in the centre of the flower; * 3 ch., miss 1, sc. on next, * 3 times, 4 ch., miss none, sc. (at the extreme point) 5 ch., miss 2, sc. on 3rd; 4 ch., miss 1, sc. on 2nd; 8 ch., miss 1, sc. on 2nd; 4 ch., miss 1, sc. on 2nd; 8 ch., slip at the stem. Slip back one of the three, 2 ch., and work backward and forward on the net-work; continuing at the

8th row.—† sc. under chain of 5, 5 ch., † twice, sc. under loop, 5 ch., sc. at the end.

9th row.—Like 5th. Sc. last time under the last loop of the flowers. 1 ch., sc. under next loop.

10th row.—Turn. 2 ch; † sc. under loop, 5 ch., † 3 times. Sc. at the end of the row.

(a) In the second and succeeding flowers they must be here connected with the previous.

11th row.—Turn. 3 slip on chain; † 5 ch., sc. under loop, † twice; 5 ch., 3 slip at the end of the row, 1 ch., join to the next loop but one of the flower.

12th row.—Turn. † 5 ch., sc. under loop, † 3 times; 5 ch., sc. at the end.

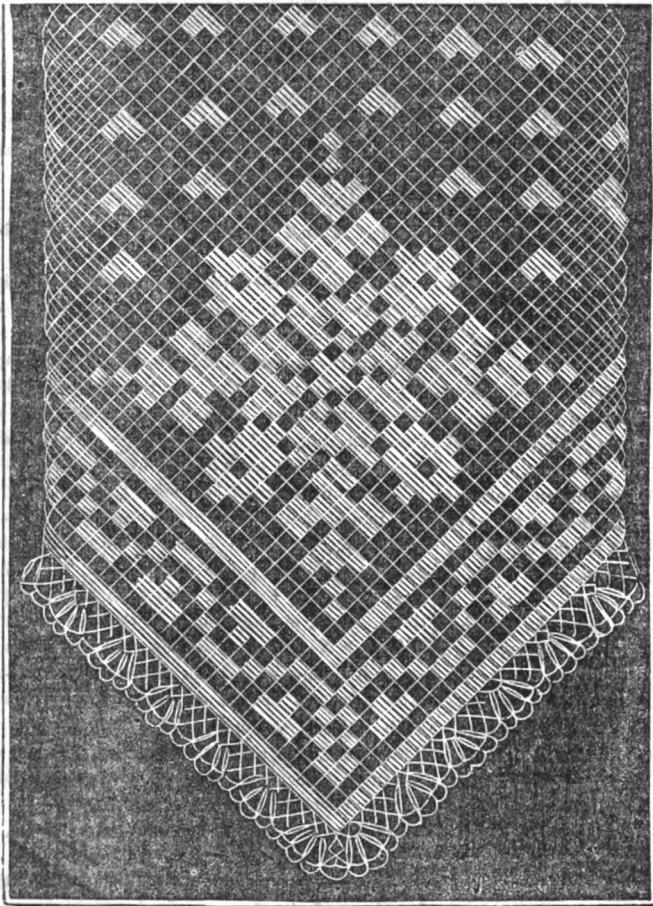
13th row.—Turn. 3 slip up the chain; † 5 ch., sc. under loop, † 8 times, 5 ch., slip on the 4th chain of the next loop of the flower.

Repeat from the 2nd row to the 18th (inclusive of both) as often as may be required.

In sewing on this edge, hold it in a little.

GENTLEMAN'S NETTED NECK-TIE.

BY MRS. FULLAN.



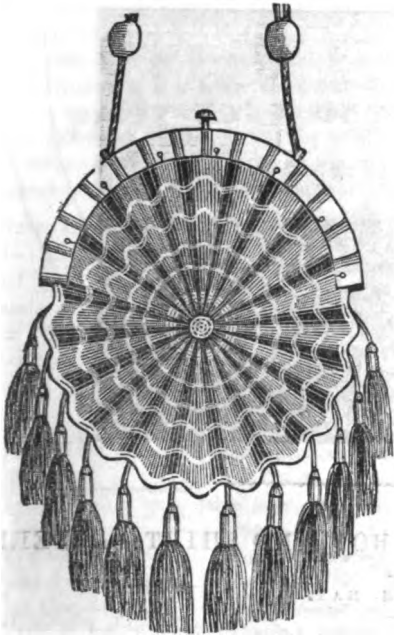
We give, this month, a design for an article which we believe many ladies will have much pleasure in working, and many gentlemen much pleasure in wearing. It is one of the mysteries of human life that gentlemen should, for so many years, have uncomplainingly endured the misery of wearing that article of masculine attire so appropriately designated "the Stock," when any light, pliable fabric would be found so much more comfortable, and add so much to ease of motion. The present Neck-tie, which has many recommendations, is in netting and darning in black or rich blue netting silk; the latter being, of course, more adapted for evening dress. Commence the netting at the widest part, which will require between one hundred and eighty to two hundred loops, with a flat ivory mesh, not quite a quarter of an inch in width; net as many rows as will be

requisite to form half the width desired, carefully remembering to net the last two loops together at the end of every row. Then net from the centre the other half in the same manner. Finish the edge with the little border given in our illustration, and then darn the pattern in the corner with black silk, a little

coarser than that used for the netting. It will make the work look much more perfect if, when finished, it is damped and stretched tightly all night. It is of great consequence in this work that the silk should be of the best quality, as the continued friction of the netting gives a white appearance to the work if a common silk is used.

THE DUCHESS PURSE.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.



MATERIALS.—Blue crochet silk, silver thread. Make a ring of fine stitches with the silver

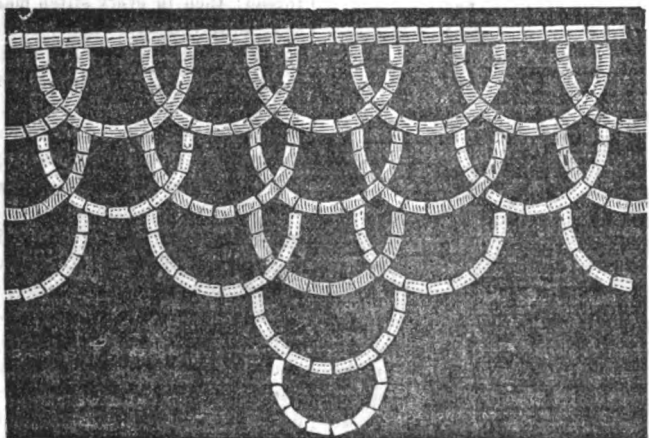
thread; then in every stitch make two with the silk, until you have twenty-two stitches. Take again the silver thread and make three stitches in every stitch. At the end of the row, you should have sixty-six stitches. In beginning the next row, make two single stitches; in the third stitch make three, and repeat this to the end of the row. In the next row, make a triple stitch precisely above the triple stitch of the preceding row, leaving four stitches between. For the next row, take the silver thread, and make again a triple stitch above the last, leaving six stitches between. The vandykes are now well formed; there should be eight stitches between every two points. In the fourth row, miss two stitches midway the two points, and make a triple stitch at the point. This is done to the end, making two rows with the silk, and one with the silver thread. Take care that the missed stitches are always precisely one above the other, and so should be the triple ones. Both sides are alike, they are joined by tacking them together in working a second row with the silver thread. This row is not made, of course, where the purse is sewed to the clasp, which is a silver one.

BEAD FRINGES.

BY M^S. PULLAN.

We give two designs for the fashionable bead fringes. These fringes are much in use for various purposes. They make a pretty finish to different sorts of mats, as well as to those worked in Berlin wool as to those formed of beads, and equally to those which unite the two materials. In our illustrations the loops are intended to be of different colors, but this must depend on those introduced into the interior. The upper one is formed of loops, and their alternations are easily discovered by consulting our engravings. The second design may appear rather more complex, but is not so in reality. The first row is formed of loops overwrapping each other. The second, by threading the loop,

and passing the needle through the centre beads of the first loop; this gives alternate loops, the intermediate ones being afterward filled in. The third row is done exactly in the same way, with the exception of not filling in the two apertures which divide the scallop. The two loops which form the point are added by passing the needle through the respective places, as shown in the illustration. It is necessary to say that the cotton should be strong and coarse. Passing it through the beads to bring it out again at the right place for the pattern, gives firmness to the work. When it is necessary to tie a knot, both ends should be passed through a few of the adjoining beads before the ends are cut off.



RAPHAEL BODY FOR LITTLE BOY AND SHIRT PATTERN.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



Raphael Body, and is suitable for a boy of six or seven. With the aid of the first diagram on the next page, any mother, who has skill in cutting out clothes for her little ones, can make such a body for her son.

- No. 1. Back.
- No. 2. Side of front.
- No. 3. Piece for middle of front.
- No. 4. Brace to be trimmed with braid or narrow velvet.
- No. 5. Sleeve.
- No. 6. Cuff of sleeves.

The diagrams are to be enlarged according to the directions published on former occasions, to the sizes marked severally on 1, 2 and 4, which will give a pattern that will fit nearly any boy of five or six years old.

The second diagram is for a shirt for a little boy of six or seven.

- No. 1. Front.
- No. 2. Collar sewed on front.
- No. 3. Turn-down collar.
- No. 4. Wristband.
- No. 5. Cuff of wristband.

The plaits of the shirt to be wider or narrower, according to the maker's taste.

We give, this month, a pattern for a new and fashionable dress for a child. It is called the

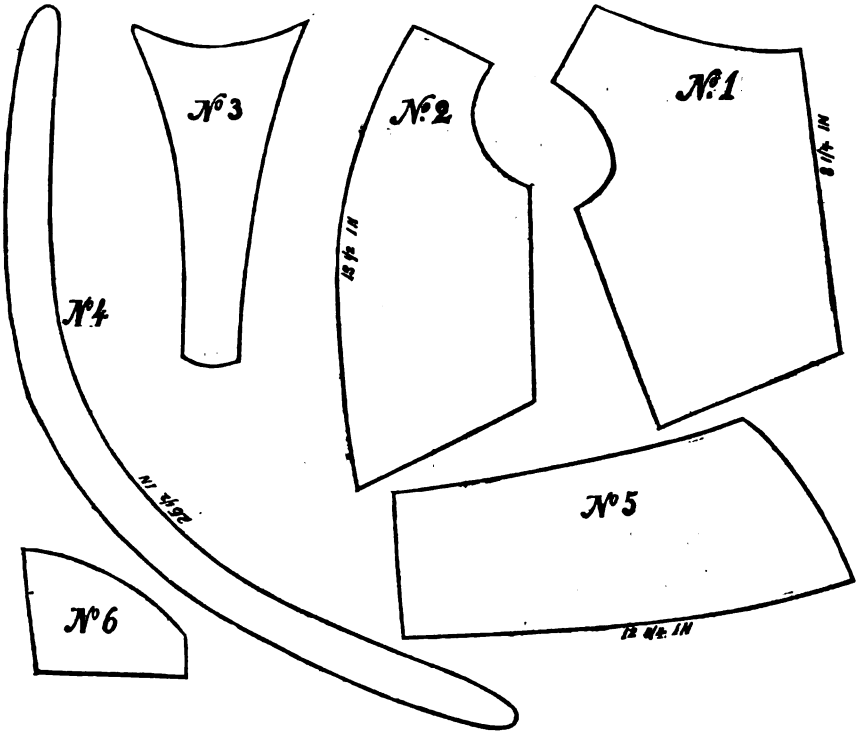


DIAGRAM FOR RAPHAEL BODY.

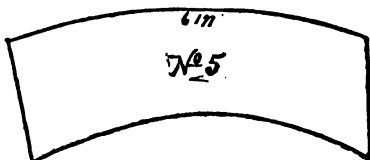
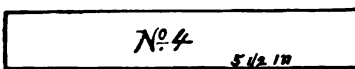
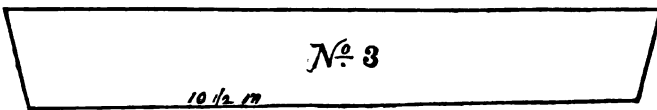
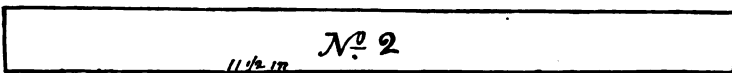
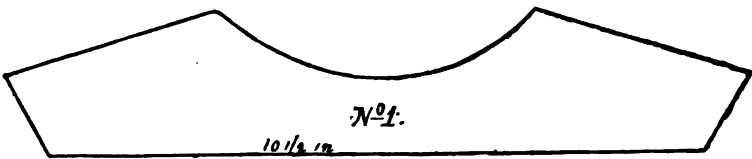
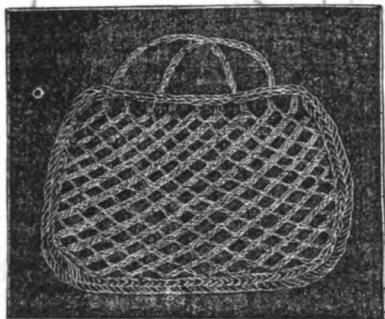


DIAGRAM FOR BOY'S SHIRT.

TRAVELLING RETICULE OF TWINE.

BY SUSAN COPLEY.



The pattern used is merely one row O T. The next row plain knit.

To keep the diamonds regular, observe that one open row should begin with O T, and the next should begin with a single plain stitch before the O T.

The two sides are knit in separate pieces, and sewed together.

Pins No. 10. Twine that will pass through the hole (No. 18) of a knitting gauge.

Cast on one hundred and ten.

P one row.

K two rows.

4th row O T.

5th and 6th K.

7th cast off forty-one, purl sixty-nine.

The forty-one cast off form the handle.

From the end of the sixty-nine slip eighteen.

Fix on the thread and work thirty-three stitches, beginning with the nineteenth thus:—

Slip one. O T sixteen times.

With the last stitch take in one more from the eighteen at the other end. Leave seventeen and work back, plain, thirty-three stitches.

With the thirty-third take in one from the first eighteen.

3rd row O T sixteen times. End with a plain stitch, with which take in one from the seventeen.

Return plain with the thirty-third stitch, taking in one from the other seventeen.

These four rows are to be worked nine times, which will take up all the eighteen left on both sides.

K one row. P one row. K one row, and cast off.

At the beginning of each of these rows draw the loop through the handle strip to keep the parts close together, yet without contracting, and cast off double on the wrong side—the two selvage ends of the needle.

Now pick up sixty-nine cast on loops, corresponding with those purled in the 7th row, eighteen on one pin, and fifty-one on the other, with the points meeting.

Work thirty-six rows to correspond with those on the other side, viz: on thirty-three stitches, in the centre of the sixty-nine, taking in one of the eighteen up at the end of every row.

When the thirty-six rows are done, instead of casting off, work eight more rows on the thirty-three stitches, still carrying on the pattern.

Continue to work in the same way, leaving two stitches on the pin, and two more at the end of every row till only four are worked in the needle. Then return, and carry the plain row to the end; another plain row to the other end; P one row; K one row, and cast off.

This forms a flap, and adds much to the convenience and security of the article.

A button and loop will complete it.

PATTERN FOR BRAIDING.

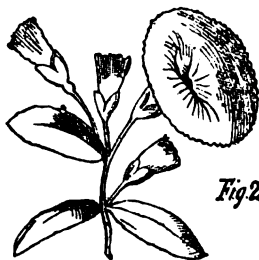
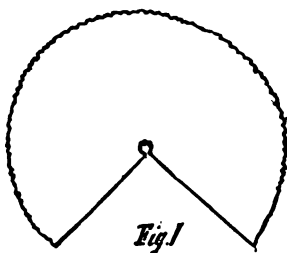
BY MRS. PULLAN.

THIS is a beautiful design for the border of an opera cloak, the bottom of a child's dress, table-cover, or sofa-cushion. On black cashmere it looks especially rich. The circles are of dif-

ferent hues, the braid of gold color. The material of these circles is cashmere, blue, red, violet, white, green; in short, as large a variety as can be easily procured, care only being taken to

make those which come nearest together form good contrasts. If different colored velvets can be obtained, these also give richness to the design. As, however, many ladies, especially in the country, may find it inconvenient to procure either of these two materials in sufficient variety, we mention a third which looks extremely well, and is within reach of every lady, however far from the metropolis. We mean short lengths of good stout ribbon, which can be purchased of all colors, so as to afford as much variety as can be desired. The braid is to be of silk, and the color of gold. When finished, the work must be well pressed down.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A CONVOLVUS.*

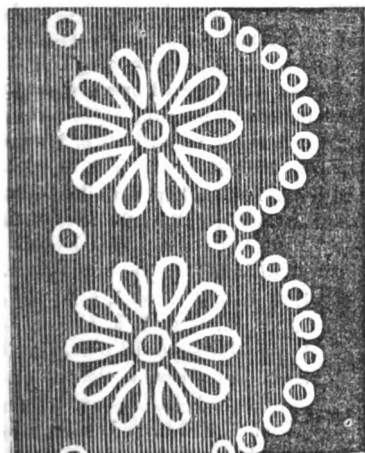


MATERIALS.—White tissue paper, white pips, ultra-marine blue paint, chrome yellow do., green stem paper, wire, &c.

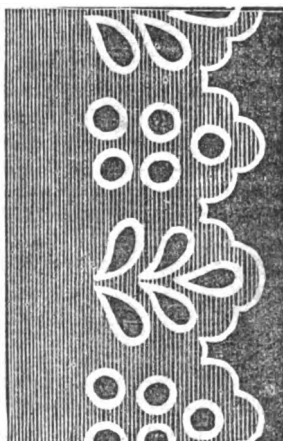
Cut as many as are desired of fig. 1 out of white tissue paper, paint the edge with ultra-marine blue on both sides: for the heart of the flower use the powdered yellow chrome: close the flower with gum, then clip the edge a little at five equal distances, and curl slightly with the scissors or pliers. The stamen is composed of one single white pip, wrapped on to a piece of wire to form the stem branch like fig. 2.

*** MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 32 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid. A. M. H.

VARIETIES FOR THE WORK-TABLE.



TRIMMING FOR DRAWERS.



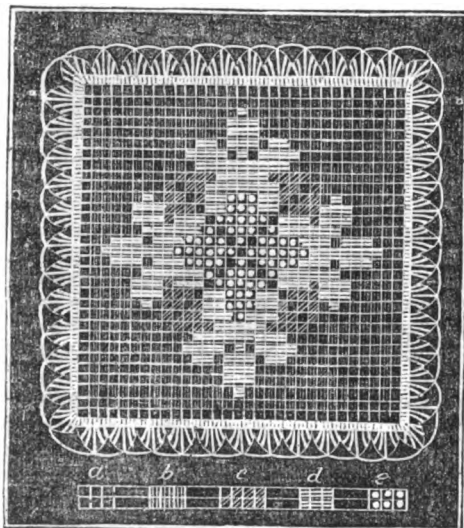
PETTICOAT BORDER.



GUIPURE WORK.

SMALL MAT IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.



MATERIALS.—Good size fleecy; a coarse crochet, either bone or steel.

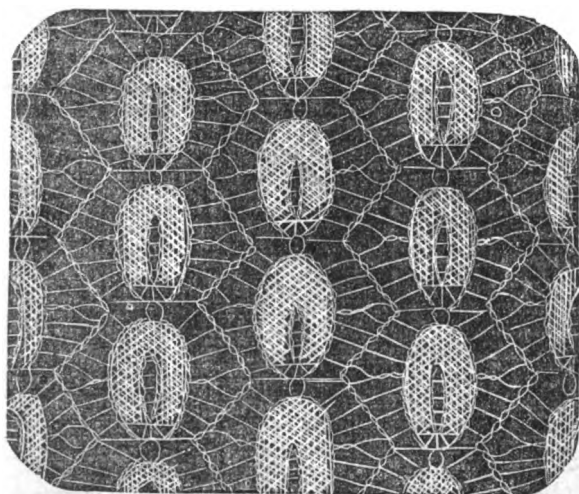
Work from the design, each square being counted for two double crochet, and each row for two, in order to allow for the ribbing; as in ribbed crochet; the colors are not to be changed, except in the front row. Take for the ground a good shade of dark red, work the design in orange, the corners between in green, and the middle in Albert blue.

FOR THE BORDER.—With green wool, 1 double crochet, 1 treble in one loop, in the next loop 1 long stitch, 1 double treble, 1 long; and in the next loop 1 treble, then 1 double, 1 plain stitch, and repeat.

Patterns, worked in colors, in this way, are much more beautiful than those done in white only, especially if the colors are harmoniously assorted, as we think our fair companions of the work-table will find them in this instance.

KNITTED CURTAIN.

BY SUSAN GOBLEY.



MATERIALS.—Knitting cotton. Cast on as many times seventeen as the pattern is to be repeated, with two more, one for each edge.

1st row.—S. 1 (a) k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 1, m. 1, k. 8, s. 1, k. 1, turn the slipped 1 over; repeat to the end of the row, k. the last.

2nd.—S. 1 (b.) s. 1, p. 1, turn the slipped 1 over, p. 2, m. 1, p. 1, p. 2 t., m. 1, p. 8, m. 1, p. 2 t., p. 1, m. 1, p. 2, p. 2 t.; repeat to the end of the row, p. the last.

3rd.—S. 1, (c.) k. 2 t., k. 1, m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 5, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 1, m. 1, k. 1, s. 1, k. 1; turn the slipped 1 over, repeat to the end of row, k. the last.

4th.—S. 1, (d.) s. 1, s. 1, p. 1, k. 4, k. 2 t., k. 8, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 1, m. 1, s. 1,

turn the slipped 1 over, m. 1, p. 1, p. 2 t., m. 1, p. 7, m. 1, p. 2 t., p. 1, m. 1; p. 2 t., repeat, k. 1, turn the slipped 1 over; repeat.

5th.—S. 1, k. 1, (e.) m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 t., m. 1, 6th.—S. 1, (f.) m. 1, p. 2 t., p. 1, m. 1, p. 8,

p. 2 t., s. 1, p. 1, turn the slipped 1 over, p. 8, m. 1, p. 1, p. 2 t., m. 1, p. 3; repeat, p. the last.
m. 1, p. 1, p. 2 t., m. 1, p. 1; repeat to the end of row, p. the last.

7th.—S. 1, (g.) k. 2, m. 1, p. 2 t., k. 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, turn the slip stitch over, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 8; repeat to the end, k. the last.
2 t., k. 2, m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 1; repeat to the end of row, k. the last.

8th.—S. 1, (h.) p. 2, m. 1, p. 2 t., p. 1, m. 1, p. 2 t., m. 1, p. 1, p. 2 t., m. 1, p. 3, p. 2 t.; p. 1, p. 2 t., s. 1, p. 1, turn the slip 1 over, p. 1, repeat to the last.

9th.—S. 1, (i.) k. 4, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, turn the slip stitch over, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 8; repeat to the end, k. the last.

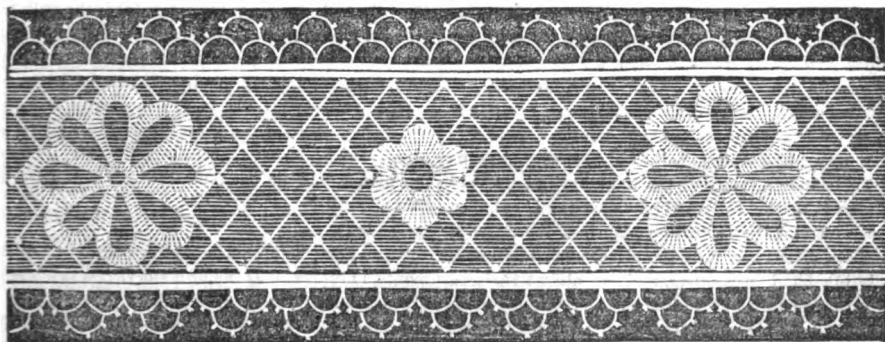
10th.—S. 1, (j.) p. 4, m. 1, p. 2 t., p. 1, m. 1, p. 2 t., m. 1, p. 1, p. 2 t., m. 1, p. 3, p. 2 t.; repeat to the last.

FLOUNCE IN COLORED EMBROIDERY.

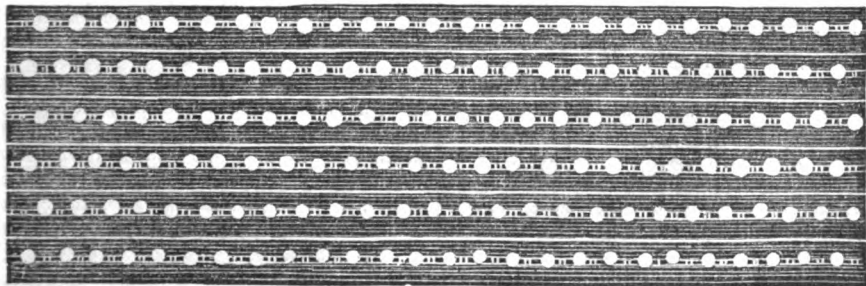
BY MRS. PULLAN.

In the front of the number we give a design for a flounce in colored embroidery, which has a very good effect. It may be done on many materials, but white book muslin or leno, or a strong black net, are all good in their different ways. In our design the ovals are to be worked alternately scarlet and green; but if other colors are preferred, any contrast is allowable. The ovals are worked in chain-stitch, the spots slightly raised in satin-stitch, (there are no holes) the scallop in button-hole-stitch, broader in the centre, so as to form a crescent shape. This pattern is also extremely pretty in white embroidery.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



TUCKER FOR BOY'S DRESS.



SHIRT FRONT.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A PIC-NIC IN WINTER.—On a bitter day, early in February, two letters came to our *sanctum*, one post-marked near the Canada line, and the other at Charleston, South Carolina. The writer of the first apologized for the paleness of the ink, by saying the thermometer had been forty degrees below zero that morning. The author of the other, our old correspondent Carry Stanley, who, it seems, has been spending the winter in Charleston, S. C., said she had just come from a pic-nic on Sullivan's Island, in the dead of winter. Think of it! We are living in a country, made on so vast a scale, that of two persons, writing almost on the same day, one is where the thermometer falls to forty degrees below zero, and the other goes to a pic-nic and plucks clover. Carry Stanley's description of her Sullivan's Island excursion is worth preserving. "The air," she writes, "was soft and balmy. The water of this beautiful bay was literally a mirror, and the vessels, some sitting in stately repose, and some with their white wings unfurled, just as you see the wild ducks about here, seemed really like 'painted ships upon a painted ocean.' I never saw water so still in my life: the trees on the shore, the birds skimming along, and the vessels in repose, were faithfully represented in it. Away out toward the sea you might think it the waters of the 'Pactolus,' so golden was it; whilst 'Pinckney Castle' springing up from the midst, and 'Fort Sumpter' and the Island houses seemed to rise from a golden vapor, like the enchanted palaces of the Arabian Nights. I felt as if it was all a fairy dream, and expected to see it fade away like a mirage before my eyes. Sullivan's Island is sandy in the extreme, and its only foliage is that of the stately Palmetto tree, but even the sand and that contribute much to the Eastern, Arabian Night aspect of the place. The houses are only inhabited in summer, and are almost enclosed in verandah's with green blinds. One of these mansions had been kindly put at our disposal, and we went there to eat our luncheon and to rest. We threw open the windows and sat by them, but finding that too close, we went in the verandah and spread our table there. Even there we were obliged to turn the blinds to keep out the sun. As for grandpa, he took his newspaper and chair, and seated himself on the shady side of a pine tree without his overcoat. He boasted of the clover growing at his feet, and fearing he would not be believed, he pulled some of it to send home. All this was on the twenty-eighth day of January. After luncheon, we looked up the house, and strolled further up the Island, on the side toward the sea. There was no surf, but the waters broke upon the shore with a lulling, monotonous

sound, like the sighing of the wind through pine trees. The whistle of some sea-birds only seemed to make the stillness more still. Immense flocks of small, white gulls sprang up now and then, and drifted past us like snow-flakes. Wild ducks and fowl of all description abound most plentifully about the waters of the Island. They are beautiful, graceful creatures, swimming about in pairs often, diving or flying as the fancy seizes them."

FASHION.—There is only one thing more powerful than the steam engine, and that is fashion. Fashion rules the women, the women rule the men, and the men rule the world: ergo—fashion is more powerful than all other influences combined. Fashion makes men ridiculous and women spendthrifts. It takes the human family by the nose and leads them into captivity. Fashion made the Hollander wear eighteen pairs of breeches at once, and caused Englishmen to wear boots so sharpened at the point that they could be used as toothpicks. Fashion builds our churches, fits up our pews, and even regulates the rights of sepulture. Fashion is a great power. What a pity it can never be enlisted on the side of common sense, early hours, goodness, and economy!

POINT LACE STITCHES.—If our fair correspondent, M., will look in our volume for 1855, she will find full directions for making point-lace, with illustrated descriptions of the stitches. We are sorry, for her sake, that she was not a subscriber at that time, but it would hardly be just to the thousands who were subscribers then, and still continue to be such, to reprint what we have so recently published. It is her misfortune, and not our fault, that she is "behind the times."

"THE REJECTED."—The leading engraving, in this month's number, tells its own story. "Whew! She's given me the mitten," is expressed in every line of his face, in the very way he joins his thumbs. The fair one, meantime, seems as indignant, as so pretty a girl can be, that such a lover should have dared to propose. The artist is the same who designed the "Onconvenience of A Single Life," published in our October number for 1855.

SCOTCH BALLADS.—We have been so frequently solicited to publish, now and then, the music of some of the old Scotch ballads, that we begin, this month, to do so, with "Auld Robin Grey." About three or four times a year, we shall give one of these ballads, if we find the practice acceptable. There is, another air to "Auld Robin Grey," a modern one, and more ornamental.

ABOUT EMBROIDERIES.—Few ladies know how many people are supported by making embroideries. Glasgow, in Scotland, is the great centre of the embroidery business, and two-thirds of all the embroideries worn in this country come from there. The work, however, is not all done in Glasgow; one-half of it at least is done in Ireland, and the rest of it in various small towns in Scotland. The balance of embroideries worn in this country, come from Germany, Switzerland and France. One establishment in Glasgow employs thirty thousand operatives, scattered over Ireland and Scotland. They have in their warehouse in Glasgow twelve hundred girls employed in washing, starching, ironing and carding the goods.

Scotch embroideries are worked on better muslin and will last longer than any other. The patterns are printed on tissue paper, and given out by the manufacturer to the embroiderers, (who are usually girls of ten years old and upward) together with a sufficient quantity of muslin and cotton for use. They are taken to the home of the operator, and when done returned to the manufactory. There is a large depot for the giving out and receiving of this work at Belfast, for the Irish embroiderers. The girls employed are paid according to the fineness of the work and the number of stitches in it.

One or two dozen collars will be embroidered on one piece of muslin, and when returned to the manufactory are usually black with dirt. They have to be washed, starched, ironed and put upon cards to be fit for sale. Their price depends, not only on the fineness of the work, but partly on their style and on the caprice of our ladies. Manufacturers are constantly devising new shapes and styles, on some of which they make large profits, and on others lose as much. For instance the collars and sleeves made for, and sold in London last autumn, would not bring in this country one-half of the original cost, for they were in large points, and embroideries of that shape had gone out of fashion here then. Also, when ladies in America were wearing as large collars as they could purchase, in London and Paris small ones were worn; the others being made for this market expressly. German embroideries are made in the same manner as the Scotch, but differ in appearance. They are generally done on coarser muslin, with coarser work and large figures embroidered in floss. The collar, when finished is put under heavy pressure, which gives it the appearance of fine work. During the last two years a large quantity of German embroideries have been sold in this country, in consequence of their comparative cheapness. The principal depot is at Leipzig. French embroideries are made on very thin muslin, are generally of finer work than either the Scotch or German, and command higher prices. They do not wear as well, however, as the Scotch. Most of the embroideries known as French are actually made in Switzerland, but few comparatively coming from France. They are nearly all finished of a dead or dirty white. But

nothing positively can be told of embroideries by the color, as each importer has to have colors to suit his particular trade; some blue white, others dead white, and others yellow white. Some of the finest work, sold here as French, is really done in Ireland, on muslin or linen cambric imported from France. This embroidery is often so well done, that dealers themselves cannot tell whether it is French or Irish. Handkerchiefs are occasionally made in Ireland, that will take a good embroiderer, working constantly, over six months to finish.

A REPRESENTATIVE IN TRUTH.—The North Carolina "Representative," published at Halifax, in that state, says, "Peterson's is certainly one of the best Magazines we have seen. The number now before us is worth the price of subscription. The literary matter is far ahead of that of any other we have seen, and the fashions are later, prettier, and more reliable than we generally find in other Magazines. The mezzotint and steel plates are beautiful, and the directions for Crochet Work, Embroideries, &c., with the patterns, are choice and fashionable." We quote this because it is a *representative* of what hundreds of others say.

T. B. PETERSON'S CATALOGUE.—We call attention to the catalogue of T. B. Peterson, advertised in this month's number. It presents the fullest list of popular and entertaining books, issued in a cheap form, to be found in the United States. Any of the books advertised will be sent, post-paid, on the receipt of the price. Address, T. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson, Boston, has just published a charming ballad, composed by George H. Throop, and entitled "Molly Wood." Another beautiful ballad is "We'll All Meet Again in the Morning," the words by H. Clay Preuss, the music by Thomas Baker. Horace Waters, New York, is the publisher.

BEST OF ITS KIND.—The *Romulus* (N. Y.) *Courier* says, "Peterson's is considered by the press and literary critics generally, the first periodical in the land, in point of literary excellence and refined taste. Its mezzotints and steel engravings cannot be excelled, if indeed they can be equalled."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Consumption. By Dr. W. N. Hall. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Redfield.—The idea of this writer is that Consumption, up to within a month or two of death, may be indefinitely arrested or permanently cured, principally by exercising in the open air, being careful to avoid over-fatigue, raw winds and other imprudences. We are not sufficiently versed in the subject to pronounce an opinion, but we incline to the belief that Dr. Hall is right. We know many

invalids, with pulmonary complaints, who have been greatly benefited by abandoning drugs, leaving their sick chambers, and exercising cautiously for six or eight hours daily in the open air. Walking is as good a method of exercising as any, but where there is not strength enough for this, riding is good; and riding may kept up, even in the coldest weather, if a close carriage is used, and the feet kept warm by hot bricks or otherwise. Dr. Hall contends that the cause of Consumption is an imperfect nutrition and an impure blood, and that these arise, in all such cases, from imperfect digestion and the breathing of an impure atmosphere: and if he is right the theory that exercise in the open air is a cure, or at least a palliative, for Consumption, accords with our own experience in the cases we have mentioned. We had occasion to call attention to this very matter, in our February number, in an article on "How To Preserve Beauty," in which we copied an editorial from the Baltimore Sun, asserting that there could be no beauty without health, and that exercise in the open air was indispensable to health. In the Sun's article it was stated that the Indians of Massachusetts never had the Consumption, and this immunity from a disease which now carries off one-fourth of the inhabitants of New England, was attributed to the out-of-door life led by the aborigines. Dr. Hall's volume ought to be in every family in the country, for it is, at least, full of valuable suggestions.

The Wigwam and the Cabin. By W. Gilmore Simms. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Redfield.—Another of Redfield's series of "Simms' Revised Novels and Tales." The volume is embellished with illustrations by Darley, and is neatly printed, and bound to match its predecessors. We have always thought the stories in this book among the very best of Simms' works. As an evidence of the popularity of this writer, we may mention that, in a library for young men in New York, his novels are more sought after than those of any other American author; and the same fact is probably true, in young men's libraries, all over the country.

The Economical Cook-Book. By Elisabeth Nicholson. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: Willis P. Hazard.—We have here nearly five hundred receipts for cooking, preserving, pickling, washing, ironing, gardening, plain and fancy needle-work, putting up of winter stores, and others needful and useful for the household. The publisher claims for the receipts that they are unusually economical, a great point, as all know, especially with young housekeepers. A lady, at our elbow, says that this claim is an honest one. We, therefore, cordially commend the book.

Ten Thousand A-Year. By Samuel C. Warren. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A new edition of this standard novel, handsomely printed on good paper, and bound in cloth, gilt. Many persons, we know, have long desired to see an edition like this, in order to place it in their library; and they will now have an opportunity to gratify their wish.

Villas and Cottages. A Series of Designs Prepared for Execution in the United States. By Colvert Vaux. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This volume contains about three hundred engravings, consisting of plans, elevations, villa views, and other illustrations, and is from the pencil and pen of the partner of the late lamented Downing, a man who may be said almost to have created rural architecture in the United States. In the present work, the designs range from the villa of the millionaire to the cottage of the farmer, and all are infused with a taste, which Mr. Vaux seems to possess as fully as Mr. Downing did. Some of the plans, indeed, are actually Mr. Downing's, having been prepared before his death, though never published till now. With the aid of the drawings for windows, doors, mantles, floors and other details, which accompany the plans for villas and cottages, a skilful carpenter can erect any of the designs given in this work. We would advise any gentleman, who desires to erect a tasteful residence, to purchase this volume before making a beginning, as he may find in it, both more elegant and convenient plans than ordinary architects can supply.

The Golden Legacy. A Story of Life's Phases. By a Lady. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A gracefully written story, with many points of superiority to the ordinary novels of the day, and especially remarkable for the light of a cultivated mind which beams through every page. The character of Mrs. Atherton is brought out with terrible distinctness; Lucille is beautifully delineated; and Willow Dell and Daisy Side are lovely ideals of well-regulated and happy homes. We cordially commend the book. Like all of Appleton's publications it is printed with unusual neatness, and is, therefore, peculiarly fitted for a lady's centre-table.

History of the Invasion and Capture of Washington. By John S. Williams. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this work, an officer in the army in the war of 1812, has made a valuable contribution, in the book before us, to the historical literature of our country. It is the first really complete and reliable account of the capture of Washington city that has ever been published. He shifts the censure for that event from the camp to the cabinet; and we think makes out his case.

A Lord of the Creation. By Marian James. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.—A capital novel, albeit unnecessarily severe on our sex, which it describes as intensely selfish to a man. It really made our heart ache to read some parts of this book; but we take comfort by thinking that all lovers are not Vaughans. But the work is so well written, and so true of many of our sex, that it ought to be read by tens of thousands.

Short Patent Sermons. By Dow, Jr. 3 vols., 18 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A new edition of a work that has had great popularity with a certain class of readers. It is quite nearly published.

Lever's Works. 4 vols., 8 vo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—The author of "O'Malley" is at the head of the school of rollicking, hair-breadth-escape, laughter-moving novelists. On this account he deserves not merely to be read and thrown aside, but to have a place in the library. Accordingly T. B. Peterson has issued an edition of Lever's works, in four volumes, containing "Lorrequer," "O'Leary," "Jack Hinton," "The Knight of Gwynne," "Tom Burke," "Kate O'Donoghue" and "Horace Templeton." The price of the sett, bound in black cloth, is \$6.00; in scarlet cloth, extra, \$6.50; in sheep, \$7.00; in half calf, or turkey, \$9.00; and in half calf, antique, \$12.00. The volumes compare favorably with the edition of Dickens, double column octavo, issued by the same publisher.

Valentine Vox. By *Henry Cockton.* 1 vol., 8 vo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—A bound edition of a novel which is almost as full of fun as "O'Malley." It is issued in a style similar to "Ten Thousand A Year."

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

How to Make Soup.—The principal causes of bad broth or soup are that the proportion of meat used has been greater than that of vegetables; that spice, onion, ham, cloves, and too much salt and pepper, have been employed.

The soup is tasteless, because the cook neglected to throw a little salt over the meat when it was first placed in the saucepan of cold water; or if even this has been done, the temperature of the water has afterward been suddenly raised to the boiling point, up to which it has probably been maintained to the last. Such a mode of proceeding is bad; it causes the delicate flavor to evaporate. The dark color of soup arises either from the overcharging of meat, spice, &c., or from the waste of the animal material, which is expensive; or the sparing of the vegetal fragrant materials, which are economical.

The soup should be freer from fat than any other dish, otherwise a greater quantity of it may be swallowed without being perceived, so that the first guests served will have the greatest share.

To avoid having fat in soup, it ought to be made the night before it is wanted, by which means the fat may be easily removed when the soup is cold; but to preserve the whole of the aroma—that intensely sweet smell so inciting in soup—it should be made shortly before it is partaken of. The supernatant liquor from the saucepan, when the soup or broth is completed, should be inclined, and held without shaking, and toward a strong light, then skimmed, when the first ladlefuls will not change the uniform appearance of the surface; but shortly the broth itself will appear, then the contrasts of color will show themselves; the little "islands," and soon the "eyes of fat," will begin to swim more and more isolated, and every trace of fat can easily be removed.

Long previously to the foregoing operation, and on the first ebullition, or boiling, the swimming scum and floating atoms of every kind must be skimmed off, and the skimming continued so long as any refuse reaches the surface. When this is completed, the soup must be set aside to simmer, but never be allowed to boil again.

The second cause of dark color in soups is from the employment of coloring by burnt onion or burnt sugar, which, though they may cheat the eye, cannot deceive the palate and the stomach.

Pure well-made broth should be of the color of the lightest sherry. The employment of more than a very small onion, or spice of any kind, or smoked or salted meats, is highly improper.

Ham, too much salt, and such adulterations as have been before mentioned, produce thirst, whilst it is the office of broth to slack it, and, as medical men say, prepare the surface and appetency of the tongue and stomach for the reception of more substantial food.

Let it be observed, that the proportion of one-third of veal will improve beef broth: and also that the liquor of boiled fowl is almost invaluable, and some say the like of the liquor of boiled leg of mutton; and the liquor of boiled turnips, carrots, or of celery, should not be wasted.

When rice soup is to be made, wash the rice well in warm water, changing it frequently. Then put the rice into a saucepan with some good stock. Set it on the fire, and leave it to swell for half an hour; but do not let it boil. When the rice has imbibed all the stock, add a sufficient quantity to cover it, and boil it slowly for two hours. In the mean time pepper and salt two or three slices of beef and broil them. When of a nice dark brown, put them into the rice soup, to which they will impart a rich flavor and a fine color.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Gathering the Perfumes of Plants.—The perfume of flowers may be gathered in a very simple manner, and without apparatus. Gather the flowers with as little stalk as possible, and place them in a jar, three parts full of olive or almond oil. After being in the oil twenty-four hours, put them into a coarse cloth, and squeeze the oil from them. This process, with fresh flowers, is to be repeated, according to the strength of the perfume desired. The oil, being thus thoroughly perfumed with the volatile principle of the flowers, is to be mixed with an equal quantity of pure rectified spirits, and shaken every day for a fortnight; then it may be poured off, ready for use.

To Make Dry Toast.—Dry toast is the most pleasant and wholesome form of bread prepared for breakfast; but if it be cut beyond the given thickness, or if it be not set up vertically as soon as toasted, it becomes leathery to the teeth and indigestible to the stomach; and if it be eaten when only half cooled, it becomes still more highly so.

To Keep Suet very Nice.—Take the firmest part of the suet, and pick it free from skin and veins. Put it into a saucepan and set it at some distance from the fire, in order that the suet may melt without frying, or it will taste disagreeable. When it is melted, pour it into a pan of cold water. After it has caked quite hard, wipe it very dry, fold it in fine paper, and then in linen. Keep it in a dry but not in a hot place. When you wish to use it, scrape it fine. It will make a nice crust, either with or without butter.

To Give a Fine Color to Mahogany.—Let the tables be washed perfectly clean with vinegar, having first taken out any ink-stains there may be with spirits of salt. Use the following liquid:—Into a pint of cold-drawn linseed oil, put four pennyworth of alkali-net-root, and two pennyworth of rose pink, in an earthen vessel; let it remain all night, then stirring well, rub some of it all over the tables with a linen rag; when it has lain some time, rub it bright with linen cloths.

Turkish Marrow.—Take some cold dressed meat, mince it very fine, mix with it one egg, a little gravy, a small quantity of onion and herbs; season it well with pepper and salt. Then take a vegetable marrow, cut off the top, and scoop out the seeds only; fill the marrow with the meat, tie the top on again very firmly, and let it stew gently till the marrow is quite tender; send it up in a dish well covered with a rich gravy.

Remedies for Chilblains.—Boil some turnips, and mash them until reduced to a pulp; put them into a tub or large basin, and put the feet into them, almost as hot as can be borne, for a short time before going to bed. Persevere in doing this for a few nights, and the itching and irritation of the chilblains will be cured. Of course this must be before the chilblains are broken.

Frothed Orange Cream.—Make a pint of cream very sweet; place it on the fire and let it boil. Put the juice of a large orange into a small, deep glass, having previously steeped a bit of orange peel in it for a short time. When the cream is almost cold, pour it out of a tea-pot on the orange juice, holding the tea-pot as high up as possible.

To Take Ink Out of Muslin.—Dip the part stained with ink into cold water. Then fill a small basin with boiling water, and on the top place a pewter plate; lay the muslin upon the table, strew salts of lemon or tartaric acid upon the ink spot, rubbing it in with the bowl of a spoon; the spot will then immediately disappear.

To Cure Hiccough.—It is not generally known that a lump of loaf sugar will instantly stop the most troublesome hiccough.

Preventive against Moths.—Strew camphor over the things you wish to preserve from moths.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

RYMING CARDS.—Provide a hundred slips of thin card-board, about two inches long, and one inch

wide; upon these, write in clear legible hand all sorts of miscellaneous words, provided they be substantives and adjectives. Deal three cards to each person, without knowing what words you give out; and when every one present is supplied, they are each to make two or more lines of doggerel rhyme, in which the three words are to be brought in, however incongruous. Before reading their verse or couplet, the three words must be audibly announced. Suppose the following amongst the set of words; "Wheelbarrow, gardener, mince-pie, robin, chair, table, thunder, wind, rain, piano, dancing, bridle, horse, cat, &c., and suppose the first three words on the list to fall to one person, he reads, for example, (when every one else is prepared) "Wheelbarrow, gardener, mince-pie."

"Having put my wheelbarrow away,
I was glad to hear the gardener say,
Your mother has on the tablet set
A hot mince-pie for her darling pet."

THE SPELLING GAME.—Procure from the printer's half a dozen of printed alphabets on cards. Cut out the letters singly, and with them make the name of a person, object, or thing, keeping the letters in your hand, or out of sight—then shake them all together, and give them to your friend to make out what word it was you formed. Two persons may sit down, each giving a puzzle, and amuse themselves by intellectually endeavoring to find it out.

THE TOILET.

WHITE TEETH, Perfumed Breath and beautiful Complexion can be acquired by using the Balm of a Thousand Flowers. What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when using the Balm of a Thousand Flowers as a dentifrice would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth as white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate that their friends will never mention it. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure each bottle is signed Fetridge & Co., N. Y. For sale by all druggists.

"WOODLAND CREAM."—A pomade for beautifying the hair. Highly perfumed, superior to any French article imported, and for half the price. For dressing ladies' hair it has no equal, giving it a bright, glossy appearance. It causes gentlemen's hair to curl in the most natural manner. It removes dandruff, always giving the hair the appearance of being fresh shampooed. Price only fifty cents. None genuine unless signed Fetridge & Co.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. 1.—AN INDOOR DRESS OF FAWN-COLOURED SILK, brocaded in wide brown and black stripes. The corsage is high and plain. The sleeves are demi-long, slit on the outside of the arm, and laced with a silk cord. Over the corsage is worn a black

velvet trimming, called "a lattice," made of strips of velvet crossing each other in diamond shape; and braces formed of wider velvet. This "lattice" is loose from the dress, and would look particularly well over thin white or pink summer dresses.

FIG. II.—A HOUSE DRESS OF CINNAMON-COLORED SILK, with four rows of trimming composed of wide fringe of the color of the dress, put on in large vandykes, headed by a row of narrow black velvet. The corsage is made high, with braces trimmed with fringe and velvet. Muslin collar trimmed with two rows of thread lace, each row headed by a narrow black velvet ribbon.

FIG. III.—BASQUE FOR LITTLE GIRL OF HABIT CLOTH, trimmed with green velvet. Pagoda sleeves with velvet cuffs. Small hood of green velvet, pointed at the back, the point finished by a small silk tassel, fawn-color and green mixed. The basque is fastened at the chest by cashmere tabs edged with green velvet; the buttons of green silk.

FIG. IV.—CASIQUE OF BLACK VELVET, the body fitting tight: the skirt is cut in the circular form, so that there are no plaits or gathers at the waist; it is trimmed with two rows of silk fringe intermixed with jet, and having a narrow jet heading; the bottom row of fringe is not put to the edge of the skirt, but laid on it, the velvet coming a little below the fringe. The small berthe cape is trimmed with fringe, and a narrow jet trimming finishes the top of the cape. Pagoda sleeves with two rows of fringe.

FIG. V.—BONNET OF PALE DOVE-COLORED SILK; the curtain, very deep at the back, is edged with light green velvet and black lace; a broad black lace is turned back from the front, and carried over the top of curtain; the front edge is looped by pale green velvet; at each side is a green feather and leaves of the convolvulus; blonde cap with pink convolvulus: broad green strings.

FIG. VI.—BONNET OF FRENCH STRAW.—At the front edge is a broad band of pink silk looped with pink velvet. The cape is of pink silk, and trimmed with black lace. A half-handkerchief of black lace crosses the crown, and at the back a bow of pink ribbon, with long flowing ends; blonde cap with rosebuds: broad pink strings.

FIG. VII.—BONNET OF FANCY STRAW; the front edge is of blue velvet: a band of blue velvet edged with black crosses the crown: the curtain, very deep at the back, is trimmed with blue velvet and black lace: blonde cap with blue flowers; broad blue strings.

FIG. VIII.—MORNING CAP OF CLEAR MUSLIN, and the trimming consists of frills of worked muslin and bands of violet-color ribbon. A puffing of ribbon surmounts the cape. At each side bows of violet ribbon with flowing ends.

FIG. IX.—CAP OF BLACK BLONDE, intermingled with rows of black velvet. Trimming of blue ribbon. At the back a bow of blue ribbon with long flowing ends.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The windows of our fashionable stores are already gay with the spring and summer goods. The new silks of a superior kind have flounces woven in the material, or narrow Bayadere stripes. Stripes are more fashionable than plaids. In de lains, the stripes are usually covered with palms in rich colors on delicate grounds. Chintzes and lawns are unusually pretty this year. They are unsurpassed for richness of color, and are mostly of a palm or arabesque pattern. Skirts still continue to be worn long. For thin, or wash dresses, the basque is not worn, except for morning dress, when the basque is like a loose saque, finished with a frill and belted around the waist. Organdies, lawns, &c., intended for dinner or evening dress, are to be made with a round waist, with a slight fullness, and confined by a sash of ribbon matching the dress. Corsages made low in the neck, and worn with a pretty little pelerine cape of the same material as the dress, and trimmed with a lace edge, promises to be exceedingly popular. Either black lace, or white null basques look exceedingly well with these corsages.

A rumor has got abroad that the French Empress (who rules Paris, and Paris we know rules the world of fashion) has diminished the width of her crinoline, and that consequently two ladies will be able to pass each other on the side walk hereafter. Our latest Paris fashions, however, give no hint of this. Five, six, and seven skirts still continue to be worn, flounces spread wider than ever, and we see no prospect as yet of our fair belles looking less like Dutch ships than heretofore.

For out-door wear, silk basques of much the same patterns as the cloth and velvet ones in our present number, or as the cloth basques which we have already given, will be much worn. Shawls have also regained their popularity which they should never have lost, especially with tall persons, or those who have long necks and sloping shoulders.

BONNETS retain much of the winter's shape, but promises not to be so overloaded with trimming.

BLACK LACE JACKETS continue to be much liked. They are, indeed, particularly convenient, as they are adapted to be worn with any silk dress. One of these jackets is composed of rows of insertion of black lace edged with narrow lace, and joined together at intervals to form the shape. Some are composed of black tulle, nearly covered with narrow rows of black velvet, and bows and ends of the same. Occasionally a light trimming of jet is intermingled with the velvet or other trimming. Jackets made in the same style of white muslin, with puffings, through which blue, pink, lilac or green ribbons could be run, would be very "dressy."

CAPIES OR FICHUS are trimmed with lace, ribbons, blonde ruches, and narrow black velvet. These are to be worn with low-bodied dresses of course. Some have long ends; others, on the contrary, are tied under the arms. They form a pelerine behind and reach down to the waist.

SLEEVES for morning wear are sometimes made

large and plain, confined only with a band at the wrist; and sometimes they have two puffings, with a gauntlet cuff turned back, and a ribbon run through it to correspond with that worn at the neck. The morning collars are generally of embroidered muslin, with or without a trimming of Valenciennes lace.

The under-sleeves, for full-dress toilet, are made of tulle with puffings and a lace frill. They are always decorated with ribbon or butterfly bows.

For ordinary visiting toilet nothing is prettier than embroidered muslin sleeves with cuffs of the same, slit up for the hand and trimmed with lace.

MORNING CAPS are made small, and are composed of lace, or of worked muslin, in a variety of rich patterns. They are trimmed with ribbon of some bright color, and frequently black or colored velvet is intermingled with the ribbon.

COLLARS are only moderately large.

POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS for evening costume are profusely ornamented with lace. For plain toilet, less lace is used, but they are rich in needlework. For visiting dress and morning wear, those with an open-work edge, or with rows of hem-stitch are generally selected. For this purpose head-dresses with colored embroidery are also much in vogue.

ORNAMENTAL CUFFS.—A very pretty little cuff is now worn in moderate evening dress, which deserves the degree of favor in which it is held on account of its own advantages. Its foundation is formed of ribbon velvet about an inch and a half in width, drawn in about a quarter of an inch from each edge with elastic, in the usual way. A slight black lace, about three inches wide, must then be taken, its pattern having been selected for its suitability for the purpose intended—namely, to be traced out with small black beads and bugles. These are to be diversified according to the design; the larger corner and lines being marked by the bugles, the rounds, or smaller corner, being covered with small rings or

short strings of the beads. When this is completed, the lace must be fulled in to the edge of the velvet. When these cuffs are worn over a plain book muslin sleeve confined at the wrist, the lace, which must either be a scallop or a vandyke, is well displayed from having the white beneath, and has quite an artistic effect. They have also the advantage of preserving the white sleeve in its purity for a much longer time than is possible without their aid.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

THE present fashions for children's costume are very pretty. One dress, intended for a little girl of seven or eight years of age, is composed of cerise-color poplin, chequered with narrow stripes in black. The skirt at the lower part is ornamented with rows of black velvet, disposed horizontally, one above the other. The corsage is high, but without a basque, and is ornamented with bretelles of black velvet. The sleeves are long, and finished at the ends with revers. The collar and under-sleeves are of worked muslin, the latter closing round the wrists. A dress of Sevres-blue silk has just been made for a girl of ten years of age. It is trimmed up each side with horizontal rows of blue braid, the rows having a button at each end. The corsage is high, and has a long basque, trimmed with rows of blue braid placed perpendicularly. The corsage is ornamented from the waist to the throat with rows of braid, one above another. For out-door costume, a black velvet cloak is worn with this dress, and a bonnet of white thierry velvet, ornamented with rows of blue velvet. Small roses and buds are mingled with under-trimming of blonde. For boys to the age of seven years, the pantaloon reaching to just above the ankle is still popular. Dresses of velvet with capes are worn by small boys; the drawers reach only to just below the knee.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—When additions are made to clubs, no premium is allowed, until sufficient to make a new club, at the rates remitted, have been added, viz: three at \$1.00, five at \$1.50, or eight at \$1.25. Consequently, where four are added to a club, at \$1.25 each, and a premium asked, we cannot afford to send it. There must be eight at \$1.25 to obtain a premium.

PREMIUMS.—When entitled to a premium, state, in remitting, which you prefer. In case no selection is made we shall send "The Garland of Art."

POST-OFFICE STAMPS are taken only for fractions of a dollar.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTION.—No subscription, at club rates, taken for less than a year.

How to REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

NEVER TOO LATE.—It is never too late in the year to subscribe for "Peterson," for we can always supply back numbers to January inclusive.

TRANSFERRING PAPER, for copying designs in embroidery, &c., forwarded, post-paid, in a neat package, for twenty-five cents.

ENCLOSE A STAMP.—Letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.



LES MODES PARISIENNES

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GENEVIVE OF BRABANT.







HOME CAP.



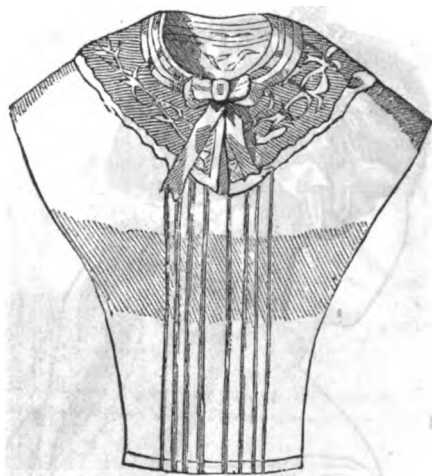
HEAD-DRESS.



EQUESTRIAN DRESS.



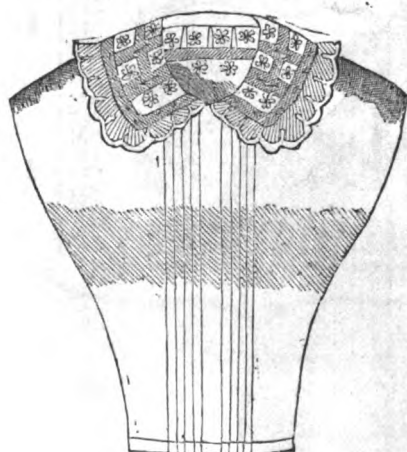
SLEEVE.



COLLAR.



SLEEVE.



COLLAR.

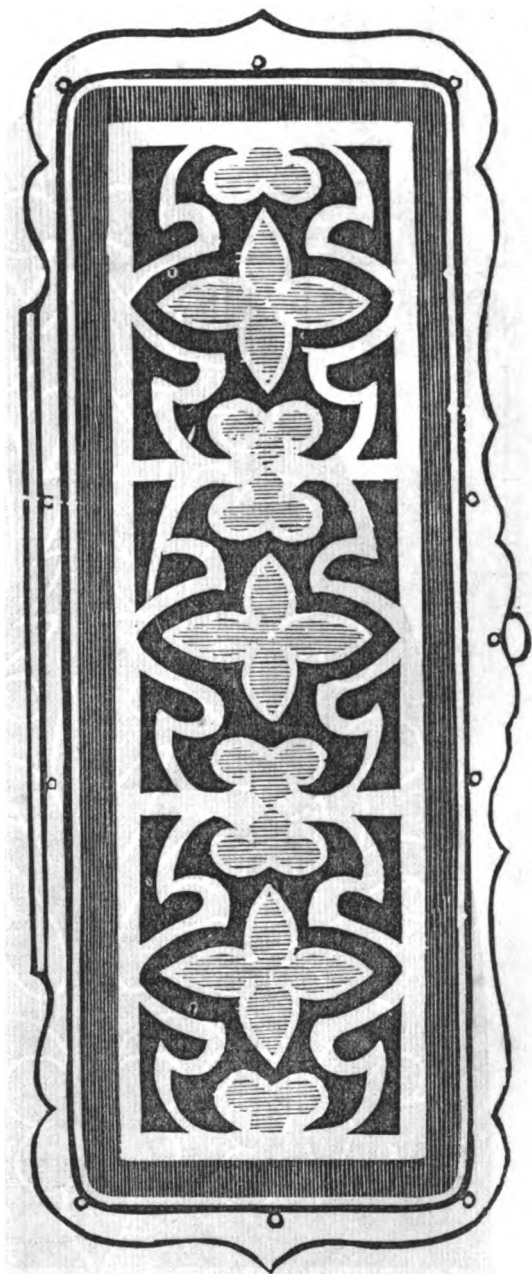
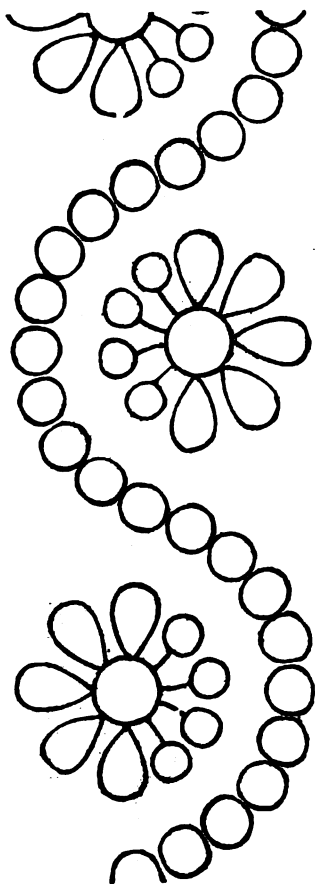


BRACE FICHU.

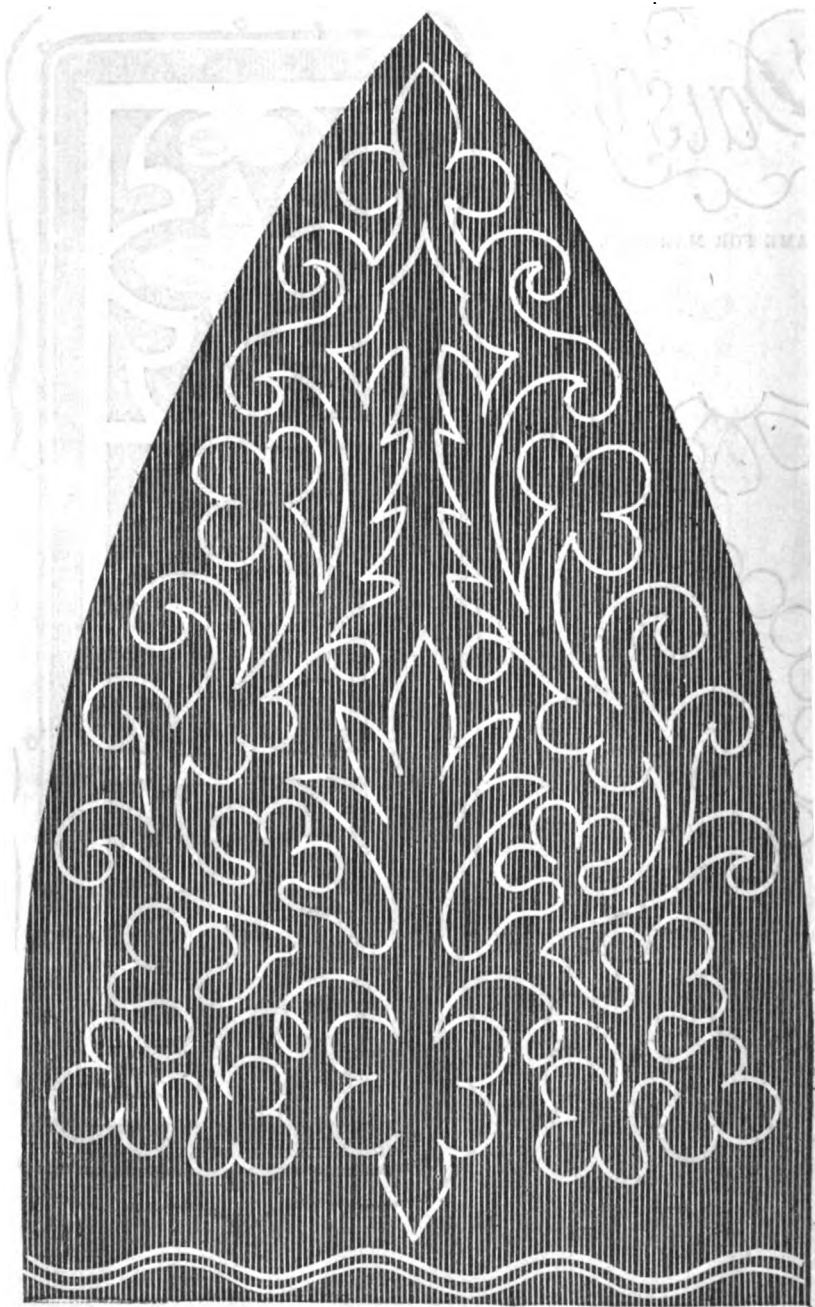
Daisy

NAME FOR MARKING.

TRIMMING FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES.



CIGAR-CASE.



SECTION OF A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKING-CAP.



PASSION FLOWER IN EMBROIDERY.

VALENTINE SCHOTTISCH.

COMPOSED BY

VALENTINE DISTER.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A.D. 1864, by JAMES COVENHOFEN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

The musical score is written for piano and features a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piece is divided into two systems. The first system includes a piano introduction marked 'PIANO' and a main section marked 'mf'. The second system includes a first ending marked '1a.' and a second ending marked '2a.'. The score concludes with a 'Fine.' marking. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Trio.

p dolce.

mf

f

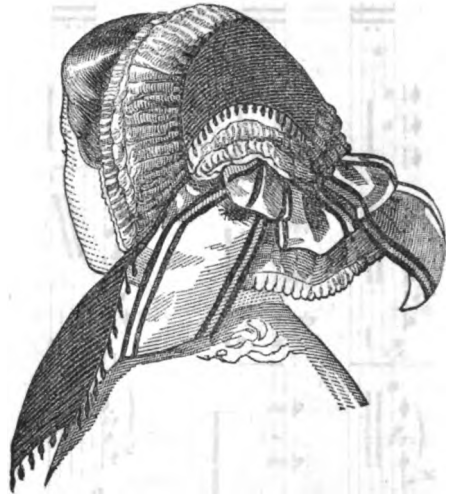
p dolce.

mf

D.C.



BONNET.



BONNET.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1857.

No. 5.

THE CONSCRIPTION.

BY A. L. OTIS.

I SAW this story in a newspaper, condensed into a paragraph of a dozen lines, and told as a fact. I thought it so terrible in its sadness that it should be read by every one, and that it may reach as many as possible, I have prepared it for these columns.

Up four flights of stairs in a house in Paris, were three snug little rooms inhabited by the family Roumille. They had only peaked roofs, chimnies, and the blue sky to look out upon, but so pleasant were the rooms within, and so neat, and tasteful and sunny, that there was small temptation to turn the eyes away from them.

It was evening, and the family were assembled at supper. They were observing a fete, and the best gilt china glittered on the table, a little bouquet of fresh flowers stood by each glass, and an iced-cake surrounded by a wreath of rose-buds distinguished the centre.

Around the board sat the jolly, affectionate old father, the delicate and loving mother, their brave, handsome boy, and one other, not now belonging to the family, but soon to be called daughter by the parents, and wife by the son. She was a gentle, lovely young girl, looking with affectionate respect upon the old folks, and with fond, modest eyes upon her lover.

"Son," said the mother, "for twenty-one years this night hast thou been the delight of my heart. Thou hast gladdened my eyes every day thou hast lived. Ah, that thou wert but a few years younger, that I might be sure of thee longer."

"Wife, dost thou not see that Marion takes thy word as a reproach to her? Thou would'st have thy son all to thyself, thou sayest."

"I do not mean that I would not have my child Marion for my daughter. No, no! Bless her heart, she need not blush so. And she need not fear. I think even my Robinet happy to be her husband. But the conscription, father. Our boy is of age."

The old man's happy face grew pale and uneasy.

"Wife," he said, "our boy is filial to us, and true to Marion, and loving to God. If heaven is but just, he will not draw the fatal lot. Heaven blesses the good."

"Whom God loveth he chasteneth," said the mother, with a sigh, and Marion's cheek grew whiter.

"Come, do not darken a sunny day by clouds of fear," said the young man. "To-night I am free. To-night I can be the happiest fellow alive. Even if to-morrow I draw the wrong number, and must go to fight, I may return to you, Marion, covered with honors. Wilt thou not be glad and proud then, mother?"

"My son, my son, I have known many a brave boy join those ranks dreaming as thou dost; but few come back to their mothers. Oh, Robinet, thou art my only one, and if thou art killed I shall be childless—childless."

"Ah, wife," said the father, crowding back tears. "Could'st thou not be almost happy to be a widow? The conscription spares the only son's of widows. If thy useless old husband were gone, thou could'st keep thy brave young son."

"Ah, ah," cried the wife. "Stop the old man's tongue. Put thy hand on his mouth, Marion. I cannot bear to hear him talk so."

"To-night let us be happy," cried Robinet. "I am not yet a conscript. And I believe I shall escape to-morrow. So 'begone dull care.' Father; shall I cut my birth-day cake?"

"Yes, my boy. Let us not borrow trouble. It would kill me to see thee among the dissolute soldiery driven to slaughter! I will not, no, I cannot think of it. Yes, cut thy cake, but do not harm those pretty buds. Marion placed them there in token of how she will round thy life with pleasures. Eh, Marion. Each bud for a kiss or a kind word, eh?"

Marion wiped her eyes, and smiled blushing. Cheerfulness was restored, and the happy family gave themselves up to enjoyment of each other, the secret thought that perhaps it was for the last time making every voice tenderer.

On the next day the drawing was to take place. Father and son proceeded to the place of decision. The son, with white cheek and dilating eye, drew, while the father stood by, his usually jovial form trembling with agonizing apprehension.

It was a fatal number! and with a groan of despair the old man fell upon his son's neck.

"Oh, my boy," he said, "I cannot let thee go! I cannot see thee driven to slaughter! Thy mother's heart will be desolate. I cannot, no, God forgive me, I cannot."

He wrung his son's hand, and shaking his head at the few brave, consoling words Robinet's trembling lips uttered, he stopt them short by kissing him tenderly. He then went out, with a gesture forbidding any one to follow him.

"The mother will weep over her son," said a bystander, Marion's father, "but an old man, like an old dog, goes alone to grieve. He idolizes thee, boy, thy poor, old father. Ah, Robinet Roumille, there is another, a poor, young girl, whose bitterest tears will be secret ones."

The youth, almost stunned with despair at his fate, returned to tell his mother and Marion.

They awaited his arrival, kneeling at the feet of the Holy Mary's image, and praying in agonizing fervency.

Robinet entered quietly, and stood rigid and pale behind them, his eyes large, and his nostrils quivering. The mother turned and looked up at him, then fell back in a swoon. Her son raised her and laid her upon a sofa in slow recovery. Marion clung to his arm, and held one of his hands in hers, weeping bitterly. None asked for the words they could not bear to hear.

"Ah, thy poor father," the mother murmured, "I know he is weeping in secret. He was ever slow to show his grief. His heart is broken like mine. Oh, that I had thy father here. We would mourn together."

There was a stir below, and a sound of many steps coming up the staircase. It paused at the door. Robinet opened it.

They were bringing home his father—dead.

He had killed himself that Robinet might be exempt from conscription. He had fallen a sacrifice to an insane idea of duty. Let us not judge him too harshly. He meant well, his brain gave way, he died that his son might live. God is more merciful than man!

Thus the widow kept her son, but the memory of the father was held in a tender depth of regret, in the forever saddened hearts of both mother and son.

I WELCOME THEE, FAIR SPRING.

BY BELL KAUFFELT.

I WELCOME thee! to these bright sunny bow'rs,
That I again may gaze on opening flow'rs,
As doth the mother gaze on her bright boy,
And marks each budding charm with highest joy;
Or as the stranger on some distant strand
Would joy to grasp a loved and friendly hand,
When every feature, every look and tone
Wears twice the charm it ever wore at home.

My home! This season brings me thoughts of thee—
My childhood home, I never more may see—
The rose I trained around my window there,
The snow-drops and the crocuses so fair,
The vine must now bud too whose leaves among,
I early learned to pour my soul in song,
The violet and sweet forget-me-not
My childhood vale methinks already dot.

To roam again my native vale's my pray'r,
To pluck its flow'rs and breathe its healthful air;

But oh! it may ne'er be; in a strange clime
And 'mid strange flow'rs I weave my thoughts in
rhyme,
And when their breath and Nature's minstrel lay,
Steal o'er my heart with their sweet melody,
They do but touch the sad chords of my lute,
For what once bloom'd and sung for me that's
mute.

But still I welcome thee, fair Spring, and yearn
To catch each sign that heralds thy return
With throbbing heart, as doth the new made bride
Her dearest lord when absent from her side;
And thus my heart doth long for thee this hour,
As I await thee in my moss-wreath'd bow'r,
Thy voice methinks is in the rippling stream,
The glad young buds do burst for joy I ween,
Thy pure warm breath doth softly float o'er me,
And my fond heart doth whisper, welcome thee.

GROWING COLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THERE was an ardor about the young lover that showed how deeply his heart was interested, and his betrothed might almost be said to live only in his presence. He flew to her side, like steel to the magnet, when evening set him free from business; and she awaited his certain coming with a trembling joy that pervaded her whole being. The days were long that kept them apart; but lightning-footed the hours of evening. How eagerly they looked forward to that blessed time, when they would hear the words spoken that were to make them one. And the time came at last, though with slow-pacing steps. Hand-in-hand and heart beating to heart, they entered a new path of life, carpeted with flowers, and moved onward with springing feet, that took their measure to love's delicious music.

Swiftly passed the first seasons of their new existence. It was the warm, fragrant, blossoming spring-time; and the sunshine filled the air with vernal warmth.

"Shall we ever grow cold to each other?" said the young husband, leaning toward his bride, and speaking in a tone of peculiar tenderness.

This was occasioned by the presence, in a small company, of a married couple, not two years wedded, who were known to have lost much of young love's ardor. Their indifference was so apparent, as to have become a subject of remark with their friends and acquaintances.

"Never, Leonard, never!" was almost tremulously whispered back. "That is impossible! Those who truly love, love on forever."

"And with us it is true," said the husband.

"True, warm, eternal love."

And each believed that it was so. Let us follow them a little way on their life journey.

Leonard Williams was a young, ambitious merchant, who was trying, unwisely, to do a large business on a small capital; and Leonard Williams and his wife were a young couple who thought rather more of making an appearance in the social world, than was consistent with their means and prospects. He had too large a store, and too many goods in it; and they lived in too large a house, with too much furniture in it.

A tranquil spirit is not possible under such circumstances. Overwearying mental labor and

absorbing care must attend them. It has ever been so—it was so with Leonard Williams. Even before the waning of the first year, his fine brow began to wear a shadow, and his eyes to have an absent expression. There was a failing warmth in his manner toward his bride, that chilled her heart, at times, as if cold airs had blown upon it suddenly. She was too young, too inexperienced, and too ignorant of the world to comprehend the causes that were at work, undermining, daily, the foundations of their happiness. She only felt that her husband was changing—that warmth was diminishing, and the cloud and the shadow coming in the place of sunshine.

Daily, and weekly, and monthly the change went on—he getting more and more absorbed in business, and she finding a certain poor compensation for heart-weariness in dress, gay company, pleasure, and fashionable dissipation. The coldness of feeling, as well as of exterior, was mutual. A few years longer, and all the little tender courtesies that marked their intercourse when alone, failed utterly. Williams would meet his wife, on his daily return from business, without a changing countenance or tender word; and she met him, at evening, and parted with him on each succeeding morning, with an air of indifference that iced over the surface of his feelings.

And so the years went on. He struggling and striving with the world in the arena of business; and she trying to find in the unsubstantial, gilded exterior of things, that pleasure she failed to extract from the real.

How like mould on a rich garment, or rust upon burnished steel, did indifference creep over the pleasant surface of their lives, dimming the mutual attraction. Williams had energy of character, and a mind that found new strength in difficulty. A man of feeble intellect, less hope, and less suggestion, starting wrong, as he did, would have been driven to the wall in a few years. But Williams discovered his error in time to prepare himself for the impending consequences. At the close of five years from the day of his marriage, he resolutely looked his affairs in the face, and saw that, instead of being worth many thousands of dollars, he was just upon the verge of bankruptcy. It took him two

years to get safely past the dangers that beset his way. One cause of his trouble lay in the extravagance of his style of living. It rather startled him to find, on examining his own private account, that twenty thousand dollars had been drawn for personal expenses. One half of that sum, added to his capital, would have made all safe.

"This will never do," he said to himself. "We are living too extravagantly. There must be a change."

But what would his fashionable wife say to this? Would she be willing to give up her elegant home and retire from her gay position? A feeling of discouragement came over him as these questions arose in his mind.

"She must give it up—she must retire!" he said to himself, with some warmth. But he did not wish to make known the fact of his deep embarrassment; for he had no confidence in her power to endure reverses. If she sunk down in weak distress, the burdens he had to bear would be so much heavier; and they were quite heavy enough already. After viewing the matter on all sides, and pondering it deeply, Williams came to the conclusion that the only economical change likely to meet his wife's approval, was a change from their own home to a fashionable boarding-house. A close calculation satisfied him, that, to do so, would lessen their annual expenses about one thousand dollars.

"Anna," he said to her, one evening, breaking through his cold, abstracted silence, "we are living at too costly a rate."

Mrs. Williams turned her eyes upon his face, with the manner of one who had heard unpleasant words, but did not fully comprehend their meaning.

"It would cost us less to board; and you would be freed from household cares," he added.

"Don't think of it, Leonard," was her prompt reply, spoken in very decided tones. "I cannot be induced to give up my elegant home. As to household cares, I am not troubled by them."

"It is a question of economy," said Williams.

"If that is all, the question may as well sleep," replied his wife, almost indifferently; "for it costs quite as much to live in a first class hotel or boarding-house as in your own home."

Williams had no more to say. A deep sigh fluttered on his lips; his gaze withdrew itself from the countenance of his wife and fell to the floor; his head sunk low upon his bosom, and thought went from his home, to wander amid the seething breakers, toward which his vessel was driving, hoping to find some narrow passage

through which he might steer in safety to a smooth haven. He felt colder toward his wife after that; and she was conscious of the coldness, without imagining the cause.

No change in the style or cost of living took place. That heavy burden he had to carry in addition to his other heavy burdens; and it required all of his strength.

During the two years that elapsed before his feet were on firm ground again, he appeared to have lost all interest in his home, his wife, or his children. Mrs. Williams frequently said, lightly, speaking to friends or acquaintances, that she had no husband now—Mr. Williams having united himself to business in a second marriage. If she spoke thus in his presence, he would part his lips in a forced smile; or, perhaps, say, jocosely, that she had better have him before the courts for bigamy.

Fashion, show, pleasure filled up all the time of Mrs. Leonard, which was not devoted to maternal duties and household cares, and business was the Moloch at which Mr. Leonard sacrificed all social and home affections.

At forty, with a family of interesting children springing up around them, they were but coldly tolerant of each other. Never having seen, from the beginning of her married life, any good reason for economy or self-denial, Mrs. Williams had failed to practice these virtues; but had suffered the opposite vices of extravagance and vain self-indulgence to grow rankly as offensive weeds. Her demands upon her husband's purse had, therefore, always been large, and they steadily increased, until he was learning to hold the strings more tightly, and to question and object whenever she made, what he thought, large requisitions. Thus alienations were constantly engendered; and, at times, there was strife between them. Roughness on his part, and petulance on hers, often came in to help the work of estrangement.

Twenty years of a false life—twenty years in which two married partners, warm and loving at the first, went on steadily growing cold toward each other through the interposition of sordid and worldly things—twenty years of a home intercourse but rarely brightened by love's warm sunshine breaking through the leaden clouds of care or folly—what a sad heart-history is here! And is it not the history of thousands of over-earnest business men, and their thoughtless, unsympathizing, fashionable wives, who seek outside of hearts and homes what they can never find—that tranquillity of soul after which all aspire, but to which so few attain? Alas, that it is so!

Ah, that we could write, from henceforth, a better record of Leonard Williams and his wife! That we could tell you, how, growing at last weary of their vain existence, they turned back, athirst for the pure waters whose sweetness had once refreshed them, finding again the fountain of eternal youth! But it was not so. Habits of thought and feeling were hardened into that second nature which is rarely broken up. If, occasionally, the restless heart returned along its life-journey, seeking for some of the lost flowers and vanished fragrance, their sweetness was perceived only as the dim delight of a

dream; not real enough to inspire an effort to seek their restoration. And so they moved on in the coldness of twilight. Age found him a sordid, irritable, unhappy man—and she a nervous, restless, vain, disappointed woman.

There are such, reader, all around you. But keep your heart warm. Do not suffer it to grow cold toward your wife or husband. Shut out the vain things of the world. The home-likes are warmest, the home-lights brightest; and they will grow warmer and brighter with years if you feed them with the pure oil of unselfish affections.

THOUGHTS AT TWILIGHT.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

SOMETIMES at such an hour as this
Comes the wild wish to meet my fate,
It seems as if I could not wait
Its tardy coming, woe or bliss.

For aught were better to my soul
Than this dull vacancy, this blank;
Yet could I feel so had I drank
As some have drunk a cup of gall?

'Tis madness so to wish to meet
What I should weakly fail to bear,
Oh! rather should I lift this prayer,
"Be the slow moving years less fleet."

I feel life has in store for me
Nought sweeter than as yet I've known,
That none will live for me alone,
And mine no rosy path can be.

I know my cold, ungracious mien
Repelleth most where I would win;
Thus leaving still the soul within
'Mid its own thoughts to waste unseen.

Thoughts that on the heart's-life do feed,
'Till strength and purpose all are gone;
Not thus, not thus should I live on,
But rouse me to some worthy deed.

Too long in dream-land's witching shade
I've wandered, I must leave it now;
For graver years upon my brow
A cold and warning hand have laid.

And I, who've only loved to think,
Must learn to suffer and to do:
Look at the path I must pursue,
Nor weakly from its roughness shrink.

"HEAVENLY FATHER, PITY ME."

BY HELEN MAR.

WHEN the Autumn leaflets died
Hope went sobbing from my heart;
Saying to me, "Like the leaves,
Will your brightest dreams depart?"
Brighter flowers will come again;
Happier days may be;
But my Willie's gone away,
Who made them blest to me.
"Heavenly Father, pity me."

The world was bright and fair;
Now 'tis cheerless, he away;
Angels wings were given him;
I am left to pray.
All life's flowers are stripped of leaves;

Naught but thorns for me:
And heart-broken, Lord, I turn,
And pray for peace to Thee.
"Heavenly Father, pity me."

Let me come to Thee, my Saviour,
I have wandered long.
Tell me with Thy precious love
That I may be strong.
Oh! have patience, Great Redeemer,
And though wayward I may be,
Take me, humble, to Thy footstool,
And to Thee.
"Heavenly Father, pity me."

HOW JENNY WAS WON.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, you love to get
Sweets into your list—put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me—
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!—LEIGH HUNT.

"EH, Phil—want to know 'how I won her?' Well, I'll tell you the *modus operandi*, though its *sub rosa*, of course!" And Ned Wilder, Esq., flung his half-smoked cigar into the grate, ran his white fingers through a mass of clustering brown curls, removed his feet from their elevation at an angle of forty-five degrees on his paper-strewn desk, and settled himself comfortably in the depths of a softly cushioned office chair.

"Want to know how I won her? Well, you see, my boy, cousin Jenny was always just the sauciest witch that ever laced a gaiter, shook a curl, or played the deuce with a masculine heart. And I was always her boy-lover. Can't remember the time, for my life, from the day when I first went to Beechwood as my uncle's ward, and stood—an awkward, blushing, stammering school-boy of fifteen—in the presence of the incipient belle and beauty—can't remember a minute, from that hour, but I was her slave—her out and out slave, Phil. And the witch knew it. Did you ever see one of the sex but knew whom she had entrapped? It's their nature—read you like a book! got the gift of second sight, every mother's daughter of 'em.

"And so, when I came home from academy and college vacations, not a whit less embarrassed and awkward than ever—acting like a grown-up booby—upsetting her workbox and tangling her worsteds, committing countless blunders at table, all this to the gratification of the mischief-loving flirt, and the romping, hoydenish, school-girl companions she'd always have stopping at Beechwood on visits—didn't I make myself a target for all kinds of practical jokes from those same romps?

"And Jenny, herself, wasn't she the ringleader of them all? Didn't she beg to do table honors, on purpose to put salt in my tea, and pepper my muffins, in order to watch my wry faces? didn't she play tantalizing waltzes every evening in

the parlor, regretting so much that 'cousin Ned didn't dance!' didn't she ask me to read aloud at the village Sewing Circle, and upon my bashful refusal, gravely announce to scores of assembled old ladies, that 'Mr. Wilder was afflicted with *bronchitis*,' purposely to render me the victim of those same old ladies, who forthwith thronged about me with receipts, composed of all the roots and herbs in Christendom. I tell you, Phil, it was almost purgatory to me, there at Beechwood; but I was resolved never to surrender.

"But it bothered me most, that Jenny could torment me so. I was in love—I knew it—but had no power to flee her toils.

"Talk about electric shocks! Why, one touch of her little white hand would set my heart to thumping against my ribs. The contact of her floating curls would make my frame tingle to my fingers ends. That's what I call a *gal-vanic* battery.

"Well, I came off with college honors at twenty, and went home to Beechwood. Uncle Dick shook my hand till he wrung tears (of pain) from my eyes; and called me a brave boy, and an honor to the Wilders; aunt Mary got out the best china, and petted me like a grown-up baby; but Jenny danced before me, ridiculing my newly-fledged beard, calling every pet hair I had been assiduously cultivating for the past few months 'pin feathers,' vowed I hadn't graduated but was expelled, and hoped I wasn't going to stop at Beechwood long, for she'd invited her dear friend, Seraphine Love, to pass the summer months with her, and I should only prove a 'torment' and 'botheration.'

"Seraphine Love came—a tall, tallow-candle, sentimental damsel, with stiff curls, light blue eyes, lackadaisical, moonstruck air. There was no similarity between her and Jenny; and I fell to wondering about their mutual liking, and soon discovered the cause. Seraphine Love

wrote poetry, rhyme, and levelled her Parnasian darts against those whom Jenny disliked; this was the secret. She had been sent for to 'do up' cousin Ned in verse; and various were the sonnets, acrostics, and lampoons, with which I was favored. They greeted me everywhere! On my chamber table, in my portfolios, between the covers of my Greek lexicon, even in the pockets of my dressing-gown, I found them; in no place was I safe.

"Had I been particularly sensitive, I must have been driven from the field; but I withstood them. Besides, there was a reason, other than my resolve to seem indifferent. Of late, I thought I had detected, beneath Jenny's gaiety, an under-current of feeling; sometimes, looking up suddenly, I had caught the glance of two blue eyes—and though speedily withdrawn, I could have vowed that glance had something earnest, almost tender in it, quite belying her sauciness of words or manner. Was it possible that Jenny was playing a part? that she had been caught in her own snare?"

"The thought emboldened me; and, one moonlight evening, coming upon her suddenly sitting in an unwonted pensive mood on the back piazza, I found myself actually saying sentimental speeches, with my arm about Jenny's waist.

"The vixen! she heard me through, smothered a laugh in her handkerchief, slyly pricked, with a pin, the hand I had thrown around her, slapped my cheek smartly, and then disappeared through the low French window opening into the back parlor. Scarce three minutes after, going up stairs, I heard her recounting to Seraphine Love, between her gusts of laughter, that 'cousin Ned had actually been quoting Tom Moore, and making love to her after the most approved fashion.'

"Zounds! that was a drop too much—and with my face still tingling under the blow she had given, and my heart smarting sorer with wounded pride, on the impulse of the moment, I pushed open the door of their room. The two girls sat at a window in the moonlight. I went up close to Jenny.

"'Miss Wilder,' and Phil, I must have fairly got into the heroics, for she wilted under my eye and sunk down in her seat. 'Miss Wilder, this hand you have wounded, you shall one day accept—and my cheek you shall yet touch with your lips. A kiss for a blow, you know,' and I left her.

"A sound smote on my ear as I shut the door behind me; but whether laughter or sob I knew not. I went straight to my room—packed my

trunks—found uncle Dick in his library, and told my resolve, and before Jenny or her 'dear friend' had made their appearance next morning, I was miles away from Beechwood.

"In three years I had gained my profession; and, during that time, had never once visited home. Letters, many and kind, came from uncle Dick and aunt Mary, but never a word from Jenny. I heard of her often, as a belle and beauty, and flirt—since she invariably rejected all serious wooers. That latter item pleased me strangely; and straightway I fell into becoming the devoted cavalier of Kate Drew, a dashing belle of Springfield, whose father counted his property by hundreds of thousands, and, in my letters home, I was always careful to speak of 'Miss Drew, the beautiful heiress.'

"Urgent invitations came from Beechwood to re-visit the old place; but I put them off. 'Business before pleasure,' I urged in return. 'Coke, and Blackstone, and—Kate Drew, detained me,' so I wrote uncle Dick. *En passant*, let me mention, Phil, that Kate was engaged to an old classmate of mine, in Italy those last two years, and you will perceive the drift of our plans.

"One item in uncle Dick's letters pleased me more than fatherly advice or invitations to Beechwood. 'Jenny,' he wrote, 'has just refused the best match in the county—your old chum, Presley Edwards, a thriving young physician—rich, too, and belonging to one of the finest families in New Hampshire. I believe the girl has burned her fingers this time; but she is head-strong as ever. By-the-way, nephew, did you and she quarrel before you left us? She flouts like a very shrew when your name is mentioned. What's the matter, nephew? Better come back, and settle up old scores; for though Jenny's the least bit contrary, she has the best heart.' So uncle Dick wrote."

"And you went back to Beechwood?" said Phil.

"Not I," replied Ned, smiling, "I knew the time hadn't come. I wrote home, that I was off for a foreign tour—took the next steamer from Boston—and not till fifteen months after, did I set foot in Beechwood again.

"It was as I expected. Jenny was still unmarried, and flirting desperately as ever. But faith, I didn't recognize the tall, queenly woman, who received me with such cold stateliness in Beechwood drawing-room. Not a trace of the hoydenish, romping, mischief-loving school-girl, I had left over five years before.

"Many gentlemen came to the house, and she danced, sang, played, and flirted with them all—but not a pin did she care for one of them.

'But did she care for me, still?' I couldn't tell. Her old gaiety of manner was all gone; she was courteously, chillingly polite—but never affable or familiar; polite, nothing more. Every approach to intimacy was repelled. She seemed building higher, day by day, the icy wall between us.

"Well, so it went on for weeks and weeks—Jenny chatting and playing the agreeable to all others, but decidedly iceberg toward me. I was in tortures; this must come to an end.

"One night we were left together—Jenny and I. A lucky attack of the gout confined uncle Dick to his room, where aunt Mary was kept busy with bandages and liniment; visitors went away early in the evening; and we were alone for the first time since I had been at Beechwood, for Jenny had managed to avoid me, never riding or walking with me, as of old. Now she was stately and calm as ever—but talked little; and when the old clock struck ten, arose, gathered up her embroidery, and took up a night lamp. 'Good night,' she said.

"My time had come. 'No—it is *good bye*,' I replied, proffering my hand. '*Good bye*?' and she glanced up inquiringly, 'I—Mr. Wilder, I don't *understand* you,' she exclaimed. 'Perhaps not,' I said, indifferently. 'It is only this—I am to leave Beechwood by the morning stage, and shall not see you so early.' 'Leave Beechwood?' and she slightly faltered, looking surprised and replacing the lamp on the table. 'I did not know—had not thought—that is, you make us a short visit, cousin,' she stammered. It was the first time she had called me cousin. 'And why should I prolong it, Miss Wilder?' I asked, 'since, at least, one here does not desire my presence?' Going over to her, I took her hand. 'Cousin Jenny,' I said, 'I can plainly see that I am unwelcome here. You shun me; and I am going back to Springfield. So it must be good bye, cousin. You will think kindly of me, sometimes?'

"There was no answer. I heard a hard drawn breath—but pride crushed it back. She dropped my hand, and again took up the lamp. 'Good bye, then,' she said, mechanically, turning away. I held open the door to give her egress. She advanced a step into the hall, hesitated, then came back. The door swung to. 'Cousin Edward,' and her voice slightly trembled, 'you have thought me proud and cold—wanting in the duties of hospitality, even. I acknowledge that I have seemed so, but you, cousin, you—have

you not neglected us all these long years? did you not go away angry, and——,' she broke down. 'Jenny, let bye-gones be bye-gones,' I said, magnanimously, acting my part to perfection. 'I have hoarded up no anger. On the contrary—but no matter. You will come and visit me in my new home at Springfield, some time? One of these days I am going to be married. Good bye, cousin,' and I passed my arm about her. 'Let me go! Edward Wilder, release me this instant! Let me go, I tell you.'

"Zounds, Phil, you should have seen her black eyes flash! She absolutely stamped her foot with passion, and struggled hard—but I held her tightly. 'Let me go! Your ladye-love shall know of this,' she cried, with flushed cheek and tears of anger. 'Oh, well, Kate Drew isn't the least bit jealous,' I laughed, smoothing down her curls. 'Don't struggle so! Besides, I want to tell you something. I do intend to marry, one of these days, but no other than her I have always loved, and who, if I mistake not, does not wholly hate me! Jenny, look up and tell me if you will send me away from Beechwood?' Just at that moment, as the lamp burned low and flickered in dusky shadows, a sigh, soft as a summer sephyr, stole athwart my cheek, and two warm, fragrant lips fluttered like rose leaves against mine. Not a word was spoken; but there was small need.

"But just the very spirit of mischief prompted me to whisper then, 'Jenny, my vow is fulfilled! You remember it? Didn't I warn you that I'd appropriate this-hand? and for the rest, the kiss for the blow, you know.' And Jenny answered never a word," added Ned, smiling, "for the witch was fairly caught in her own trap."

"But Kate Drew?" queried Phil, taking a long whiff at his cigar.

"Oh, Tom Ashley came home in the Europa; and in a fortnight they are to be doubled. But she's promised to go down to Beechwood first, to be Jenny's bridesmaid."

"And Seraphine Love?"

"Is Seraphine Love still—lackadaisical, sentimental, and devoted to the Nine, as ever. They say she's got a volume of poems in press—'Blighted Buds,' or some such pathetic title. Jenny and I have sent in orders to the publisher for a hundred copies or so, in advance of the trade, to distribute among our friends as literary bijoux! But enough! consider yourself held by an engagement at Beechwood, this day week, to kiss the bride and eat wedding cake."

LOVE'S LABOR WON.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," &C.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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CHAPTER EIGHTH.

MRS. HELMSTEDT had one dear consolation; a lone angel was ever at her side, her little daughter "Margaret," as her Anglo Saxon father preferred to write the name. As the lady's health temporarily rallied, her sweetest employment was that of educating this child.

Margaret had inherited little of her mother's transcendent beauty and genius; but the shadow of that mother's woe lay lingering in her eyes—those large, soft, dark eyes, so full of earnest tenderness. Through the dreariest seasons in all the long and dreary years of her confinement—those desolate seasons when Mr. Helmstedt was varying the scene of his life at Baltimore, Annapolis, or some other point to which business or inclination called him; and Nellie was enjoying the society of her friends in Richmond, and Marguerite was left for weary weeks and months, companionless on the Island, this loving child was her sweetest comforter. And little Margaret with her premature and thoughtful sympathy, better liked to linger near her sad-browed mother, than ever to leave the Isle; but sweet as was this companionship, Mrs. Helmstedt with a mother's unselfish affection, was solicitous that Margaret should enjoy the company of friends of her own age, and frequently sent her, under the charge of Ralph, or Franky Houston, to pass a day at Rockbridge Parsonage, with Grace Wellworth, the clergyman's child, or a week at Plover's Point with Clare Hartley, the doctor's daughter; and still more frequently she invited one or both of those little girls to spend a few days on the Island.

But at length there came a time, when Margaret was about twelve years of age, that she lost the society of her young friends. Grace Wellworth and Clare Hartley were sent up together to Richmond, under the charge of Colonel and Mrs. Houston, who were going thither on a visit, to enter a first-class boarding-school, and thus Margaret was left companionless; and for a little while suffered a depression of spirits, strange and sad in one so young.

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Mrs. Helmstedt saw this with alarm, and dreaded the farther effect of isolation and solitude upon her loving and sensitive child.

She must not suffer through my fate! dear as she is, she must leave me! The sins of her parents shall not be visited upon her innocent head! said Marguerite to herself. (Alas, Mrs. Helmstedt how could you prevent the action of that natural and certain consequence?) And that same day, being in her own especial parlor, of the bay window, with Mr. Helmstedt, she said,

"Do you not think, Philip, that it would be best to send our daughter to Richmond, to be educated with her friends Grace and Clare?"

"By no means, Marguerite! the plan is not to be thought of for a moment," answered Mr. Helmstedt, who did not love his child with one tithe of the affection he bestowed upon his wife—notwithstanding that through pride and obstinacy he still kept the latter a sort of prisoner of honor—and who knowing how dear to her was the society of her little girl, would not let the interest of Margaret conflict for an instant with the happiness of her mother.

"But our child has attained an age now when she needs the companionship of her equals, as much as she wants teachers."

"Marguerite! there is not in this wide world a teacher, man or woman, so, in all respects, and for all reasons, competent to educate your daughter as yourself. You delight, also, in the occupation of instructing her—therefore, she shall not leave you."

"But her isolation—her loneliness? her evident depression of spirits?"

"She feels the loss of her companions, as she must feel it for some days, after which she will get over it. For the rest, a child abroad with nature as she is, cannot suffer from loneliness; and even if she did, her suffering would be less than nothing compared with what you would feel in losing her for years."

"I pray you do not consider me in this affair."

"Cease, dear Marguerite, the child is better with you, and shall not leave you," said Mr. Helmstedt.

And as little Margaret entered at the same moment to take her music lesson, the subject was dropped, and Mr. Helmstedt left the room.

But Marguerite did not yield the point. After giving her young daughter her lesson on the harp, and while sitting exhausted on her sofa, she suddenly said,

"My dear, you miss Grace and Clare very much, don't you?"

"Yes, dear mother."

"Wouldn't you like to go to Richmond and enter the same school they are in?" she inquired, pushing aside the dark clustering curls from the child's fair forehead, and looking wistfully into her face, which was suddenly shadowed by a cloud of grief or fear, "Say, would you not, my Margaret?"

The little red lip quivered, and the dark eyes melted into tears—but she answered by asking softly,

"Do you want me to go, mamma?"

"I think, perhaps, it might be best that you should do so, my love."

"Well, then, I will go," she said, meekly, struggling to govern her feelings, and then, losing all self-control, she burst into a fit of irrepressible weeping; in the midst of which her father re-entered the room, and learning the cause of her emotion said,

"Cease crying this moment, Madge! You shall not leave your mother."

"But—sir! mamma prefers that I should go!" said the little girl, quickly swallowing her sobs and wiping her eyes, for she feared even more than she loved her father, though she loved him very much.

"Your mother prefers that you should go, only because she sees you look sad, and fears that you feel lonesome here without companions of your own age."

"Oh! but—I should be more lonesome at Richmond away from my dear mamma," said the little maiden, with a look of amazement, that her mother should, for a moment, think otherwise.

"Of course you would—so then let the matter rest. Mrs. Helmstedt, are you at length satisfied?"

Marguerite bowed and smiled to her husband, and then turned upon her daughter a look of ineffable tenderness, while forming the secret resolution, that her own devoted love and care should compensate to the maiden for the absence alike of teachers and companions.

And well she kept her silent promise. No princess ever had an instructress, at once so accomplished, so competent and zealous as this

little Island rustic possessed in her gifted and devoted mother. And from this day also, whether for her beloved mother's sake, she shook off her sadness, or whether a happy re-action had taken place, Marguerite did not appear to suffer in the least degree from the loneliness so dreaded for her. As other more favored children learn to walk by nature, so this lonely Island maiden learned to ride on horseback, to row a skiff, and to work a little sail-boat. And daily, after her lessons were over, she would in her free, unquestioned way, run down to the beach, get into her little boat and row around the Isle, or if the wind was fresh and not too high, plant her slender mast and hoist her sail.

Ralph Houston was at this time at Harvard University; but Franky was at home, preparing for college, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Wellworth, whom he attended in his library three times a week. And Franky came often to the Island to see his young neighbor, Margaret, and in his affectionate zeal would have been Grace, Clare, the city of Richmond and himself, all in one, for her sweet sake. While at home in the evenings, he carved "cornelian" rings and bodkins out of broken tortoise-shell combs, and "ivory" needle-cases and paper-folders out of boiled muttons-bones for her; and she wore and used them because they were Franky's work. And if he had pocket money, as he generally had, for he was a great favorite with his step-mother, who liberally supplied him, he was sure to send it by the first opportunity to the city to buy the newest book, picture or music, for Margaret; who, whether the present were good, bad or indifferent of its kind, read the book, framed the picture, or learned the music, because it was the gift of Franky. As time passed, Mr. Houston observed this growing friendship with delight, and prophesied the future union of the youth and maiden—a prevision at which Franky would blush scarlet between boyish shame and joy. Other interested parties took cognizance of this state of affairs. Mr. Helmstedt, whenever he gave himself the trouble to think of his daughter's future, viewed this prospect without dissatisfaction, which was, perhaps, the highest degree of approbation of which his sombre nature was now capable. And Mrs. Helmstedt also, conscious of the precarious hold of her feverish spirit upon her frail body, found great comfort in the contemplation of Franky's clear mind and affectionate heart, cheerful temper and strong attachment to her child. But if Margaret loved Franky, it was "at second best," and as much for the sake of one far away as for his own. There is no accounting for the waywardness of

the passions and affections, and if the truth must here be told, Margaret in her secret heart better liked the dark, earnest, thoughtful man, Ralph, who was twelve years her senior, and whom she never saw more than twice a year, than this fair, gay, gentle youth who was her almost daily companion. And no one suspected this secret which was but dimly revealed to the young maiden's self.

But at length the passage of time brought the day when Margaret was to lose Franky also. Ralph Houston had graduated at Harvard, and was coming home for a visit previous to going out to make the grand tour. And Franky, now fully prepared to enter college, was to take his brother's vacated rooms at the university. Nellie Houston had appropriated all her available funds in fitting out Franky for his new life, purchasing delicacies and luxuries in the way of fine and costly wearing apparel and elegant toilet apparatus, such as his father's prudence or economy would have denied him; for never did a mother dote upon an only son with a fonder affection than did Nellie on her fair step-son—her "pretty boy," as she called him, even after he was twenty years of age. Many of the presents she had purchased for her "boy," such as a rich watch and chain, a costly seal ring, a heavily chased gold pencil-case with a ruby setting, richly embroidered velvet fatigue cap and slippers, a handsome dressing-gown, Paris kid gloves, linen cambric handkerchiefs, perfumery, scented soaps, etc., articles, some of them only fit for a lady's toilet, she had smuggled into his trunks unknown to his father; but some things accidentally fell under the observation of the colonel, who stared in astonishment.

"Why, what upon the face of the earth, Nellie, do you think Frank wants with this gim-crack?" he said, raising the lid of an elegant inlaid dressing-case.

"He will want it at his morning exercises," said Nellie.

"Ah! it is you who are making a dandy of that boy! I shall by-and-bye expect to hear, as the highest praise that can be bestowed upon him, that he is 'lady-like.'"

"Well, sir, your gallantry will not deny that is very high praise."

"Humph! yes! about as high as it would be to call a lady 'manly.'"

"Well, why shouldn't that be high praise also? Why should not a man, with all his manliness, possess the delicate tastes of a woman? and why should not a woman, with all her womanliness, possess the courage and fortitude of a man? My Franky shall have lace shirt frills

and collars and cuffs if he likes; and I, if there's to be a war with England, as they say, will go and 'list for a sojer,' if I like," said Nellie, petulantly.

"Ha! ha! ha! You will certainly have an opportunity, my dear," said the colonel—then growing serious, "for a war can no longer be staved off."

In addition to her other efforts to please her "boy," Nellie determined upon giving him a farewell party—the first party ever given in the neighborhood. It was difficult in that sparse district to "drum up" enough young people to form a single quadrille. Grace Wellworth and Clare Hartley were at home for the Easter holidays. Grace had brought a schoolmate with her, and Clare had an elder brother John; and these four were invited. Mr. and Mrs. Helmstedt and their daughter were of course bidden; Nellie herself carried the invitation with the view of teasing Marguerite into accepting it.

"Now, Marguerite, you must be sure to come, it will do you good. You can come over early in the afternoon, so as to get a good rest before it is time to dress, and when all is over, you can stay all night, you know. Marguerite, do come. Mr. Helmstedt, lay your commands on her, make her come, bring her," said Nellie, playfully appealing to the master of the house.

"If Mrs. Helmstedt had set the slightest value upon her husband's wishes, not to use so obnoxious a word as commands, madam, she would not have confined herself to the Island thus long," said that gentleman.

"You will please to excuse me, dear Nellie, Mr. Helmstedt and Margaret will go with pleasure; but for myself, I cannot leave home."

"You only think so, Marguerite! I declare it is a monomania that your friends ought not to put up with," said Nellie, impatiently; but her words were as vain then as they had been for many years past.

She went home to make arrangements for her fete, and Marguerite busied herself in preparing her daughter's costume for the occasion. Margaret was delighted at the prospect of going to a party—a thing that she had heard of and read of, but never witnessed. At length the all important day arrived. Mr. Helmstedt said that he should attend his daughter to Buzzard's Bluff, but that afterward he should have to leave her there and go to a political meeting at Heathville, so that she must prepare herself to stay all night with her friends, as he should not be able to return for her until morning.

"But then mamma will be alone all night," said Margaret, uneasily.

"Never think of me, sweet girl; I shall sleep," replied her mother.

Early in the afternoon, Forrest received orders to get the "Nereide" ready to take his master and young mistress across to the Bluff. And Mrs. Helmstedt, with affectionate care, dressed her daughter. Never had Margaret been in full dress before; her attire was rather delicate than rich, and consisted of a lace robe over a rose-colored silk skirt, and a wreath of white and red rose-buds in her hair; her white kid gloves and white satin shoes were wrapped up to be put on when she should reach the Bluff.

When all was ready, Marguerite walked down with her husband and daughter to the beach to see them off. As they reached the sands a pleasant object met their view. It was a fairy-like boat of elegant form, artistically painted of a shaded grey on the outside, and white flushed with rose-color on the inside, and bore upon its prow in silver characters, "The Pearl Shell."

"And here is the Pearl," said Franky Houston, who had just leaped on shore, going to Margaret and taking her hand, "will you allow me to put her in it, Mr. Helmstedt?"

"Certainly, Franky, since you were so kind as to come. Your dainty 'shell' is also somewhat cleaner and more suitable to her dress than our working day boat."

"How do you do, Mrs. Helmstedt? Come, Margaret," said the youth.

"Stop, Franky! I must bid mamma good-bye first," replied the maiden, going up to her mother.

"Sweet mamma! you will not be lonesome?"

"No—no, my love, I shall go to sleep—good evening," said Mrs. Helmstedt, throwing over her daughter's head and shoulders a fleecy white shawl to protect her from the sea breeze.

"Come, Margaret," pleaded her companion.

"Yes, yes, I am coming, Franky! Mamma! dearest mamma! I do so dislike to leave you alone to-night—it seems so cruel! we are all going but you; everybody on the Island, black and white, can go abroad but you. Mamma, why is it? Why do you never leave the Island, dearest mamma?" inquired Margaret, fixing her earnest, tender eyes wistfully upon her mother's face.

"Because I do not will to do so, my dear; there go and enjoy yourself, love; see, your father and Forrest are already in the other boat, and Franky is waiting to put my pearl in his shell. Good night, sweet," said Mrs. Helmstedt, kissing her daughter with a smile so bright that it cheered the maiden, and sent her tripping to join her companion.

The Nereide, containing Mr. Helmstedt and

his man, had already left the shore. Franky handed Margaret into the dainty boat that was so perfectly clean as not to endanger the spotless purity of her gala dress. When she was seated, and Franky had taken his place at the oar, and pushed a little way from the shore, he said,

"This boat is yours, you know, dear Margaret; my parting gift; I had it built on purpose, and painted it myself, and named it for you. 'Margaret,' you know, means 'pearl,' and this boat that carries you is a pearl shell; I colored it as nearly like one as I could. I should like to have the pleasure of rowing you about in it, but—" with a deep sigh, "I can't! however you will not want attention, Margaret, for my brother Ralph will be home, where I am sure he will stay; for they say that we are on the eve of war with England, in which case it will not be expedient for him to go to Europe—so of course he will stay home, and equally, of course, if he is a great Don, he will supply my place to you, Margaret! You have not answered one word that I have said to you—why, what is the matter?"

Margaret with her thoughts and affections still lingering with her mother left behind, had turned to give her a last look, and in doing so, had started and grown pale to see her still standing there, her black dress strongly marked against the drear, white beach, alone, desolate, in an attitude and with an expression of utter despair. Margaret had never before surprised that look of heart-broken hopelessness upon her mother's well guarded countenance, and now having seen it, she never afterward in life forgot it.

"You do not speak, Margaret; you do not like my boat?"

"Oh! indeed I do, Franky! and you are very kind, but I am thinking of mamma, I am afraid she will be lonesome to-night, and indeed I wish to return to her."

"Nonsense, my dear Margaret! she would send you off again; besides, what would your father say?"

"But do then, look at her, Franky, where she stands alone."

The youth turned around, but Mrs. Helmstedt saw them watching her, smiled her bright delusive smile, waved them adieu, and turned away. Margaret sighed.

And Franky pulled rapidly for the Bluff, which they reached just after sunset.

"Is not that a fine sight, Margaret?" asked her companion, as they left the boat and climbed the bluff, pointing to the illuminated front of the mansion, that cast a long stream of red light across the darkening water.

"Yes," said Margaret, absently; for she saw in her "mind's eye," not the twenty festive lights before her, but her mother's solitary figure left behind on the beach.

They soon arrived at the house, where the young girl was met by Mrs. Houston, who conducted her to the dressing-room, where Grace Wellworth, Clare Hartley, and half a dozen other young ladies were arranging their toilets. Very enthusiastic was the greeting between Margaret and her young friends, whom she had not met since their return.

"Why what exquisite taste is displayed in your toilet, Madge, you little rustic, one would think a city milliner had arranged it—who dressed you?" inquired Clare Hartley.

"A more delicate hand, my dearest mamma," said Margaret, her thoughts again reverting to the mournful figure left standing alone on the beach.

When they were all ready, they descended to the dancing-room—two large parlors thrown into one, brilliantly lighted, and half filled with a company of young, middle-aged and elderly persons, for there was not youth enough in that neighborhood to make a considerable assembly of themselves. A temporary platform at one end of the room accommodated four sable musicians, with a large and small violin, a tambourine and banjo, which they were tuning up with great zeal.

Franky "opened the ball" by leading Margaret out; other couples instantly followed and the dancing commenced, but through the liveliest strains of the music, Margaret heard only her lonely mother's fond "good night," and with flying feet and beaming smiles around her, saw only her mother's solitary figure and mournful brow.

Ah! Marguerite Helmstedt! how could you presume to say, "The sins of her parents shall not be visited upon this child."

About nine o'clock the supper was served; and while the company were crowding in to the supper-table, Margaret called Franky aside and said,

"Franky, the moonlight is bright upon the water; if you love me, dear Franky, take me home to mamma."

"Why you do astound me, dear Margaret! what would the company say? Mother would never let you go."

"I must steal away unobserved; for, Franky, I am sick to return to mamma! Something draws me so strongly that I must and will go, even if need be alone—do you understand?"

"I understand, dear Madge, that you inherit

firmness from both sides of your house, and that it is of very little use to oppose your will, therefore, Margaret, I am at your orders."

"Thank you, dear Franky—now go and see that the boat is ready while I run and put on my other shoes and shawl. We can go away quite unobserved; and when you return you can make my apologies and adieus to Mrs. Houston."

Franky obeyed her.

And ten minutes after the youth and maiden were in the "Pearl Shell," skimming over the moonlit waters toward the Isle.

Meanwhile Mrs. Helmstedt, when she had waved adieu to the young people on their way to the party and turned from them, did not go immediately home, but rambled up toward the north end of the Island; and here she walked up and down the sands, watching absently the monotonous in-coming of the tide, or the leap and dip of the fish, or the slow sailing of some laggard water-fowl through the evening air. As far as her eye could reach not a sail was visible in any direction; land and water was a scene of unbroken solitude for hours while she walked there. The sunset threw into deep shadow the long line of the opposite western shore; the sky grew dark; and still the sad recluse pursued her lonely, monotonous walk. After awhile the full moon rose and changed the darkened bay into a sea of fluid silver, and shining full against the blackened western shore, changed it into a line of diamond light. Then Marguerite was aware of a sail making down the bay, and bearing full upon the Island. There was no reason for the feeling, but the approach of this packet filled the lady's mind with a strange anxiety, alike impossible to explain or expel. The vessel anchored near the Isle and sent out a boat, manned by two sailors, and containing a third person apparently a passenger.

The boat rowed rapidly toward the very spot upon which the lady stood watching. In five minutes it touched the sands, and the passenger, a gentleman of about fifty years of age, stepped ashore, and walking up to Marguerite, bowed respectfully and inquired,

"Will you be so good as to inform me, madam, whether Mrs. Helmstedt is at present at home?"

But as the stranger approached, Marguerite had grown pale, and now, leaning against a pine tree for support, exclaimed in a faint voice,

"My God! has it come at last?"

"I fear, madam, that I have alarmed you by my sudden approach; re-assure yourself, dear lady!" said the visitor, politely.

But Marguerite, dropping her hands from before her agonized countenance, exclaimed,

"Braunton! am I so changed, then, that you do not know me? I am Marguerite Helmstedt, whom you seek. But in the name of heaven then, what fatality has brought you here?"

"A fatality indeed, madam," answered the stranger, in a sad tone.

"Come up to the house! by a merciful chance I am alone this evening," said the lady, struggling to sustain herself against the agony of mind that was written in characters of iron on her corrugated brow. The stranger gave her his arm as an indispensable support, and the two proceeded toward the mansion.

CHAPTER NINTH.

LOVE, WAR, AND BETROTHAL.

Her mother smiled upon her bed,
As at its side we knelt to wed,
And the bride rose from her knee;
And she kissed the lips of her mother dead
Or ever she kissed me. E. B. BROWNING.

NONE ever knew what passed between Mrs. Helmstedt and the grey-haired stranger who was closeted with her, in her favorite parlor, for several hours, that evening. No one was in the house, in fact, at the time, except the lady, her venerable guest, and her two confidential servants, Hildreth and Forrest, who had, of late years, grown into the habit of silence in regard to everything concerning their unhappy mistress. Once in the wane of that evening, Forrest had rapped at the door for orders, and had caught a glimpse of his mistress' blanched and haggard face, as she directed him to retire and wait until he should hear her bell. And after waiting in the dining-room opposite, for some hours, Forrest heard the departure of the visitor, but listened in vain for Mrs. Helmstedt's bell.

Meanwhile the "Pearl Shell," containing Margaret and Franky, glided swiftly over the moonlit waters. As they neared the Island, they saw another boat containing a pair of oarsmen and a single passenger, push off from the beach and row rapidly toward a schooner, anchored some quarter of a mile off. But as it was not an unusual occurrence for passing vessels to send out boats to the Isle for water, wood, or provisions, purchased from the negroes, the sight of this one leaving its shores occasioned no remark.

"Now row swiftly home, dear Franky, or they will wonder what has become of us," said Margaret, as soon as she had sprung upon the shore. But Franky refused to leave her until at least he had seen her safely housed. So he took her hand, and they ran on up the sandy barren, through the long timothy field, through the

orchard, and through the garden, until they reached the front piazza, where Margaret insisted upon dismissing her boy lover, who reluctantly left her.

And Margaret ran into the hall door, and thence into her mother's favorite parlor, on the threshold of which she stood appalled!

The two wax candles upon the mantle-piece were burning dimly, and their pale light fell ominously upon the figure of Mrs. Helmstedt, sitting on the short sofa with her hands clasped rigidly together on her lap, her eyes fixed and strained outward, and her face blanched and frozen as if the hand of death had just passed over it.

One instant Margaret stood panic-stricken, and the next she was at her mother's side, speaking to her, kissing her, stroking her forehead, and trying to unclasp and rub her rigidly locked hands. For some minutes these efforts were all in vain; and then a deep shuddering sigh, that shook her whole form like the passage of an inward storm, dissolved the spell that had bound her, and she grew conscious of the presence of her child.

"Mamma, what shall I bring you? I had better call Hildreth," said Margaret, softly, stealing away. But the hand that she had been rubbing, now closed on hers with a tight, restraining clasp, and a deep, hollow, cavernous voice, that she scarcely recognized as her mother's, answered,

"No—no—call no one, my child—stay with me."

Margaret dropped upon the sofa, beside her mother, with a look of mute wonder and devoted love, and seemed to wait her farther commands.

"My child," spoke the same hollow, cavernous, awful voice, "speak to no living soul of what you have seen to-night."

"I will not, dear mamma; but tell me what I can do for you."

"Nothing, nothing, Margaret."

"Can I not help you somehow?"

"I am beyond help, Margaret."

"Mother, mother, trust in your loving child, the child of your heart, who would give you back her life if she could give you happiness with it, mother," murmured Margaret, most tenderly, as she caressed and fondled the rigid form of that dark, sorrowful woman—"trust in your loving child, mother, your child that heard your heart calling her to-night over the moonlit waters, and through all the music and laughter, came hurrying to your side."

"Ah! so you did, my dove, so you did; and I, so absorbed in my own thoughts, did not

even ask you whence you came, or how, or why."

"Franky brought me at my earnest request. Now trust in me, dear mother, trust in your faithful child."

"If ever I be driven to lay the burden of my grief up on any human heart, Margaret, it must be on yours—only on yours! for little Margaret, in my life I have loved many and worshipped one, but I fully trust only you."

"Trust me ever, mother! trust me fully, trust me even unto death; for I would be faithful unto death," said the maiden, earnestly, fervently, solemnly.

"I know it, and I do trust you perfectly. Yet not now, not just now, need I shift this weight from my heart to yours—'tis enough that one living heart should bear that burthen at a time. I may leave it to you, as a legacy, my Margaret."

"A legacy—a legacy—oh! mother, what mean you?" inquired the maiden, as the sudden paleness of a deadly terror overspread her sweet face.

"Nothing, nothing, my dove, that should alarm you. It is the order of nature, is it not, that parents should die before their children? But who talks of dying now? Your soft touches, my child, have given me new life and strength. Lend me your arm; I will retire."

"Let me sleep with you to-night, dear mother," pleaded the maiden, from whose earnest face the paleness of fear had not yet vanished.

An affectionate pressure of the hand was her only answer. And Margaret assisted Mrs. Helmstedt to gain her chamber. That night in her prayers Margaret earnestly thanked God that she had been led to come home so opportunely to her lonely mother's help.

And from that night the close union between the mother and daughter seemed even more firmly cemented.

The next day Mr. Helmstedt returned. He had spent the night at Heathville, and called in the morning at Buzzard's Bluff for Margaret, and hearing that she had grown anxious upon account of her mother left alone on the Island, and had returned, he simply approved the step and dropped the subject.

Later in the same week, Franky Houston, boy as he was, took a tearful leave of Margaret, turning back many times to assure her that Ralph, when he came, would not leave her to mope in loneliness, but would certainly, to the best of his ability, supply his (Franky's) place. And so the candid, open-hearted boy left.

And Margaret, who had grown to understand how dear she was to Franky, felt her heart stricken with compunction to know how glad

she was that his place would soon be supplied by Ralph.

Grace Wellworth and Clare Hartley had also returned to their city school. And "Island Mag" was left again companionless.

Not for a long time.

With the warm days of early summer came Ralph Houston, as he said, for a short visit home, before he should sail for Europe to make the grand tour.

But this month of June, 1812, was a month big with fate of nations as well as of individuals. The bitter disputes between the young Republic and the "Mother Country," like all family quarrels, did not tend toward reconciliation, but on the contrary, month by month, and year by year had grown more acrid and exasperating, until at length a war could no longer be warded off, and thus, without the least preparation either military or naval, Congress on the eighteenth of June, 1812, declared war against Great Britain. Never had Young America before, and never has she since taken so rash and impetuous a step. Never had an unfortunate country plunged headlong into an unequal and perilous war under more forbidding circumstances; with two formidable antagonists, and without either army or navy in readiness to meet them. Yet no sooner had the tocsin sounded through the land, than "the spirit of '76" was aroused, and an army arose almost as miraculously as the myrmidons of Ægina. Simultaneously, all over the country, volunteer companies were formed and marched toward the principal points of gathering.

Among the first who started into action at the country's call, was Philip Helmstedt, who set about raising a company of volunteers in his own neighborhood, and at his own proper cost. This enterprize took him frequently from home, and kept him absent for many days at a time. At last, about the middle of July, he had formed and equipped his troop of one hundred men, and was prepared to march them to obtain his commission from Mr. Madison.

Mrs. Helmstedt had watched his preparations for departure, with the mournful resignation of one whom sorrow had accustomed to submission. He was to join his men at Bellevue, and take one of the larger packets bound up the Potomac river to the capital.

On the morning of his departure, Mrs. Helmstedt had risen early to superintend the final arrangements for his comfort. And they breakfasted alone at an early hour. Their child had not left her chamber; her father having taken leave of her on the evening previous. When

breakfast was over, and the servants had withdrawn from the room by their master's order, Mr. Helmstedt approached his wife, and seating himself beside her on the sofa, said,

"Marguerite! we are about to part—God knows for how long! It may be years before we meet, if indeed we ever meet again, Marguerite!"

"I know how long it will be—until we meet in the spirit world!" thought Mrs. Helmstedt, but she spoke not, only looked lovingly, mournfully in the face of her departing husband.

"Marguerite, shall not this painful feud of years come to an end between us?"

"There is not, there never has been, there never can be, a feud between us, dearest Philip. It was my bitter misfortune not to be able to comply with your just requirements. In view of that you fixed my fate and I accepted it. There is no feud, dearest husband."

"Marguerite, I cannot endure the thought of leaving you for so long a time, restricted to the narrow confines of this Island, and yet I cannot do otherwise unless——"

"Dearest, Philip, I have grown accustomed to confinement on this Island, and do not——" She paused abruptly.

"Marguerite, you were about to say that you do not care about it; but you never uttered an untruth in your life, and could not be betrayed into doing so now. Marguerite, you do care, you care bitterly about the restraint that is placed upon your motions. Dear Marguerite, you know the conditions of peace and freedom! will you not, even at this late day, accept them?"

"Oh! Mr. Helmstedt, had it been possible for me to have accepted these conditions, I should have done so, not for my own advantage, but for your satisfaction thirteen years ago. Since that time nothing has happened to render the impossible possible."

"Then I am to understand, Marguerite, that you still hold out in your resistance?" said Mr. Helmstedt, more gloomily than angrily.

She did not reply at first, except by a steady, mute, appealing look from her dark, mournful eyes. But as Mr. Helmstedt still looked for a reply, she said,

"Dear Philip, as you remarked, we are just about to part, and heaven only knows if ever we shall meet again on earth. Let us not have hard feelings toward each other."

"Good-bye, Marguerite," he said, suddenly rising and taking his hat and gloves.

"Good-bye—not yet! Philip, turn, let me look at you!" She clung tightly to the hand he

had given her, and held him fast while she fixed a long, deep gaze upon his face—a gaze so strange, so wistful, so embarrassing, that Mr. Helmstedt cut it short by saying gently,

"Farewell, dearest! let me be gone."

"Not yet! oh, not yet! a moment more!" her bosom swelled and heaved, her lips quivered, but no tear dimmed her brilliant, feverish eyes, that were still fixed in a riveting gaze upon his face.

Mr. Helmstedt felt himself strongly moved.

"Marguerite, why Marguerite, dearest, this is not like you! You are in soul a Spartan woman! You will receive my parting kiss now and bid me go," he said, and opened his arms and pressed her to his heart, a moment and then with another whispered, "Farewell," released her.

"God bless you, Philip Helmstedt," she said.

The next instant he was gone. She watched him from the door, where he was joined by his groom and valet, down to the beach and into the boat; and then she went up stairs to the balcony over the bay window and watched the boat out of sight.

"There! That is the last! I shall never see his face again," she murmured, in heart broken tones, and might have cast herself upon the ground in her desolation, but that two gentle arms were wound about her, and a loving voice said,

"Dearest mother."

No more than just that—so little yet so much.

"He is gone, Margaret, your father is gone," said Mrs. Helmstedt, passing her arm over the head of the maiden and drawing it down to her bosom—"he is gone—gone!"

"I know it, dear mother, I know it; but so also, is every good and true American gone, on the same path."

"True, my dove, true," said Mrs. Helmstedt; but she did not say, what farther, she felt to be true, namely, that from her he had gone forever.

That afternoon following the departure, Ralph Houston, with affectionate thoughtfulness, came over to cheer the lonely ladies.

He had accompanied Mr. Helmstedt from the Bluff to Bellevue, and witnessed the embarkation of himself and his company, on board the schooner *Kingfisher*, bound for Alexandria and Washington, and after thus seeing them off, he had ridden back as fast as possible, and crossed to the Isle. Mr. Houston spent the evening, planned some amusement for the next afternoon and took leave.

Ten days of weary waiting passed, and then Mrs. Helmstedt received a letter from her husband, announcing that they had reached

Washington; that he had received a captain's commission; had reported himself and his company ready for service; and that they were then waiting orders.

"Has my father any idea where he will be sent, mamma?" inquired Margaret, after this letter had been read aloud.

"No, my dear; at least he has not hinted so; we must wait to hear."

Ten, fifteen, twenty more anxious days passed, heavily, and then came a second letter from Mr. now Capt. Helmstedt, post-marked New York, and bringing the intelligence, that upon the next day succeeding writing of the first letter, he had received orders to depart immediately with his troops to join Gen. Van Rensselaer on the Canadian frontier; that the suddenness of the departure, and the rapidity of the journey had prevented him, until now, from writing a line home; but that they were now delayed in New York, for a day or two, waiting for a re-inforcement from the state militia.

This was the last letter that Mrs. Helmstedt received for many months; but she sent on and ordered the principal Northern papers, that she might be kept advised of the progress of the campaign.

Alas! little but continuous disaster signalized this opening of the war; repeated rebuffs, varied by small successes, and climaxing in the defeat of Hull, and the loss of Detroit, with all Michigan territory. These calamities while they shocked, aroused the temperate blood of all those lagards at home, who, until now, had looked on philosophically, while others went forth to fight.

Col. Houston applied for orders, and old Col. Compton sat in his leathern arm-chair, and swore at the gouty limb that unfitted him for service. At length the news of the disastrous defeat of Van Rensselaer, on the fourth of October, followed by his resignation of the command, reached them. And when Gen. Smythe, of Virginia, was appointed to fill his post, Col. Houston received orders to join the latter, and proceed with him to the Northern frontier.

Ralph Houston was most anxious to enter upon the service; but at the earnest entreaty of his father, reluctantly consented to remain, for awhile at the Bluff, for the protection of the family left behind.

Mrs. Houston accompanied her husband as far as Buffalo, where she remained to be in easy reach of him.

At the Bluff, were left old Col. and Mrs. Compton, ("a comfortable couple" who were always, and especially now in their quiet old

age, company enough for each other,) and Ralph Houston as care-taker.

At the lonely Isle were left Mrs. Helmstedt and her daughter. And very desolate would the lady have been only for the presence of her "dove." Very monotonously passed the winter days on the seagirt Isle. No visitors came, and the mail bringing newspapers and an occasional letter from Capt. Helmstedt, Mrs. Houston, or Franky, arrived only once a week; and not always then. But for the frequent society of Ralph Houston, who was almost an inmate of the family, the dreary life would have been almost insupportable to the mother and child. While they sat at needlework in Mrs. Helmstedt's private room, he read to them through all the forenoon; or if the sun was warm and the air balmy, as often happens in our Southern winters, he invited them out to walk over the Isle; or when in addition to warm sun and balmy air, there was still water, he prepared the little Pearl Shell, the gift of Franky to Margaret, and took the maiden across to the Bluff to visit the old people there. But as no persuasion would ever induce Mrs. Helmstedt to join them in these water trips, they were at last relinquished, or at least very seldom indulged in.

"Dear Margaret, I think your mother has a natural antipathy to water, has she not?" asked Ralph Houston, one day, of the girl.

"No, it is to leaving the Isle; if my dear mamma, was a Catholic, I should think she had taken a vow never to leave Helmstedt's Island. As it is, I am at a loss to know why she ever remains here, Mr. Houston."

"I never remember to have seen her off the Isle, since she came here. There must be a cause for her seclusion greater than any that appears," thought Ralph Houston, as he handed Margaret into the little skiff, and threw his glance up to the house, where from the balcony of her chamber window, Mrs. Helmstedt watched their departure from the shore. For this was upon one of those very rare occasions when they took a little water trip leaving the lady alone on the Isle. As he glanced up, Ralph thought Mrs. Helmstedt's thin face more sunken and her eyes more brilliant than he had ever noticed them before, and for the first time the thought that death, speedy death, was awaiting that once glorious woman, smote him to the heart. They were not out long; even Mr. Houston now no longer pleaded with Margaret to remain out upon the water to see the wintry sunset; but followed her first hint to return. The winter evenings at the Isle were pleasant with Ralph Houston for a guest. He read to the mother and

daughter, while they sewed or sketched; and sometimes the three formed a little concert among themselves, Mrs. Helmstedt playing on the harp, Margaret on the piano, and Ralph Houston on the flute; and, sometimes, that is to say, once a week or seldomer, the mail came in, bringing its keen excitement; it always reached the Isle on the evening of Saturday, when Ralph Houston was sure to remain to hear the latest news of the absent. Always there were newspapers, bringing fresh and startling news from the Canadian frontier, the Indian settlements, or from the ocean, where our infant navy, like young Hercules in his cradle, was strangling the serpents of wrong and oppression, and winning more glorious laurels than were lost upon the land. Sometimes there came intelligence of a disastrous loss on the Northern frontier, sometimes of a glorious victory at sea; but whether were the news of triumph, or defeat, it ever roused Ralph Houston's blood almost beyond the power of his control. He chafed and fretted like Marmion in Tantallon Hold.

"A most unworthy task, dear Margaret, to be left at home to take care of two old people, who do not need either my company or protection, while the struggling country cries aloud for every man capable of bearing arms, to come to her help! A most unworthy post is mine!"

They were standing alone within the bay window of the parlor, on Sunday morning after having read in the papers that had come the evening before, of the repulse of Smythe at Niagara.

Ralph spoke as bitterly as he felt, the enforced inaction of his life.

"A most unmanly part to play!"

"They also serve who only stand and wait," said Margaret, gently.

His stern face softened instantly, and he looked on her with a smile full of deep tenderness and beauty, as he answered,

"True, sweet Margaret, yet nevertheless, the only circumstance that renders this standing and waiting endurable is—do you know what, dear maiden? Your sweet society, and the thought that I may be useful in making the days pass less heavily to you and to her who is dearer to you."

A swift, burning blush crimsoned the neck and face of the young girl. And just at this juncture Mrs. Helmstedt entered the room. Always her first glance was directed in search of her daughter; and now she started and pressed her hand to her heart, at the tableau that was presented to her. Within the crimson draped recess of the bay window the pair were

standing. Ralph stood resting one elbow upon the frame of the harp, and clasping Margaret's hand, and bending over her half averted and deeply blushing face. Both were too absorbed in their own emotions, to perceive her gentle entrance, and she stood for a minute unobserved gazing upon them. To Mrs. Helmstedt, her young daughter had up to this hour, seemed an unconscious child, and now she stood revealed to her a young maiden, awakening to the consciousness of loving and being loved. Yet though this revelation was unexpected, it was not quite unacceptable. More than in any other man, Mrs. Helmstedt confided in Ralph Houston for the wisdom, goodness and power inherent in his soul, and including in themselves every other virtue. And, after a few years, should she live to pass them, and should he have the patience and constancy to wait—with less reluctance than to any other man, would she entrust the life-happiness of her only and cherished daughter, to the charge of Ralph Houston. All this passed in an instant through the mind of the mother, as she crossed the room and bade them, "Good morning."

Margaret started, the blush deepened on her face. But Mr. Houston still holding her hand, and leading her from the recess, greeted Mrs. Helmstedt affectionately, and said, frankly, as one who would not conceal his disposition,

"I was just telling Margaret that nothing but her sweet society, and the hope of being useful to herself and her mother, could reconcile me, at this time, to the unworthy inactivity of my life."

"We should indeed be very badly off without you, Mr. Houston; but I do not see what compensation for a dull life, you can find in the company of a little Island rustic."

"A little Island rustic," my dear lady, I have lived in the great world where there are more false jewels than real ones, and I know how to prize a real pearl that I find amid the sea!"

"Do not waste poetry on my little girl, Ralph Houston."

"Again! 'little girl,' well! I suppose she is a little girl, scarce fourteen years of age, just in her dawn of existence! Yet the dawn is very beautiful! and we, who are up early enough, love to watch it warm and brighten to the perfect day," he said, bending a grave, sweet look upon the downcast face of Margaret.

To break up this conversation and relieve her little daughter's embarrassment, Mrs. Helmstedt touched the bell and ordered breakfast to be served, directly in that parlor; and it was speedily brought thither.

Spring at length opened, and the recluse family of the Island were once more in communication with the outside world.

Old Col. and Mrs. Compton paid a visit of a day and night to Mrs. Helmstedt, and again, although they knew it to be a mere form, renewed their oft-repeated entreaties that their hostess would return their visit.

The Wellworths came and spent a couple of days, and carried off Margaret to pass a week at the parsonage. And during the absence of the young girl, it should be observed, that Ralph Houston did not slacken in the least degree his visits to the Island, and his friendly attentions to the solitary lady there.

Soon after Margaret returned home, the Dr. and Mrs. Hartley came to the Isle to spend a day, and when they departed took the maiden with them to Plover's Point to spend a fortnight. Truth to tell, the young girl did not like to leave her mother; but Mrs. Helmstedt, ever fearful of the effect of too much isolation and solitude upon the sensitive nature of her daughter, firmly insisted upon her going.

Ralph Houston was ubiquitous. He did not fail in daily visits to the Island, and yet two or three times a week he contrived to be twenty miles up the river at Plover's Point. There are no secrets in a country neighborhood. The attachment of Ralph Houston, the heir of Buzzard's Bluff, to the little Island maiden, was no secret, though a great mystery to all.

"What can a man of twenty-five see in a child of fourteen?" asked one gossip.

"Money," quoth the other—"money; Miss Helmstedt is the richest heiress in the whole South, as she will inherit both her mother's and her father's large property."

"Humph! I guess Mr. Houston will have to wait a long time for that property; Mr. and Mrs. Helmstedt look as if they might be the elder brother and sister, rather than the parents of Miss Helmstedt."

"It is true they are a very youthful-looking and handsome pair; but at last their daughter will inherit their property, if she lives; and meantime, when she marries no doubt her parents will dower her handsomely; and that is what Mr. Houston knows. Ah! he sees what's what, and takes time by the forelock, and wins her heart before any one else dreams of laying siege to it."

"But her parents will never permit her to marry so young."

"Of course not; but what matter to Mr. Houston, if he can secure her heart and her promise. He understands perfectly well what he is doing."

Thus, with their usual perspicacity and

charity, the quidnuncs of the county settled the matter.

Meantime the news from the Canadian frontier was of the most disheartening character. The defeat and capture of Gen. Winchester at Frenchtown, was followed speedily by that of Gen. Greene Clay at Fort Meigs, and Generals Winder and Chandler at Burlington Heights.

Col. Houston had been dangerously wounded, and after lying ill two months in camp, was sent home to recuperate. He arrived at the Bluff, in charge of Nellie, who had grown to be quite a campaigner, and attended by his faithful servant, Lemuel. Nellie could not leave her wounded soldier, but she despatched a note announcing her arrival, and explaining her position to Mrs. Helmstedt, and praying that lady to come to her at once without ceremony.

This was perhaps the severest trial to which Mrs. Helmstedt's fidelity had been put; she did not hesitate a moment, however; but wrote a reply, pleading to be excused upon the score of her shattered health. This answer of course displeased little Mrs. Houston, who, in a few days, just as soon as she could leave her invalid, went over to the Island with the intention of relieving her heart by upbraiding her cold friend. But as soon as she met Mrs. Helmstedt and saw her changed face, Nellie burst into tears, and cast her arms about Marguerite's neck, and had no word of reproach for the suffering woman.

As Col. Houston recovered from the fatigue of his journey, and convalesced under the genial influences of his quiet home and native air, Nellie often left him to spend a day with Mrs. Helmstedt. And as often as otherwise she found Ralph Houston there before her.

"That is right, Ralph," she one day said, approvingly, "I shall be sure to tell Franky, when I write, what care you take of his little sweetheart."

"Sweetheart?" repeated Ralph, with a grave, displeased look.

"Yes, sweetheart, or lady-love, if you like it better. Didn't you know that my Franky and little Margaret were cut out for each other?"

"Really, no, nor do I know it now."

"Well, I inform you; so don't go too far, my fine fellow."

Ralph was silent; these remarks affected him despite his reason, and raised into importance many trifling incidents until now unnoticed, such as the raillery of Margaret upon the subject of Franky by Dr. Hartley; the favorite keepsakes of Margaret, all gifts of Franky; and finally the frequent correspondence between the young collegian and the Island maiden. Then Frank was

handsome, gay, near the age of the young girl, and had been her intimate companion for years; all this looked very illy ominous to the hopes of Ralph, but he generously resolved to investigate the case, and if he found an incipient attachment existing between the youth and maiden, to withdraw at once from the rivalry, at whatever cost to his own feelings. This conversation with Mrs. Houston had occurred one Saturday afternoon, as he was taking that lady from Helmstedt's Island to the Bluff. So anxious became Ralph Houston upon this subject, that after seeing his step-mother safe home, he turned about and rowed swiftly to the Island, and entered the parlor just as Mrs. Helmstedt had received the weekly mail.

"I felt sure you would return and join us in discussing the news brought by this post; and it is glorious at last! This paper contains an account of the repulse of Proctor from before Fort Stevenson by the gallant Croghan! do read it," said Mrs. Helmstedt, passing the paper to Mr. Houston.

"And here I am yet!" impatiently exclaimed Ralph, as he took the paper and sat down to possess himself of the contents. But frequently in the course of his perusal, he glanced over the top of the sheet at Margaret, who sat absorbed in a letter she was reading—now smiling, now looking grave, and anon with eyes swimming in tears.

"Yes! it was a brilliant action, and Lieut. Croghan is a true hero," he said, as he finished the perusal and laid the paper aside. But his eyes were fixed on the maiden. Mrs. Helmstedt noticed this and said,

"Margaret has a pleasant letter from Franky." Ralph visibly changed color.

"Read it, my child."

"You read it, Mr. Houston; dear Franky!" exclaimed the girl, half smiling, half weeping as she gave the letter to Ralph. Mr. Houston felt that he must peruse it. It was a frank, gay, affectionate letter, written as freely as a boy might write to his sister, yet much more warmly than any boy would be apt so to write. Mr. Houston could gather nothing definite from its contents. It certainly was not the letter of a young, diffident, uncertain lover, but it might mean either an intimate, youthful friendship, or an understood betrothal. Upon the whole Ralph felt disheartened; but resolved to see farther before resigning his hopes. He arose to take leave, and declining the friendly invitation of Mrs. Helmstedt, that he should spend the night on the Isle, departed.

The next morning, Ralph had a long conversation with his father, the result of which was the consent of Col. Houston that his son should depart, as a volunteer, to serve under Gen. Browne.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY VISION HOUR.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

In my room alone I'm sitting,
As the dusky shadow falls,
With a mute and mournful glory,
On the dim, old cottage walls;
Ev'ry star above seems smiling
O'er the lost day hushed to rest,
And the earth seems like an Eden,
Long ere sin had stained its breast.

Visions bright of joys departed,
Now before my vision glide,
Like the thickly coming fancies
Of a dream at eventide.
Faces of the loved and loving,
Of the faithful and the true,
Those I loved in childhood's morning,
Seem to pass before my view.

But the fairest of all pictures,
Over which my heart has sighed,
Is that of an angel sister,
Who but loved me—and then died!
Often thus, while musing on her,
Have the bitter, blinding tears,
Dimmed my gazing as I strove to
Look along the backward years.

But I feel I would not murmur,
Call her earthward if I could,
For my cup is not so bitter,
Life is beautiful and good.
I will toil that I may triumph,
When Life's sun shall have gone down,
Soar away on angel-pinions
To receive a golden crown.

ARISTOCRACY.

BY BETTY HOLYOKE.

BILLY was coming home, Billy her heart's joy. Mrs. Gray smoothed once more the corners of the already smooth rag-carpet, dusted once more the dustless table, and then with a look of infinite satisfaction, took her seat in the chimney-corner to listen, for Billy was coming home.

Two long minutes she listened, and then it seemed to her the blazing fire would bear another stick, so to the shed went Mrs. Gray—her wood-pile was scanty, and earned with those feeble old hands, but—Billy was coming home!

Dear Billy! his mother's home should look clean and bright and cheery to the boy, if he did miss there the polished city furniture. Then what a smile overran the wrinkles in the good old lady's face, as she thought of the supper in store; served upon porcelain, spiced with city condiments it might not be; but there were the sweet-cake and the mutton-chop that Billy had relished when a boy, and for the cooking—what man, rich or poor, will not aver that there is but one cook in the world—his mother.

Mrs. Gray shook up the cushion of her chair and was seating herself, when she saw that the table-cloth opposite was just a grain awry; she evened this, brushed the clean hearth again, unrolled her knitting, and resumed her seat.

Was that a sound? Though only half way toward the middle of the needle, Mrs. Gray let fall her sock and ran as fast as her old feet could travel to the door. No, only the winter wind was beating for admission. Might not the clock have stopped? its hands did move so slowly! No, younger ears could have heard its tick outside through the paneled door.

Well, were the sweet-cakes rising? Was the supper really so tempting to look upon? Could she think of no improvement? Mrs. Gray opened the cupboard door, and gazed with dotting eyes upon the viands which should touch dear Billy's lips; no connoisseur ever studied his pictured Adonis or Cleopatra half so lovingly as she the rising dough, the uncooked chop, the three pickles, the smooth slice of butter, the scrap of cheese, and in a half filled cup—most precious of them all—the pinch of powdered herb, with that delicious dusty-green hue, that makes it known to lovers of genuine tea.

"All that for me, mother?"

"Bless my heart, Billy! how could you have come in, and I have watched and waited this hour past? But never mind, I'm glad to see you, my son; here, sit in the rocking-chair and rest, and I will take your coat."

"Seeing that you are seventy-one years old and I am twenty-one, we'd better reverse that arrangement. Do you sit down. Why, mother, how handsome you look! A dear old soul, aren't you?"

A happy old soul she was as she watched her boy, and marked how spruce and manly he had grown; and yet how he had all the old familiar ways, and remembered all the old places about the house; hung the new overcoat upon his peg, and took his chair for a seat at his corner of the fire—dear Billy!

"I declare, how good it is to be home again; how clean and nice it is here, how the tables shine; how natural that border of tulips looks around the floor; and the rag-carpet—how I remember cutting up the cloth for it—that pink stripe was poor little Annie's baby-cloak; don't sigh, mother, I was a thoughtless boy to tease it away from you."

"No, Billy, you wanted to make my carpet handsome; and Annie wears better garments, now she has gone to our Father's home. I was only thinking how she would enjoy this night—your first return."

"Maybe she does enjoy it. Who can tell? If I should be called above, do you suppose I'd forget my old mother? But we won't be solemn to-night. Look! this purple stripe was made from the first gay waistcoat I ever had. Didn't I feel proud to wear it when it was new—and shouldn't I be ashamed of such a gaudy thing now? Then the stripe next it looks black, but in the day time it's bottle-green—how well I remember! That's the remainder of pa's old military pants—after I had worn them a year or two, cut down."

So the young man ran on, seizing whatever topics seemed to please the good old lady most.

"There, Billy, now supper is ready. And this is a chop, Billy. And, Billy, don't you remember how you used to like sweet-cakes? Well, here they are, and these are pickles, Billy."

"I declare, I haven't seen such a bountiful

supper since I went away from home; how good the chop smells?"

"Yes, and do taste one of the cakes, Billy, they're light as puff-balls."

"All in good time, I can't eat too many things at once. Mother, to change the subject, don't you think that now I'm of age, yes—almost twenty-two—William sounds better than Billy?"

"I've never called you William; your father never did, and little Annie, dear soul! wouldn't know her brother by that name. But William you shall be, if you wish; I promise not to call you any other name; now eat your supper, Billy."

"I've finished. Come, let us clear the table together; and then you shall see how you like the things I've brought from the Federal city."

"What, more presents, when you sent the flannel hardly a week ago?"

"You wouldn't call flannel a present! St. Anthony, I've broken a saucer! But never mind, I remembered some of our plates were badly cracked, and so there's a whole new tea-set in my trunk."

The trunk was opened, and Mrs. Gray smiled and sighed by turns, to think Billy had spent a good third of his income in homely but useful gifts for her; patent foot-warmers, patent flat-irons, patent kettles—they were enough to keep the old lady happy and interested until her son should return again.

On the morrow, Master William Gray was gone. At parting he gave, once more, the oft-repeated injunction concerning his name.

"But what difference can it make in my letters, nobody hears me, Billy; and I like the look of the word."

"Doesn't any one hear them? You know how proud I am of your handsome hand, and your good, sensible reflections; suppose there were a friend that read my letters sometimes?"

The old lady looked through her spectacles sharply enough to break them. Billy blushed, and bade his mother farewell.

The scenes change now to a city; the interior of a large boarding-house, and the private parlor of its mistress.

Another aged woman sits by her fireside at work; her mind astir with pleasant anticipations, but far different ones from those of Mrs. Gray.

Ah, what strange contrasts, what delicate shades of difference must be seen by the impartial eye which looks down from above! Take, for instance, the aged: lift the roofs from a hundred homes, and listen for slow footsteps, look for withered forms; some you shall find in the

household chair-of-state cushioned about by luxury, claiming honor, love, obedience; some you shall find contented with crumbs that fall from their children's tables, slighted and only tolerated in the home; some sit alone by cheerless firesides, with the Book which hath given comfort to so many cheerless hearts; some seek to forget their age by decking for this world's vanity fair; while for others, the roof need not be lifted, for above their grey heads stretches only the starred roof of heaven, and the book of human love, toward which their hungry eyes turn, is the desolate street.

It was cheerful in Madam Snelling's little room; brightly the fire blazed, and the crimson carpet reflected its warm glow. A door was opened—not by aged hands, and a young girl appeared. "Oh, grandma, you're at work still; what a dear soul! and letting me gad about the streets."

"But, Joey, (Joan was the damsel's name) didn't you think to buy some more spangles? I need a full hundred now."

"And here they are. But isn't it a lovely dress, and shan't I make some hearts ache when it's worn; and shan't I care as much as these steel spangles for their aching too?"

"That's right, Joey, don't fall in love. I want you to choose a husband with your eyes wide open. Try your skill on these young men, and when Mr. Wright comes afterward, you'll be bright enough to catch him. I have set my heart upon a first-rate match for you, child."

"Yes, an elegant man, with beautiful black eyes and whiskers, and so well dressed, and so tall!"

"Nonsense, I've seen footmen answering that description. Look out for elegant manners, Joey, not elegant eyes; look out for family, not height of *statter* alone; look out for money to pay for clothes—his and your'n—not merely to see if his tailor has dressed him well."

"That reminds me, grandma—how ever came you to take a tailor to board? Deb says young Mr. Gray, that has the upper room, is nothing but a tailor. He has very good-looking baggage though: I peeped over the balustrade when the coachman brought it up stairs."

"It's agin my rule, to be sure, to take any boarders but the fust. To tell the truth, I was so pleased with this young man—he's very pretty spoken—that I promised the room before ever asking what his trade might be. Besides, he isn't one of the common sort; he's what they call a *merchant* tailor. Hand me more spangles, Jo:" all this time the old lady had been sewing busily.

"There, don't work too steadily, don't put your eyes out, grandma; I'll be back in half a minute; I heard a carriage stop, and perhaps it's Mr. Gray. I'll run and watch for his entrance—it's so droll, the idea of our boarding a tailor!"

Madam Snelling was a person of more education than polish, more manner than elegance. Possessing a little fortune, she still preferred the cares of her present life, accompanied as they were, she said, by a larger sphere of usefulness; accompanied as they were, she knew, by a larger chance in the matrimonial market for Joey, her adopted child. Her character presenting that frequent combination of shrewdness and simplicity, every one saw through madam and humored her.

But Joey's "chance" was none the less for the good old lady's absurdities. Joey was fair and sprightly, with the bloom of seventeen on her cheeks, and the mischief of seventeen in her behavior. Witty if not wise, and graceful if not elegant, merry, coquettish, and careless of all the world, Joan was a standing favorite amidst Madam Snelling's respectable boarders.

"Why, grandma, he isn't lame, after all! and such a clean bosom and such a stiff dicky, he must have come fresh from the laundress."

"A very good-looking young man."

"I call him handsome. What eyes he has, and how much dignity, and how well he dresses."

"Joey, Mr. Gray is a tailor."

"I know it, grandma, never fear me! But I thought all tailors were lame. Don't you remember old Solger, down to the Vineyard, how he limped? And don't you remember that Mary walked with a crutch?"

"Yes, you little nonsense; but two club-footed men don't make their whole class lame. And besides, I tell you, Mr. Gray is a *marchant* tailor."

A week or two passed. Joey went to her party, planted daggers or spangles in her suitor's hearts; and the spangled dress had grown shabby with use, when Joey sat in the upper chamber, one day, conversing—if it must be told—with her grandmother's waiting-maid, Deb.

"I found it, Miss Joey, just where he had hidden it under his pillow. See!"

"You did! now that's a joke, when for all my coaxing he wouldn't let me read a word; but of course I shall not meddle with his letter, lay it in the drawer; and by-the-way, Deb, grandma needs you in her room below."

"Yes, Miss, soon as ever I've picked up these things." Debby departed, muttering, "I wonder if she takes me now for a fool, wonder if I won't catch her spelling out that letter yet."

Joey sat watching the elm, whose young leaves told that spring had come; yes, even into the paved courts of the city. "I suppose Will Gray sits here," she mused, "and thinks of his mother's cottage; dear old lady, I should like to see her. But what can that letter contain, besides the usual advice? She can't have heard of his fancy for my humble self? Ha, ha, perhaps she objects to me, perhaps I am not worthy of his worship, the merchant tailor! It could be no other cause that made him so shy about the letter; and if his mother has presumed to criticise me, why I have a right to improve by her criticism, sure!"

"Yes, here it is; how well she writes, how neatly the letter is folded—'Dear Billy'—he never would let me read that first line, yet how sweet it is in the dear old lady! I've half a mind to fall in love with the boy, if only for his mother's sake; or rather, I should have half a mind, if poor Will weren't a tailor. What——"

Joey's face reddened, as her eyes ran over the mother's letter. "Not be deceived—not let his senses flatter him—not be smitten with a pretty face—grandma, a poor, simple, shallow soul; and after all, its true, true, every word. What are we, that we should sneer at this good old lady and her son, we are not worthy of them."

"Joey!"

Why did the maiden's face grow redder? Whose eyes had followed her own across the letter, line by line? Who dared to clasp her trembling hand in both of his? Ah, the new boarder—the tailor—Billy Gray!

"What makes you tremble, Joey?"

"It—it was so dishonorable in me—I didn't dream you were at home, I——"

The tailor laughed. "So the dishonor all lay in detection! On my shoulders let it rest then. But why should you care for my good opinion. What can I ever be to you?"

Their eyes met, Joey's timid and ashamed; his frank but sad; a coquettish answer arose to her lips, but his grieved look checked her.

"What can I ever be?"

The eyes were averted now. "With so much character, so much energy, so much goodness, I think you can attain to almost any lot you choose."

"Ah, Joey, I wonder if you believe in such a sentiment as love! You treat our hearts as if they were made for playthings."

He turned away—how stiff his collar looked.

"And what we like best, sometimes we pretend to scorn because it is not ours."

"Better strive for it, and make it ours."

"That's not my way. I'm a spoiled child,

and expect to be humored by Providence. I don't know how to strive; sometimes I think it is better for a woman to wait, in these matters."

"What matters?"

"Love, for instance. If a man loves me, here I stand ready to give frank answers to frank questions. If he connive and experiment and hint, why he's fair game for coquetry."

"Perhaps he dare not speak. His position may be such that frank questions would appear impertinent."

"Let him dare, who would win."

"Joey, what's the need of all this circumlocution? You know that I love you, I know that you know it——"

"But, Willie—your mother's letter."

"But, Joey—your grandmother's plans."

"Two negatives make an affirmative, grammarians say."

"I cannot endure to be tantalized any longer. Dear Joey, will you be my wife? Say no if you must, but——"

"No, no."

"I am grateful for your frankness, Miss Snelling. Henceforth I will never annoy you——"

"There were two negatives."

No one knew it except Biddy, who was looking through the keyhole; and Joey's self, who loved her lover better for the meekness—but tears came into the young tailor's eyes. "I deserve this trifling perhaps."

"This trifle," and she put her little hand in his, "why take it; how obtuse you are. Of course I'll be your wife; of course knowing you for a good son, and a true gentleman, and a lover besides; I think myself more blest, than if you lacked these finer traits, and could boast the name of Senator or President. I only feel that such a giddy girl as I can never be worthy of you, Willie."

In this last opinion Joey and Mrs. Snelling always disagreed. The engagement cost the old lady a serious illness; but that over, she pacified herself and her friends with proclaiming that—after all—Joey had married a *marchant* tailor.

THE POET'S HOME.

BY ENNA EAGLESWOOD.

My home, my home, it is everywhere; my spirit wanders free,

In the golden realms of the sunny air, by mount, and stream, and sea;

Sometimes, on the blue and billowy deep, where white sails glance in pride,

Or silken banners gaily sweep above the glittering tide.

Or on a lofty mountain's height, whose white peaks pierce the sky,

Where the royal eagle wheels his flight, and lights his burning eye,

Where the clear blue ice of the glacier, 'mid white cloud pillows sleeps,

And the rosy light, of a sunrise bright, o'er Alpine grandeur creeps.

Wherever a mountain torrent leaps, o'er a bold and rocky steep,

And the sunbeams tremble 'mid its waves, or darkling shadows sleeps,

Or in Eastern lands of Summer bloom, where soft winds wander by,

With the jasmynes' breath, and the rich perfume of a land like Araby.

Where the tall palms rise, under tropical skies, and birds of the rainbow plume,

Like gorgeous flowers 'mid the green leaves rest, and brighten the forest's gloom,

And the silver beams of the changing moon, smile out with a softened light,
And stars, those fadeless flowers of Heaven, light the path of the silent night.

'Mid the new-born leaves, in the early Spring, in the hue of a sun kissed flower,
Or the music that floats, from a bird's soft notes; or the drop, of a Summer shower,

Where a sinless child, in the blessed even, breathes low on the twilight air,
Sweet words, that the angels bear up to Heaven, and name them an infant's prayer.

Where the loved arise from the couch of pain, with health in the beaming eye.

Where the severed meet, and the captive's freed, my spirit is floating by,

Farewell, for I may not linger, forever I'd wander free,

In the golden realms of the sunny air, by mount and stream and sea.

And when I am laid, 'neath the cypress shade, and my spirit indeed is free,

I'll dwell, where they need not sun nor moon, for God our light shall be.

Where flowers pale not, nor stars grow dim, as on time's receding shore,

And they who its radiant portals pass, go out from home no more.

THE DIAMOND EAR-RINGS.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Oh! if I only had a pair of diamond ear-rings," said Mary Allingham, a pretty girl of sixteen, the daughter of a man in moderate circumstances.

"Is there so much happiness in diamond ear-rings, my dear?" quietly replied her mother, the sole other person in the room with her.

"Happiness? I should be perfectly happy. You don't know, mamma, what a beautiful pair Esther Hawley has. All the school-girls envy her."

"I'm afraid, my child," said Mrs. Allingham, "that, if you had the ear-rings, you'd soon be wanting something else, for in a little while you'd get as much used to them as you are to your pearl ones. Besides, I don't believe in young girls wearing diamonds. So, even if your father was richer, I should oppose your getting diamond ear-rings."

Mary sighed. No one but herself knew what a serious disappointment this decision was to her. The possession of diamond ear-rings had long been secretly her ambition, but aware of her mother's aversion to costly jewelry for girls, and doubtful of her father's ability to purchase such extravagant gems, she had let nearly a year pass before she could summon courage to speak on the subject.

That evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Allingham were alone together, the latter mentioned her daughter's wish.

"I saw the tears come into Mary's eyes," she said, "when I denied the request; and it made me almost wish we could afford to gratify her. If I had not thought it would feed the vanity, which is her one great foible, I should have quite wished it."

"Mary is a good girl," replied Mr. Allingham, reflectively. "Maybe, too, if we gave her the ear-rings, it would teach her a lesson. She'd soon find that happiness does not consist in fine jewelry, but in a contented and cheerful spirit."

"So I told her."

"But there's no teaching like experience, my dear. Though the world is many thousand years old, each generation refuses, as obstinately as the very first did, to accept the lessons of life at second-hand. We all despise the wisdom of our fathers, and secretly laugh when they moralize,

though, in turn, we are foolish enough to suppose our own children will give heed to us. It's human nature, and there's an end of it."

"And you think we can afford the ear-rings?"

"They may save us greater extravagances after awhile. One can't always deny an only daughter. Mary is sensible, and will learn, I hope, the lesson we wish to teach her, if we gratify her in this matter. It will be a cheap way, in that event, to make her economical."

"And contented?"

"Yes! for that's even better than economy."

So the ear-rings were bought, to the wild delight of Mary, for she had given up all hope of them, and could hardly believe her eyes, when she saw them, on Christmas morning, on her dressing-table. How proudly she wore them to the great family dinner at her grandfather's that day! How she fancied everybody was looking at her at church! How green she thought Esther Hawley turned with jealousy when they were worn to school for the first time!

But Mary, as her mother had foretold, soon began to tire of the ear-rings. She found they did not make her as happy as she had expected. As she grew older and went more into society, she met girls who had diamond bracelets, and who were just as much more richly dressed in comparison. At first this made her envious. But, as her father had said, she was both good and sensible; and gradually she began to see, that, as she could not have everything she wished, it was better to put a limit to her desires at once. She observed that such of her companions as were most contented were also the happiest. A poor widow's daughter, Susan Bonnel, was the most cheerful of them all.

"Mamma is right," she said to herself. "It isn't what we wear, that makes us happy: it is the contented mind within."

One day, she entered the room, where her parents were sitting. It was a cold, bitter winter, and there had been much suffering among the poor.

"Pa," she said, "I have brought you my diamond ear-rings, for if you have no objections, I should like to have them sold, so as to give the money to the poor. There's old granny Winslow, they tell me, hardly has anything to eat.

I know you gave me the ear-rings, not because you thought them suitable for me, but because I had set my heart on them. I find now, that I was unhappy, not because I had no diamonds, but because I was daily breaking the tenth commandment and guilty of covetousness. She hung down her head with shame. "So, if you please, I'll do without the ear-rings, and be content with my old pearl ones, which are more appropriate to your means, dear papa."

The tears came into the eyes of both Mr. and Mrs. Allingham, as they pressed their child, by turns, to their hearts.

Mary has since married a wealthy merchant, and has diamonds in plenty; but she has never forgot that first lesson, and often alludes to it.

"Rich as we are," she said, only the other day, when talking to her mother, "there are many things we can't afford. I saw such a beautiful picture, of Ary Schaffer, when we were in Paris, and was tempted, for a moment, to wish Henry would buy it, though I knew it would be a bit of extravagance, considering how much our trip had cost; but I thought of the ear-rings, and was contented to do without it."

OH, LET ME DIE.

BY GOLDEN LILY.

WHEN Friendship proves a hollow sound,
And Love a worldly art,
And when Affection only adds
A fresh pang to the heart;
When all that Heaven moulded erst,
Is counterfeited here,
And all that tends to human bliss,
Is making life more drear;
Then I can leave this sordid earth
Without a parting sigh;
My heart is sick of hollowness,
Oh, Father, let me die!

And yet a something bids me live,
And fill a destiny;
Prompts me in mine own humble way
To aid philanthropy;
And on the threshold of despair,
I turn a loving look,

And fain would write "Excelsior!"
In Nature's living book:
For all that we in justice ask,
Our God will freely give;
And, can I cherish one dear heart?
Then, Father, let me live!

My heart drinks in humanity—
Yes, I have ever loved!
Yet oh! 'tis hard in this wide world
To love, nor be beloved!
I'd freely calm the widow's grief,
And check the orphan's cry;
And I would, for the love of God,
Aid frail humanity:
But oh! the world will mock my words;
I care not—I defy—
The grave will write me honestly,
Oh, Father, let me die!

CONSTANCY IS BEST.

BY N. W. BENEDICT.

Too long a wild and wandering youth,
From fair to fair I roved;
To every face I vow'd my truth,
To all I vow'd I loved.
I found no joy, my hope soon pass'd,
My vows were call'd a jest;
And, trust me, I'm convinced at last,
That constancy is best.

Like other fools, at woman's wiles,
'Twas my delight to rail;
Their pearly tears, their radiant smiles,
Were false, I thought, and frail:

But by reflection's brightening power,
I see their worth confess;
That man cannot enough adore—
And constancy is best.

No solid bliss from change results,
No lasting joy has birth;
But fixed to one, the soul exults;
And finds a Heaven on earth.
With love on every generous mind,
Is truth's fair form imprest;
And reason dictates to mankind,
That constancy is best.

COUSIN FRED.

BY MISS MARY B. SMITH.

"Oh! how I wish it would stop raining," said I, as I stood by the window, watching the falling drops that came thicker and faster every moment. "I am so tired of this dismal weather."

Cousin Fred was sitting at the other window reading, and he looked up and laughed.

"It is very well for you to laugh," I said, slightly irritated, "who are as well satisfied with a rainy day as a clear one." "Certainly, my dear cousin, since it gives me the pleasure of your society," he answered, with provoking blandness. "The sight of your contented face, just now, made me go to studying quite in earnest."

It was impossible, however, to get angry with cousin Fred, who went on reading, apparently absorbed in the volume before him. I stood at the window watching him, as he leaned on one hand, which was carelessly passed through the mass of curls that clustered round his forehead.

Cousin Fred had a cheerful, frank manner that won you at once, so that there were few with whom he was not a favorite. He exerted himself to please the smallest child, if indeed it could be called exertion. He seemed to me to be always happy, and to have such a well-spring of kindly feelings, that he could not help imparting some to others.

I went to look over his shoulder, to see what could interest him so much. Only a medical book.

"How can you read that stupid book this stupid day?" said I, putting my hand over the place where he was reading. He took the hand away and held it fast in his, only smiling as he read on. He would not let me go till he had finished, and then looking up he laughed, saying, "What is the matter, Annie?" "Do put up that book," I answered, "and let us do something to make us forget the gloom out-of-doors. You sit there as soberly as if you were forbidden ever to smile again." "Shall we have a little music?" said he, throwing aside his book and yawning.

I stirred the fire, till it sent its ruddy light all over the room, and opening the piano commenced playing my most lively airs, while cousin Fred looked for a song. He had a full, rich voice, whose tones had greater power to move

me than any I had ever heard. I would have been content to have listened always when he sang, without uniting my own voice to his, but he would not allow it. I was a passionate lover of music, and my father had spared no pains to procure me every advantage for cultivating it. Since cousin Fred had been with us, I had practiced more than ever, and my old favorites seemed to possess additional charms, when he sang them with me. I had never had a brother, and that want seemed supplied to me now. Whether I read, or drew, or practiced, it was cousin Fred who pointed out the faults, and encouraged me to persevere.

Fred had begun rather late to study a profession, for he was already twenty-eight. He was now spending a few months with us preparatory to attending his last course of lectures in the city, for his health had suffered from too close application, and he thought our fresh country air would restore him.

"What shall I do without you, cousin Fred," said I, as I finished a song I had learned for him. He smiled. "Come and attend lectures with me, Annie. Perhaps I can get you admittance, but I will not promise you any very great pleasure." As I laughed and went on singing, his smile settled into a grave thoughtfulness; but when I rallied him upon it he laughed also, saying he "was only laying a few stones to his famous castle, and I had thrown them all down." "Build them upon a better foundation than air." "Perhaps I will some time—but you are not going away, Annie?" "I thought you would be glad to get rid of me. I will go and finish the drawing which your worship was kind enough to commence yesterday." "Bring it down here, and I promise your ladyship I will not be disturbed by you—that is, if it is in the power of mortal man to help being disturbed by such a chatterbox." "Very respectful truly. Do you suppose I will come back after such a speech?" "Promise," said Fred, holding me fast, "you shall not go till you promise." He stooped down to give me a kiss also, but I contrived to slip away from him and ran hastily up stairs. I brought the drawing, and wheeled the little table to the window, where the right light would fall upon the paper. I then took out my pencil, and

drew up a chair in which I was soon comfortably established. Cousin Fred brought his chair by me, and opened his book as I commenced working industriously. At length I became absorbed in my employment, and no complaint could be made of my volubility. As I finished a large tree, that I considered a master-piece, I looked up. Cousin Fred was quietly regarding me, and his book was lying closed in his lap. "Not shaded enough, Annie—and the clouds are too heavy. It looks as if it might rain there before a great while."

I was almost angry for a moment, and rising, was about to put up my pencil in despair; but he laid his hand on the paper, and taking the pencil from my fingers, made a few skilful touches, that gave quite a different appearance to the picture. "But the clouds, cousin Fred—what can you do with them?" "Oh, they have all disappeared," he answered, as he looked at me. "But here are one or two rain-drops," and he took up the corner of my apron to wipe away a tear that the disappointment at my failure had brought into my eyes. I could not help smiling too. "What a sunshine!" exclaimed cousin Fred. "It illuminates the old tree, and that broken down cottage, so that I would almost like to live there." "You are too bad, cousin Fred. How can you read medicine while you are looking at my work? Ah! I am not to blame now." "I have been reading something more interesting for the last fifteen minutes," he answered, gravely. I looked at him, and he took my hand that held the picture, and looked at the latter for some time. "Give this to me, Annie," he said, "I would like to keep it in memory of this rainy day. I have learned a new lesson, Annie." Could it be possible? Would he value one of my poor drawings? "What lesson have you learned, cousin Fred?" I asked, my voice trembling a little, in spite of every effort. He put his arm affectionately round me and kissed my forehead. "I am afraid to tell you now, Annie, perhaps the day may come when I shall wish in vain to be as happy as now. Go get your purse, and let us sit by the fire and I will read aloud."

It was almost dark. I lighted a candle, and had fresh coal thrown upon the fire. Before I brought my knitting, I placed the large chair for my father, with his slippers beside it, and the reading stand near cousin Fred, who sat watching me as I made everything ready for the evening. Our sitting-room was as cheerful a place as one could wish for on a cold, rainy night. A few choice books from the library were arranged on a table, upon which I had also

placed my drawing materials and colors. The fine-toned piano, a present from my father, stood open, as if inviting us to sing. A cheerful fire burned in the grate, and as I took up the purse I was knitting for Fred, he began reading in his clear, finely modulated tones, and cousin Fred always read something really good. He was a capital reader, and I never so well understood or appreciated an author as when cousin Fred read.

When my father came in and was divested of his wet overcoat, and with his comfortable slippers on was safely ensconced in the large chair, I thought I felt too happy. The happiness brought a sense of oppression, because it did not seem to be a feeling habitual to me, although I was naturally cheerful. I sat on a footstool at my father's feet, and, after awhile, I put down my work and leaned my head on his knee, while I listened to cousin Fred. My dear father placed his hand so kindly on my head. Oh! how often, now I recall that gentle pressure, so fond and loving. How many happy evenings we spent thus, reading and singing, or talking around the fire. And Fred did not seem to tire, although our life was so quiet and unvaried.

As we were separating for the night, my father said, "Fred, did you copy those papers for me?" "I declare, uncle, I forgot them entirely," he said, somewhat abashed. "But I will not fail to do it to-morrow, I assure you." "You have been so very busy, I suppose, I must excuse you," said my father, drily. Fred colored. "He has been reading," said I. "And singing," interposed papa. "I think I heard music as I passed this afternoon. I suppose, Fred, you will make it a part of your treatment to sing to your patients?"

But cousin Fred was gone. My father kissed me fondly, and bade me good night as he laughed and said, "I am afraid you are doing mischief here, Annie." "Is it not the music, papa, that is to blame?"

He smiled, and taking his candle went up to his room, leaving me alone with the few coals that were melting away to ashes.

I sat down in the rocking-chair and began to think, that, after all, I cared a good deal for cousin Fred. A great deal more than I was willing to allow. I loved him better than any one else, yes, than even papa, dear, good papa. "But then he loves me too," thought I. "Yes, he loves me, there is no harm in loving him. Why should I not love cousin Fred?" Oh, Annie, what were you doing, when you shut him so closely in your heart. But I did not reflect then.

I was aroused by the fading out of the last coal. Taking a night lamp, I went softly to my room. Just then the clock struck twelve. I had been sitting a whole hour thinking by myself.

When I came down the next morning, cousin Fred had gone off to ride; and my father and I had our breakfast together. "So," said he, "Fred wrote the papers last night. It must have taken him three hours."

Everything seemed to go wrong that morning. I sat down to the piano, but my voice sounded harsh; and when I tried to play, I made so many mistakes that I gave up in disgust. "The piano sounds so dreadfully out of tune," thought I. Oh, no, Annie, it is yourself that is out of tune to-day.

"I will knit," said I, resolutely, as I took up my purse. "I can easily finish this, this morning." But I found my thoughts continually following my eyes to the gate. I was determined, however, not to give up, and after a great deal of weariness I succeeded. The purse was finished, the clasps put on, and I admired it with great satisfaction. I then took up a book, and succeeded in fixing my attention, so that, after all, I was surprised when summoned to dinner.

"Why does not Fred come?" thought I, as the clock struck four, and I went to the window to look. Determined upon self-conquest, I had practiced and finished my drawing, and also hemmed some handkerchiefs for papa. But I could not sew any longer, and I stood looking out of the window. "Some one is coming in the gate; yes, two or three men—what are they carrying?" I ran to the door. Papa was one, and they were bringing a body—oh, it was cousin Fred! My heart stood still. I could not speak. I tremblingly grasped one of the pillars of the piazza. "He is not dead," said my father, seeing how frightened I was. But how dreadfully cousin Fred looked! He was as white as a sheet, and he did not move as they carried him to his room.

They would not let me go to him, and I could not sleep. If I closed my eyes I saw his pale face before me. I lay tossing about, but at length I could not endure the suspense any longer, and throwing on my dressing-gown, I stole softly to his door. "If he should die," thought I, but the thought was too horrible. I saw a faint glimmering of light from under the door, and then I heard a low moaning. Some one moved about, and I thought it was the doctor. He took something from a cup that sounded like a spoon, and I hastened away. Thank God, cousin Fred was alive! even though suffering. The next morning, I found out that

cousin Fred had been thrown from his horse, had broken his leg, and was otherwise injured. But no danger was apprehended, they say, if he could be kept perfectly quiet.

"You must see what you can do to amuse him, Annie," said my father.

I was only too happy to be allowed to go to cousin Fred. His face beamed with pleasure on seeing me.

"I am so glad you are come, Annie," was his greeting, "what should I do without you?" "You must not talk to-day for fear of fever, but I will stay with you. Do you feel much pain?" "Sometimes, yes," he answered, and even then his features contracted, and he grasped my hand tightly.

When he was better, I read to him and sang to him, or brought my work, while papa read or talked. When cousin Fred was able, he talked to me of what I had read, and my mind seemed to expand and comprehend more fully the author's meaning as cousin Fred reviewed the work. He was a passionate lover of everything beautiful.

"If I were beautiful you would love me a great deal more," said I, somewhat sadly, as he was one day speaking upon this subject. "You forget, Annie, that all persons have not the same perceptions of beauty. What may seem very lovely to one person, would hardly be regarded by another. There is beauty to me in your ever varying expression, which tells me every change of thought. I often know what you would say before you speak."

I sat by him one day, bathing his forehead with cologne. "When you are well," said I, "it will be time enough for you to leave us." He started and pressed my hand closer on his forehead. "How much I shall miss you, Annie. And you, will you care, and sometimes wish I were back?" "Care! How can you ask, Fred? This is the happiest summer of my life." He looked up with a pleased smile. "You must write very often, Annie. I had rather have your letters than any one's else." I promised that I would write, and many a phantom of happiness danced before my mental eye, as I thought of the pleasure I should have in receiving his letters.

It was as I said. When cousin Fred recovered, it was time for him to return to the city, for the lectures had already commenced. Before he left, he drew from me the promise, that, when he came again, we should never more be parted. I felt that for me no lot in life could be happier than to be his wife. My whole heart was his. Never, for an instant, did the shadow of a doubt come over me that he would prove less true. I

felt that our tastes were the same, and argued that time would but draw our hearts more closely together.

It was a long time before I would acknowledge to myself there was any change in cousin Fred's letters. But at length, it became impossible to shut my eyes to the fact, that they were shorter and far colder than they had been. In vain I asked myself what had I written to displease him? My own heart could only answer, "the coldness is in him, not in me." My feelings were only deeper and stronger now. The very possibility of a change in him filled me with anguish. But the truth was told at last. Cousin Fred wrote after a long silence. In rapture I tore open the letter to read thus:

"Dear Annie, my cousin, have we persuaded ourselves that this cousin love of ours was the deepest of which our hearts were capable? Your letters have shown me, long ago, that it was not enough for your happiness."

"Oh, Fred, Fred," I exclaimed, "it was not from my letters, but from your own heart you learned this——" "Let us not seek a nearer relationship," he continued, "but be to each other as brother and sister. Will you not let me give you a brother's confidence?" He then told me that he loved, and was soon to be married to a beautiful girl that he knew I would love. He described her as surpassingly beautiful, "and surely," said he, "it can only be a matchless gem that can have so fair a setting. Do you blame me, Annie, for listening to my heart's promptings, instead of fulfilling an engagement which would sacrifice my whole happiness?"

My happiness then was nothing. My feelings not to be considered for a moment. It was a cruel, heartless letter! Could this be the same cousin Fred, who had been so devoted in his love? It was very hard to bear!

My dear, kind father folded me in his arms. "My own daughter," said he, tenderly, "let us be thankful we know how unworthy he is before it would have been too late." Yet once I heard him mutter, "Villain! to trifle with my child." But after a long struggle with myself, I begged him to let me invite Fred and his wife to come out to see us. "He is your nephew, papa, the only child of your darling sister, and we must not give him up." Papa would not at first consent, but at length he yielded to my continued entreaties. "Well, Annie, let it be so then. I believe you have too much self-respect to care for one who is so unworthy. Yes, you are a thousand times too good for him," said he, kissing me fondly. "I wish I may be good enough

to make my dear father happy," I answered, from the depth of my soul.

I wrote to Fred, and his answer came almost immediately. "Dear Annie," it began, "how kind, how like your own dear self was your letter. I knew you were my good sister, after all—I knew you felt for me only a sister's love—had it been greater you could never have written so." He added, that this year they were going to travel, but when they returned they would come at once to us.

The year passed. I gathered up the broken links of my chain of love, and bound them to my father and to God. My dear father was becoming feeble, and I resolved to use my talents for his pleasure. I exerted myself to make his home yet more dear to him. If he admired a piece of music, or a song, I sometimes employed the whole evening in practicing it, that every word might be sung with expression.

The following winter we went to the city. It was a gay season for me. Among my father's friends was a Col. Norton, a man of high intellectual attainments, dignified and polished manners. He spent most of his time with us, and was soon our constant evening visitor. But I began, after awhile, to long for our own dear home. Papa too seemed tired of so much company, so we agreed to return to our quiet fireside, and Col. Norton was invited to accompany us. He eagerly accepted the invitation. "I am curious to see what sort of a housekeeper you make, Miss Annie," said he, smiling.

I was delighted to get back home again, and, the next morning, visited every corner of the house, singing as I went.

"You are merry," said the colonel, as I returned to the sitting-room, and found him standing before the fire. "Yes, but where is papa? Has he left you here alone?" "He received a letter from his nephew, Dr. Dayton, whom he expects every moment." "Cousin Fred!" I exclaimed. I believe I turned quite pale. When I looked up the colonel's eye was on me. "He is married, I believe," said he. "Yes," I replied, endeavoring to speak calmly. "His wife is very beautiful I have heard. "Yes," he answered, carelessly, "many think so." "You know her then?" "I did, but I do not wish to tell you what I think. I would rather let you form your own opinion."

That evening, as we all sat together, just after dark, cousin Fred drove up. Papa and I went out to meet our guests. I turned from Fred to the lady by his side, and leading her in, invited her to lay aside her bonnet and mantle. She threw her bonnet on the table, and shook back

the ringlets that clustered around her brow. I stood entranced. I had heard before of the power of beauty, but never till then realized it. In every line of her face, in every movement of her exquisite form, was only beauty; new beauty, new grace in every motion. I said to myself, "How could I hope to inspire such love as he must feel for her?" I put my arm around her, saying, "I am sure I shall love you."

Col. Norton seemed intently occupied in looking over some music, and I almost believed he had not noticed me.

When tea was over, and we had chatted awhile, Leila said, "Annie, give us a little music." "Yes, please do," added the colonel, rising, and opening the instrument. "Will you not join me, Fred?" said I. "Oh, I do not sing now," he answered, "I have given up music. Leila does not sing, and I do not care for it now."

I sang some of my father's favorites, and played over the last new music. "How much you have improved," said cousin Fred, rising and approaching us. "What a pity you are not poor, Annie, for your voice would make your fortune." "It has made a great deal of her father's pleasure," said papa, laying his hand fondly on my head. "You did not know I was at home sometimes, when you were practicing these for me so many hours."

"Come here, Fred, and fasten my gaiter," said Leila, pettishly. Papa sprang forward, and kneeling down, said gallantly, "Now don't you feel flattered, to have an old man like me kneeling at your feet? Will you not reward me by playing a game of backgammon?"

"Will you sing this?" said the colonel, "it must be very beautiful, as it is copied so carefully."

Fred started, and hastily left the piano. The color rushed to my cheeks, and I felt faint for an instant. It was a song written by Fred, that I had set to music. Old memories, that I thought had lost their power, rushed over me thick and fast. I mastered myself by a strong effort, and gently putting the song aside, "Not that, please," and played a waltz. The colonel, however, saw the words, "To Annie from Fred," and when I rose from the instrument, I felt that his keen eye was still upon me.

The next morning, a ride on horseback was proposed. I had gone into the dining-room, to make some preparations for the evening, as I expected friends to meet Fred and Leila, and when I returned, Leila was holding up a purse, which Fred was vainly trying to get from her. "I can never make Fred tell me who gave him this," she said, "he says it was a lady-love of

his." I started as I recognized the small blue purse. "At any rate," I answered, "it was no one whose love had great power over him, as he has transferred his allegiance to you." I met Col. Norton's eye, but he withdrew it instantly to the book before him.

Leila was superb in her elegant dark-blue riding-habit. I watched her as she mounted Arab, a spirited creature, that I, though accustomed to riding, did not often like to mount; and I saw that she would manage him with ease. I sighed, and turned to my own horse, but Col. Norton was by my side. "Beauty is not every thing," said he, in a low tone, "one who loves a friend for beauty will find it a spell that is not binding. But we may value it as a gift of God, and we must admire it. As we admire beautiful paintings and statuary, but we can only love the beauty of the spirit, which prompts the kindly word and unselfish action." And he gently pressed my hand, and placed in it the reins.

"Come, Col. Norton," called Leila, "what are you and Annie talking about? Let me challenge you to a race." "I would accept with pleasure, but I am just challenging Miss Annie. Let me put off the pain of a defeat till to-morrow." Her face flushed angrily. "Go, please," I whispered. He looked at me a moment, then tapping my horse with his whip, the animal started off, and he galloped after me. He was very grave, and strangely silent, yet once when I looked up in his face, it wore an expression of painful thought. He noticed my look, and said, "You are surprised, Miss Dayton, that I do not admire your cousin, but you do not know that once, I too, believed she had a heart—" He paused, "more than that, I was encouraged to offer her mine, but it was flung away in scorn, for I was not possessor of a hundred thousand." I touched my horse with my whip, who broke into a gallop, which was scarcely broken till we arrived again at home. "You need not fear, that that pains me now," said the colonel, earnestly, as he assisted me to alight.

My father was waiting for us at the gate. There was a dark frown on Leila's brow, as she dismounted and passed directly up stairs. Fred looked troubled, and wearied, and I was glad to escape to my own room, lest my father should question me upon the subject.

Our friends came in the evening as we expected, and the colonel had apparently made his peace with Leila, for he was sitting near her, when unfortunately I was asked to sing. I had seated myself at the piano, when Leila, raising her voice, called out, "I will release you, Col. Norton; Annie could not sing a line unless you

were by her side, as usual." I felt my very fingers tingling. The colonel rose, and bowing low, answered, "Thank you, Mrs. Dayton, you have divined my wish exactly, no one but yourself knows so well how to say and do things, that will give others pleasure."

When I sang, to my surprise he joined me. "I did not know you sang," I said, when we had finished. "Nor do I sing well enough to accompany you," he answered. "Will you not now let me enjoy hearing you alone," and he walked away, and engaged some ladies in conversation, as I sang and played a few pieces. But all the enjoyment of the evening was lost to me, and I was truly glad when the guests had departed. Cousin Fred came up to me, as I was arranging the music, to beg me to excuse Leila. He said she did not know how unkind her words were, that she only meant them as a jest.

"It is no more than I expected from her," I answered, forgetting myself in my anger. Fred sighed and turned away. I regretted having spoken as I did. I looked round, no one but myself was in the room; but I heard voices on the piazza. I felt wearied out and really unhappy, and as I leaned my head on the piano, I found myself crying like a child. For awhile I argued with myself, that I owed no apology to Fred. "Let him suffer," thought I, "he deserves it." I thought of Leila, with her beauty and grace, but with it all Fred could not be happy, not truly happy. I felt that I would have given up so much to please him; and bitterly did I muse on his conduct to me. For a moment I could rejoice that he was not happy. But did I regret now, after all, that he was only "Cousin Fred." Oh, no, truly I did not, and this thought brought gentler, kindlier feelings toward him. I would go to him; as I turned to go, I found, to my surprise, Col. Norton standing in the door.

"Forgive me," said he, "for disturbing you. I did not know you were here, and I came to find my pencil, that I must have dropped on the floor. Yes, here it is," he added. "But you look tired, will you not rest now?" "I would like to see Fred," I answered, "do you know where he is?" "I left him on the piazza," said he, "but good night, I hope you will be rested enough to ride in the morning." He extended his hand, and looked at me inquiringly, as if fearful I might be displeased with him. He took my hand, pressed it a moment to his lips, and left the room.

I found Fred leaning against one of the pillars of the piazza. "Fred," said I, "you must forgive me for speaking so, or I cannot forgive myself." "Forgive you, Annie! heaven knows it

is you that must forgive, not I." He drew me toward him, and kissing me passionately, exclaimed, "Heaven bless you as I do, and always shall; and may you be happy."

I ran up to my own room, and shutting the door, threw myself in my large arm-chair. Many thoughts passed rapidly through my mind. Thoughts having no definite form, and all unconnected, floating in succession, but from which happiness was not wholly excluded, I hardly understood my own feelings. I asked myself if Leila's words were true, "that I could not sing unless Col. Norton was by my side." It was pleasant to have one standing near you, who knew so well how to testify his appreciation of music, and whose attention and interest encouraged you to go on, because you felt you were giving pleasure. Then how kind it was in him to sing, that I might feel no embarrassment, taking the attention of all from me to himself. In vain I asked myself, if I had treated him other than as my father's guest. If he would ride, or talk with me, could I help it?

That night, in my dreams, Col. Norton was reproaching me for my coldness, and Leila seemed smiling contemptuously upon us.

Days and weeks passed on, and still Col. Norton lingered. My father seemed hardly satisfied unless he was with him. As I saw the pleasure he thus felt, I wondered that he could ever have been contented with the lonely life he had hitherto led. I said to myself, "Will I be able to make it pleasant to him again, when we are once more left alone?"

Leila complained bitterly of the dullness of the country, notwithstanding we did all in our power to make it pleasant. We had so much company, that I was often obliged to remain at home, superintending domestic arrangements, while the others rode.

One evening, my father brought in some papers that he wished me copy. "I have been sent for," said he, "to see a gentleman upon business, and have not time to do them myself." As I found the papers would occupy me about two hours, I brought my desk into the sitting-room, near the open window, and when all were gone, I seated myself to write. I had written about fifteen minutes, when some one tapped gently at the door. "May I come in and read here? I will not disturb you." "Why, Col. Norton," I exclaimed, "did you not go to ride?" "No, I concluded I would not," he replied, seating himself in the rocking-chair. Directly he added, "you do not say I may stay, Miss Annie, does that grave look mean that I shall be troublesome?" "No, it is not that," said I, hesitating,

"but I wish you had gone. I thought surely you were going." "Why, do you wish it?" said he, coming to the table where I sat. "Because," I answered, "because——" I looked up, and met his eye fixed so earnestly upon me, that my own fell before it. "Because," he continued, "you think everything must give way to the pleasure of one person. As she wishes it, we walk or ride. Did she not insist, yesterday, on walking up the road, when she knew you wanted to go down in order that you might stop at Mrs. Weston's, where you had to go afterward? Did she not change her mind about riding, when the horses were at the door? Do you not give up every thing to her? Yet she——" "You forget," I interposed, "that she is our guest. Politeness requires me to consult her pleasure." "Pardon me, if I cannot shut my eyes, Miss Annie; and if I have offended you by speaking, I cannot bear to see you annoyed thus every day." I was silent, I did not know whether it was quite right to speak thus of Leila; but it was all true, and only too apparent. "Forgive me," he added, earnestly, "I have never felt that I was a stranger here, and my deep interest in you all must be my excuse." "I do not think you have offended me," I answered, looking up, "but you know Fred is——" for one instant old thoughts came over me what Fred had been—but it was only a fleeting cloud over my spirit, and I continued calmly, "Fred is the only nephew of my father, and for his sake we will try to make Leila happy."

He gave me a searching glance, then returned to his chair, and I resumed my writing.

I had been employed about an hour, when our cook came to the door, and told me that an old servant, that had been with my father many years, and was now become infirm, was very sick, and had sent for me if I would come. She lived at least a quarter of a mile from the house, and I did not know what to do. "Tell her I will come in an hour," I said, "and send for a physician directly, Hannah." The woman hesitated. "I must finish the papers for papa before I can go," I said. "Cannot you let me do it, Miss Annie," said the colonel, "if there is nothing private?" "Oh, there is nothing of that kind, but I would not trouble you." "You could not do that," said he, taking the pen from my fingers; "you would give me great pleasure if you would let me do anything for you." He seated himself in my chair, and I put on my bonnet and went immediately. I remained until my father came for me. I found Fred and Leila in the sitting-room, on my return, playing chess. The colonel was reading by the table, on which were

the papers. Leila was watching me, so I only thanked him by a smile, which he returned, and then went on with his book. "Is it possible you continue reading now, colonel?" said Leila, with the slightest possible tinge of sarcasm in her tone. "Look at your queen, Leila," said Fred; and I rose and left the room to hide my tears.

It was now the last of August, and we could only go out after the sun began to decline. We walked out generally then, or rode sometimes, staying out late, and coming home by moonlight. Occasionally some of our nearest neighbors would join us, or we would visit them and spend the evening. My father was very little with us then, and when the colonel would try to amuse Leila, I thanked him with all my heart. It was no trouble to entertain Fred. In fact he often entertained us all, and his face would be perfectly lighted up with animation, as he spoke of his travels, or read aloud to us in the evenings when we had no company. But generally we sat on the piazza to enjoy the cool breezes that were so refreshing after the heat of the day.

One morning, about ten o'clock, I went down stairs, and found no one in the sitting-room. "Now," thought I, "I will arrange my shells as I am alone," so I went to the parlor, which opened into the sitting-room, leaving the door slightly ajar. I had been there about ten minutes, when Leila entered the other room, and threw herself in the rocking-chair, exclaiming, "I wonder where every one is!" Just then I heard the door open again and her exclamation, "Col. Norton, alone! is it possible? I thought you always found company." "Indeed," he answered, carelessly, "perhaps you will let me be so happy as to talk to you awhile. It is not often I enjoy that pleasure." "Oh, keep your compliments for Annie—no doubt she enjoys them vastly." "As I have never paid them to her I am unable to say," he replied, coolly. "You need not color so, colonel," she retorted, "as if I had discovered a great secret; but let me tell you, she is only flirting with you." "Stop, madam," said he, sternly, "I do not wish to hear anything said about Miss Dayton; and you are the last one to speak of her disparagingly." "You forget yourself, sir," she returned, angrily, "but whatever she is, you will never win her, for I know that she is engaged. You need not turn so pale. I have destroyed your castle-building, perhaps; but remember, sir, I am not to be trifled with." With these words she left the room, shutting the door violently after her. The colonel remained perfectly quiet for awhile, and then rising, I heard him go up stairs to his own room.

Col. Norton did not appear at dinner, and I

saw Leila's eyes flash with triumph as he sent word "he was not well." He came down to tea looking pale and dispirited. "What is the matter, colonel?" said my father. "You are not getting tired of the country?" inquired Leila. "I must go back to the city, the day after tomorrow," he answered, turning to my father. Leila's eyes actually sparkled. I started. It seemed as if a chasm opened before me. I caught his eye for one moment, but he averted it instantly. I went through the duties of the table mechanically. When we passed into the sitting-room, I hoped no one would ask for music; but Leila would not spare me. I sang every song without faltering. After all, I said, it was better than to be talking. So the evening passed away wearily, and the long night. I had one more day to be happy in, and then he would go!

The next morning I went into the library. On a table was a piece of music, that the colonel was copying for me; one line only remained to be done. I sat down before it, and my tears flowed fast through my closed fingers as I rested my head on them. To have been so happy, and now——

"My Father," I murmured, "oh! help Thy child." Twice had Leila come between me and happiness; but now how much greater the happiness she destroyed! We do not know we have been dreaming until we are awake, so neither did I know the strength of my love till thus obliged to give it up. How long I sat there I did not know, but I was aroused by the well known step of Col. Norton. He started when he saw me and paused; then coming to the table took up the music, and said, "You will let me finish this for you before I go?" His voice trembled as he spoke. He looked at me, adding in surprise. "In tears, Miss Dayton, has anything happened to distress you?" I rose and was going, for I could not speak. "Annie," he exclaimed, passionately, "why did I not know you loved another?" He leaned his head on his clasped hands. My own feelings would not be controlled. I was by his side. With difficulty I spoke. "If this were so, would the knowledge then give you pain?" I said. "Pain, Annie!" he exclaimed. "Oh! let me call you Annie once. It is death to my happiness. Do you not know that my whole heart, every hope of the future has been bound up in you? And, Annie, my love is nothing to you." I looked at him and hesitated one moment; then placing my hand in his I said, "You have been deceived. Your love would make me happier than anything on earth." The tears filled my eyes. "Deceived! she did not dare—— Annie, do I understand you, you

would not trifle with me?" I raised my eyes to his. What he read there I do not know; but he clasped me in his arms without speaking, and pressed me convulsively to his breast. All was explained, and an hour afterward, when my father came in, he found no difficulty in persuading Col. Norton to put off his departure.

When Leila heard the colonel was not going, she turned white with rage. She looked first at the colonel, and then at me, but he returned her look with one perfectly unmoved. Every remark of hers, afterward, though charged with venom, fell harmless upon our ears. She must have suspected that she was discovered, for she came down to breakfast the next day in her travelling-dress, greatly to our astonishment. "You are not going away?" said my father. "Yes, we will go in time to meet the train at twelve," she said. My father turned to her husband. "Why, Fred, how is this, what causes this sudden start?" "I wish to go," answered Leila, haughtily, "is not that enough?" Fred was silent, and one would have thought his cup of coffee contained some hidden mystery that he was trying to fathom, so intently did he keep his eyes fixed upon it. Leila did not vouchsafe a word to Col. Norton or myself; but chatted with my father during breakfast.

Finally everything was ready for them, and the carriage drove up. "You will write, Annie?" said Fred, as he shook my hand warmly. "If Leila would like to hear," I answered. "I would like it, Annie—you surely will grant me this kindness," he said, in a low tone. "Sometimes then, Fred, and you must come again." "Thank you, dear Annie. I shall often wish I were here; and shall be with you in spirit."

He sprang into the carriage, where Leila was already seated. The carriage drove off rapidly, and I drew a long breath of relief, the first I had drawn for weeks. "Do you think her as beautiful now as you did at first?" said Col. Norton. I looked up as I answered, "Perhaps her beauty would not have affected me so then had there not been some other reason." "I have guessed it long ago, Annie, but I have not loved you the less," he replied. "But you do not know," said I, the hand that rested in his trembling as I spoke, "you do not know that he gave up his simple country cousin when he saw a fairer face." "Her for you, Annie! But I do not complain," he added, tenderly, "since his loss has been such great gain to me." As he clasped my hand more tightly, I looked up trustingly in his face, and felt that I had nothing to regret.

Years have passed since then, but no cloud has ever come between my spirit and his. We

have borne our sorrows together, strong in each other's love; and time has only bound our hearts together in closer union.

My beloved father has long "slept his last sleep;" but his memory is embalmed in our hearts, for we mourned him together. He lived to see his Annie happy as his heart could wish.

Cousin Fred and Leila sometimes come to visit us, and she, I think, is more gentle now, and I hope Fred is happy. I do not feel that I have anything to forgive, for there never comes up a memory now that can cast even a momentary shadow on my happiness.

THE ORPHAN GIRL'S SONG.

BY L. DAME.

ONE eve, beside a silver stream,
Whose ripples seemed with starlight playing,
I roved unconscious of the spot,
To which my careless steps were straying;
And as I paused upon the banks,
Where murmur'd past that gentle river,
I heard a voice, whose cadence sweet
Will linger in my soul forever.

The fading sunbeams far away,
Upon the mountain-tops were dying,
And through the tall trees' dusky arms
The evening winds were softly sighing;
Yet still that clear, sweet voice sung on,
Whose accents made my heart-strings quiver,
And seemed to lure the bright waves back
That danced along that shining river.

It was a fair young girl, who sung
While wandering there 'mid sleeping flowers,
And o'er her neck in beauty fell
Long wavy hair in golden showers;

The burden of her song was sad,
For in the tomb loved friends were sleeping,
And she at eventide would grieve,
Till her soft eyes were dim with weeping.

I marked the beauties of her cheek
Like June's bright roses fade and wither:
She passed away as sunset hues
Expire at eve on that bright river;
And low she sleeps, while o'er her tomb
Distil the dewy tears of even:
And she who sung so sweet that night,
Now tunes her harp of love in Heaven.

I often seek that cherished spot
Beneath the self-same tree reposing,
Yet vainly listen for the voice
I heard long since when day was closing;
Though joy may vanish like a dream,
And time all kindred ties may sever,
The maiden and the song she sung
Will live within my soul forever.

HOPE'S STAR.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

I sit here in the deepening shades,
And o'er my spirit sweep
The memories of other days,
And fain my eyes would weep.

With trembling hand all icy cold,
I press my burning brow,
While in my heart's rebellious folds
Wild thoughts are struggling now.

Say is this all of weary life,
No sunshine bright to play
Above the worn heart's sickening strife,
O'er earth's dark troubled way?

And must my feet for many a year,
The darkened pathway tread,
Must these dim eyes be wet with tears,
O'er sorrows ever shed?

Must the warm heart a wanderer be?
Are all its yearnings vain?
No light to guide it o'er the sea
When life's dim lamp shall wane?

Ah, no, I see one little star
Gleam through the gloomy night,
It guides my spirit on afar,
On wings of eagle flight.

It guides me to the Eden home,
Where a calm love waits for me,
It gleams within the clear blue dome
That guards Life's stormy sea.

I still with earnest hope will tread
The pathway to the tomb,
Though o'er my unprotected head
May lower the night of gloom.

THE COTTAGE ON THE HILL.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, AUTHOR OF "THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER," ETC.

I wish I were an artist that I might preface my story with a vignette. It should be of a little brown cottage, with low, sloping eaves, and the moss thick and grey upon its shingled roof. There should be trees in front, and a rambling, carelessly-built stone wall, overgrown with sweetbriar and woodbine, shutting it off from the highway. On the eastern side I would paint a garden—not a great, well-kept garden, full of gay flowers and thrifty vegetables, such as you often see beside a substantial country farm-house, but one with a few blossoms and herbs, and berries, such as a woman's hand could keep in order. In front of the garden, I should draw the same rambling-looking wall, only, instead of sweetbriar and woodbine, gooseberry and currant bushes should grow thick and green behind it, and, in their midst, you should see, as I did one July morning, years ago, old mother Margery, as the villagers called her, busily gathering the ripe, red currants, and dropping them, sprig by sprig, into her tin basin.

I was going to school with a companion, a bold, black-eyed girl, a year or two older than myself. The high-way was white with the summer dust. The locust blossoms, which we were not tall enough to reach, drooped downward, over head, tantalizing us with their fragrance. It was so warm the birds had ceased to sing, perching lazily with folded wings; and looking over the wall, there was something very inviting in the ripe currants, and dewy roses under the shade-trees of the little garden.

"I do think the old woman is so mean," said Jane Anderson, as we walked along. "She never gives us so much as a holyhock, and that dill and caraway would be real good this hot morning, to say nothing of the currants. Hey, mother Margery!" she exclaimed in a louder tone, as we drew near, "you're picking currants, I 'spose, for your husband and children, and haven't any to spare?"

Mother Margery lifted her grey eyes and gazed full upon her. There was an angry gleam in them, chased away, in an instant, by an expression of wounded feeling, but she made no reply.

I pitied her, and pulled Jane's arm to draw her away.

"Hush!" I said, "you shall not say anything to pain her. She is old and she is alone. What if you should be, some day?"

I thought there was a look of grateful surprise in the old woman's face, but she did not speak and we went along.

For the next two or three days, as we passed by to school, we did not see mother Margery. But at last, one morning, as I was going by alone, she came out and spoke to me.

"Won't you come in?" she said, in a voice which though cracked and musical was still friendly. "You are a good child, and I'd like to give you some of the roses I see you looking at. I am old, as you said, and all alone. I have more flowers and fruit than I can use myself."

I thanked her warmly. I had never entered the little garden before, and like all prohibited places, it seemed a sort of Paradise. The roses, of which she gave me a large bunch, were redder and sweeter than any which grew in other gardens, and the currants and caraway were enjoyed with a keener zest.

After that I went frequently to see her, for it seemed to give her pleasure, and to visit one of whom the world knew so little was a rare treat to myself. Often I helped her in her tasks, and read to her the favorite hymns and verses of Holy Writ, which were no longer legible to her dimming sight. She was always kind but never communicative, though she listened with pleasure to the little incidents of my own life, and it grew, at length, into a habit to confide in her.

At fifteen came my first love dream. The star which rose then set soon after, or rather, I discovered it to have been but a rush-light after all and a breath blew it out. But at the time my feelings seemed very real, and I carried them, at once, to my customary confessor.

"Do you love this young man then so much?" asked mother Margery, rather sadly, when I had concluded my recital.

"Oh, yes," I answered, fervently, "there never was, and there never will be, another like him."

"Beware, child, of giving all your heart up to a human idol. God never blesses such a love. I will tell you my story. It will not hurt me to call back the long past now, when the blood flows chill and sluggish in my veins, and my

steps are so near the shadow of death; and, perhaps, it will do you good to listen.

"You cannot see in my wrinkled face and dim eyes any remnants of youth or beauty, but I was young and fresh and blithesome once, though I was never very pretty. Such as I was, Harry Pierson loved me, and at seventeen, I promised to be his wife. Oh, how I loved him. I was an orphan and he was all I had. I could not see God in those days, because of His creature of whom I had made an idol. Harry was ambitious, but he was poor. At twenty-one he resolved to go to college. College learning wasn't so common a thing then as it is now, and his friends looked upon it as a great, nay, an impossible undertaking. I only encouraged him. We had been engaged two years then. All that time I had been working at my trade as a tailoress. I went from house to house, with my goose and my thimble, and earned thus a great deal more than was sufficient for my simple wants.

"How well I remember telling him so, one summer evening, as we walked beneath the orchard trees, and talked of his going to college. I had a proposal to make, on which I ventured timidly, for Harry was very proud. Looking up after I had told him how much money I could earn, I said—I tried to say it in a quiet, matter-of-fact way,

"So you see, Harry, I can help you a little. Beside my clothes I shall have, every year, more than a hundred dollars that I shan't know what to do with. You shall have that, and pay it back to me in gowns and bonnets, by-and-bye."

"He drew me to his heart. Old woman as I am, I thank God that once in my life I have been enfolded in a clasp of such strong tenderness. He looked in my eyes, and the tears his manly pride would not let him shed gathered heavily in his own.

"You are a good girl," he said, "a good girl, Margery—too good for me, but you must never say this to me again. True heart, pure heart! much as I had loved you, it needed this to help me sound the depths of your nature. Thank you that you have said it, but as you love me you must never say it over again. Food that your poor, little earnings bought would choke me. I would saw wood from door to door before I would use money for which your weak, woman's hands had toiled. But I know how well you love me now, and that will be the best help of all. God bless you, Margery."

"I saw how determined he was, and that it was of no use for me to try to help him in that way, but I resolved then and there what I would

do with my money. It doesn't take much to buy and furnish a little cottage and a patch of garden ground in the country, and there rose up, for my comfort, a mental picture of the snug home which should await him when he came from college; which I would earn for my marriage dowry. I had four years to do it in.

"During the next three years Harry's life was a great deal harder than mine. I saw him only once in a year, during the shortest vacations. In the others he taught school. In term-time, beside keeping at the head of his class, he toiled perseveringly in every possible opening for his support. He was literally a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. Every time I saw him the change from his fresh youth startled me more and more. But he laughed at my fears. He was only tired, he said—a little overworked. When he was through college he should get rested and be well again, and I tried to believe him. At the end of the third year he seemed more than ever weak and exhausted, and he was obliged to confess that his labors were almost too severe. At that time we settled it that as soon as he graduated we should be married, and he should open a select school which he had been encouraged to think would succeed in our native village. I remember when we parted, though we had been discussing these things hopefully and cheerfully, there was a great weight at my heart—a shadow of coming sorrow. He looked so frail, so spiritual, with the gleaming light in his eyes and the glow on his transparent forehead. But I tried to cast aside my fears.

"I was in high health then myself. My three years had been passed so quietly—my toil had been brightened by such blessed hopes. From day to day and week to week I had gone steadily on, laying up my earnings, until now, I had nearly four hundred dollars; enough to purchase this little house and garden patch, for the house was not new or fashionable even then, and land was not so high in Ryefield as it is now. The next year I should earn enough to furnish it simply and humbly, in accordance with our modest wants.

"Harry's college life closed in July, and, by the spring before, I had the little brown cottage all furnished to my mind. In April I hired a neighbor to help me make the garden. We set out gooseberry and currant bushes; we grafted trees; we transplanted roses and flower roots, and when all was done, it seemed the fairest of homes to my love and fancy. My needle flew very nimbly in those days, for my heart was glad, and quickest fingers could scarcely keep

time to its joyous beatings. Sundays I used to go to my little cottage—our home that was to be—to watch the flowers springing up in the garden, or stand at the door of the tiny parlor and fancy my student-husband sitting in the low, easy-chair at the open window, and drawing in life and strength from the outside summer of bird and flower and breeze.

“Perhaps into those weeks of joyful anticipation was compressed happiness enough for my life-time. Of Harry’s truth I had never a single doubt. Well-meaning persons suggested to me, sometimes in mistaken kindness, that I must not depend on him too much, that he was getting an education which would place him far above me, and perhaps he might find some one who would suit him better. Thank God, these shafts fell powerless. Thank God, I never doubted him.

“Just about a week before I was expecting to see him in Rye-field, a letter came to me in a strange hand. I broke the seal with tremulous fingers. A mist swam before my eyes, so that I could hardly read its contents. With difficulty I comprehended the truth. Harry was prepared to graduate with the highest honors of his class, when, just one week before examination, his strength had given way, and now he lay there, feeble and helpless, praying for me to come to him before he died. There were no rail-roads then, but I reached him in twenty-four hours by day and night travelling by stage.

“When I stood at his bedside I lost my self-command, though I had resolved to be very brave, and the tears rolled down my cheeks. I had not been prepared to see him looking so wan and attenuated, so much like a spirit. The soul in his eyes beamed brighter than ever, but the bodily life seemed utterly wasted away. He was dying of exhaustion.

“The next few hours were full, in the midst of our strong agony, of a peace and trust too sacred for words. I remember their every utterance, but no third person can share them—they must die with me. We were married, the next morning. He objected at first. He said he would not burden me with his weakness and his suffering—that I should not take his hand to go down with him into the night. Then I showed him my heart, and he knew that all my life was in his love—that it would be best for us both. We were married, and I took my husband home. The doctor said the change could not hurt him, and I had great hopes that native air and the tender care of one who loved him so, would give back the strength to his failing limbs.

“He was so weak and helpless that he depended on me like a little child. He had never

even asked where I would take him. We were five days making the journey, in an old-fashioned chaise, which I had hired for the purpose. The afternoon of the fifth day we wound slowly up the hill toward the little cottage. Harry’s head lay upon my breast.

“‘Look up,’ I said, rousing him, ‘here is home. That little house is yours and mine, love—I earned it in these last four years for us to live in.’

“He said nothing, but he lifted up his head and looked at it eagerly, with the color coming and going very fast in his wan cheek. Then he sank back again, closer, closer against my heart, and drew my hand silently over his wet eyes. It needed no words to tell me how fully my husband blessed me in that moment, though words were not wanting, afterward, of wonder at my self-denial and perseverance; of praise and passionate love.

“I supported him from the gate up to the house door. I led him in, and made him rest on the lounge in the comfortable parlor, and, seeing him there despite sickness and sorrow, I was happy.

“That was the golden summer of my life. Harry did not suffer much pain. He was not very sick, only weak. He loved to sit, as I had fancied he would, at the open window, drinking in the sights and sounds of the beautiful nature outside. I was always near him at my sewing. The neighbors were very kind. They gave me all the work I could do, so that we wanted for nothing which could help to make Harry comfortable. I felt sure, all the while, that he would recover. He was so cheerful, entering into all my plans, and never saying anything that could dishearten me. He was my idol, but I did not think God would take him from me.

“The summer passed away at last. The apples grew ripe upon the trees, and the grape-vines hung heavy with their purple clusters. But the bracing winds brought no strength to my patient sufferer, and when the leaves fell from the trees the light of his life went out. Oh, I cannot talk about it. I loved him too well to tell you, calmly, how he died. My arms were round him. His last kiss, his last prayer, his last blessing were for his ‘true wife—Margery;’ his last breath came faintly against my passionately-clinging lips. Oh, I had not thought he could have died and the life-blood still coursed through my veins—I, who loved him so—who was one flesh with him. But he has slept for forty years, come next 28th of October, in the village churchyard, and I am here still.

“I have lived in this house ever since. I

could not go out again into the world. I had work enough brought me here to keep cold and hunger away from my dwelling, and I asked nothing more. He was gone, and with him earthly hope died, and all of life was memory. Perhaps, I cannot say, if I had loved him less, God would not have taken him from me. But the long grief is over now. You said once that I was alone, but that word, which seemed so terrible to you, has no stings for me. Other love could never be to me in place of the dead, and I thank God calmly, at every day's sunset, that I am one day nearer the still-flowing river, on whose other shore Harry Pierson is waiting to dwell with me forever, in a mansion not made with hands—eternal in the heavens."

I went away sorrowfully and in silence, for I recognized in my own love no counterpart to

this long-enduring devotion, which time and poverty could not chill, and death had only power to make immortal.

Mother Margery is dead long ago. I heard the bell toll for her seventy-two years of life, but it sounded to me like marriage chimes, for I knew she was old and grey no longer, in heaven, and in the spring-time of her immortal youth she was standing once more beside the lover of her girlhood.

A stately mansion rises now on the hill which the little brown cottage crowned in years gone by, but no flowers in its well-kept garden are half so sweet as mother Margery's roses, and all that art and wealth can do for its embellishment fades into insignificance before the simple tale of that true woman's love.

THE CHILD'S GRAVE.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

SHADOWS from the fading vine leaves
Fell above her closing eye,
For her feet might never wander
Where life's Autumn shadows lie.
In her gentle, Spring-like beauty,
Drew He her to realms apart,
Where no frost could blight the blossoms
Clinging round a broken heart.
Underneath the cherished branches
Of a pleasant household tree,
Long was watched that tender flower-bud
Withering slow and silently.
And the sere leaves curled and crackled
Where the little sleeper lay,

When they covered up her pillow
In a cloudy Autumn day.
Yellow leaves fall thickly round her
All the forest ways to pave,
And the slanting sun and moonbeams
Lightly tread about her grave.
And young birds, in silent night-time,
Nestle in the boughs above,
Singing songs at early sunrise,
Such as little children love.
On a dusky couch reclining
As within a curtained room,
Open eyed, in Heaven she worships
Him who rent from earth the gloom,

LINES.

BY MARY H. LUCY.

PILGRIMS on the weary life road,
Journeying to a distant land;
Tho' our hearts are brave and earnest,
Yet we are a faltering band,
And as daily trials meet us,
But too often swells the cry,
As of old from doubting Peter,
"Father, save me or I die!"
When life's skies are bright above us,
And the heart is light and gay;
When the roses shed sweet perfume,
Over all the pleasant way;

Then it is our souls, forgetting
To look up to God on high,
Only when the darkness cometh,
Murmur, "save me or I die!"
Trusting faith too oft is garnered,
With the years that are gone by,
Till their memory only bringeth,
But a vain regretful sigh;
And our hearts absorbed in earth-life
Till the hour of grief is nigh,
Only then will turn to Heaven,
"Father, save me or I die!"

LA BELLE LIEGOISE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 239.

CHAPTER III.

THE stars had gone out in the stronger morning light. Therese Merincourt lay upon the couch in her pretty bower-room, pale and still, with her lips parted and her eyes open, for the breath came up from her chest in broken gushes, or lay still for moments together till it came again with a pang and a struggle, leaving her mouth paler than before and deepening the dusky circle about her eyes, till that which had seemed but a shadow, grew purplish and palpable beneath the smouldering anguish that glowed in those black orbs.

Therese must have slept a few moments during the night, or, if not, that temporary delirium had unsettled her resolutions, for when the broad day came, she arose slowly from her couch and stood up regarding her disordered dress with a glance of surprise. At last she broke forth into a low, sobbing laugh, mocking herself for the anguish that still ached at her heart. "Oh! I see. It was only a dream. He did not come, and I fell asleep on the couch, worn out with waiting. With this tight girdle around my waist, and the loose braids dragging their weight at my temples, no wonder that horrid dream crept over my brain. Yet it seemed so real, so terribly, terribly real—after all was it a dream?"

She sat down on the couch, striving to solve the matter clearly in her mind, but the heavy pain at her temples and the unequal coming of her breath rendered all efforts of recollection imperfect, and once more she settled back into the conviction that a painful vision had haunted her brain at night, from which no reality could spring, and from which her soul recoiled as a sacrilege to its love.

She arose again and began to arrange the tresses of her long hair, marveling at the paleness of her face, while she looked mournfully in the mirror, regretting the loss of her bloom on the day when he would be there to remark it.

The doubt still haunted her. Every feature of that dream was so real. The picture of the carousal so vivid she could not shake it from her mind.

"I will go," she said, tying the crimson kerchief under her chin. "It was the pain of disappointment that cast me into that wild vision, real it could not be. The fiends sent it to punish me for so much happiness. He could not come of course. Is not the old marquis with him? How could I expect him to escape the first night? But he will be at the trysting thorn with the sunrise, even the wicked dream spoke of that. I will be there, he shall not think me fearful or reluctant. It was folly to expect that he would trust himself on my father's grounds, but this impatient heart is always so unreasonable."

Thus hurriedly arranging her dress and cheating herself with false reasoning, the girl stole softly forth into the morning, still restless and with a terror of the truth following her like a hound that will not be persuaded or beaten from his prey.

She turned into the little footpath we have mentioned, casting furtive glances at her feet, searching for and yet afraid to discover the footprints that might have been there, had she indeed threaded the path by moonlight in anything but a dream. Once or twice she recognized light tracks on the turf, but her will refused to acknowledge their significance, and with a feeling of vague sickness seizing upon her, she sped on arguing in her thoughts that the tracks were too large for her small feet, and when that would not suffice, she bethought her that perchance the boy had been searching after flowers for her bouquet with the sunrise, and these were the marks of his progress.

These thoughts lifted the weight somewhat from her heart, and she walked on more vigorously, till at last, a green hollow scooped out of the hills and curving down to the river, came in sight; in its centre stood a pretty mound of turf surmounted by an old thorn tree, now fragrant and heavy with blossoms. The dew lay soft and bright upon the turf, and the first gleams of sunshine fell goldenly in the topmost branches of the thorn, scattering the air with its fragrance. Beneath shone out blue gleams of the river, touched on that bank by the sun, while all the

opposite shore lay bathed in shadows, cool and quiet as the night had left them.

"The sun has touched the water, he will be here soon," said Therese, looking around with a sense of relief, for the solitude emboldened her. "I never knew him to remain a morning at the chateau, without searching for me here, before those shadows were lifted from the Ouse. Guilbert has kept the turf green as emerald, and the valley lilies down yonder are never plundered of their blossoms. I wonder if he will remark this?"

Therese moved softly downward and seated herself in a swell of the hollow, where it had been scooped into a seat curved inward and cushioned with mossy turf, through which tiny wild flowers peeped like lady-bugs in search of the sun. The old thorn tree flung its branches over the seat, flickering it with broken sunbeams, and just below valley lilies scattered the grass with pearls.

"Oh! it is so beautiful—he will find every thing more lovely than when he left us. I shall see how his eyes will brighten!" thought the young girl, as she spread her crimson scarf on the turf seat and sunk gently into it. "How foolish it was to let that wild dream harass me so, as if treason in love were not as impossible to him as it would be to myself."

These thoughts did not crowd upon Therese. On the contrary, she was obliged to drag them out from her brain, by the force of a heart resolved to conquer reason and truth itself, rather than give up its belief in the excellence of the beloved object. In the depths of her soul she felt a growing consciousness that all this reasoning was self-deception. This very feeling had sent her to the thorn tree. While wilfully determined to disbelieve her own knowledge, she sat trembling at every sound lest the proof of her fears should break upon her. Everything was so pleasantly quiet around her, that she might in reality have fancied herself in a dream then, but all at once voices came down the valley, and the sound of words bandied back and forth, and broken with suppressed laughter made the girl start to her feet, her heart, writhing with conviction, her lips trembling with terror.

"They are coming—those voices, great heaven! it is true, it is true."

With a single leap she sprang downward, grasping the red scarf in her hand, trailing it like a stream of blood after her, and tramping down the valley lilies under her feet. A curve in the bank, fringed with a filbert thicket, gave her shelter. She crouched down in this covert, breathlessly gathering up her scarf, and tearing

off the kerchief from her head, that their brilliancy might not betray her hiding-place; but all the time her wild eyes peered through the thicket, and her ears, hungry for the poisoned sounds, drank in the laughter and the words that had followed her as she fled.

"Not here, by Jove! For once Count Alfred's vanity has gone ahead of his success!" cried one, from a group of young men, who appeared upon the hill-side with disordered hair; blood-shot eyes and their rich vestments in disorder as the daylight had overtaken them in the dress of a carousal. "Nay! this is better than success. How it will enrage him to know that the pretty peasant girl has caught his disease of a treacherous memory. At any rate, we have won the wager, so let's arouse him with the news."

"The same men—the same voices—oh! my God, it is all true. I saw them, I heard them. He did utter those words, I was not asleep—my God, my God, be merciful, and let me die here. This earth let it be my death-bed and my grave."

These words came in broken moans and wild whispers from the filbert thicket, and Therese fell forward upon the turf, writhing and uttering suppressed moans, like a wounded animal that dares not cry out because the hounds are still within hearing. At last she crushed the cruel pain back into her heart, and sweeping up handfuls of dew from the grass, bathed her pale lips and paler forehead again and again, as if the coolness alone kept her from shrieking aloud.

In the paroxysm of her distress, she lost some words of the conversation, but when she looked up again, two of the young men had thrown themselves into her turf seat and were already half asleep, with their flushed faces revealed to the morning, so fresh and pure, like bacchanals who had carried their revels into some quiet nook of Paradise.

Two others were busy about the old thorn, tearing off its branches and scattering themselves with a rain of blossoms, as they wantonly lashed its gnarled trunk between the pauses of their conversation.

"This will be pleasant news for the old marquis," said one, "for with all Count Alfred's bravado, I know the old gentleman stood in fear of this girl. It took three weeks for Mademoiselle De Villiers to drive her from his heart."

"His heart—ha! ha! better call it his caprice! Who ever heard that a De Maury of this age ever had a heart?" was the languid reply. "But the old marquis was a good deal disturbed about this affair. The count, it seems, had carried some little sentiment into his amour, and just now, when the people grow insolent, an affair

of this kind might prove dangerous and render a man unpopular at court."

"Then she belongs to the people, *La Belle Liegoise*, that is singular. Count Alfred's fancy must have been on fire to carry him into that quarter—is the girl so beautiful then?"

"You heard what he said last night. I doubt if we had obtained her name though, had fewer bottles of wine been uncapped."

"Or had the lady been of gentle blood!" observed the other, breaking off twigs from the thorn branch in his hand. "Some fiery brother or cousin might have called him to account then. But a daughter of the people—who will trouble himself about her?"

"But you forget—she has been in advance of him. We find this pretty trysting hollow empty, and have our labor for our pains. It is a capital joke which will touch his vanity."

"Aye, aye, to the quick. Besides, I am not sorry to have escaped the temptation of so much beauty. The people are getting restive, and I for one will keep clear of them. Still it is a disappointment, for from his account the girl must be a paragon."

"Not more beautiful than Clemence, I'll be sworn, or if she is, the old marquis may be satisfied, for the fair patrician is not easily won, and to Count Alfred, pleasure lies in the pursuit not the attainment of an object."

"Well, well, let us beat him out from his covert. What right has our host in bed, while we keep up the carouse? He has sent us on a wild-goose chase and shall pay the penalty. Come, messieurs, rouse up, rouse up! Let us beat up his quarters while his first sleep is sweetest."

The two young men sprang up, with repeated yawns, from the turf seat, and the whole group went reeling up the hollow, scattering their path with broken thorn twigs as they went.

Therese waited till they were out of sight. Then rising languidly from the earth, she stole away, turning her eyes from the thorn as she passed it, and looking wistfully into the distance as if all her senses were numbed with pain.

The young noblemen, all fresh from court, seared with dissipation and haughty with a sense of patrician birth, made their way into the old chateau, and went in a body up to Count Alfred's chamber.

"Come, come," they cried, rushing into the voluptuous twilight that slumbered in the room, and sweeping the silken curtains back from his bed, wrapping them in a gorgeous wisp around each carved post of the ebony bedstead. "Come, come, Count Alfred, you have put us on the

wrong scent. There is no fair maid beneath the old thorn tree. You have been boasting, or counted too surely on a conquest yet to be won."

"Ha! what is this?" cried the young man, starting up to one elbow, and rolling up a laced pillow, which he leveled, with good aim, at the intruders. "Faith! was there not wine enough below to keep you in golden fetters, or has the chateau no chambers in which you can sleep off the night? Come, come, messieurs, I was dreaming, and to break in upon one's visions, when they are like mine, is intruding upon Paradise."

"The wines of Moselle must have enveloped them in a rosy cloud, if they are as misty as your prophecies," cried one of the young noblemen, dodging the pillow, while another tossed it back in a snowy mass upon the bed.

"What prophecies?" inquired the count, yawning, "I remember none."

"Indeed? And was not the maid of Liegoise to be found patiently waiting for her recreant lover, at a romantic old thorn tree on the river, at sunrise this morning? And was not the happiness of that meeting to be ours if we chose to seek it?"

"Did I say that, messieurs?" said the young count, stretching out his hands between a laugh and a yawn. "Upon my honor, it was very unfair to the poor girl. I hope you were civil to her at least."

"Civil, why the girl wasn't there. We found plenty of blossoms, and a turf sofa that you must have built for the fairies, but no maid of Liegoise."

"Then she did not come," replied the young man, languidly, shaking up the pillow and replacing it under his head. "Very natural. She has not heard of my arrival. She shall be informed, that you may not be balked of your amusement. Poor Therese, you will find her very beautiful."

"I doubt if you can find her yourself, count," cried the young men, glancing at each other, and determined to arouse him. "She certainly has been informed of your arrival, for we met a lad in the grounds picking wild flowers, which he arranged prettily into a bouquet. We asked him who they were gathered for, and he answered, for Mademoiselle Therese who came every day to receive them of him. The young rogue predicted that she would be in the grounds early this morning, as he had told her yesterday of Count Alfred's arrival at the chateau."

"Ha!" exclaimed the young count, now clearly awake and flushed with mortified vanity, "informed of my coming and not at the old place? You must have mistaken the spot, messieurs."

"Not so," cried out the most mischievous of the group, "an old hawthorn with a turf sofa under it, glimpses of the river, valley lilies in abundance, but no fair maid to repay one for wading knee deep in the dew. I persist in it, count, the lady has been in advance of your inconstancy."

"You persist in a great folly then," said Count Alfred, angrily. "Wait till to-morrow, and I will convince you of it. The girl has heard of your riotous presence here and is frightened away. Therese, unfaithful! I tell you, messieurs, she was not educated at Versailles, where the eternity of love lasts a single moon. You must not judge of her by your court dames."

"Judge of a Belgian farmer's daughter by the fair ladies of Maria Antoinette's court, la belle Clemence for example? Faith, the idea is too amusing," was the reckless rejoinder. "In fact, count, we are beginning to fancy La Belle Liegeoise a beautiful myth, that comes and goes only in your own fancy."

"Wait," answered the count, flushing hotly as he arose in his bed, flinging back the rich counterpane and snowy sheets in a heap around his feet. "Wait and you shall see. The wine has made me a boaster, but it shall not be said on false pretences. Will some one ring for my valet? Your own toilets, messieurs, might be improved before we present ourselves at breakfast with my lord marquis, who is a generous man certainly, and merciful to the sins he is desirous to share, but those of a deranged dress are not among the number. He might forgive your escapade in search of La Belle Therese, but never the dew upon your silken hose, so be warned in time if you would stand well with my father."

"That is true, that is true," echoed the young men, "we must look like a gang of brigands in this disorder. Now each man to his valet, and a defiance to Count Alfred if we meet the pretty bourgeoisie first. So let your morning toilet be a killing one, dear host, if it enters the lists with ours."

"There is little need in this case," answered the count, laughing, "what has failed so signally at Versailles, is not likely succeed here, *a bientôt, mes amis*, I see Victor coming with his curling irons. When I have passed through the purgatory of his hands, we meet in the breakfast saloon. *Au revoir.*"

"*Au revoir—au revoir,*" cried the reckless young men, and with laughing faces and waving hands they left the room.

While passing through a corridor, leading to a wing of the building which contained the rooms

appropriated to them, a bright country lad came up from the ground staircase, and paused as the group passed him, scanning each face with a wistful look as if he expected to recognize some one that he knew.

"Ha! ha! this lad looks like our boy with the flowers—a brother, perhaps. Well, my man, which of us do you want?" said the foremost of the group.

"Neither, I think," answered the youth, modestly. "I come with a note, which I wish to deliver, but Count Alfred is not among you. Tell me, if you please, where I may find him?"

"A note for Count Alfred, and from Mademoiselle Therese, no doubt. Messieurs, messieurs, our wager is in danger, it's a rendezvous no doubt," cried the young noble, who had first addressed the youth, "what if we intercept the missive and settle which of us shall answer it by a cast of the dice."

"And a sword thrust through the lungs directly after," cried another, "for that would be the end of our pastime—rather let us go back and claim a sight of this billet-doux. The affair is ours now quite as much as his own. Let us return."

Back they all went, surrounding the youth like a troop of bacchanalians.

Count Alfred was in his dressing-gown, under the hands of his valet, who drew himself up with dignity and stood, curling tongs in hand, greatly horrified by this intrusion on the solemnities of his master's toilet.

"We have caught this love messenger and bring him hither, that you may enjoy our defeat, Count Alfred. Come, my lad, out with the billet-doux. We are all impatience!"

The youth looked anxiously from the young man, who spoke, to the count, who turned and held out his hand, casting a triumphant glance on his guests.

The youth took a note from his bosom and gave it to the count, who tore it open, while a triumphant smile hovered about his mouth; but instead of the ardent welcome, or tender reproaches that he expected, a single line blotted and wavering, alone met his eyes.

"Come to me after night fall. I shall wait for you."

There was something in that single line that startled the young man. Unequal and harsh as the writing was, it had force and power in its very roughness; you would imagine the pen which wrote those words being dashed down, unfit for use ever after, so firmly had the hand grasped it.

"Is it a rendezvous?—is it a rendezvous?" inquired two or three voices at once.

"Yes," answered the count, sharply, "it is a rendezvous. Now, messieurs, let us have done with the subject, I have been to blame in mentioning this poor girl. Forget it if you please, or our revel may prove an unpleasant one; above all, withhold your badinage before the marquis. Here, my man, is a louis d'or, the billet requires no answer—only say that I will be punctual."

The youth left the room, almost with tears in his eyes, for without knowing why, his generous heart was pained by the manner of his reception.

"I wish," he said, inly, while traversing the little footpath on the banks of the Ouse, "I wish they had received me with less laughter and withheld the gold; it burns my palm; and but that it will help take me to Paris, I would fling it into the river. Therese would have given me gold also but that I would never touch. What can she mean by sending letters to the count? and why was she so anxious that I should be her messenger instead of my little brother who loves her so much? The billet was a brief one that she should be afraid to trust it to other hands than mine. I wonder if her father knows about it. One thing is certain, I will not plant my foot in that chateau again. These patricians treat us people as if we were not men and women with souls like their own. How lightly they spoke of Mademoiselle Therese, and she so beautiful—I wonder if they have anything so lovely at court, and yet they bandied her name about like a football. How my hand tingled with a desire to strike as they joked about her letter. Ah, there comes Therese to meet me. How like a queen she walks. If the people now would have a queen it should be her."

These reflections were broken off by the appearance of Therese Merincourt, who had been for an hour pacing up and down the greensward on the line which separated her father's lands from those of the Chateau de Maury. Once or twice she had advanced a pace as if to cross the boundaries, but some strong impulse held her back, and so she walked to and fro, trampling down the lines that separated her plebeian house from the patrician inheritance of her lover, with haughty violence, as if she felt that a prophecy lay in the action—a prophecy of reversed power and terrible doom. She saw Lucien Gerard coming slowly toward her, for the youth was both sad and thoughtful. The heart rose and swelled in her bosom till the breath left it, and when the young man came up, her face was so pale that he paused, looking at her in affright.

"Have you seen him?" she inquired, in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes, mademoiselle, and gave him your little billet."

"Well, the answer? Don't you see that I am waiting for the answer?"

"He sent none."

"Sent none. Oh——"

"Only——"

"Only? well? Only what else?"

"Only he bade me say, mademoiselle, that he would be punctual."

"Ah!" ejaculated the girl, with a sigh that gave the breath back to her lungs and sent a gleam of color to her lips. "I thank you, Lucien. It was kind of you to go my errand, very kind, I will never, never forget it."

The youth moved his cap from one hand to the other, looking anxiously into the young girl's face.

"You are very welcome, mademoiselle, very welcome, but forgive me if I say a word. Remember, it is because I love you as a sister, Therese—how could I help it, you, the playmate and friend of Annette Thibault, who is more than the world to me; but tell me, Therese, what has made you acquainted with the young men up at the chateau yonder? How dare they speak your name so lightly?"

"Lightly—not he? not the young count, and before you, that is impossible?"

"No! not the count, but the young nobles who are his father's guests."

"And they spoke of me lightly. Me, Therese Merincourt. Is this so Lucien? And he, Count Alfred?"

"Nay, it must be confessed, he reproved them!"

"He did. Ah! I draw a deep breath now, the pain is lifted—he reproved them," cried Therese, with a burst of fiery joy in her cheek and eyes. "Lucien, dear Lucien, what shall I give you? Gold? See, I have plenty of gold!"

"No, mademoiselle, not from you—besides, he gave me a louis d'or."

"He did? You see that he placed some value on my little note. Give me that louis d'or, Lucien, and here are three, six, ten for it."

"Therese, Therese, what does this mean? Why is it that your face, just now so white, is bright and flushed like the sunrise now?"

"I do not know. It is joy that you have a little more money, and, and that my poor little note obtained it for you."

"And was it for this you sent the note, Therese? Did you, so proud, ask money of Count Alfred for me?"

"I don't know—I did not say that, Lucien, but if I did?"

"Then I would rather work a few months longer than take his money," answered the youth, looking with proud regretfulness at the purse of gold in his hand.

"Then give it me. I did not ask it for you, remember, but for some one else, a person in great want. Give me that gold, Lucien, because it is for another. But I am very rich, see how much my father has given me. It was my birthday last week, you know, you shall have it all, every sou, my friend. It will take you to Paris, where Annette is waiting so anxiously. It will do something for Thibault too, and the little children. Who knows but it will be the seed of a great fortune? Come, Lucien, give me the louis d'or, and start for Paris to-morrow."

As Therese spoke fast and eagerly, eyeing the gold in Lucien's palm with greedy glances, and opening her purse that its contents might glitter upon his sight, the young man was anxiously regarding her. A host of vague suspicions crowded his thoughts, and his voice trembled as he gave her the piece of gold.

"Take it," he said, "it was hot to the touch before, now it burns my palm."

"What do you mean?" faltered Therese, trembling.

"I do not know. I dare not answer that question, Therese, even to myself."

"Do not speak so mournfully, my friend, do but think only of Annette, who is counting the days till she sees you. It is not for yourself that I have saved the gold, but that she, my dear, dear friend, may see her lover a little sooner than she hoped for. Take it, Lucien."

"Therese."

"Well, my friend! But your eyes fill with tears. Why is it?"

"Perhaps, I did not know it, but perhaps they are only tears of gratitude. I hope so, but my heart is heavy. If you would but tell me, Therese, why you send me up yonder, and wait here pacing to and fro till I come with tidings, as if your life hung on them? Why your cheeks

grow cold and red as I speak. Oh! Therese Merincourt, tell me, your friend, that no evil to yourself lurks beneath all this emotion?"

Therese Merincourt laughed a sweet, reckless laugh, that re-assured the youth, it was so clear and natural.

"What evil can befall me, Lucien, under my father's roof, or with my feet upon my father's soil? Are we not powerful among the people, rich, prosperous? Why should you fear for me, or refuse to take a little of the wealth I have no use for?"

"But this strange interest in Count Alfred?"

"Well, what of it? I know a person in distress, and wishing to save means that would secure Annette a sight of her lover, sent to the count, who is charitable, to help these poor people a little—what harm is there in this?"

"None, truly," answered the youth, half convinced by her reckless eloquence.

"Then for Annette Thibault's sake you will take my little purse?"

"For her sake I will. God bless your grand heart, Therese, the time may come when I shall be strong enough to return your goodness. Meantime, Annette and the children shall pray for you—it will be as if the angels asked blessings of your God and theirs."

He took the purse, which Therese held out as he spoke, and thrust it with a trembling hand into his bosom.

"Annette will pray for me," said Therese, and a sudden gush of tears rose to her eyes. "Yes, let her pray for me—let her pray."

"And I, I too will both pray and work for you, Therese, if the need ever comes," said Lucien, kissing her hand. "Adieu, if I ever am a man, you will have made me so. If I ever have power, and we of the people will have power yet, the first fruits shall be yours. God bless you, Therese."

The young man turned away, saddened but full of gratitude. Long before he was out of sight, Therese was pressing impetuous kisses on the piece of gold that he had left in her hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GERMAN TEXT FOR MARKING.



EDITH VALE.

BY MINNIE F. BEAVERS.

CHAPTER I.

"Is this all? Oh! is this all?" and the speaker lifted up her bowed head. The light of the candle reveals her face; and what a fair young face it was. There was the white brow of intellect shaded by tresses of black hair; the sweet mouth; and the dear, earnest eyes, so unutterably beautiful.

Many times has Edith Vale walked up and down her room to-night; her white hands clasped over her bosom, trying in vain to reconcile herself to what must be on the morrow; but the tears will gather in the large, dark eyes, and the sweet mouth tremble with grief. And why? Hers is a beautiful home, and she its only mistress. True, her mother sleeps in the silent grave; but a proud and loving father is still left her. But it is not this the girl is dreaming of now. Her soul is wandering back over the dead years of the past; and she is reading, on their snowy scroll, joyous hopes and blessed dreams, written there in the old days.

Her memory is hovering over the holiest, happiest part of her life. It was only two years ago, when she had but reached her seventeenth summer, that she first met Marcus Hydra. He was their pastor; and faithfully he ministered to the people of his charge. Seldom found in the halls of mirth, he was often in the halls of mourning. Was a soul passing from time to eternity, his deep voice, so powerful in its sublimity, and again so soothing in its low music, was heard in prayer; or cheering the dying pilgrim nearing the grave. Sabbath after Sabbath he stood in the pulpit, a radiant light resting upon his countenance, proclaiming the word of Life, till he became very dear to his people. But in his teachings of heaven, that summer, he learned, with Edith Vale, a sweet earth-lesson, which neither could forget. Thrown in each other's society, with souls attuned in harmony, was it a wonder they loved? She realized in him all that was great and good in man: and he thought her the loveliest of women. And so the bright summer days, so fraught with bliss to them, wore away and brought at their close a parting! For he was destined to go as a missionary to a far-off land; she to await, in her young heart's love, his return.

The parting was full of bitterness and pain to both. "I must do my duty," said Marcus. "Have you nothing to give me, to keep in remembrance of you, while I am gone?" "I would offer you my Bible, Mark, but I know its holy truths are laid up in your heart, so I will give you this," and a curl of hair dropped into his hand. "Bless you, darling," he whispered, "it shall be prized by me as dearly as life." She looked up. "Oh, Mark!" she cried, "how can I give you up?" Gazing through tears, upon her, he answered. "I know not, Edith, but I may fall in the ranks of death on that far-off shore." "Then you will be lost to me," murmured the weeping girl. "If the soul was not immortal!" he said, "if there was no awakening from the sleep of death; no bright heaven beyond the stars! then indeed might we be lost to each other forever! But we know that our Redeemer lives!" and folding her to his bosom, he pressed a last kiss on her pale cheek, and was gone.

But, strange to say, though absent so long, he had never written; and now, for months, Edith had come to think him false. No wonder her voice rings out so mournfully to-night. "Mark! Mark! how I loved you! how I trusted you, as I can never trust again! you, who I deemed so noble, good and true. Now I dreamed of a glowing future, a peaceful pathway, oh! so blest, which our feet would tread together, you guiding me by your earnest spiritual life to a home in heaven." And she burst into tears.

But the treachery of Mark was not her only grief. A week before that her father had said, "Edith, my child, Louis Vernon has asked of me your hand." And when she had answered, "I will stay with you, father, while I live. I esteem Louis, but do not love him," he had replied, "Edith, must I tell you all; must I tell you that I am a bankrupt! that I will be ruined unless you marry him? He is wealthy, he will save me." Then Edith had started to her feet. "I will brave poverty," she had cried, "even death itself for you, father; only spare me this trial. My love is buried in a living tomb. Though Mark was false, I love him still." A pallor, like that of death, had spread over the old man's face. He did not tell her, that when he saw his ruin,

he had intercepted her letters. But he did say in a hoarse voice "I will be ruined, Edith! my honor, peace, all lost! And when you see your old father, groping about in a prison-cell, the snow of sixty years resting upon his head, remember you could have spared him this bitter trial." Then Edith had sprang toward him; her arms were around his neck; and from her white lips there came a cry, what a cry! so full of tenderness, and yet wailing with despair. "Father! father! I love you! for your sake I will wed him."

All this now passes before the girl, who wanders up and down her room to-night. To-morrow she is to be the wife of Louis Vernon.

He is a slight, delicate man, and said to be consumptive; and happy might be the woman who could love him and appreciate his dreamy, poetic nature. Edith knew his worth, but she was one that, loving once, could never forget. After garnering up in her heart such beautiful dreams for the future, such a holy love for truth, is it not natural, that in a voice of touching sadness, she should say, "Is this all? oh! is this all?"

It was near midnight when she turned from that room to seek her couch. What a night of torture to her! In her great love for her father, sometimes the sacrifice she was about to make appeared but naught; and she would walk up and down, her soul wrapped in a feverish joy, that she was doing this for him. But it was only for a moment; for into her heart would steal the bitter thought, "Sold, sold to buy back lost wealth!" Then the scorn on that young face was pitiful to behold. The last words that lingered upon her lips that night, were "Mark! Mark! how could you slight such love as mine! How could you so blight my peace? Oh, Mark!" It was the last time his name was on her lips for years.

CHAPTER II.

FIVE years have passed. Near the city of C—, a splendid home is situated. How beautifully it rises there on that green knoll, in the last flush of the sunset! The locust trees surrounding it are snowy with blossoms; and the sweet perfume glides in at the open windows, where all bespeaks refinement and luxury.

This is the home of Louis and Edith Vernon.

He sits out upon the portico, his chair leaning against the white post, while little Willie, their child, plays at his feet. If Louis Vernon did not realize, what he expected in his married life, he knew before that he was not loved. If the soft hand of his wife had seldom wandered lovingly through his hair, or rested on his broad, white

brow, it had never been raised in defiance to his will. If her sweet lips were pressed to his less often than he wished, they had never spoken one unkind word to him.

I know not if a sad presentiment is hovering over his mind; but he is dreaming of death. Consumption had made rapid strides in his delicate constitution. The earnest, beautiful light in his eye, and the quick flush proclaim that he was the victim of that fell disease. Yet he is not awed at the approach of death. He shrinks not appalled from the coffin and the shroud. His eyes are turned from the beautiful landscape before him to the evening sky, so dazzling in the flush of the sunset. A smile, wherein is mingled much of peace and joy, flits over his countenance.

Edith, who has been wandering in the yard, beholds this scene. Her father has been dead some two years; and if he had not told her of his deception, and Marcus Hydra's constancy, the old love might have been blotted out. But Mark, she now knew, had been true to her! This was the thought that followed her through all these years; yet still she is attached to her husband. It might have been a terrible fear that smote her heart, when she gazed on Louis' pale countenance, or perhaps it was the spiritual radiance resting there, that filled her soul with a sudden tenderness; for she went to him, and pressed a kiss on his brow, saying, "Dear Louis! if the years I have spent with you have not been rife with tumultuous joy, I bless you that they have been full of much peace. I have ever cherished in my heart a sacred tenderness for you, Louis; and your sickness has rendered you dearer to me than you could have been in health." "I have been happy!" he dreamingly murmured. A week from that evening, he slept the sleep of death! and Edith and Willie were alone in the wide world.

CHAPTER III.

IN one of the rooms of a large hotel, in the city of C—, Marcus Hydra sat: his head bent over his hand, where lay a long, black curl of hair; and tears were falling on it. "If the thought that she was false had not prevented me," he murmured, "I would have been here long ago. How I dreamed of her on that far off shore! And sometimes I feared it was sin; for when I wrote my sermons, I saw her eyes! and when I knelt to pray, her form was before me! How the sweet voices of the olden time whisper in my heart to-day! I was so full of hope and joy once. I do not murmur; but my soul will weep over the beautiful dream, shattered forever." He brushed the tears from his

dark spiritual eyes, and passed from the room. As he was entering the ladies' parlor, he heard the murmur of a name that made his heart throb wildly; and pausing, he listened to a conversation between two ladies in the parlor.

"Poor Edith Vale! you remember her, Alies?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well," said the other, "she married to save her father from ruin, when she loved a young minister, a missionary to a foreign land. Her husband has been dead a year; and by the negligence or fraud of her trustees, all the property has been lost; and now she is in the depths of poverty. Did you see that sweet child in here a moment ago? That was Edith's! and he was begging alms."

Marcus waited to hear no more. Turning the corner of one of the streets, he saw a little child. "Edith's," he cried, and hurried on. "What is your name, little boy?" he said, kindly. The child looked up, with a wondering glance, into that proud, noble face, and in his sweet voice answered, "Willie Vernon." He was folded to the minister's heart. "I would have known you was her child, among a thousand, by those lustrous eyes. Won't you take me to your mother, darling?" The child's voice quivered, "Mamma is very poor," he said. "You won't like to go to our home. I stole away, awhile ago, for I thought God would make somebody give a little boy, like me, something, and He did!" and the tiny hand was opened, and there lay a shining gold dollar, given him by the

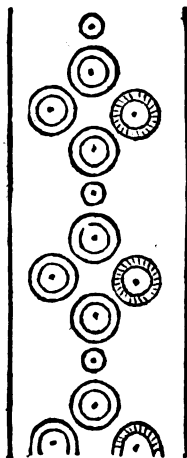
lady, who had spoken of Edith in the parlor. "Take me to her, Willie! take me to her! and you shall never want any more while I live," said Marcus. The little fellow obeyed, and soon they reached his home. Edith, weary and wasted, sat leaning her head on one hand, sadly dreaming of what might have been, what had been, and what was now. "Will there no bright morning ever come again?" she thought. "Will eternity alone brighten my sorrows?" There was a step on the tottering stairs; the door opened; and a deep voice broke the stillness. "Come to me, my Edith!" it said, "come to the heart that has mourned you as lost." That voice, that lofty form, that smile of unutterable peace and joy were Mark's!

A week later, that old room was desolate; and the home which had been Louis Vernon's, became Marcus Hydra's. Coming up through the green yard, one June evening, were a group of three. They paused beneath the shadow of a lofty locust. "The night was very dark, husband," said the lady, "but a morning, brighter than I ever dreamed of, has dawned upon me." A little curly head was lifted up, and a sweet, childish voice murmured, "I knew God would be good to us before long, mamma." "No wonder," said the gentleman, with reverent tenderness, his dark eyes resting on the little boy, "no wonder Jesus said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

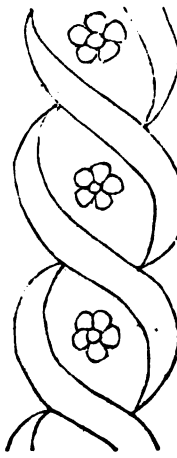
VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



INSERTION.



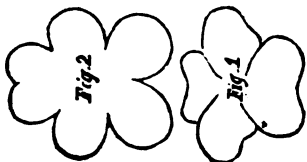
INSERTION.



INSERTION.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING PANSIES.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



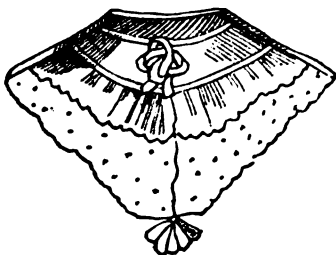
MATERIALS.—Purple paper, yellow do. thick paper, large brown pipe: carmine or Indian ink, wire, gum, green tissue paper, &c.

Cut as many as are desired of fig. 1 and 2: fig. 1 should be cut out of dark purple paper: fig. 2 of yellow paper, glazed paper is generally preferred: the veins of fig. 2 should be drawn very neatly with carmine or Indian ink, paste fig. 2 on fig. 1 with gum: for the calyx use green tissue paper, for the stamen one large brown pip-branch like fig. 8.

*** MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 32 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

CHINESE COLLAR AND SLEEVED TALMA FOR LITTLE GIRL.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, a design for a novel style of collar, called "The Chinese Collar." The annexed engraving shows how it looks when made up. It is composed of two rows of application, and three tufts of very narrow ribbon are put on the front. The diagram, on the next page, No. 8, shows how it is to be cut.

We also give a diagram for cutting a Sleeved Talma for a little girl of nine or ten years old.

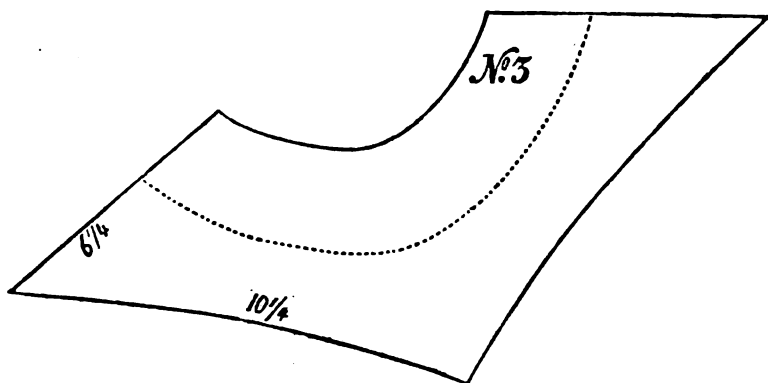


DIAGRAM OF CHINESE COLLAR.

No. 1. Front, containing also the sleeve.

No. 2. Back.

No. 8. Collar.

After joining the two parts by the shoulder

seam from A to B, you must fix the part from C to D of No. 2 on the line of +++++ from C to D marked on No. 1, then the part bearing 000 on the neck also accompanied by 000.

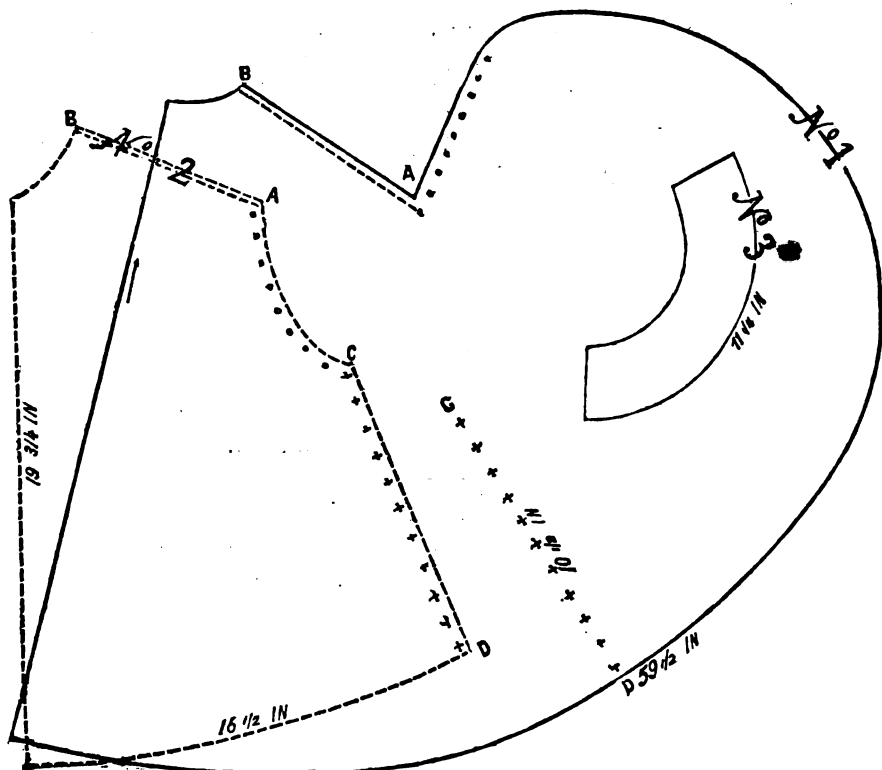
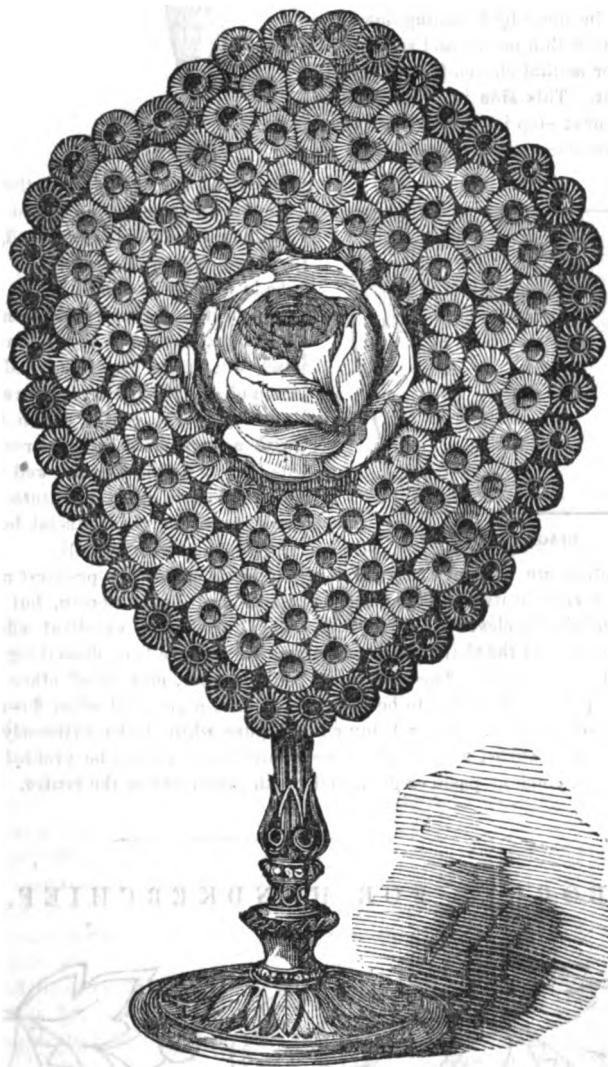


DIAGRAM OF LITTLE GIRL'S TALMA.

FLORAL LAMP SCREEN.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THESE are very pretty articles for drawing-room decorations as well as for use. As, however, their beauty depends so very much on the neatness and exactness with which they are made, we cannot too strongly recommend accurate attention to the detail of their production. The form of the screen being in strong wire, it is necessary that it should be purchased, as well as the stand on which it is mounted. Having procured the wire shape, its size must be traced on a piece of thin drawing paper, which must then be cut round a little larger, so that its edge may wrap over the wire of the frame. When thus cut to the proper size, the paper must be

damped with a sponge, and left for a few minutes for the moisture to be absorbed in its fabric, and have time to stretch. If left too long, the paper becoming dry, this object will be defeated. Then pasting the edges with a very strong paste, turn them over the wire of the frame, and securing them thoroughly, leave the whole till the following day to dry. The next measure must be the covering this paper with a piece of colored silk, which may be done by fastening down the edge over the wire with a needle and sewing silk of the same color as that chosen for the lining; green is the best. This side is, of course, for the back. The next step is to have the screen, thus prepared for decoration, fastened into its stand.

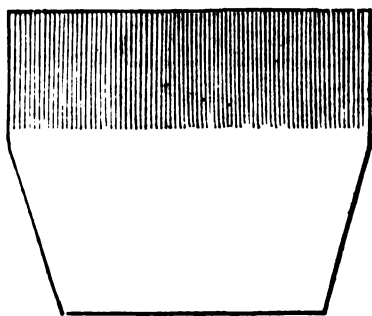


DIAGRAM.

In our illustration, we have not only given a drawing of this screen in its complete state, so as to furnish a sufficiently clear idea of its effect, but we have also supplied the shape which forms its decoration in its true size. These are to be cut out in silver paper. They are to be in two shades of pink and in white. These being cut at the outer edge and curled with a knife, are to be joined up by a touch of paste or gum, and

for the sake of securing uniformity, this is much better done on a round stitch, which not only keeps the size exact, but secures a circular form. When a sufficient number of these have been



DIAGRAM.

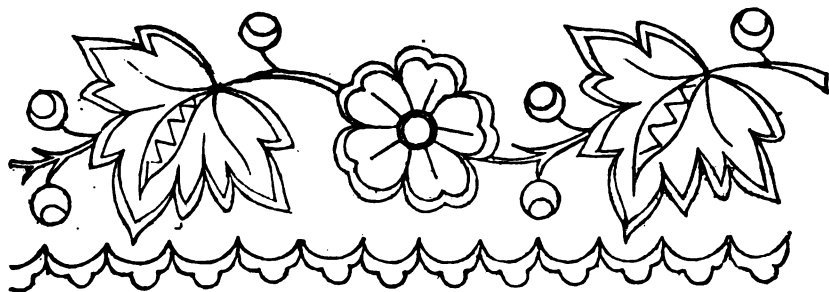


DIAGRAM.

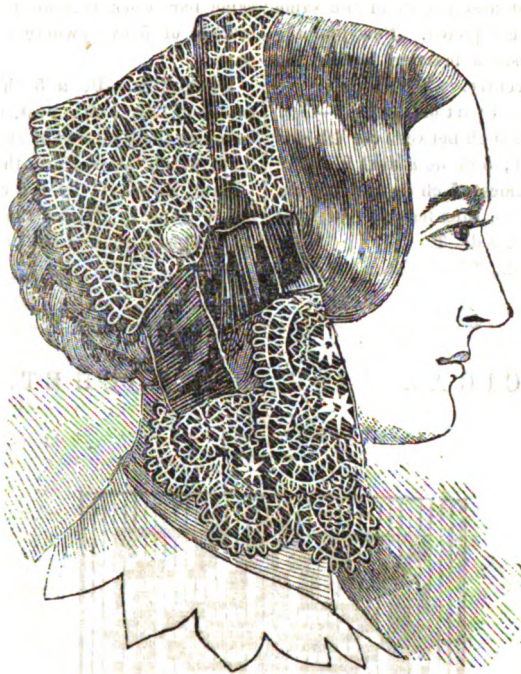
made, and are well closed, the bottoms of this tubular shape must be folded down about half an inch from their lower end, and this piece, touched with paste, must be stuck on to the shade already prepared, as we have said. Two rows of the darkest pink being placed nearest the edge, two rows of the paler next to that, and, what more may be needed for filling in the ground, of the white. There will then be a vacancy in the centre, which is to be filled in with a good sized artificial rose, surrounded by its leaves. Ladies who are well versed in making paper flowers may substitute a paper rose, if well done, for the artificial bought one, which also looks extremely well.

This is one of the prettiest modes of forming the Floral Lamp Screen, but there are other ways producing excellent effects. The bells which we have been describing as made of pink silver paper, may be of other shades of color, and have a group of other flowers in the centre. A pure white looks extremely well. (A blue white must always be avoided in silver paper,) with pink roses in the centre.

BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



A MORNING CAP.—MALTESE PATTERN.



MATERIALS.—Three reels of cotton, No. 30.
No. 4 Penelope hook.

1st row.—12 *ch*, (or chains) unite, *u* (or under) this circle work 8 *dc* 7 *ch*; repeat till there are 8 *chs* of 7. (Not fasten off till the whole is finished.)

2nd.—4 *ch* *dc u* 7 *ch*; 5 *ch* *dc u* same; 4 *ch* *dc* on centre *dc* stitch repeat.

3rd.—4 *ch*; 5 *dc u* 5 *ch*; 4 *ch* *dc* on *dc* between the points; repeat. (Finish with the 5 *dc*.)

4th.—Make a knotted bar thus: * 6 *ch*, *dc* into 3rd loop from hook; 1 *dc* into next loop; make another 6 *ch*, and repeat this again; then 2 *ch* * (which pull very tight.) This forms a knotted bar; and wherever these stars appear close together thus **, three make a knotted bar; now, having made this, work 5 *dc* on the *dc*; repeat.

5th.—** *dc u* centre of bar; ** 5 *dc* on *dc*; repeat. End with 5 *dc* on *dc*; fasten off.

Now make and finish another circle, then do not fasten off, but proceed to join thus: 6 *ch* *dc u* 1st bar; place the two rounds together, the wrong sides of the crochet facing, and the like parts opposite to each other; now 5 *ch* *dc u*

centre of bar at *b* or (back); 3 *ch* *dc u* centre of bar in *f* (or front); 3 *ch* *dc u* centre of bar at *b*; 6 *ch* *dc* on centre *dc* of the 5 in *f*; 9 *ch* *dc* on centre *dc* at *b*; 6 *ch* *dc u* centre of bar at *b*; 3 *ch* *dc u* centre of bar in *f*; 8 *ch* *dc u* centre of next bar at *b*; *ch* *dc u* centre of bar in *f*. Fasten off.

Continue to work these circles, and join till there are 15 circles.

Now round the edge *dc u* bar 9, *ch*, repeat, by working this under centre of every bar and bar of *chs* all round. There must be 5 *chs* of 9 *over* each circle, and one 9 *ch* *between* each circle, this latter must come exactly over the joint. This number of 9 *chs* must be carefully counted. It will be well to tie in a colored thread in the 9 *ch* between the circles and the 9 *ch* on the top of each, as these must always come opposite to each other in joining the lengths. Work two other lengths of 14 circles in each, then join thus: take the 1st 9 *ch* which is between the 1st circle of the longest piece, place it at the back and exactly opposite to the 1st 9 *ch* which is at the top of the 1st circle of shortest length, having the wrong sides of each faced. Crochet these 2

chs of 9 together firmly, leaving on an end of cotton; * 4 ch dc ω next 9 ch at *b*; 5 ch dc ω same; 3 ch dc ω 9 ch in *f*; 4 ch dc ω next 9 ch in *f*; 5 ch dc ω same; 3 ch dc ω next 9 ch at *b*; repeat *f* from *. When these two lengths are joined, finish the end first begun in the same manner as that just completed. Now join the other length in the same manner, having the longest length in the centre.

To make the increased part on the top:—

1st row.—9 dc ω the 9 ch between the 4th and 5th star from the end; 5 ch dc ω next 9 ch, ** dc ω each 9 ch for 4 times; 5 ch dc ω next 9 ch. Repeat this over 4 stars, thus leaving 5 stars at each end, after the last 9 dc. T.

2nd.—(a) 7 dc on dc, ** dc ω each bar for 4

times, ** repeat from (a;) after the last 7 dc on dc, fasten off.

Now turn the cap round, and work the other side the same.

FOR THE NEXT ROW.—5 ch dc ω bar; ** dc ω same bar, work this all round, only make 7 ch instead of 5 everywhere except in the widened part.

NEXT ROW.—Dc ω 5 ch, (or 7) 9 ch 1 L ω centre of bar, 9 ch repeat, excepting at the ends between the 3 circles or stars; there make only 3 ch, which latter draws the circles together.

LAST ROW.—11 dc ω 9 ch, ** 11 dc ω next 9 ch, ** repeat. Where the 3 ch are made there make only 3 dc, and omit the bar altogether.

CIGAR-CASE IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

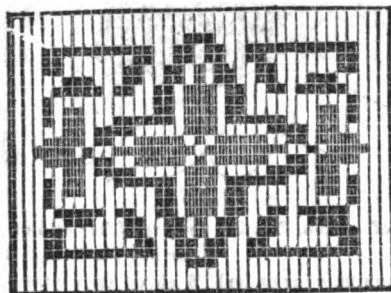


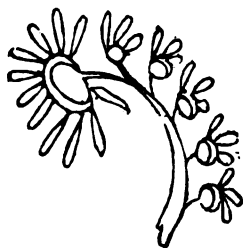
DIAGRAM OF CIGAR-CASE.

White squares, Gold; Black ditto, Black; Up-right lines, Crimson.

We give, in front of the number, a design, full size, for this beautiful cigar-case; and annex here

a diagram, by which to work it. The materials are gold thread, blue, red, and black silk thread; a gilt bronze clasp. Mount one hundred and thirty-five stitches, and do forty-five rounds in changing the colors according to the pattern.

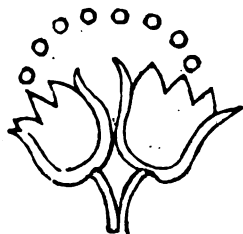
VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



SPRIG.

Mary

NAME FOR MARKING.



SPRIG.

EMBROIDERED BRACES.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



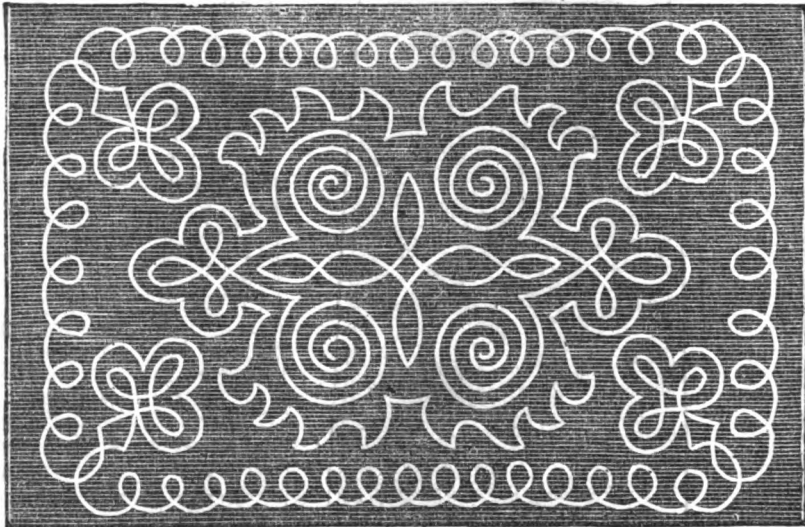
We give, in this number, a beautiful pattern for embroidered braces, to be worked in colored silks. A section of the pattern is given of the full size, in one cut, and the entire brace is given in another. The full sized pattern, it will be observed, is reversed. With this fact borne in

mind, and with the aid of the entire pattern, it will not be very difficult to complete the design, especially to ladies who are accustomed to drawing. Some of our patrons desire easy patterns, and others those more difficult; hence we endeavor to meet all tastes. A pair of these

braces would be a very pretty birth-day gift to opposite sex. A more suitable gift, indeed, could a husband, brother, or other dear friend of the not be found.

SACHET, FOR LAVENDER OR ROSE LEAVES.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.



MATERIALS.—White net, thick crochet silk or silk or chenille, and finish the edges with a small chenille, of any color. cord to match.

Follow the lines on a running stitch with the

GENTLEMAN'S SMOKING-CAP.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

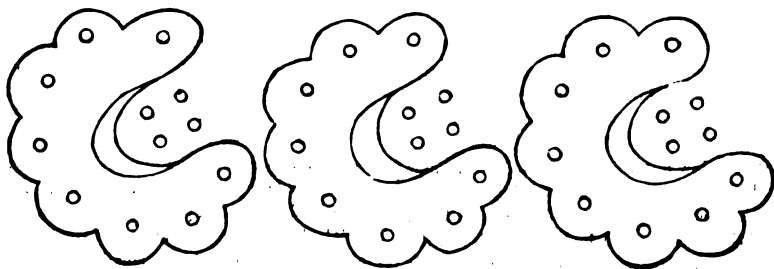
We give, in the front of the number, a section of a gentleman's smoking-cap, to be worked in gold braid, the ground being of blue velvet. Six pieces of this shape form the cap. After being neatly joined together, the same are to be covered with a gold cord and finished at the top with a gold tassel. If a more simple mode should be preferred, the same design can be worked on dark cloth, using colored braid instead of the gold.

PASSION-FLOWER IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

A BEAUTIFUL pattern for a cushion. The material ought to be either of velvet or cloth, the former, of course, having greatly the superiority in richness of effect. It is to be worked in two lines of chain-stitch, close to each other, in two shades of gold-colored silk.

SILK COAT AND EMBROIDERY.



EMBROIDERY IN FLANNEL.



SILK WALKING COAT.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE GARDEN.—What a glorious morning! There's a bird under the window—and another. The old swallow house, black and storm-beaten though it is, will be refurnished now. A real conservative that brown-coated fellow out there, don't believe in new houses full of gingerbread work—give him the ancient nook where his great grandfather was born. The ground is cracking, the buds are swelling, the hills are smoking, the geese are cackling, the river has torn its icy robe to ribbons, and like a young lady in a very handsome morning-dress coquettishly shows the sunbeam embroidery beneath. The gutters laugh as they run; the flower-pots march up out of the cellars, and spades and hoes betake themselves to convenient standing-places against garden-fences. Speaking of gardens—are you accustomed to hard labor? If not, don't work in the garden. If you are romantic according to the novel-ideas of love and beauty in a cottage, don't work in the garden, because white robes and straw hats don't agree with March, April or May, in this climate. Don't work in the garden if you are devoted to your complexion—sun, wind and soil conspire against that. Don't work in the garden if you have white hands or—the rheumatism—or if it is your first experience of spring in the country. The vision of a beauty with a spade in her hand, and an elaborate toilet got up for the occasion, is no doubt enchanting—but it's all romance. The reality is as follows:

May morning. Delightful out-doors as seen from the window. Wind rather bracing—very healthy. Ambitious young lady—just from the city, up at sunrise, fondly regarding a ten foot patch of sterile ground. Goes to work with a dandy shovel. Ten minutes labor results in accumulation of chips and stones, and any quantity of astonished grubs. Begins to think gardening isn't play. Increase of pebbles and worms. Either the wind is too cold or she is too warm. Obligated to tie her shawl over her head—daubs her face in keeping her hair out of her eyes.

Sly laugh in double bass. Sarcastic father at her elbow hints she is quite a farmer; thinks she may accomplish a foot by sunset. Ambition roused; desperate havoc among pebble stones and grubs; ground grows harder, spade works duller, wind blows fresher.

Retreat to the house—ague in the face—herb-tea and a veto on amateur gardening by the household generally.

Second experiment; Irishman engaged to prepare the ground. City lady sows any quantity of seeds in hearts, rounds, squares, triangles, and all sorts of angles. Thinks they will all be up to-morrow.

Plants squashes, cucumbers, and melons on the north side of the house. Writes a letter to the Potiphar's in the city, promising them a grand feast on the same from her garden. Three weeks spent in watching the slow process of vegetation. Green leaves peep out; is confident she knows the weeds from the flowers—roots up all flowers. Result! A glorious array of wild mustard, pig-weed and plantain leaves. Result! Three squashes as big as spring potatoes—one water-melon equal to a small sized nutmeg, and a dozen cucumbers that have never made their appearance.

But there is a way to work in the garden that will ensure health, pleasure and true happiness. If you have not squeezed your heart into lungs with tight clothes, nor injured your teeth with injurious living, nor brought on a cough with feather-beds and thin shoes, nor induced a feeble state of intellect by vicious novel-reading, you may on with your hood, boots and gloves, and make the dirt fly. Take deep inspirations of this life-giving element, the air—smell the fragrance of the fresh mould, more grateful than the sickening scent of the perfumed handkerchief; laugh, shout, run, and earn the color in your cheeks. Then when the Potiphar's come to clean the cherry trees, and pick the flowers, and eat the cream, and save expenses at home in the way of strawberries and sweet-corn, laugh quietly at Seraphina's hoops, and Araminta's frills, and Mrs. Potiphar's false curls, and Mr. Potiphar's vertigo; consider while they have built a handsome tomb in Greenwood, you have been building up a healthy constitution in the open air and in the garden.

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING.—Mr. J. E. Tilton, Salem, Mass., has just published a beautiful engraving of "Hiawatha Wooing," illustrating the following lines in Longfellow's poem:—

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With a deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly, from out the woodlands,
Hiawatha stood before them.

The picture represents Minnehaha looking up from her weaving, while the Arrow-maker sits beside her; at the right, in the distance, is seen a waterfall amidst the forest; at the left an exquisite river view is given, with an admirable perspective. The artist has been particularly fortunate in giving the genuine Indian features and expression to the characters introduced. Mr. Longfellow, we understand, has expressed himself highly pleased with the picture. Mr. Tilton will send it by mail, free of postage, on the receipt of \$1.50. It is fourteen inches by eighteen, a capital size for framing.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.—The press, with one voice, continues to pronounce this Magazine "the best and cheapest." Says the Clinton (Mass.) Courant:—"Of the liveliness, brevity, purity and interest of the original papers in Peterson, we need not speak." The Barre (Mass.) Gazette says:—"The present number is well worth half the amount of subscription for one year." The Carroll Free Press says:—"Peterson's is a great pet amongst the ladies—our better half cannot sleep soundly while it is upon her centre-table and unread." Says the L. I. Democrat:—"Peterson's is enough to turn young Misses' heads with its profuse patterns, designs, and instructions for all sorts of fancy work, &c. The fashion plates are unrivalled." The Hightstown (N. J.) Record says:—"It contains something for all humors; the sad as well as the joyous." The Fountain Signal says:—"Peterson's is full, as usual, of the most beautiful embellishments, fashions, embroidery, &c., &c. We can't well see how the ladies can expect to put on a pleasing and fashionable costume without consulting this valuable Magazine." But we must stop. If we were to go on, we could fill an entire number with similar notices.

ARRANGING THE HAIR.—When the features are well formed, and then only, may the hair be removed from the forehead; the Empress Eugenie has introduced the old style of Mary Queen of Scots, which is very becoming to her face, but trying to many. The crop, or demi-crop, (or better known as "curled all round") is well suited to the small head, but objectionable to any other, and is sometimes attended with much trouble, for in damp weather it will hang straight and unsightly, producing a most slovenly appearance. The hair should be little spread when the head is large, few bows or plaits used, and few curls worn; the hair kept generally smooth, with no frising or puffing, so common at the present day. The plait known as the "half Grecian plait" is very suitable to heads of this class; the "herring-bone plait" is another that may be used with advantage; for with this plait few ornaments are necessary, and it has the advantage of preventing an unseemly rotundity when the head is of large size. Where the neck is long, the hair should be dressed low, in many cases actually laid upon the back.

ANCIENT REGIME STYLE.—We have long observed the tendency of fashion, to the style of dress worn during the reigns of Louis XV. and XVI. It is becoming more decided every month; the hoops, the flounces, the quillings and bows of ribbon, the short ruffled sleeves, the profusion of lace, the heavy brocades, the style of wearing the hair, are all approximations to the French fashions before the Reign of Terror. The make and the trimmings of dresses, the style of arranging the hair, the designs for setting jewelry, are now accurately copied from pictures of the date above mentioned. In short, there is quite a rage for the style Louis XV. and the style Louis XVI.

THE PHILADELPHIA MAGAZINES.—One of the New York periodicals says that "Harper's Magazine" has killed the Philadelphia monthlies. Now, though "Harper's" is an excellent publication of its kind and deserves all the success it has met with, it has not affected the Philadelphia Magazines in the least; for "Peterson" and "Godey" alone print more copies monthly than all the Philadelphia Magazines printed together when "Harper" was started. The fact is no Magazine can "kill" another. Magazines, like newspapers, can only be "killed" by their own mismanagement. For doing a mail business, Philadelphia, because of its central position, will always have a great advantage over New York, so that the supremacy of this city, as the head-quarters of the illustrated Magazines, is not likely ever to be overthrown.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Miss Leslie's New Cookery Book. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This must not be confounded with either of Miss Leslie's former cookery books, being an entirely new work, the result of her more matured and complete experience. It is a complete manual of domestic cookery in all its branches. Every receipt is alike practical and practicable, distinctions it is well to bear in mind. Whether the object is to supply an every-day family table, or to prepare sumptuous viands for visitors, this new cookery book will be found, we think, all sufficient; and there is not a receipt in it which the merest novice cannot comprehend. The volume contains six hundred and fifty pages, printed in large type so as not to try the eyes; and may be had handsomely bound in cloth or sheep to suit the taste of the buyer. The price is only \$1.25, which is astonishingly cheap. As soon as its merits become known, this will be the cook book of the day. We give, in another column, a few "Receipts for the Table," culled from this book.

Vivia; or, The Secret Power. By E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Our readers are familiar, by this time, with the characteristics of Mrs. Southworth's style. As in "Love's Labor Won," so in "Vivia," now before us, she enlists the sympathies of readers from the first, and interests them in the mystery that surrounds the principal personages to the very end. Her scenes are always powerfully delineated, her characters well sustained, and her incidents, though sometimes improbable, never beyond the range of possibility. It is not her least merit that she has a manner of her own, which makes her one of the most original of our American writers.

The Three Guardsmen. By Alexandre Dumas. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is the best of Dumas' historical novels, and is one of the best ever written in any language. It is spirited, graphic, and true to the times it paints, the reign of Louis the Thirteenth of France. The present is a neat, double-column, octavo edition, in paper covers.

Arctic Adventure by Sea and Land. From the earliest date to the last Expeditions in Search of Sir John Franklin. Edited by Epes Sargent. With Maps and Illustrations. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—The entire story of Arctic exploration is here told from the days of the Northmen, Cabot and Willoughby, to those of Parry, Ross, Franklin, De Haven and Kane. For all popular purposes, too, the narrative is in sufficient detail. The immense sale of Dr. Kane's "Arctic Explorations," will create a demand for a work like this; for most of those, who read the fascinating volumes of our lately deceased townsman, will be naturally curious to know something of the expeditions which preceded his. The book is neatly printed and graphically illustrated.

The Border Rover. By Emerson Bennett. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A story full of stirring incident, the scene being laid in Kansas and its frontiers, though the time is many years ago. The Indian trail, the pursuit, the fight, the escape, the lonely night-watch, the prairie, the trapper, and other incidents of the wild, romantic life of the border, rise vividly before the reader, beneath the graphic pen of Mr. Bennett. A charming love-story will interest the ladies in the book. The volume is handsomely bound in cloth.

How to Write: A Pocket Manual of Composition and Letter-Writing. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Fowler & Wells.—This is a complete manual on the subject. It gives, not only directions for writing letters of business, relationship, friendship and love, illustrating them with examples, but rules for literary composition in general and newspaper writing, as well as for the correcting of proofs. Forms for letters of introduction, notes, cards, etc., are also added.

Vasconcelos. A Romance of the New World. By W. G. Simms. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Redfield.—Another of the series of "Simms' Revised and Illustrated Novels." The scene of the story is laid in the South, as far back as the time of De Soto; and the tale is full of knightly deeds, chivalric surprise and romantic adventures. We consider "Vasconcelos" one of the most fascinating of the series. The illustrations are by Darley.

Smiles and Frowns. By Sara A. Wents. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A very superior novel intellectually, and of great moral excellence also. We cordially recommend it. The author dedicates it as follows:—"To my sister and mother, who have blessed me from infancy; whose teachings, if obeyed, will bless me to eternity;" a beautiful dedication, and a type of the book.

The Fraserian Papers of the late William Maginn, L.L.D. By R. S. Mackenzie. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Redfield.—A collection of some of the raciest magazine articles in the language, with annotations and a life of the author from the luminous pen of Dr. Mackenzie.

Frank Farleigh. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A new edition of a novel which is almost as racy as "O'Malley." It shows the same exuberant animal spirits on the part of the author; quite as much variety in incident; and has (what ladies like most of all) a happy termination. If you have never read it, buy it at once. The volume is printed in double-column, octavo.

Lewis Arundel. By the author of "Frank Farleigh." 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A novel of even superior merit to its predecessor of the same author. The heroine especially is a very beautiful creation. There is the same liveliness, startling incident and romance as in "Frank Farleigh," though the plot is entirely different. The volume is double-column, octavo.

Sermons Preached before the University of Cambridge. By R. C. French, D. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Redfield.—These are five sermons, the subjects as follows:—"Christ the only Begotten of the Father," "Christ the Lamb of God," "Christ the Light of the World," "Christ the true Vine," "Christ the Judge of all Men." The volume is neatly printed.

School Amusements; or, How to Make the School Interesting. By N. W. Taylor Root. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.—An excellent book, embracing simple rules for military and gymnastic exercises, and hints on the general management of the school-room. It is illustrated with numerous engravings.

The Shadow Worshipper and other Poems. By Frank Lee Benedict. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: J. S. Redfield.—In the hope of being able, at an early day, to speak more at length of the great merit of these poems, we content ourselves, at present, with announcing their appearance in this elegant volume.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

SILVER TREE ON GLASS.—Put a few drops of the solution of silver in aquafortis, on a piece of glass; form a bit of copper or brass wire to represent a tree with its branches, but flat, so as to lie upon the glass; lay it in the liquid, and let it remain for an hour or two. A beautiful vegetation will be perceived all round the wire, which will nearly be covered by it. This may be preserved by washing it carefully with water, and putting another glass over it.

ART RECREATIONS.

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COSMETICS, &c.

MESSRS. FETRIDGE & Co. have just moved into one of the handsomest stores on Broadway, New York city. They still manufacture and sell, at wholesale or retail, the "Woodland Cream" and "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," as advertised, as follows in their

CIRCULAR.

"WOODLAND CREAM."—A pomade for beautifying the hair. Highly perfumed, superior to any French article imported, and for half the price. For dressing ladies' hair it has no equal, giving it a bright, glossy appearance. It causes gentlemen's hair to curl in the most natural manner. It removes dandruff, always giving the hair the appearance of being fresh shampooed. Price only fifty cents. None genuine unless signed Fetridge & Co.

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RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Chitterlings or Calf's Tripe.—This is very delicate and digestible, and is nice at breakfast, or as a side dish at dinner. To prepare it for cooking, it should be cut open with scissors, emptied and thoroughly

cleaned, and then laid all night, or for several hours, in cold water, slightly salted. It can be bought of the veal butchers ready prepared, and run on a wooden skewer. Wash it again just before cooking. Cut it into small pieces, and boil it slowly till quite tender, in water enough to keep it well covered. When entirely done, take it up, drain it, and keep it warm. Have ready some onions boiled in milk till quite soft, and sliced thin. Melt some excellent fresh butter, in milk thickened with flour. Make a round of very nice toast, with the crust pared off. Dip it for a minute in hot water; lay it in the bottom of a deep dish. Cover it thickly with the onion sauce, and place the chitterlings upon it, seasoning them with pepper and vinegar. It will be an improvement to boil with them four or five blades of mace. Eat vinegar with it, always. Tarragon vinegar is best. This dish deserves to be more in use. Try it.

Clam Soup.—Having washed clean the outside shells of a hundred small sand clams, (or scrubbed them with a brush) put them into a large pot of boiling water. When they open their shells, take them out with a ladle, and as you do so, put them into a colander to drain off the liquor. Then extract the clams from the shells with a knife. Save a quart of the liquor, putting the clams in a pitcher by themselves. Mix with the quart of liquor, in a clean pot, two quarts of rich milk. Put in the clams, and add some pepper-corns and some blades of mace. Also, a bunch of sweet marjoram, the leaves stripped off and minced. After all has boiled well for an hour, add half a pound, or more, of nice fresh butter, made into little dumplings with flour; also a pint of grated bread-crumbs. Let it boil a quarter of an hour longer. Then pour the soup off from the clams and leave them in the bottom of the pot. They will now be worth eating. If you cannot obtain small clams, you may cut large ones in pieces, but they are very coarse and tough.

Beef Bouilli.—Take from six to eight pounds of a fine round of fresh beef. Put it into a soup-pot, with the remains of a piece of cold roast beef (bones and all) to enrich the gravy, but use no other cold meat than beef. Season it slightly with salt and pepper, and pour on just sufficient water to cover it well. Boil it slowly, and skim it well. When the scum ceases to rise, have ready half a dozen large carrots, cut into pieces, and put them in first. Afterward add six turnips, quartered; a head of celery, cut small; half a dozen parsnips, cut in pieces; and six whole onions. Let it boil slowly till all the vegetables are done, and very tender. Send it to table with the beef in the middle of a large dish; the vegetables laid all around it; and the gravy (thickened with fine grated bread-crumbs) in a sauce-boat. Serve up with it, white potatoes, boiled whole; and mashed pumpkin, or winter squash. This is a good dinner for a plain family.

Fish Cakes.—Take codfish (either fresh or salt) that has been boiled the day before. Carefully remove the bones, and mince the flesh. Mix with it a

quantity of warm mashed potatoes, (mashed with butter and milk) in the proportion of one-third cod-fish, and two-thirds mashed potatoes. Add sufficient beaten egg to make the whole into a smooth paste. Season it with cayenne; and, if the mixture seems dry, moisten and enrich it with a little butter. Make it into cakes about an inch thick, and as large round as the top of a common sized tea-cup. Or into round balls. Sprinkle them well with flour. Fry them in lard, or beef-drippings. When one side is done turn them over. Drain them, and send them to the breakfast-table. If approved, you may add to the mixture two or three onions boiled and minced. Any large cold fish may be dressed in this manner for next morning's breakfast.

To Stew Smoked Beef.—Having chipped it thin, put it into a skillet, with fresh butter, pepper, and two or three beaten yolks of eggs. Let it stew till the beef is crisp and curled up. Never allow yourself to be persuaded to use pyroigneous acid in curing dried beef or ham—instead of the real smoke of a wood fire. It communicates a taste and smell of kresote, and is a detestable substitute, detected in a moment.—*Miss Leslie's New Cookery Book.*

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS OF GREY SILK PLAIDED IN BLACK.—The corsage is made long and full, with side trimmings of dark blue silk, decreasing in width from the bottom to the top, edged on each side with a narrow black lace, and ornamented with black velvet ribbon and rosettes of lace. The corsage is high, without a basque, and it, as well as the sleeves, are trimmed like the skirt. Bonnet of Leghorn, ornamented with a white ostrich feather.

FIG. II.—DINNER DRESS OF BLOSSOM COLORED GREENADINE, skirt made with three flounces, woven in a lace pattern. The corsage is high, without a basque, trimmed with braces and bows of ribbon, and confined at the waist by a broad sash.

FIG. III.—A RIDING-HABIT OF DARK GREEN MERINO.—The skirt should have three widths of merino in it, and for an ordinary sized lady, be from a yard and a half to a yard and five-eighths in length. The skirt should be plaited, so that the greater part of the fulness should fall on the left side. The basque should be long and full enough to fall easily over the hips. But little ornament is allowable on a riding-habit; a silk galloon or braid being usually employed to edge the basque and sleeves. Some put braid across the chest, cadet fashion. By many ladies small metal buttons are employed to fasten the basque up the front, and at the waist behind. A sleeve slightly more ornamental (if wished) than the one in our plate, may be made in the Louis Quatorze style, that is with the addition of a turned-up cuff to a sleeve like the one in the plate. Nothing but collars and sleeves of the plainest kind are admissible for riding. A low-crowned felt or straw hat is preferred by some to the high-crowned English hat.

FIG. IV.—JACKET OF BLACK SILK, ornamented with galloons and fringes of black silk. This jacket is high and side very close; it has a bertha with waved edges, forming something like a V in front and round behind; it is bordered with a galloon and fringe. Sleeves straight at top, trimmed with a waved frill, bordered like the bertha; plain under-sleeves.

The skirt, which is of a piece with the body, rather scant in front, and forms large flutes behind, is waved at bottom, where it has a trimming similar to that on the bertha and the frill of the sleeve. Another large plain skirt, also very ample, is sewed on under the first.

FIG. V.—BONNET of white silk puffed on the front and covered with a *fanchon*, or handkerchief piece of apple green silk, a ball fringe at the edge. At the back, two small puffings of white silk and three loops of white ribbon striped with green, with long ends. At each side the ends of the *fanchon* fall on the shoulders.

FIG. VI.—PARISIAN BONNET OF PINK SILK.—The front is of black lace; the crown, cape, and bow are of pink silk edged with black lace. Inside trimming of pink flowers.

FIG. VII.—BRACE FICHU, made of pink silk, trimmed with a row of white lace surmounted by one of black lace. It has a bow at the back as well as in front.

FIG. VIII.—A LITTLE MEDICI COLLAR, composed of satin stitch embroidery applied on Valenciennes insertions; Valenciennes trimming.

FIG. IX.—SLEEVE to match the Medici Collar. The wristband is just large enough to let the hand through.

FIG. X.—APPLICATION COLLAR, mousquetaire style, trimmed with blue ribbon.

FIG. XI.—SLEEVE to match the mousquetaire collar. This sleeve is composed of a tall puff, and of a trimming turned up and fastened by bars of ribbon; it is terminated, on the hand, by a puffing with a ribbon in it, the ends of which hang out.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Before informing our readers what is worn, we offer the following plain and necessary suggestions, how to wear some of the most important articles of costume. The robe or gown is the leading article of female attire, which is always much improved by lengthiness of appearance; but this should never be obtained at the sacrifice of the waist, which, if done, mars the whole figure; length may seemingly be obtained by a proper choice of pattern—a Scotch or Irish plaid will lessen the apparent height, but a broad stripe perpendicularly placed will give artificial length to the figure. Attention to this simple rule will be of great advantage to ladies who are not tall, or to persons who are of slim stature.

The Mantilla, or drapery, depending from the shoulders, should harmonize with the general attire. The devices of the mantle are so numerous that it is here impossible to name them; but this much may be said, with respect to their trimmings, the smaller

the figure, the fewer ornaments are required. In the choice of mantles, it is necessary to bear in mind, that those with too masculine an effect are out of taste.

The choice of the bonnet should depend upon the size of the head and face; it is undecided which is the most objectionable, a bonnet too large or too small for its wearer; the former covers the hair too much, which, if properly arranged, adds greatly to the charms of a lady; the latter breaks the gravity of outline, so essential to good appearance. When the features are at all attenuated, great advantage is gained by a careful arrangement of the interior ornaments of the bonnet; for, by the proper placing of a bow, a flower, or curl, the outline of a sunken cheek may be covered, as also too high a cheek-bone hidden.

Flounces continue to be in favor. Silks, grenadines, bareges and organdies all are to be flounced. Three is the usual number when woven in the material, but some of the organdies have five or even seven ruffles. These are all made the straight way of the stuff, of course. For such dresses, a hem of an inch in width is the only suitable finish. For silks, bareges, &c., when the flounce is not woven in the material, or is not finished with a fringe, as most of them now are, quillings of ribbon or fringes are used. For trimming, a beautiful kind of flowered ribbon has been introduced, which is very effective for edging flounces, or for finishing the double or triple skirts, &c. These flowered ribbons also admit of tasteful arrangement on the corsages and sleeves.

There has no great change yet appeared in the way of making dresses. The last novelty is a basque set on in large box plaits round the waist—a style which, be it observed, is suitable only to a very slender figure. The sleeves have a flat piece on the shoulder, and below it a puff and a broad frill. Barettes or braces are still worn. For a very slender figure they should be set as far off the shoulder as possible, thus giving a greater width to the chest. The berthe, when worn with a high-necked dress, particularly with a basque, is not usually graceful. It cuts the line of the figure too much, and can be worn only with advantage by very tall, slender persons. ?

CAMBRIC MUSLIN DRESSES worn in morning costume are frequently made open in front, and edged with a bordering of rich needlework. The petticoat worn under the open robe should have a worked *sablier* front. Others are made to close down the front with buttons in imitation of coral, turquoise, or mosaic, with a row of richly worked insertion on each side of the hem with buttons. One of the prettiest morning dresses which we have seen is made in this way, of white cambric, the body having a very *little fullness* at the waist, plain on the shoulder, and the front part composed entirely of rows of rich, heavily worked insertion of little over an inch in width, alternating with tucks of the same width. The body lining is cut low. This dress is fastened

with coral buttons, and a coral-colored belt confines it at the waist.

We have, on a previous occasion, noticed the fact that white satin is recovering fashionable favor for evening dresses. A few years ago nothing was deemed more elegant for ball or evening costume than a robe of plain white satin; but that material was gradually discarded by *Régle Fashion*, until at length it became quite *passé de mode*. But the same love of change which for a time banished white satin dresses, has now led to their revival, and at present they are in high favor in Paris.

MANTLES, &c.—The "cloth jacket" in our February number which has been so exceedingly popular, is to be the style of silk basques for out-door wear this spring. The skirt should be made full to set easily over the quantity of hoops and flounces now worn. Lace and barege mantles still retain the full broad ruffle around the skirt, when they are cut in the Talma shape, but the shawl shaped ones are likely to be the most popular.

HEAD-DRESSES.—Nets for the hair are very fashionable at present. They are worn extremely small, merely covering the hair at the back of the head. These hair-nets may be made of black, dark blue, or red silk, and they are frequently intermingled with steel or gilt beads, or with jet. A bow of velvet or ribbon, with long flowing ends, may be fixed either at the back of the head or on one side. Some are formed of pearls and are edged round by pearl fringe, and at each side and at the back are tassels of pearl. In front a cordon of pearls is passed between the bandeaux of hair. The same style of head-dress has a very elegant effect when composed of blue beads, (imitation of turquoise) or of blue beads and pearls mixed together. Two or three rows of gold chain are sometimes worn as bandeaux on the head, and the effect is at once simple and becoming. Loops of gold beads and pearls are also quite fashionable, drooping toward the back of the neck. A much admired head-dress consists of a net formed of red velvet. The net is trimmed all round with sprays of the small Corinth grape, (in gold) intermingled with the red berries of the service tree, (in velvet) and with ends of red velvet ribbon *broched* with gold. Among the recent importations from Paris is a very beautiful head-dress styled the *coiffure Egyptienne*. It is formed of two bandeaux of currant-color velvet, embroidered with gold, and on one side there is a lotus flower, and on the other a bow of groseille-color ribbon, figured with hieroglyphics in gold.

THE CHARINE COIFFURE is a kind of purple velvet skull-cap, surrounded with a gold border. On one side there are two white feathers, on the other a velvet bow embroidered in gold. Any of these beautiful head-dresses can be easily made by a lady of taste.

JEWELRY.—Floral designs are those at present most in favor for setting jewelry. An eminent jeweler has recently completed a circlet for the head, consisting of lilies formed of diamonds, pansies com-

posed of sapphires, and fuchias of rubies; the stones are formed of fine pearls.

CHATELAINES are regaining fashionable favor; but those recently introduced are somewhat different in style from the same kind of ornament worn a few years ago. The most elegant consist of two long chains of gold, confined together by a slide set with jewels or beautifully enameled. From one of these chains is suspended a watch, in the back of which is frequently set a valuable cameo. To the other chain may be affixed a jeweled medallion, or any other trinket which taste may dictate.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—A DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY, OF FOUR YEARS OF AGE, of dove-colored cashmere. It is cut in one piece and nearly plain in front. It is high in the neck behind, but out square, *a la Raphael* in front, and trimmed with broad bands of brown velvet. The sleeves are short, with a bow of velvet ribbon on the top. Full cambric shirt sleeves, and a plaited spencer. A cap of cashmere of the same color as the frock, with a tuft brown velvet feather. Brown gaiters with brown and white stockings.

FIG. II.—A DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF LIGHT BLUE PLAIDED SILK.—A worked cambric skirt comes just below the bottom of the dress. Loose fitting basque of black silk trimmed with a quilling of ribbon. Bonnet of white silk with a full blonde cap, and bows of blue ribbon on each side.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Since the Bayadere stripes have become so fashionable for ladies dresses, silks, de lains and lawns in the same style have been imported for children, in gay colors suitable for them.

Little girls dresses are often made with a "cut skirt," that is with the lower part of the skirt made into a full flounce, and set on to the upper skirt with a puffing of ribbon or of the same material as the dress. This puffing is sometimes ornamented with rosettes or bows of ribbon, with ends falling over the skirt. Flounces, double skirts and trunks are also much worn. For dresses made high in the neck braces are fashionable. For low necked dresses, the braces are wider, and take more the shape of capes. Baques of silk and various kinds of white muslin will be much worn, but these do not fit closely to the figure.

Bonnets for little girls are less trimmed than those worn by their mammae, but have the same general style and shape. Some of the most exquisite things which we have seen for very small girls are hats of the shape of the "Clarissa Harlow Hat," in our February number, but made over a frame covered with blue, pink, or lilac silk, and this again covered with most beautifully worked mull muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes. For babies, capable of holding up their heads, little bonnets are made of the same materials. These have deep capes like a sun-bonnet, also lined. Fancy aprons of mull, with insertions lined with ribbon, are worn by little girls of from three to six years of age.

FOR BOYS, sacques of the same shape as the one in our present number, are generally worn. Of course the trimming may be dispensed with, and the sacque cut close up in the neck. A round straw hat or cap may be substituted for the cashmere one. For larger boys, the blouse belted at the waist, and a jacket made in the style of a sailor's shirt with a belt, will be worn.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

OUR IMMENSE SUCCESS.—Subscriptions have poured in, this year, in such numbers, that we have had to re-print the earlier numbers nearly a dozen times. This vast increase has partially delayed the mailing of the Magazines, so that many subscribers have received their numbers later than usual. We have now caught up, however, and think that there will be no delay, hereafter.

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

TRANSFERRING PAPER, for copying designs in embroidery, &c., forwarded, post-paid, in a neat package, for twenty-five cents.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTION.—No subscription, at club rates, taken for less than a year.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—When additions are made to clubs, no premium is allowed, until sufficient to make a new club, at the rates remitted, have been added, viz: three at \$1.66, five at \$1.50, or eight at \$1.25. Consequently, where four are added to a club, at \$1.25 each, and a premium asked, we cannot afford to send it. There must be eight at \$1.25 to obtain a premium.

PREMIUMS.—When entitled to a premium, state, in remitting, which you prefer. In case no selection is made we shall send "The Garland of Art."

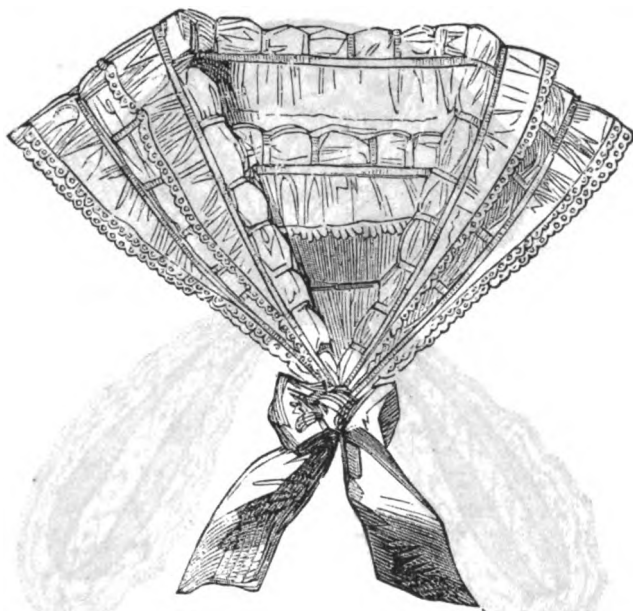
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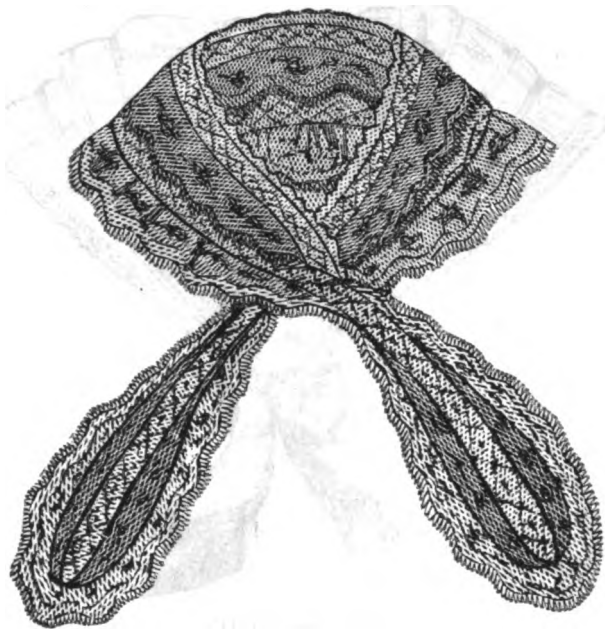
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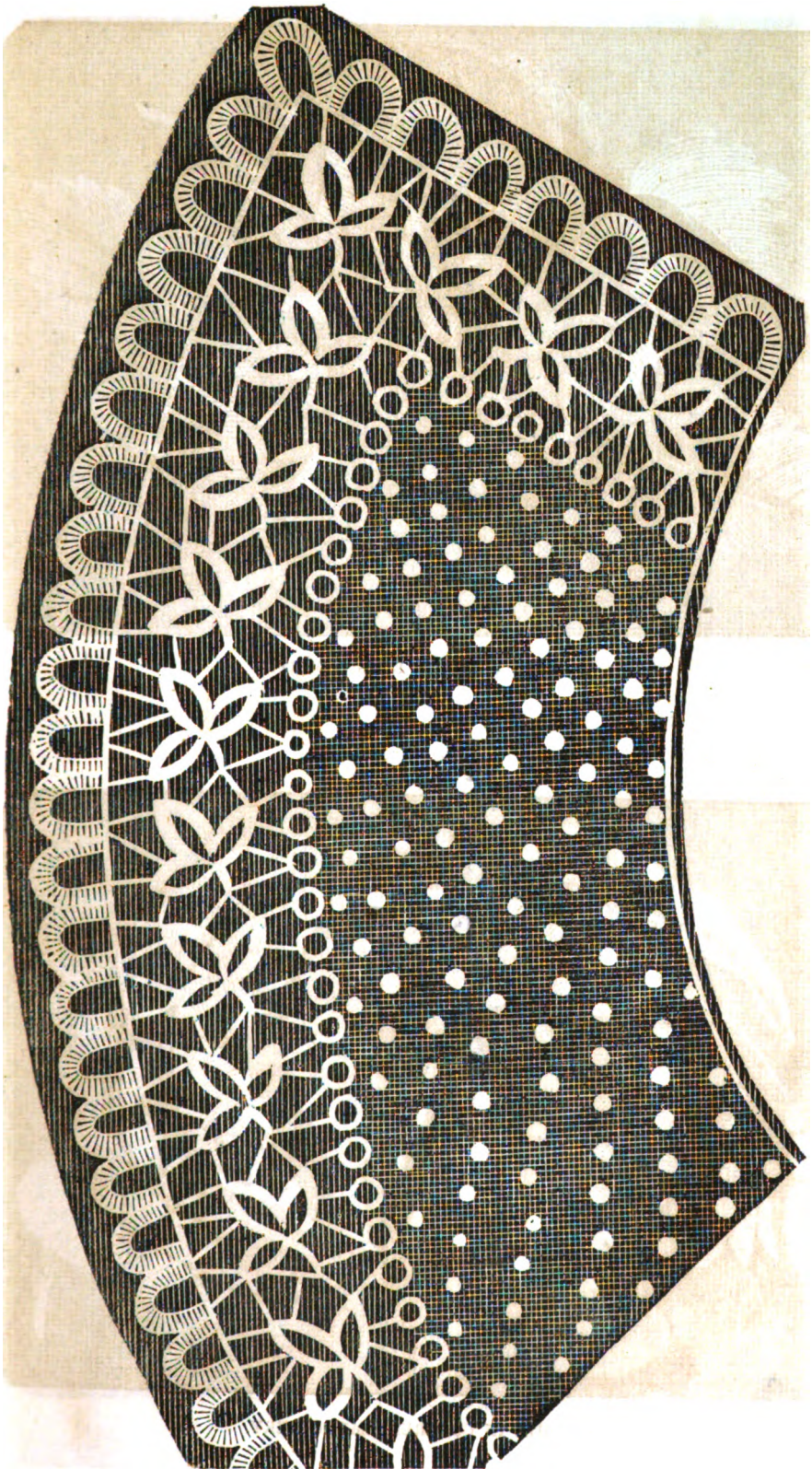
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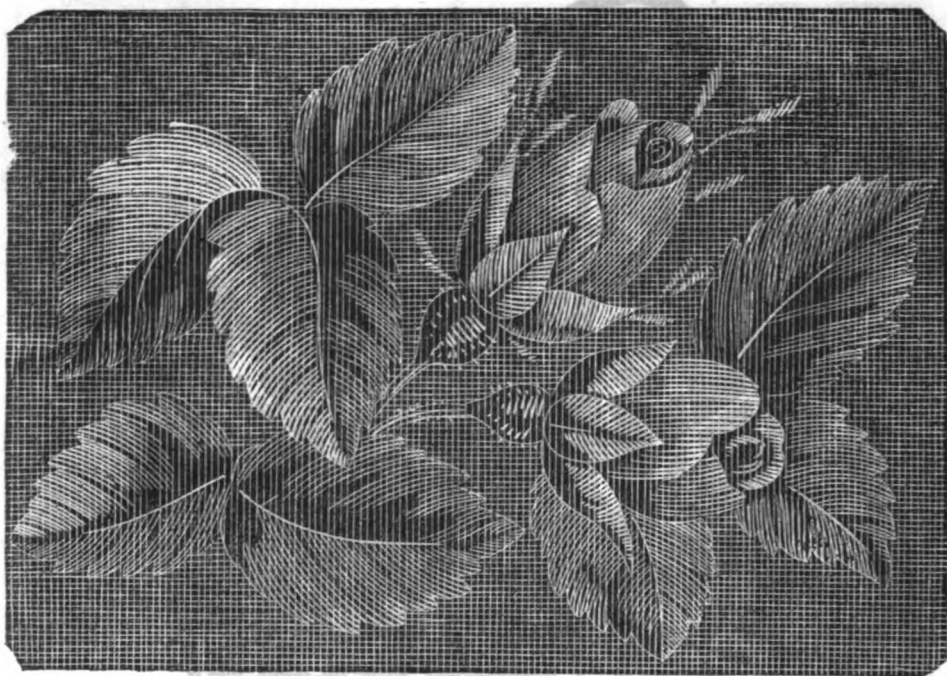


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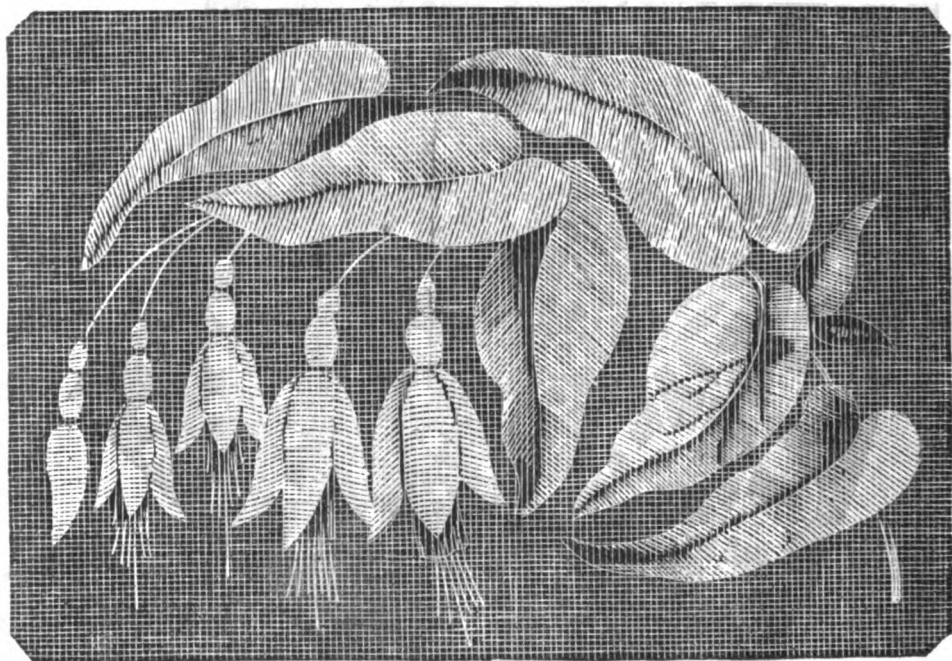


NIGHT DRESS.

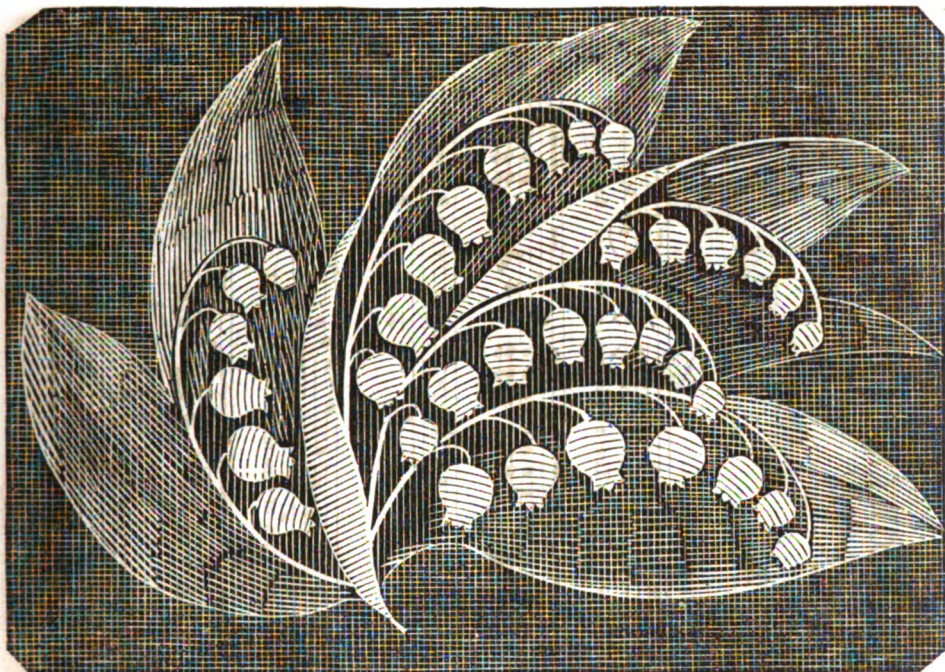




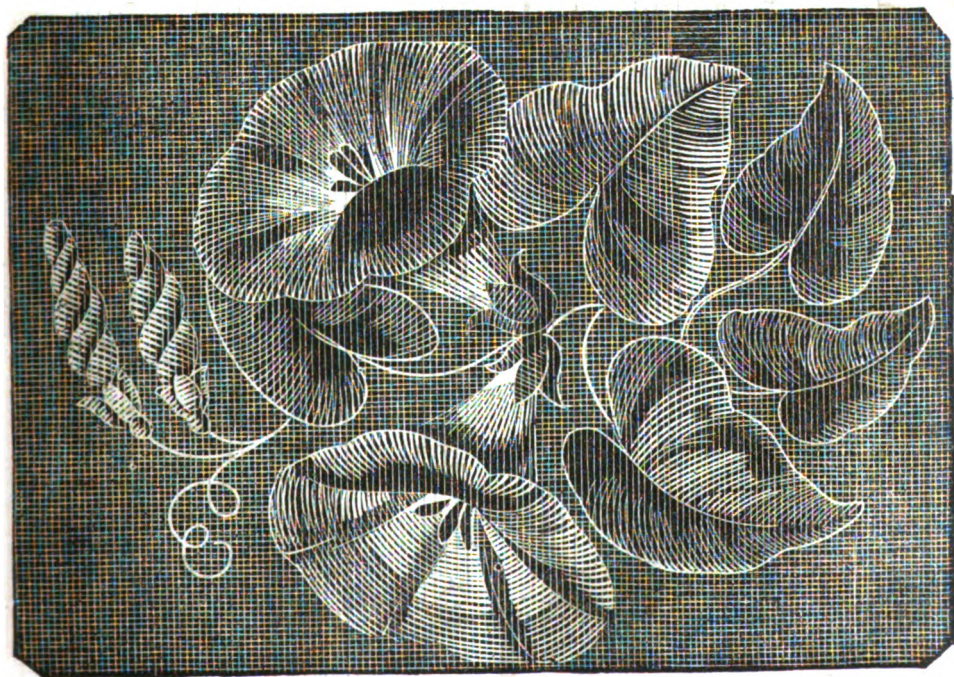
ROSE IN COLORED EMBROIDERY.



FUSCHIA IN COLORED EMBROIDERY.



LILY OF THE VALLEY IN COLORED EMBROIDERY.



CONVOLVULUS IN COLORED EMBROIDERY.

ORIGINAL MUSIC.

"THE ROSE IS MY FAVORITE FLOWER."

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

MODERATO.

The score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'MODERATO.' The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: 'The rose is my fa - vor - ite flower; On its'. The piano part features a melody with dynamic markings *mf* and *sf*. The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics: 'tablets of crimson I swore, That up to my last living hour, I never would think of thee'. The piano part continues with a similar melodic pattern. The third system shows the vocal line with lyrics: 'I never would think of thee'. The piano part concludes with a final chord. The score is written on three systems of staves.

The rose is my fa - vor - ite flower; On its

tablets of crimson I swore, That up to my last living hour, I never would think of thee

I never would think of thee

more. I scarcely the record had made, Ere Zephyr, in frolicsome play, On his light air-y pinions com - veyed both

tablet and promise a - way. On his light airy pinions conveyed Both tablet and promise a - way.



NEW STYLE OF BONNETS.



THE END OF THE WORLD.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1857.

No. 6.

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

A RUINED cottage by the way-side half hidden by luxuriant vegetation; the door-sill slanting to the earth—the frames empty of door or window-glass, the roof broken up and black with ruin—desolation reigns around.

What of it?

Why, that gay hearts with joyous beat, or languid with the throb of sorrow, have dwelt within those forgotten walls; beaming eyes have answered to love's mute language, or moistened with warm tears as the shadow of a first grief stole, with noiseless footfall, upon the sunny threshold. The first cry of a living soul heard those old timbers—the last sigh of the dying, and it may be, a convoy of angels no man saw left the splendor of their departing glory on the moss-thatched roof.

I shall sit upon this tree stump, around whose decay flourish the green leaves of a new and vigorous growth, and learn a lesson. How solitary! how quiet! only the soft rustle of the grass, the wee pipe of the small bird, the occasional chirp of the insects in the undergrowth. The silent hills—the river flowing by, bearing lilies on its bosom, the far-off heavens brilliant with the tints of summer, and the vernal airs almost celestial in their softness, that fitly harmonize with the season and the sweet day picture. The ruins of the cottage fade, and before my dreamy eye rises a beautiful dwelling with roses at the door, and scents of eglantine, and blossoms on the apple trees. I forgot the church spire of the far-off village, just seen at the end of the long turnpike road, but now I hear the musical clangor of its bells, toned down liquidly by the far distance; and it reminds me that there is a bridal there. The pride of the village and the finest youth in all the country have united their destinies. They have both been industrious, both saved a little sum with which they can begin life; the past is a blank to them—the

future a Paradise. What a pleasant kitchen! with its yellow floor, white pantry shelves, silver-like tins and oaken chairs. What a parlor! with its graceful curtains, bright rag-carpet, pretty side-board and stately rocking-chair. What chambers! the sloping roof white as the new fallen snow, the bed with its white and crimson calico quilt—the little glass with a gilded shepherdess tending gilded sheep; the vase of flowers in the chimney, and the peeping woodbine at the window.

Well, they are settled. The little patch of mould on the right gladdens into life, and the waving grain, bursting with its treasure of wealth, glitters in the sunlight. The garden is rich with its fair young flowers; and as years glide on, still fairer—because immortal flowers bloom in the inner sanctuary—the children God gives them. How quickly the pretty babes climb the steep of boyhood, robust youth, sturdy manhood. One after another the handsome girls hie from their home-nest to live with the chosen of their affections; and the sons take to themselves wives, and build them pleasant habitations there to farm and thrive.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches," prays the old man, smiling in his contentment. But no sooner does he rise from his knees, than his eldest son bursts in wild with excitement, hardly able to utter, "Father, there's a coal-mine on my land that's to make us all rich—thank God!" The old man is bewildered by the news. What cares he for riches going down to the grave? But he cannot stay the tide of sudden prosperity—he is the father of a millionaire.

"Bless me, how rusty the old cottage looks; father, you must take one of my new houses; you shall live like a prince."

No, the old man had rather die in the dear homestead where he and his venerable wife have lived and loved for more than half a century.

He is "right glad on't" that his son thrives so well, hopes John won't forget the "futer" in this world's good, but there's danger on't because "Scripter" says woe to him that maketh haste to be rich—but he didn't exactly see how John could help bein' a rich man—he shall pray that he be not overcome. Yet when he hears of John's splendid mansion in the city, and splendid manner of living, and that his clever grandchildren are growing up educated and fashionable, he shakes his head and sighs heavily—he can hardly tell why himself.

By-and-by the little cottage door, now quaint and grey, opens for the last time for him, and men with bent shoulders and white hairs follow his cold body to the grave. The lonesome old wife goes next, longing to sleep beside the partner of her life and youth. The little, old cottage is sold; for commerce has not set its busy mart in that out-of-the-way place; it is tenanted afterward by poverty and thriftlessness, and then by want and drunkenness, until decay makes it his habitation and silently crumbles it at base and roof for a pastime.

THE PICTURE.

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

I GAZE upon thy picture, love,
And fancy brings thee here;
Methinks I hear thy smothered laugh
To tell me thou art near.
Again I hear thy lisping words,
Which weary hours beguile;
Thy little arms are round me twined—
Once more I see thee smile.
And kneeling at my footstool, dear,
Thy ev'ning prayer is said,
And with a mother's holy love,
My hand is on thy head.
And now upon thy pillow soft,
With many a kind good night,
I lay my precious darling down
Until the morning's light.
Then turn to press a kiss once more
Upon thy velvet cheek;

And as thine eyes in slumber close
I scarcely dare to speak.
But now I miss thee from my side,
In vain I wait for thee,
At morning or at eventide—
No more thou com'st to me.
I gaze upon a sunny tress—
A lock of golden hair;
My heart grows faint—my eyes are dim—
Where is my darling—where?
Oh! down beneath the cold, cold ground
My child is sleeping now;
"They wrapped her in a snow-white shroud,"
With cypress wreath'd her brow;
And crossed her little hands upon
Her pure and guileless breast,
And with a prayer to God above
They laid her down to rest.

MEMORY'S TREASURES.

BY LIZZIE MILLER.

WHITE brow so fair and pure, (tho' cold,
So like an angel brow)
Fit tenement the soul to hold,
That leaves it empty now.
Sweet eyes, so clear and soft and kind,
And full of tender love;
Dear eyes that tears no more shall blind,
Nor aught to gladness move.
Fair cheeks, that once were smooth and bright,
Like roses sweet and red;
So pallid now—so marbly white,
The roses all are dead!

Pale lips, once formed for loving words,
And loving words alone;
How long since our sad souls have heard
The music of their tone!
We cry, in saddest tones of pain,
Though hopeless evermore,
"Oh! bring these treasures back again,
Our faded joys restore!"
In vain, in vain, the cruel grave
In silence gathers all;
Our anxious fondness cannot save,
Our eager prayers recall.

AUNT HAPZIBAH'S BEAU.

BY MISS CARRIE E. FAIRFIELD.

It happened, the other day, that Kate and I had occasion to go to the village on a shopping expedition; and as the sleighing was fine, Allan volunteered to drive us over in the sleigh. As we entered the store—for our little village boasts but one—I noticed standing by the stove Ezekiel Bugbee, a small farmer in the neighborhood; and at present a widower, and the fortunate possessor of some seven or eight as impish-looking little red-headed boys and girls, as it was ever my fortune to see grouped into one family. Many a time, from uncle's seat in church, have I watched the marshaling of that unruly tribe up the aisle and into their pew. Often too, in the course of the long and somewhat tedious service, have my bonds of compassion yearned over them, as I have watched them wriggling and twisting upon their seats like a bundle of eels on a market-stand. I was almost glad, at last, to hear they had the whooping-cough, because it kept them away, especially as they were not dangerous.

As I said, Ezekiel stood by the stove warming himself, for it was a keen, frosty day, and as Kate and I turned to the counter to make our purchases, Allan drew near to the widower and entered into conversation with him. Now Allan, be it known, despite his joking propensities, having "been through college," is regarded as an oracle of wisdom by most of the villagers; and is by them consulted, and his advice respectfully asked upon many momentous occasions; and to do the scape-grace justice, he has very good judgment and common sense, when he is disposed to use it.

I was not surprised, therefore, when, by the lowered tone and earnest gestures of the two, I was made aware that their conversation had turned upon some topic of more than ordinary interest. Whether it were relative to the keeping of sheep or the training of horses, was a matter of no moment to me, so I turned over my silks and assorted my worsted unheeding.

Our purchases being at last completed, Kate and I drew near the stove, and warmed ourselves preparatory to our homeward ride.

Accidentally I overheard the mention of aunt Hap's name by the couple opposite. Thereupon I thought it no sin to open my ears, and paid

heed accordingly to the drift of their discourse. Instantly I perceived, by the flickering, half-suppressed light in Allan's eye, that despite the deep and intense gravity of the widower, the youngster scented a joke; so I exchanged glances with Kate, and we both assuming an air of the most innocent unconsciousness, drank in every word of the conversation.

"You really think I could prevail upon her?" said Ezekiel, in a tone of earnest inquiry.

"I think it quite possible; though as you say, she is somewhat difficult of access. Still I think you, Mr. Bugbee, if anybody, can win her favor."

"I am certainly willing to make any sacrifice in order to do so," said the meek, obsequious little man. "I think I will call on her this very afternoon."

"Excuse me," said Allan, "I know aunt Hap is extensively engaged to-day with some culinary operations. If you will allow me to suggest, I think to-morrow evening would be more agreeable to her. In affairs with the ladies, you know, one should seize upon the most auspicious moment."

"Certainly, sir, certainly, a day more or less can hardly make any great difference; though for the sake of my dear children, I feel inclined to use all proper haste in the matter."

"I have often heard my aunt express the deepest interest in your children," (so had I, when she "wished," with a groan, "that the tithing-man would take those ugly, little, red-headed brats of Bugbee's out of the meeting-house, for she was sure they would destroy her nerves entirely with their carryin's on in the house o' God,") "and I don't doubt her sympathies will incline her to a favorable consideration of your suit. At any rate, you have my best wishes."

The murder was out then, Ezekiel Bugbee was coming to court our aunt Hapzibah! Kate looked around to me in wordless, yet half amused consternation. Al gave us a funny look; but just at this moment Frank Peters put his head within the door, and called out,

"We are going out to the pond for a skating frolic, Al, will you come along? I have a pair of skates at your service."

"I'm a lady's man to-day, Frank, thank you," said Al, pleasantly, glancing at us.

"I beg your pardon, ladies, but I really didn't observe you. I'm in a terrible hurry, for the boys are waiting, but I would make them delay a moment for Al, for I know he is so fond of the sport."

"Don't let us hinder you, Al," said Kate, "for I can drive Blackbird home as well as you. Lizzie isn't afraid to trust me, are you?"

"No, indeed," said I, "we'll have a jolly ride home; so good-bye to you, and pleasant sport."

With a hasty "thank you," Al joined the skating-party. Very shortly our goods were tied up, and we rose to leave.

"Allow me to assist you into the sleigh," said Mr. Bugbee, with his most gallant air, following us to the door. We accepted his services, and he handed us in, and then loosing the horse from his fastenings, presented us with the reins with the most polite smile and bow imaginable.

"Have the kindness to present my highest regards to Miss Greenleaf," said the dapper little personage, "and say to her that I intend to pay my respects to her in person before long."

"Well, here is an adventure. Love and murder! What will aunt Hap say? Why, Lil, it is perfectly overwhelming. I would die, with laughing, right here on the spot, if it wasn't for living to see it out."

"Do you think she will accept him?"

"How can I guess? I don't think it ever happened to her in all her life before to have a beau. We must tell her at once and prepare her for the momentous occasion; if it should come upon her suddenly it might upset her poor nerves entirely; and you know the least approach to such a catastrophe is sufficient to put the household in commotion for a week."

When we reached home, Kate ran in, her black curls flying back in the wildest confusion: and I followed.

We entered the library. Aunt Hap sat by the fire, very composedly occupied with her usual Saturday afternoon's work of darning. Al had drawn upon his imagination slightly for those "culinary operations" which would interfere with the widower's addresses. I own I felt some trepidation about breaking in upon that apparently serene and unruffled mood. However, after a minute or two, I ventured to say,

"I have some news for you, aunt Hap."

"For me, child? Who's dead?"

"Nobody, I hope; but something has happened nevertheless; and something else is about to happen."

"Do tell now! Well, I always expected it.

People always will be a gettin' into scrapes somehow, and I can't help it—so I don't know as I am responsible. I 'spose now somebody's been gettin' into love, and is goin' to be married."

"You've hit it exactly, aunt Hap."

"Well," with a look of resignation edifying to behold, "I never see such works as the world is coming to. I don't know nothin' what to expect next. Who's been a fallin' into love?"

"Mr. Ezekiel Bugbee."

"Zeke Bugbee." Well, I never. As true as I live, his wife hasn't been dead a year yet. Well, I know human nater is awfully depraved, but who'd a looked for such goin's on in a church member. Deary me, deary me."

"I'm sorry you feel so badly about it, aunt Hap, for he's coming to court you. He sent his best respects to you by us, and said he was coming to see you soon; and we overheard him asking Allan if he thought it was of any use for him to try to win your favor."

Aunt Hap's eyes had opened wide at this announcement. She had taken off her spectacles, smoothed down her foretop, adjusted her cap, folded her hands, and now sat with downcast eyes, affecting a look of resignation most refreshing to behold.

"Well," said she, at last, "I ain't a bit surprised. Zekiel Bugbee is a godly and prudent man, and 'taint no ways wonderful that in his tryin' circumstances, he feels the need of a helpmeet. But then, gals, I have duties here! duties to my brother and his children."

"Well," said Kate, laughing, "you'd better hurry up your decision, for he's coming to-morrow night, and I don't doubt will want his answer right on the spot."

"Sunday night! Comin' Sunday night, is he?" said aunt Hap, with a pleased look in her eyes.

"Yes, aunt Hap, and Lil and I'll be generous, and give you the parlor all to yourself."

"I'm amazed at your levity, gals," was the reply, in a tone of reproof, "I don't consider this any trifling business; the interests of ten immortal souls hang upon it," and the spinster folded up her work solemnly and left the room, with a countenance which expressed with graphic force all her deep sense of responsibility for Zeke Bugbee and his eight red-headed youngsters.

Allan didn't come home that night till after we had retired; but the next morning, as soon as we could find an opportunity, we told him of the disclosure we had made to aunt Hap, and its effects upon the good lady.

"Capital!" said he, clapping his hands in high glee. "You couldn't have done a better thing, girls," and he went into a perfect convulsion of laughter. "What will the dear, old blunderbuss say?"

Now we had been excessively amused, but Al's mirth so far exceeded ours as to occasion me some little surprise.

"What is the matter with you?" said I. "I don't believe you have told us the whole joke yet."

"No, indeed," he replied, "you have only the rind of the matter; the pith and heart of the joke you don't dream of."

Of course we coaxed and teased until he was obliged to tell us at last. I am afraid our Sunday meditations were not of the most appropriate character that day, but we all concluded, from aunt Hap's frequency and expressive glances toward Zeke Bugbee's pew, that we were not the only transgressors.

Evening was never so long in coming before. Even aunt Hap betrayed symptoms of uneasiness and anxiety, as, arrayed in a stiff, black alpaca, which she had omitted to change after church as was her usual custom, she sat by the window watching, she said, "the most splendiderous sundown that ever she see." N. B. The road from Zeke Bugbee's farm was in plain sight from the window.

At last it got so dark that she couldn't see any longer, and then I did want to put the spinster's knitting-work into her hands, for I knew the accustomed clatter of the needles would have eased her mind, which was evidently fearfully agitated. As for us youngsters, the solemnity of the occasion checked our mirth somewhat, although it would now and then find outlet in sly winks and glances.

It was not very long, however, before we were all suddenly startled by a loud alarm from the great brass knocker of the front door. Aunt Hap gave a little nervous start and exclamation, and then recovering her composure, settled back into her stiff rocking-chair as solemn as a tombstone.

Very shortly the library door opened, and Elsie, the kitchen girl, entered, displaying two rows of grinning ivory, as she delivered her message.

"Zeke Bugbee's in the parlor, and wants to see Miss Greenleaf."

If aunt Hap tried to look unconscious, she didn't succeed very well. However, she rose and going to the glass smoothed down her fluttering feathers, arranged the pink and yellow ribbons of her cap to suit her fastidious taste,

and lastly, spreading out to its fullest expansion her hem-stitched handkerchief, she gave a shrill, nervous preparatory "ahem!" and started, stiff and precise, for the parlor door.

For an instant after the click of the door-latch announced her actual departure, there was silence among us. At last, however, Kate burst into a hearty laugh.

"Oh! Al," she exclaimed, "I can't stand this. Do you think it would be very wicked in us to go to the door and listen? We know all about it, you know."

"Wicked, no, indeed; it would be wicked not to in such a case as this. Come, both of you, into the closet, and we'll open the door a crack and take the good of the whole scene."

I must confess I hesitated a little, for I wasn't bred to admire eaves-dropping. But Al wouldn't take "no" for an answer.

"Come now, Lil, there isn't the least harm in it; and I say it would be a wilful, wicked waste of fun to throw away such an opportunity as this. Don't spoil it all."

It was of no use trying to resist him, for he seized me by the arm and drew me toward the small closet which intervened between the library and parlor.

A crack in the door enabled us to see very distinctly the spinster and her beau, sitting at a little distance from each other upon the sofa. Aunt Hap's faded cheeks owned a slight accession of color, and the widower had turned his portly, little person around in such a way as to enable him look directly into her countenance, which he was now regarding with a gaze as ardent and eager as could possibly emanate from his small, round, half-shut eyes.

"As I said, Miss Hapzibah," was the first remark we overheard, "I have not called this evening without a purpose. Your nephew may have intimated to you the nature of my errand."

Aunt Hap tremblingly confessed to some such foreknowledge, adding,

"My sympathies have been with you from the very first, Ezekiel; it is a great charge you've had left on your hands; and tain't every man that would have got along with it as you have. I've watched things pretty narrer, and I'm bound for to say that you've done your duty like a man."

Ezekiel was apparently much encouraged.

"Yes, Miss Greenleaf," said he, "I've tried to do my duty, but it's a hard thing for a man alone to bring up such a family as mine; though I'm bound to say that my children ain't the worst in the world."

"Oh! no," said aunt Hap, smiling, and looking

extremely gracious, "I've allers thought your children was remarkable good; and dear, amiable little creeturs; I'm sure they ain't no objection at all."

Mr. Bugbee looked as if he didn't quite understand the drift of the last remark, but continued,

"Now that they are all so sick, I'm specially oneasy about 'em, and I do think it's my duty to do all I can, and as quick as I can, to git 'em into a more favorable condition. There ain't no tellin' how much I do miss their mother now."

"To be sure you must; and I'm sure you ain't a bit to blame for lookin' around for another wife. Some folks might say it was a little too soon, to be sure; but for my part, I think when a body takes everything into consideration, it ain't a bit too soon."

"Some folks might be inclined to talk about that," said Ezekiel, fidgeting about uneasily in his seat, "but as you say, they don't look at the circumstances of the case, and I'm sure we needn't care anything for their remarks."

"Of course not," replied aunt Hap, "I allers was independent about such matters. I shouldn't think nothin' o' what folks was a mind to say in such a case."

"I'm glad you think so; 'twas Mrs. Larned that sent me to you."

"What, Jim Larned's widder, Sally Casewell that was! I guess you must be mistaken; she never was no friend to me, and since her husband has died, and she's been a showin' out for a real high-strung, high-falutine critter as she is, she's abused me worse'n ever."

"I think there must be some mistake," said Ezekiel, nervous drops of perspiration breaking out all over his forehead; and indeed I did pity the little man, for between his tardiness in coming directly to the point at issue, and his mention of Mrs. Larned, aunt Hap was getting pretty thoroughly roused—"I think there must be some mistake, for Mrs. Larned spoke of you very kindly when she advised me to come here. She said you was a little stiff sometimes, but she knew you had a kind heart at the bottom, and she thought you wouldn't really refuse me."

"Refuse you!" said aunt Hap, angrily; "so you've been makin' a confidant of her, have you; a tellin' her all your secrets, and mine too. I suppose she refused you first herself, before she sent you here?"

"Why, no, Miss Hapzibah," replied the widower, growing redder in the face and more and more uneasy. "I really didn't think o' askin' her. Mrs. Larned is a nice woman, I think; a very nice woman indeed, but she hain't had so much experience as you have, and I

thought you was the more proper person of the two to ask, 'specially as Mrs. Larned said——"

By this time, aunt Hap had bethought herself of the danger of showing any temper just at this important crisis, and hastened to interpose with becoming amiability.

"I'm very glad to know you wa'n't so foolish, Mr. Bugbee; as you say, she ain't a person o' no experience at all, and she ain't fit for to be nobody's wife till she leaves off some o' them high-falutine airs o' hern, and comes down to be a soberer, steadier, sensibler woman. I don't see as there's much prospect o' that day ever comin' though. I was sure you hadn't been a askin' her for to hev ye."

By this time Ezekiel's nervousness was quite pitiable to behold.

"I'm afraid, Miss Greenleaf," said he, "that you hain't quite understood me. I didn't mean for to say that I hadn't axed Mrs. Larned to have me, because I have, and we're going to be married as soon as the spring opens, if it's the Lord's will."

You should have seen the fire that shot from aunt Hap's eyes, it was perfectly dreadful.

"What do you mean, Zeke Bugbee," she screamed, "by comin' here to court me, when you're engaged already to Sally Larned?"

"Mercy to us!" ejaculated the little man, meekly, but with a terribly frightened look, "I didn't think nothin' at all about courtin' on ye, I only come to ax ye for your receipt for a syrup to cure the whooping-cough. Mrs. Larned said you'd got an excellent one, that nobody else in these parts hadn't got; she said she knowed you was awful stingy about givin' away sich things; but she thought, bein' as my children was so sick, maybe you would be willin' for to accommodate me."

In that one moment of rage and disappointment, aunt Hap's anger was almost sublime; at least when she raised her shrill voice to reply to the unfortunate widower, it approached within the "one step."

"Go out of this house, Zeke Bugbee! Ain't you ashamed of yourself to come here askin' favors of me, of Deacon Job Wildfire's sister, when you've disgraced yourself by askin' that brazen-faced widder to marry you; I know all about your carryin's on; and your wife not a year dead yet. People needn't think to deceive me."

By this time Ezekiel had found his hat, and had bent a hasty retreat to the front door, which he hastened to put between him and the irate spinster, scarcely retaining his composure sufficiently to utter a hasty "good night, Miss

Greenleaf," which his politeness would by no means permit him entirely to dispense with. of her own room, whether unmindful or not of the burst of laughter which issued from the parlor closet, I cannot say.

Aunt Hap fled precipitately to the sanctuary

A MAY SONG.

BY FRANCES C. MOTTE.

COME, sister, awake,
The birds and the breeze
Invitingly call
A walk 'neath the trees.
The sun has arisen
And toils on his way,
Far up in the Heavens
This beautiful day.

The landscape outspreading
In loveliness lies,
On the lap of the year
In her fair Summer guise;
Come forth with the flowerets,
Adieu to all care,
See beauty new ushers
Now here and now there.

From the gay spreading meadows,
From hill-side and glen,
Glad anthems are swelling,
Re-echoed again;
And listen the matins
Embowered among
The young orange blossoms,
A heyday is sung.

And gladness sits lightly
On fountain and stream—
While the gay laughing brook
Courts the sun's lucid beam;

And whisper the flowers,
Blest tokens of peace,
Of a home far away,
Where all good shall increase.

The South wind now dallies
Rich masses among;
Far out in the valley
Rare odors are flung.
Coquettishly lingers
Some fair maiden's bower,
Now gently enfoldeth
The bride of an hour.

Yon fairy-like prattler,
All heart in his play,
Chimes out with the many
Ma, "Happy May-day"—
From the tall swaying pines
To the velvety heath—
From the blue sky above,
The greensward beneath.

On the wing of the zephyr
As mission 'tis borne,
Go forth and be grateful
This happy May morn.
All—all speak its praises,
Rapt, vocal, and gay—
The Queen month is with us,
Bright, beautiful May.

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

THE plume that decked her raven hair,
Upon his helm she placed;
Her purple scarf, of broidery rare,
His glittering armor graced.
A tear was trembling in her eye,
He kissed it as it fell;
A fond embrace, a murmured sigh,
And then—the sad farewell.

Far, far away, in Holy Land,
The Knight his banner bore;
And suitors for the Lady's hand,
Beset her father's door.

The Lady's eye with care grew dim,
And sad the Lady's breast;
But still to Heaven, fond prayers for him,
The Lady's lips address.

In perils wild, through flood and flame,
For years the warrior fought;
Then, true in love, and bright in fame,
His Lady's bower he sought.
Her faithful heart no longer sighed,
Nor owned her eyes a tear;
He left her, in her beauty's pride,
He found her—on her bier.

LOVE AT SIGHT.

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

Miss **ELSIE CUNNINGHAM** sat alone in her sister's dining-room.

It was a spacious apartment, hung with pictures, and liberally furnished. The wood-fire which blazed and crackled on the hearth, threw pleasant touches of light about the room; bringing out here by the chimney-side, the arm of a crimson chair; here on the rug, the woollen roses that bloom all winter long; there at the window, the fold of a long green curtain; and on the wall, the gleaming shoulder of a Magdalone, or some patriarch's white beard.

The two tall lamps which burnt on the corner of a table, pretended to no rivalry with the fire-light; but seemed satisfied with the mission of lighting Elsie's newspaper, and revealing Elsie's wrinkled, placid face, and snow-white cap.

Elsie looked comfortable, cheerful, nay, happy. Her work-basket stood beside her on the floor, with a waiting aspect; her stocking lay on the table, all its needles idle, except that one where-with she guided her vision along the columns of the crowded print. The room was quiet as Elsie's heart.

But before the maiden fully realized her own content, there came a change. Quick, noisy feet ran up the steps outside, clattered along the piazza; and as if by one motion, tried the door-handle, shook the door enough to break its hinges, Elsie thought, and rang the bell.

All this brought the speedy response which Master Ned Cathcart required. Men and maidens ran to answer the imperious summons, the wind and Ned entered together, and half a dozen inner doors swung and slammed in echo to the outer one.

"Aunt Elsie, how are you! Where's mother?"

"She has gone to a concert, my child. She took an early tea, and will meet your father down town."

"What, both gone for all the evening? Where's Angie?"

"In bed, an hour ago. You must try to be content with my society for one evening. We'll have a cosy time together; you shall study, and I read. What are you laughing at, Ned?"

"I was thinking how amused the fellows at school would be at the idea of my passing a cosy evening with—my aunt."

Elsie looked up, Ned had never seen so much expression in her eyes before. "Why, didn't you end the sentence as you thought it, and say, 'with a forlorn old maid?'"

"Well now, aunt Elsie, are not old maids forlorn and forsaken beyond anything else on earth? I often wonder how you can look so tranquil, left at home as you are night after night, to keep house, while the rest of the family are going about, dancing, riding, hearing music, having a good time."

"Which I have with less trouble, when I stay at home."

"But you don't pretend to say you are happy?"

"I do."

"That you would not be young as I am if you could?"

"Yes, Ned. At your age I was foolish as young girls are apt to be, full of romance and sentiment, saw a sage in every college boy, and a hero in every militia captain, I was always in love and in trouble."

"Who'd have believed it, aunt Elsie in love? What were the men like? Why didn't you marry them? Were you ever disappointed? Do tell me about it. I've always heard that maiden aunts had a stock of old romance laid away to dry in their memories."

"We must have tea first."

"Oh, hang tea! The idea of mixing up supper and romance. You wouldn't have done it, aunt Elsie, when you were young."

"No, I was not wise enough. The servants wait for us, and they being heart-whole——"

"Oh, I understand. There, that'll bring them."

"These bell-wires must be made of some impossible compound of steel and gutta percha, Ned."

"I only wanted to hear you expostulate, you do it in such a tranquil way. You're not a bit of a scold, aunt Elsie, if I half battered the house down, you'd remark that Ned was unfortunate in having such an impetuous nature—never a word about your misfortune in having to live with him."

"Well, you're a good boy, with all your failings."

"No one else thinks so, aunt Elsie. No one

else understands me; and I mean to tell you a secret."

"Take one of these muffins while they are warm. I'll promise to keep your secret faithfully, Ned, and you know I love to have you come to me for advice. It flatters the 'forlorn old maid.'"

"The dear, blessed old maid!" Ned sprang from his seat and kissed her. "Only how can you talk of love and muffins at one breath."

"No one spoke of love."

"Then some one shall, for I'm in love, aunt Elsie, deep, deep and desperately and forever in love; and if I can't marry her——"

"Whom?"

"Why, Mary, Mary Marshall. Who cares about the name? Isn't it enough that she's sweet, and good, and beautiful? Oh, if you could see her little feet, aunt Elsie, and that dimple in her cheek, and that little curl on her forehead."

"What they call a 'beau-catcher'?"

"Pshaw, no, a natural curl, a little airy."

"I didn't know that Judge Marshall had a daughter Mary."

"Nor do I. Her father is no judge that ever I heard, except he be a judge of tin-pans."

"Ned, you don't mean the tinker's daughter?"

"Aunt Elsie, I do!"

"Why she used to trundle her father's little cart from door to door, while he trudged on behind and shouted, 'tins to mend.'"

"Dear girl, it was like her. She is meek as a violet, aunt Elsie; and what's more I love her and would marry her, if her ancestors had been tinkers away back as far as Zabal-Cain."

"Does she converse with propriety?"

"Of course; how could those lips say any but sweet, true words?"

"Ned, you promised to confide in me: now what was your last conversation with Mary Marshall?"

"I thought the servants were in haste for their supper: why don't they clear the table?"

Ned's summons was answered as usual with alacrity: aunt Elsie had rung the bell six times without any effect, though she was a favorite in the house, and her nephew none. It was well understood that to secure their own peace, the humbler members of the household must yield obedience to Master Ned.

"Now, Ned, the conversation."

"Did you read the news under the telegraphic head, this evening, aunt Elsie? It's extremely interesting."

"But I am more interested in Dan Cupid's telegraph to-night. I want news under that head."

"My prim aunt Elsie! Who'd suspect you of knowing or caring about love. By-the-way, you promised your one story after supper."

"And you promised the conversation."

"The what?"

"The conversation."

"With whom?"

"Mary Marshall, the young lady with dimples."

"The tinker's daughter, you mean."

"If you like that epithet better. Ned, I begin to suspect that this is a love-at-sight, that you never exchanged a word with Mary Marshall."

"I never did."

"Now heaven be praised!"

"For what? You need not think I shall let any obstacle separate us, aunt Elsie. True love is not to be crushed for idle reasons, and I don't care a rush for caste."

"Nor for congeniality of taste, I suppose, for a mind you can respect as well as cheek you can admire; for a home to which you could invite your friends without a blush. Oh, Ned, you may live through ninety of these boyish passions and never fall in love."

"I'm not a boy. Love makes us prematurely old. Byron says so, Bulwer says so, all the best poets and novelists say so. I'm old enough to suffer and to love, and I am not a boy, aunt Elsie!"

"Wait till you hear my story. My father was wealthy——"

"Yes, I know it all by heart: and your mother was refined and beautiful; and the money went, and the family moved out of town, and grandfather lost his energy, and wouldn't attempt to start afresh in business—now finish."

"The two devoted themselves to the education of their children, dancing, music, languages, were abstruse branches of science and philosophy, they taught us all, and we were apt and interested scholars. But ah, they fitted us for a palace, and we lived——"

"In 'a lodge in a garden of cucumbers,' as Solomon would say. Mother has often pointed out the spot to me when we rode: a little rambling ten-foot house, with cucumber and melon-beds in front, and cinnamon roses behind; with three windows and five chimnies, and seven sheds and a barn."

"Yes, we lived in a farm-house; and had no means to expend on landscape gardening. The cinnamon roses I planted, Ned, when my hands were young as yours. I picked the buds for your mother when she was a baby, and often my own mother pricked them into my hair—before these curls grew grey."

Aunt Elsie passed her hand over the fading locks, as if half expecting to find a withered rose-bud lingering there still.

"Our neighbors were simple country-folk, who cared as little for belles-lettres as we for butter-making; and hence we were mutually satisfied with but a distant acquaintance. But in one thing, Ned, the wise and simple prove their human relationship: all young hearts have secret yearnings for love with its dreams, and hopes, and sweet disquietudes."

"Why, aunt Elsie, you could write a novel!"

"Would I had thought, in youth, of such a safety-valve for my pent-up romance; now I have only 'dried memories,' as you call them, to remind me of the altar at which I used to kneel. One day my heart awoke within me, and I felt that without love life was only weariness, a body and no soul. I must find some one to adore; at the sight of every handsome face, at the sound of every musical voice I had secret beatings of heart."

"You are quizzing me, aunt!"

"No, from the time I yielded to that morbid fancy, my thoughts had but one refrain, love, love. I watched my neighbors with their simple swains, and envied them their very simplicity. Ah, no one came to ask me to take evening strolls, no lover lingered talking by our gate until the moon went down; there was no one to draw out and respond to the intelligence of my mind, no one to praise the beauty of my face."

"Poor girl, I wish I had been alive then, I'd have made love to you, aunt Elsie!"

"It was hard. Even my sisters, who looked upon love as merely an incident in life, and not its one great purpose; even they, one by one married, and left our home."

"And you?"

"One bright May morning, out early in search of wild-flowers, I was reaching for a bough whose white blossoms I courted; when a strong arm detained me, grasped the branch and strip-

ping off its blossoms threw them at my feet. I had hardly time to thank the stranger, for bowing graciously, he passed on.

"But I could draw his face now from the memory of that first impression. A low, broad forehead, kindly blue eyes, curling hair, and a beard that gave his whole visage a classical outline. I walked home on air. I lived in a dream until we met again; first with a smile of recognition, after, with the light talk of strangers."

"He must have discovered that you loved him."

"So my father said afterward. Be that as it might, we met frequently. My turn had come for moonlight walks and whispered conversations."

"What did you talk about, belles-lettres?"

"No, I had done with books. We seemed to be living belles-lettres. Any sweet nothing we said to each other was poetry."

"And how did it end?"

"Like many a love-at-sight. Edward Irving married the daughter of the village butcher, a clumsy, ignorant girl, who had saved a few hundred dollars from her trade of sausage making."

"So that cured you of love?"

"After a struggle. For all his treachery, my heart clung to the man. Yes, even after I heard him insult my grey-haired father, even after I found him coarse and ignorant. Not until I discovered myself to be a trial and a subject of ridicule to all my friends, had I the moral strength to turn once and forever from the thought of love—turn back to the dear old wells of philosophy, and so regain my peace. I have had what some called eligible offers since, from respectable widowers and bachelors of fortune; but 'a burnt child fears the fire,' and I shall live and die aunt Elsie. Now for the news."

Master Ned Cathcart joined an engine company in the course of a week, and forgot sweet Mary Marshall.

So much for "LOVE AT SIGHT."

SPRING IS COMING.

BY M. J. MAITLAND.

SPRING is coming—Spring is coming,
With her wealth of buds and flowers;
Soon we'll hear the wild bees humming,
Mid her green and leafy bowers.

Now the Summer birds returning
From the genial Southern clime,
With their gleeful songs they welcome
The glad, glorious Spring-time.

Winter's icy bonds are severed,
And the mountain's gushing rills,
From their frozen chains delivered,
Gaily dance among the hills.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming—
Winter's dreary reign is o'er—
Nature's voices are rejoicing,
For the Spring has come once more.

MARRYING ONE'S NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

Two school-girls, sworn friends, of course, were walking in the classic grounds of the young ladies' seminary at Pigginton. It is not at all likely that Pigginton is down on any of the maps, although the people who lived there considered it quite a place. But the young ladies now in a chrysalis state at the seminary by no means subscribed to this opinion; considering their sojourn at Pigginton as a "durance vile," for which they would make ample amends when they returned home fully fledged.

The two who promenade so lovingly up and down the shaded walks, are busied in the usual occupation of school-girls, painting their future, at which they look through a brilliant vista of conquest. The eldest, who has numbered some eighteen years, is the daughter of a Piggintonian, born and brought up in the narrow sphere of Pigginton; and, apart from a few false ideas inculcated at the seminary, is a girl of much character and superior intelligence.

The only child of Asa Winnock, Esq., as the country paper was careful to mention him, a man who discharged the united functions of post-master and country storekeeper with a severe justice, and carried himself as a walking model of all the virtues, Amelia was considered something of a prodigy in the family circle; and as the respectable Asa had been elected a trustee of the seminary, it was concluded that Amelia should engraft upon the hereditary virtues of the house of Winnock the extra polish of the Misses Gall. So Amelia, who at sixteen had emerged, apparently in the full bloom of young ladyhood, upon the sparse society of Pigginton, suddenly went in again, relapsing, as it were, into a second childhood, to be made over for two years by the accomplished proprietresses of the young ladies' seminary.

Amelia had a genteel figure, bright eyes, and a pretty countenance; she was always in good spirits, and possessed a ready tact that quickly caught at any improvement. The rather aristocratic "boarders" speedily became her friends; and by school-girls, whose souls are not generally above good teas, a visit to the Winnock mansion was regarded as the height of enjoyment. It was a square, wooden house, that looked like comfort; and the parlor, though rather prim, was spacious and cheerful, while

the table was overloaded with the good things lavished upon it with old-fashioned hospitality. Such biscuit, (the Misses Gall did not approve of warm cakes) such preserves, such pound-cake, melting with eggs and cream, were fully appreciated by the youthful visitors; and Miss Keziah said that "it really did her heart good to see the girls eat."

This lady was the maiden sister of Mrs. Winnock, whom she evidently regarded as being elevated by marriage on a sort of throne, very few sentences passing her lips without a reference to "sister Elizabeth." "Sister Elizabeth's" thoughts, sayings, and movements were to her all-important; and Mrs. Winnock, a pale, faded, little woman, who had looked just so for years, and probably would look just so for years to come, received this deference very quietly, and doubtless thought, as she looked at her immaculate respectability of a husband, that it was a well-deserved tribute to his many virtues.

Miss Keziah was very active; "working," she said, "kept one from thinking; and as she had no ties of her own, it was her intention to spend and be spent in her sister's family." Now this would seem to imply that some secret sorrow, some sudden snapping of a chain of bright dreams, had clouded Miss Keziah's life; and although Mrs. Winnock was often puzzled at the allusions thrown out by her maiden sister, it is but charitable to conclude that there was some one corner of the spinster's heart locked and barred against the prying world. Sometimes, Miss Keziah's spirits became so low that an extensive baking alone could restore them; and an extra fit of the blues was the means of filling to overflowing Mrs. Winnock's pantries and store-closets. The oyster's tears turn to pearls; Miss Keziah's were transmuted into cakes and pies, which, if less poetical, were certainly more substantial.

But to return to Amelia and her friend, Tilly Reeves. Tilly was a boarder who enjoyed the happiness of living in a fine house in a large city; and though not abundantly stocked with sense, even for a boarding-school girl, she was not ungrateful for past favors, and now that they were about to part, she looked upon Amelia with much commiseration.

"Next winter," said Tilly, whose stream of
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talk had been uninterrupted for the last hour, "I shall be seventeen, and then I'm 'coming out.' (A sensible person would have said that she had better stay in.) And oh, dear! what times we shall have! I've got such a lot of relations, you know, all great hands at giving parties, and they're all married, with large families, and horses, and how they do drive them! And such suppers, and pic-nics, and private theatricals, and cousin Hyde's moustache! I 'spose I shall have a real flirtation with him, to begin with, and then we shall be engaged, and break it off, and I shall marry somebody else, and Hyde'll marry his sister. But I declare," said Tilly, suddenly coming back from these rapturous contemplations, "it's too bad, Milly, that you should be mewed up in this desert waste all your life! Why there's nobody here you can marry, except old Parkins, and he's had three wives already, and looks as mean as dirt besides."

"Oh," replied Amelia, with a sagacious air, "people don't marry their next door neighbors."

"So they don't, I declare!" exclaimed Tilly, considerably relieved. "Who ever heard of any one marrying a person that lived next door to them? And when you come to make me a visit, Milly, you'll have a chance, you know."

Amelia smiled at Tilly's magnanimity; and that volatile young damsel immediately entered with much zest into the merits of her various acquaintances, in order to pick out a suitable match for her friend. The term was nearly at an end, and Tilly Reeves would return no more to Pigginton; but Amelia had promised her a good long visit, and she now proceeded to unfold all sorts of plans for their mutual enjoyment.

The old stage-coach had torn Tilly, as she expressed it, from the bosom of her friend; and Amelia was left to live on the expectation of the numerous letters that were to pass between them.

Aunt Keziah, who regarded Amelia as a freak of Nature, in which she had perfectly exhausted herself, was enraptured at the prospect of the brilliant destiny in store for her niece, to which destiny Tilly Reeves was, of course, to be the stepping-stone. She told "sister Elizabeth" that "Amelia might marry any one she chose, if she only had the opportunity of being thrown in with people—and she did hope it would be a member of Congress, or somebody whose name sounded like something." Mrs. Winnock, with a mother's partiality, agreed to all her sister's views; and Tilly's first letter was anxiously expected.

It came in due time, and was equally communicative and affectionate; the promised visit

being insisted upon immediately, as she wished Amelia to be present at her "coming out" party. All was excitement among the female Winnocks; but the respectable Asa, on hearing Miss Keziah's expectations regarding her niece, was so fired with virtuous indignation at the idea of his daughter going to make a visit with the most distant thought of "falling in" with any one, that he came very near putting a stop to the whole affair. Amelia wept and entreated—Miss Keziah said, "It was ridiculous for people not to take a joke"—Mrs. Winnock mildly observed that "She thought Amelia should see a little of the world;" and finally, papa Winnock, with the flattering remark that "women were perfect fools," handed his daughter a hundred dollars and took himself off.

Amelia had never had so much money in her life before; but she was not spoiled, and her first expenditure was the secret purchase of a long-coveted silk dress for her mother; and when she was lovingly scolded for this extravagance, she tripped off with a light heart to her various preparations.

Miss Turley, a young lady who considered herself at the head of the modistes of Pigginton, condescended, at Amelia's entreaties, to engage herself for a week at the Winnocks; where she arrived bright and early Monday morning to preside over a huge basket of mousselines, silks, tissues, whalebones, hooks and eyes, and all the various et ceteras of dress-making.

Miss Turley had a very small waist, and a dress that fitted as smoothly as a pincushion-cover, being altogether a very careful advertisement of her qualifications; and Miss Turley was most deeply imbued with a sense of her own importance. The young ladies of Pigginton were generally on affectionate terms with Miss Turley, propitiating her with caresses, and delightful breakfasts, dinners, and teas; for Miss Turley wielded a pair of shears that could either make or mar "a love of a figure," and was apt to vent her displeasure upon those who had not bowed and worshipped her by remembering long engagements ahead when applied for.

She often observed that "at Asa Winnock's she was treated properly;" and the consequence was that the female representatives of the house were attired in unexceptionably fitting garments. Even Mr. Winnock was impressed with the importance of propitiating this deity of the shears; and his one remark, "Well, Miss Turley, how are the beaux getting on?" repeated by him every time that he encountered the damsel, was received by her with becoming gratitude; for did it not seem to imply that she was surrounded by

adorers? and also with a just appreciation of Mr. Winnock's funniness. Strange it is that there are many people with whom a common-place, facetious attempt from a dull man passes more readily for sterling wit, than the champagne-like brilliancy of a Hood or a Dickens.

Clip, clip went Miss Turley's shears, and fast moved the three needless that had been pressed into the service; Mrs. Winnock and Miss Keziah protesting meanwhile against tight dresses, and Amelia, naughty girl! holding in her breath while she was being "tried on," and making telegraphic signals to Miss Turley to squeeze her well. Which Miss Turley was quite disposed to do, Amelia being just the figure to display the dress-maker's skill to advantage. That was a busy week; and at the end of it our heroine felt quite easy upon the subject of her appearance beside her fashionable friend.

"You will bid Miss Green good bye, before you go, Amelia?" said her mother, "she always thought so much of you."

"Oh, yes," replied Amelia, laughingly, "and then I shall hear, for the fiftieth time, the catalogue of James' virtues. I have no doubt that he is an intensely disagreeable person—your highly-lauded people always are."

"He was a very nice little boy," observed Miss Keziah.

"How 'nice?'" inquired Amelia. "Do you mean that he was clean, or what? You are always calling people *nice*, aunt Keziah."

Miss Keziah shook her head at her saucy niece, and proceeded with the trimming of Amelia's skirt, while the young lady walked off demurely to pay her visit.

Miss Green lived in a cosy, little house, the first one on the right of the Winnocks, and was very much like her name, smooth, inoffensive, and common-place. She had a snug, little property of her own, and was said to have very good connections in the city; but the one object of her life was an orphan nephew, whom she had taken in early childhood, on the death of his parents, but who was now with an uncle in the city, who had invited him, some years ago, to receive superior benefits of education than Pig-ginton afforded. "James" was to be a lawyer, and Miss Green was never weary of enlarging upon this theme.

She received Amelia with much kindness, for she really liked the young girl who was a general favorite; and when the visit to the city was discussed, the old lady observed, with much delight, "I dare say you'll see James."

Amelia smiled at Miss Green's idea that she must see him, from the mere fact of his being

there. She scarcely believed that Tilly's exclusive circle admitted James Green.

"I'm almost afraid," continued the fond aunt, "that every letter I get will tell me of James' being engaged; but I hope, that, when he does marry, he'll settle at home—I don't approve of this going into foreign parts for a wife. I wish it could be you, Amelia."

Amelia curled her lip at the thought, as she told Miss Green that she didn't believe she would be any better for him than he would for her. The old lady, who was not very quick, took this as a compliment to her nephew, and kindly advised Amelia not to be too humble—there was no knowing what might happen.

Humility was not exactly one of that young lady's besetting sins, and she walked home with her head considerably higher than usual at the thought of Miss Green's nephew.

Miss Keziah received the idea with much amusement, and Mrs. Winnock smiled, as she remarked that the old lady was rather childish; but the next morning, the old stage-coach rolled up to the door, and Amelia soon forgot James Green in the excitement of her departure.

The respectable Asa accompanied his daughter; and while papa took it as coolly as though he had been accustomed to Russ pavements and brown stone buildings all his life, Amelia was completely bewildered by the noise and confusion; and the pleasant face of her friend Tilly, gleaming forth from a splendid plate-glass window, was a delightful relief to the strangeness about her.

Such a meeting! tragical in the extreme; and the elders looked on with a smile until the superabundant caressings were over. Then Amelia was presented to Tilly's mamma, a very stout, consequential lady, one of those lay-figures who seem to be sent into the world for the express purpose of wearing rich clothes and forming a splendid background.

Mr. Winnock drew his daughter aside to put another roll of bills into her hand, and to whisper the important admonition that "she was quite as good as anybody;" and then, with a stiff attempt at the graceful, he bowed himself out of the house.

Amelia was at once dragged off by Tilly for a private conversation in her own room; and that active young lady speedily emptied her friend's trunk, admiring and commenting upon Amelia's "things," while she arranged them in a bureau. Then Tilly's wardrobe was to be displayed; and Amelia, although she appeared outwardly composed, was inwardly astonished to find how far Miss Turley was behind the age.

"You must see Hyde," exclaimed Tilly, raptuously, "he's a perfect love! He's only a little older than I am—and it's so fortunate that he can't get anything to do, because, you see, he can go out with me at all times of day, shopping and everything; and he's so handsome that all the girls are crazy after him. He's only a cousin, you know—just as useful as a brother, but a great deal more exciting; and mamma gave us both a talking to the other night. She said that she didn't mind Hyde's being with me as much as he pleased, but she would have no nonsense. She had other views for me, and Hyde had something else to do besides making love. For Hyde's poor, you know, and that wouldn't suit mamma at all."

Amelia supposed not.

"Then, there's young Green," continued Tilly, "another great gun, who is studying law with his uncle, Judge Green, one of the old cocked-hats, as we call them—he's a splendid fellow, too."

"Is his name James?" inquired Amelia, with some surprise at this honorable mention of one whom she looked down upon as immeasurably beneath her.

"Yes, I believe so," replied Tilly. "Why? Do you know him? He comes from somewhere in your direction, I think."

"I knew him when a child," said Amelia, rather haughtily, "but that has nothing to do with knowing him now."

"Why, I should think it had a great deal to do with it," said Tilly, laughing, "you can't help feeling some regard for a person whose ears you have boxed, whose hair you have pulled, and whose face you have scratched—that is, I mean, when you didn't know any better. I'm sure it's so with Hyde and me."

But Amelia introduced the exciting topic of the "coming out" party; and Tilly forgot to wonder at her "queerness."

The party night arrived; and although Amelia was in general tolerably self-assured, she had an unpleasant consciousness that Mrs. Reeves' eyes were rather critically fixed upon her; but that lady inwardly pronounced the dress of fine India muslin, and the wreath of natural rosebuds from the conservatory in good taste, and extremely becoming; and Tilly, fluttering about in all the delight of an unexceptionable toilet, good-naturedly declared that Amelia would throw her quite into the shade.

A numerous and fashionable assembly thronged the drawing-rooms, to do honor to Miss Tilly Reeves' first appearance; and although, with scarcely an exception, they bowed down to Mrs. Reeves' gold, many declared that the country

friend was far the prettier of the two. "Cousin Hyde" was introduced in due form, and proved to be a very handsome fellow, with black eyes and moustache, and Grecian features; and though not particularly intellectual, as Amelia soon decided, he had a very sweet smile, and evidently the best of tempers.

One or two admirers were conversing with our heroine, when Mrs. Reeves approached with a young gentleman whose appearance was strikingly prepossessing, but whose consciousness of this fact Amelia thought entirely too apparent. He was introduced as "Mr. Green;" and Amelia repressed all appearance of surprise as she acknowledged the introduction.

Not so Mr. Green. With a rather graciously-patronising manner, he exclaimed, "My old friend, Miss Winnock! Is it possible?"

The other gentlemen stared; and Amelia replied, very quietly and gravely,

"I think that the last time I saw you, you were falling from the back of our old grey mare—have you quite recovered?"

The bystanders laughed, and James Green, who was perhaps a little spoiled by too much adulation, felt completely discomfited for the first time within his recollection. "What creatures these women are!" thought he, "here is this country girl, who has never before left the obscurity of her hum-drum village, as self-possessed as a queen—while I, who intended to favor her with my patronage, am defeated at the very outset."

But the young lawyer was not at all malicious, and when the laugh at his expense had subsided, he said, quite humbly, "I am afraid, Miss Winnock, that your recollections of me are none of them very favorable; pray, have the kindness to bury them in oblivion, and let the future atone for the past."

"That is already done," replied Amelia, with the air of a duchess, "the recollection alluded to was quite involuntary, and I shall probably never think of the matter again."

Her manner seemed to imply that he was "the matter;" and as though dismissing him at once and forever from her mind, she addressed a remark to one of the gentlemen beside him.

Mr. James Green mingled with the crowd; but while paying his customary attentions to favored belles, his thoughts were constantly reverting to Amelia, until he became quite provoked at himself, and "wondered what there was about that little country girl that he could not seem to get rid of her." For our friend James, during his sojourn in the metropolis, had imbibed something of a contempt for Pigginton, and Pigginton

exportations; when, therefore, his old playmate, "little Amelia Winnock," burst upon him in the full bloom of pretty and self-possessed young ladyhood, he was considerably more than surprised. He compared her manners with that of the common-place beauties around him, who received his slightest attempts at entertainment with a stereotyped giggle, were inexpressibly grateful for an invitation to waltz, and nearly overcome by the presentation of a flower—to which Amelia's "impudence," for he tried to persuade himself that it was impudence, was a spicy relief.

As for Miss Amelia, she was by no means so indifferent as she appeared. Had it not been for a certain degree of pique at the patronizing manner of her old acquaintance, she would have admired James Green and enjoyed his society. His name she inwardly pronounced detestable; but she had noticed the dimple in his chin, the fine, intellectual mouth, and commanding figure, which seemed to distinguish him from all other men in the room, and she admitted to herself that it was a great pity his good qualities should be so obscured by conceit.

At the luncheon-table, next morning, Mrs. Reeves asked Amelia if she did not think it bad policy to quarrel with Mr. Green? To which Amelia replied that "she was not aware of having quarrelled—but as she required nothing of Mr. Green, or any one else, she could not see what policy had to do with the matter. She considered Mr. Green a very presuming person."

"It's only Amelia's 'way,' mamma," said Tilly, with a caress for her friend, "when we were at school, she used to make me think that I had been doing something dreadful, when, after all, she didn't mean anything by it. She's a darling, when you come to know her."

"Who's a darling, when you come to know her?" The speaker was James Green, who was just entering the room, being always perfectly at home in the Reeves' mansion. His bow was made to Amelia, and his eye fixed upon her.

"I am," replied that young lady, very coolly.

James Green gave a prolonged whistle.

Tilly giggled—Mrs. Reeves looked shocked—and Amelia, after a moment of dignity, on meeting the old, familiar expression, gave up all attempt at controlling her rebellious mouth.

"Amelia," said the 'presuming person,' taking her hand, "do you remember the time that you and I mounted on stilts together, and, as we came down from our elevation rather suddenly, concluded not to try it again? We did try it again, last night, and I think with the same result."

Amelia was a provoking creature, after all; she had no idea of being vanquished so suddenly, and as Mr. Green had changed his tactics, she determined to change hers, too, and foil him with his own weapons.

"You appear to be quite at home here," said she, after Pigginton matters had been discussed, "I suppose that, as Tilly has no brother, she manages to make you very useful?"

Now if there was anything that Mr. Green particularly disliked, it was to be considered in the light of an appendage; he, the hero of half the drawing-rooms in town, to be set down as a sort of hanger-on to the Reeveses!

"I don't know about the 'usefulness,'" he began, but Tilly, who was not famous for coming to other people's assistance, cut him short with, "Now, don't be too modest, Mr. Green, you know that you have done all sorts of things for me, you are so kind—and we never think of making a stranger of you. Come, Amelia," she continued, "it's time for our shopping expedition—we'll take Mr. Green with us."

"Just as I thought, you see," said Amelia, smilingly, as she was led off by Tilly.

"Tilly's friend is a very singular young person," began Mrs. Reeves, when Amelia had left the room, "her manner is rather too *pronance* for a young girl."

"She is a little odd," replied our friend James, considerably bewildered by the turn affairs had taken, "very pretty though," he added, as he recalled the beaming eyes and smiling mouth.

"Well, in her way," said Mrs. Reeves, who was not disposed to admit this without a qualification, "she is rather stylish-looking, I suppose. I really don't see, though, how she could ever have picked up so much in that outlandish place where Tilly went to school."

James Green inherited in full force the peculiarity of his sex, a distaste for shopping; but he was fairly launched into it, and consoled himself by the amusement derived from Amelia's originality. That young lady was a perfect terror to smooth-tongued clerks, and seemed to take a malicious pleasure in throwing them into confusion.

The shopman was displaying a flimsy ribbon, of a faded old color, and bestowing all manner of eulogies upon it. Poor Tilly, who had whispered to her friend that it was not fit for the chambermaid, did not know how to get away from the voluble clerk without making the purchase.

Amelia assumed an attitude of intense admiration. Regarding the article reverently, as it fluttered from the shopman's fingers, she

exclaimed, with a long-drawing out of each syllable, "It is beau-ti-ful!"

The man bit his lip to restrain a smile, and hastily folded up the ribbon; while the party struggled successfully with an inclination to laugh until they reached the street.

James went manfully through the toils of the morning, consoled by an anticipation of the opera in the evening; but, in answer to his invitation, he learned from the young ladies that they were engaged to accompany Mr. Fingal, one of Amelia's last evening admirers, to the same place.

"Oh, it is of no consequence," said Amelia, with aggravating sang froid, "we can go with you any time, you know."

And thus matters proceeded for some time. Mr. Green having obtained the footing he desired, and being considered "an old friend," found that eminence a most slippery position—that rigid young disciplinarian, Amelia, considering it to be "for his good" to annoy him in various ways, in order to crush out, if possible, every remnant of vanity and self-confidence in the young man.

In every proposition, Mr. Green was quietly set aside to be considered last; "they didn't make a stranger of him;" until poor James thoroughly envied the acquaintances of a few days, who were treated with some degree of deference. Amelia, to be sure, continually admitted to herself that he was not half so bad as she had thought him; but she relaxed not one atom of her severity, and Tilly was too much occupied with "cousin Hyde" to pay attention to other matters.

The Reeves and Amelia went, one morning, to hear James Green plead in a highly important case. He was eloquent, touching, and successful; and Amelia felt her eyes filling with tears at some of the most affecting points. The young lawyer was covered with honors; and Amelia left the place in quite a thoughtful frame of mind.

That evening, Judge Green and his nephew were sitting together, conversing upon the incidents of the morning.

"You are a lucky fellow," said the judge, "you not only won praises from the 'grave and reverend seignors' on the bench, but you brought tears of admiration into the eyes of one of the prettiest girls in the room."

"You must be mistaken, sir," was the reply, "I saw nothing of the kind."

"Who is the young lady that came with the Reeveses?" asked the judge.

"That!" exclaimed James, in astonishment, "why, that was Miss Winnock. It will be pretty difficult to persuade me that you saw her crying

—I don't believe she ever did such a thing in her life!"

"You make her out a hard-hearted creature," said his uncle, "but I can see plainly that there is something in this. You love the girl, and I will wager a good round sum that she is not indifferent to you."

James shook his head despairingly.

"Don't tell me, sir!" exclaimed the judge, knitting his eyebrows threateningly, "I saw it: and if you don't choose to follow up your advantage, I'll go and make love to her myself. I may not be young or handsome," he continued, at his nephew's look of surprise, "like some conceited dogs, but I have substantial charms—and this Miss Winnock, as you call her, would grace any establishment."

"You are not in earnest, uncle?" remonstrated James.

"I am as much in earnest as this: if you don't go, this very evening, and make a proposal to Miss Willocks, for there's nothing like striking while the iron is hot, 'I'll go, to-morrow, and do the same thing for myself!'"

"What!" said James, still hesitating, "go and say, 'Dear Amelia! as you were crying, to-day, at my speech, you must be in love with me, and therefore I have come to ask you to marry me?' Why, uncle, I can't make such a fool of myself—you don't know what she is!"

"On second thoughts," said the old gentleman, perfectly unmoved, "I will go, to-night—there is no use in losing time."

James was in despair. She might accept his uncle—it was not so very unlikely; and as he was decidedly in love, he determined to come to the point at once.

Fortunately, Amelia was alone. Mrs. Reeves and Tilly had gone to the theatre; and as this was the only prohibition Mr. Winnock had laid upon his daughter, she dutifully obeyed, and awaited their return in the parlor.

"I am glad to see you," said Amelia, "for I am quite alone, and I was just wishing that some one would drop in."

"Thank you, Miss Winnock," was the reply, "that is the nearest approach to a compliment that I ever receive from you."

A pause; James reflecting, meanwhile, that this sounds very little like the overture to a proposal.

"Why am I 'Miss Winnock,' this evening?" asked Amelia, mischievously, "I thought we were such 'old friends.'"

"There is such a thing as being too much of 'an old friend,'" was the reply, "that is, if one wishes to be something else. You must

understand me, Amelia—you did not appear entirely unaffected, this morning, and you must have a heart somewhere!"

"I have," said Amelia, "and I was very much affected by your clients!"

The lover almost gave up in despair; and Amelia began to pity him. Seeing a softened shade upon her face, he took courage; when she added,

"This is rather unexpected, Mr. Green—I have seen very little of you."

"Lately, you mean," he replied, with a smile, "but make inquiries of my aunt, if you are not satisfied—she will tell you all about me."

"I have no doubt that she will without my asking," said Amelia, "as she always has done so."

"I do really believe that aunt Rachel is at the bottom of this, after all!" he exclaimed, as a sudden light dawned upon him, "and my dear, affectionate, old aunt, looking at me only through her partial eyes, had 'so tired you with my praises,' that the disappointment on seeing me was increased tenfold."

"I was not in the least disappointed," replied Amelia, "for I had formed no expectations whatever, and I only found a very conceited young gentleman."

But James, with the fear of his uncle before his eyes, pleaded his cause eloquently; and as an inducement, told Amelia that she need not be separated from her parents, for his uncle had advised him to settle at Pigginton, where he could promise him a flourishing practice.

Amelia received this announcement with a laugh. "That would be ridiculous to come all the way on here to marry you, and settle at Pigginton! Why, what would aunt Keziah say?"

"I have no doubt she would say that you might go farther and fare worse," replied the modest lover.

But Amelia found that he was thoroughly in earnest; and after a long amount of talking from James, she condescended to say that she would take him into consideration. When Mrs. Reeves and Tilly returned to find Amelia in confusion, and James making an abrupt retreat, their opinion was that things looked suspicious; and perhaps they were not far wrong.

"Well, James," said Judge Green, the next morning, "how speeds the wooing? Any chance for me?"

"She said that she would take me into consideration," was the reply.

"Take you into consideration, eh? Well, you ought to be thankful that she will take you at all—but girls are such fools! Remember though I made the match."

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The judge betook himself to his newspaper, and his nephew betook himself—elsewhere.

Amelia had wickedly concocted a little plan to mystify the good people at home, in which she was aided and abetted by James. A letter, announcing the time of her return, contained the following passage:

"There will be no necessity for father to leave his business to bring me home, as I shall be accompanied by an old friend of Mrs. Reeves', who is going the same way, and will leave me at the house."

Mr. and Mrs. Winnock, with a vision of respectable grey hair on the venerable head of the "old friend," willingly agreed to this arrangement; but Miss Keziah asserted her suspicions that the "old friend" of Mrs. Reeves' would turn out to be a young friend of Amelia's.

Miss Green received a letter from her dutiful nephew at the same time, in which he said, "You have often, my dear aunt, expressed yourself interested in my choice of a companion for life—and in deference to your motherly care of me, I shall shortly bring, for your inspection and approval, a young lady who has half-promised to become your niece."

Miss Green, in the fulness of her heart, went in at once to tell the news next door.

"I have no doubt that she is a very nice person," said the old lady, "but I am rather disappointed, for I always hoped that it would be Amelia."

"Amelia is going to bring some one home with her, too," replied Miss Keziah, a little proudly, "an old friend of Mrs. Reeves, she writes, but I believe that it is a young beau of hers."

"Very likely," said the old lady, "girls are terribly sly."

Miss Green had not seen her nephew for years; and when the stage drove up to Asa Winnock's, the old lady, being very short-sighted, set him down as Amelia's beau with very little emotion.

"My daughter!" said Mrs. Winnock, a little reproachfully, when she saw black hair instead of grey.

"Don't scold me, now, mamma," whispered Amelia, in blushing penitence, "I will tell you all another time."

Miss Keziah at first declared that she was not at all surprised; but presently, putting on her spectacles, and going close up to the stranger, she exclaimed, "Sister Elizabeth! this is James Green! just as mischievous and impudent-looking as ever."

James was now completely identified all round, much to their astonishment; and he escaped

from their exclamations to make himself known to his aunt.

The old lady was delighted to hear that it really was Amelia, after all; and, perhaps, with the warning of Tilly Reeves before their eyes, who had just run away with "Cousin Hyde," the Winnocks soon became reconciled to the idea of finding Amelia's husband in James Green.

The incident afforded Miss Keriah an exhaustless theme of conversation; for when the subject of marriages was broached, she never failed to remark,

"Gracious me! You never know how these things were coming about; for there was their Amelia who went thirty miles from home to marry her next door neighbor!"

THE BRIDAL AND THE BIER.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

ARRAYED in robes of snowy white
Comes forth the lovely bride,
All greet her with a marmured joy,
And yet they step aside—as if
They feared to call her—bride.

Her hair like morning's golden dawn,
Her cheek most Heavenly fair,
So delicate its blush grows dim
Beneath the soft Spring air—and yet
Most balmy is the air.

Around the old ancestral trees
Stand kinsfolk pleased and proud—
Yet 'neath the darkness of their shade,
Her garments seem a shroud—and all
Like mourners seem the crowd.

The sunshine glimmered bright this morn,
Alas! it shines no more—
Dark heavy clouds drift o'er the sky
Where all was bright before—and now
Its loveliness is o'er.

She leans upon her husband's arm
As lover fond and true,
Yet pausing near a new-made grave,
Beneath the old yew tree she stands,
The cypress and the yew.

The bridal train moves slowly on,
But tears drop from the eye
Of her who breathed glad vows this morn,
Are dripping heavily and lo!
Her lips have learnt to sigh.

Amid the festive train that night,
While light the dancers fly,
The tapers flicker and grow dim—
They quiver, fade and die, while fear
Fills every wondering eye.

A year the church-yard's mouldering gates
Are opened far and wide,
That bridal train once more I ween.
But black their garments, changed their mien,
While death has claimed the bride.

RICHES AND VIRTUE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

THEY say that thou art bless'd with wealth,
And so I know thou art;
But riches cannot buy the gems
That sparkle in the heart;
Not all the wealth this world contains,
Nor all of Ophir's gold,
Can purchase one pure virtue from
A poor, but holy soul.

'Tis true that thou art rich—but can
Thy spirit be made glad
In seeing virtue in a man
In rags or broad-cloth clad?
Can'st thou with eyes of purest love,
His germs of goodness scan;
And put aside his outer garb,
To gaze upon the man?

Can'st thou unto a brother speak
With kindness in thy tone;
And while thou grieveest for his faults,
Be mindful of thy own?
And also feel that thou like him,
May'st falter in the fight;
And thus be led to offer him
Thy help in sorrow's night.

Though thou art rich, yet dross of earth
Will not thy soul avail;
If thou within thy virtuous path
Should falter, droop and fail;
Gold will but clog thy footsteps here,
And chain them to the sod;
If thou should'st loose the holy links
Which bind thy soul to God.

A LITTLE FLIRTATION.

BY GABRIEL LEE.

ONE afternoon, in the early part of June, a young girl sauntered up a broad, graveled walk leading to a pleasant country residence in the western part of New York. In one hand she idly swung a small gipsy hat, and in the other she carried a basket of wild flowers. Presently Ella Marsden, for that was her name, glanced up and saw her brother Elric standing on the piazza. He made a pleasant picture as he stood there, leaning in a careless, graceful attitude against one of the piazza pillars, the mellow June sunlight falling upon his dress of gorgeous oriental pattern, and braided smoking-cap set jauntily upon his handsome head. He held toward his sister a delicate white missive, which, catching her eye, in a moment she was by his side; and playfully snatching it from him, she threw herself down upon a seat and was soon occupied in its perusal. The letter was signed Nettie Chittenden. Nettie and Ella Marsden had been thrown together at a fashionable boarding-school; and Nettie, to use her own words, having conceived a "great fancy" for Miss Marsden, a friendship soon sprung up between them. Ella had often been puzzled to imagine why Nettie should have chosen her for a confidant, for never were two persons more dissimilar in tastes and character. Miss Marsden was of a grave, quiet temperament, while Nettie was one of the gayest, wildest butterflies that ever waved its painted wings in the sunlight of this world. In vain by entreaties, arguments, and remonstrances, did Miss Marsden attempt to reduce Nettie to propriety of behavior. The moment the former began a remonstrance, Nettie would exclaim with her accustomed sauciness, "Well now, preacher, what's your text?" You might as well attempt to train a wild briar rose into an orderly garden one, that would blossom at stated and regular intervals, as to induce Nettie to become an orthodox and well-behaved young lady. Nevertheless, despite this difference of temperament, when two months before Nettie Chittenden and Ella Marsden had left Madame Trictrao's, they had parted with regret; and Nettie, smiling through tears, had promised Ella to visit her as soon as possible. The letter which Ella had now received was as follows:

"Well, dear grandmother, how do you do? I'm just as happy as I can be since we left that disagreeable old Tricksey's. When I got home ma thought I'd kill myself eating plumcake and pickles; but fortunately I didn't. You know I promised to come and see you. I will try and be at Cloverdale next week if I can get ready. By-the-way, I hope that brother of yours you used to talk so much about, (his name is Jeremiah, isn't it?) won't be at home. Judging from what you said, I should imagine he is dreadfully dignified, and you know I have a horror of dignified people. Oh, my! if there isn't Conover Fiddleton driving up to our door. I promised to ride with him, and have forgotten all about it until just this moment.

Your friend, and in a hurry,

NETTIE CHITTENDEN.

Ella having finished reading this characteristic epistle, laughingly handed it to her brother, who perused it with a face of good-natured contempt, and then returned it saying, "Bah! take it away. It is redolent with the odor of bread and butter. And this classical specimen of femininity is coming to pay you a visit, Nell?" "Yes," rejoined Ella, and I shall expect you to rally all your forces, and play the agreeable to her." "Rally all my forces. Play the agreeable indeed," returned the gentleman, scornfully, "a little pickle-eating, plumcake-loving school-girl. I shall take my gun and encamp out in the woods until she returns home again." "You shall do nothing of the sort," said Ella, looking rather alarmed at the threat, "for remember, sir, how I've been bored entertaining your sporting friends, that odious Tom Barton particularly." Somewhat softened at this remembrance, Mr. Elric rejoined disconsolately. "Well, Ella, I suppose I'll have to do the best I can. My only hope is that she won't stay long, that's all." And as Ella turned to go into the house, she heard him mutter to himself, "His name is Jeremiah, isn't? Little piece of impudence."

About a week after, Miss Nettie Chittenden arrived at Cloverdale, the name of the Marsden's country residence. For the record of the visit we are indebted to Miss Marsden's journal.

"June 20th.—Nettie arrived to-day. I was

quite amused at brother Elric's ill-concealed look of astonishment when he was introduced to her. He was evidently prepared to see an undeveloped, awkward school-girl. And Nettie's *petite* yet elegant figure, her brilliant face, with its large brown eyes and little rose-bud of a mouth, evidently took him altogether by surprise. I dare say they will be very good friends yet. Elric is such an admirer of the beautiful. I'm glad I didn't tell him how pretty Nettie is. It does me good to see him startled out of his composure sometimes. I'm afraid he will be shocked, however, at Nettie's very unorthodox opinions of propriety. Elric is so exceedingly fastidious in regard to ladies."

"Later.—Nettie has been here two weeks to-day, and Elric has not yet evinced the slightest intention of encamping in the woods with his gun. He and Nettie have been away all the morning. They seem to enjoy themselves so much together, that I leave them for the most part to their own devices. How pretty Nettie looked when she came in this morning, her face flushed, her hands full of water lilies, and her eyes sparkling with enjoyment. Elric told me afterward they had been rowing on the lake all the morning, and gathering water lilies. Elric said he almost expected to see Nettie spring out of the boat and seat herself in one of the water lilies, so small and fairy-like is she, and so erie and graceful in all her movements. Elric, I am bound to say, doesn't seem to be particularly shocked at the way in which Nettie ignores all the rules of propriety. Yesterday morning, upon coming down stairs, I found Nettie balancing herself upon Elric's toes, both her hands in his. Nettie remarking by way of explanation, that she wanted to see if she could trust him. Whereat Elric glanced down at her well slipped foot, and then at his great boots, and laughed heartily behind his handsome moustache. Afterward, when we were alone, Elric remarked apologetically, 'She is so young and innocent, you know, that one doesn't think anything of what she does.' 'Yes,' retorted I, 'one would scarcely be justified in judging severely the actions of a little pickle-eating, plumcake loving school-girl.' At which Elric reddened and was silent. Presently I went up stairs to my room and began to write. I had scarcely commenced when Nettie made her appearance, equipped for a ride. 'What are you writing, old lady?' inquired Nettie, with her customary inquisitiveness. 'A book,' I calmly replied. Nettie couldn't have looked more shocked if I'd told her I intended committing murder. After contemplating me for a few minutes, as if I were some newly escaped wild animal, she said,

in the tone of one who had sustained a grievous injury, 'Well, I do think. Before I would be an authoress——' here words seemed to fail her, and throwing her riding-skirt over her arm she made an indignant *exit*. Presently, however, the door opened again, and Nettie peeping in, said with the air of one who had been wronged, but magnanimously forgave the injurer, 'Never mind, grandma, if you are an authoress, I'll love you just as well as ever. Only I hope and pray you never will inflict me with any of your productions.' And before I could make any reply, her pert little ladyship was gone."

"Two months after.—Well, how strangely things do turn out, to be sure. I would never have imagined it possible, never. To-day, as we were dressing for dinner, I stopped for a moment to watch Nettie, as with her little fingers she coiled around her head the heavy tresses of her hair. As I looked, something sparkling caught my eye. It was a ring containing a large and brilliant diamond, which I immediately recognized as one Elric sometimes wore. I supposed she had taken it from him in jest, and laughingly remarked, 'Why, you little thief, you have stolen Elric's ring.' Nettie turned her face toward me, and for almost the first time in my life I saw her blush, she said, 'Ella, it is mine, he gave it to me. I might as well tell you first as last, Elric and I are engaged.' I gazed at her in astonishment, and for the first time understood what it was to be utterly confounded. 'You are surely not in earnest,' at length said I. 'Very well,' returned Nettie, rather angrily, 'if you don't believe me ask him.' And with the air of a young princess she stepped out of the room. I sat down, and burying my face in my hands endeavored to think. Could it be possible that my brother Elric, with his high ideal of womanhood, his splendid intellect, he who had been entitled the grand Mr. Marsden, would marry this pretty little chatterbox, this butterfly in human form, who seemingly never had a serious thought? As soon as I had a little regained myself control I went in search of Elric, and found him seated on the piazza, blue clouds of smoke from his meerschau curling about his head, and a pleased, dreamy smile on his lips. 'Well, what is it, sis?' he asked, as I came to his side, and placed my arms around his neck. 'Elric,' said I, gravely, 'I wish to know if it is true that you intend making Nettie Chittenden your wife?' His face flushed, and somewhat haughtily he answered, 'And why not, Ella? Is she not one of the sweetest, most innocent of mortals? A little thoughtless it may be, but time will remedy that.' He spoke with a lover's

enthusiasm. 'But,' persisted I, 'are you sure that this is more than a passing fancy, that you truly love Nettie?' Before he could reply, there was a light footfall on the stairs, and in a moment Nettie made her appearance floating along in a cloud of rose-colored barege. Pink roses bloomed in her hair, and still brighter ones glowed on her cheeks. Never had she looked prettier. She advanced and stood beside Elric, saying with a slight pout, 'I suppose, Elric, Ella is trying to persuade you what a perfectly absurd thing you are doing in wishing to marry me.' Then her tone softening, she added, 'I know I am a foolish, thoughtless little thing, and that——' 'And I know,' interrupted Elric, passing his arm around her, and looking tenderly upon her flushed, girlish face, 'and I know you are my own darling little Nettie, whom I would not change for anything or anybody in this wide world.' As soon as I heard these words, and saw the look of profound, manly love that accompanied them, I felt that further remonstrance was useless, and left them alone together."

So much for the journal. We will finish our story without its friendly aid.

Nettie Chittenden left Cloverdale some time in September, with the intention of spending the winter in Washington. She bore away with her the daguerotype of a certain young gentleman, with the promise that her own should be transmitted in return as quickly as possible. Three months elapsed, and though Ella and her brother had both written several times, no answer had been received from the forgetful Nettie. At length Mr. Marsden, believing that accident or sickness could be the only reason for this long silence, was about starting for Washington in order to ascertain the truth, when Ella received from the young lady in question the following letter:

"MY DEAR, QUIET, OLD HUMDRUM—You can't possibly imagine what a splendid time I am having in Washington. I go out to *levees* and balls and parties nearly every night. To be sure it is a great bother to be getting up different dresses all the time, and to be obliged to puzzle your brains to find out different ways of arranging your hair. But then I have a capital maid named Marie. Her real name is Mary, but I call her Marie, because it sounds more French. I was going to have a real French maid, only they are so awfully expensive, and always want one's dresses before one is half through with them. But I must tell about some of the queer people I meet with in society. There

is Joseph Poppleton, an old bachelor. He gives out that he's forty, but I should think he might be anywhere between fifty and seventy, for when the hair-dye rubs off you can see ever so many grey hairs. He is a great convenience though, I can tell you. The other evening, for instance, I was going to Mrs. Flyaway's grandest ball of the season, and I wanted some white camelias to wear in my hair dreadfully. But they are so expensive at this time of the year that I couldn't afford to buy them. So I said before Mr. Poppleton, accidentally, of course, that I would give anything in the world if I only had some white camelias for Mrs. Flyaway's crash. Not intending it as a hint for him, of course, only I thought if he should send them to me how nice it would be. And sure enough, the next morning there came from him a casket of the most splendid camelias you ever saw. They must have cost ever so much, and were the admiration of the whole room. I wonder if the old simpleton expects me to marry him. Why he hasn't more than enough to support himself on, and make me handsome presents out of it. But he's not the only person that wants to make themselves young. There are the two Miss Babbingtons, who are frightfully old. The eldest is twenty-eight at least, and they will persist in wearing low-neck, and short sleeves, and baby waists, and they're nothing but skin and bone either. There is one thing I want to say to you. For mercy's sake don't let anybody know you write. If you do, when you go into society you'll be called a blue, and none of the gentlemen will ask you to dance or pay you any attention. Why there's Sophy Scribbleton who used to have lots of attention, and dance all the time, until somebody found out she wrote poetry, and now you can scarcely get any young man worth having who will say to her, 'May I have the pleasure?' Besides, whenever she is invited out, she is always expected to entertain the editor and all the literary people, which must be an awful bore, of course. I want to tell you what Hyacinth Fitzdrawl (lovely name, isn't it?) said about Sophy Scribbleton the other night. You don't know who he is though, do you? He is one of the very nicest young men I know. Wears such cravats, and such kid gloves. I would give anything to know where he gets those gloves. Nobody ever wears any like them, and they say he imports them expressly from Paris. To be sure Lizzie Appleton, who I'm told is awfully sarcastic, and always has a crowd of gentlemen around her laughing at every word she utters, says he is a bore and abominably stupid. But that's because he doesn't pay her enough atten-

tion, I know, envious thing. I'm sure he likes me a great deal best at all events. But as I was going to tell you, the other evening when I was dancing the German with Hyacynth, the night he had on that distracted pair of kids, I asked him if he knew Miss Scribbleton, the young lady in white over in the corner. And he lisped out—oh! he does lisp so sweetly, 'Really haven't the pleathure; don't want it either. They thay thee's a blue, and I detetht blooth.' Now you see it's all for your good I tell you not to let anybody know that you write; because if you do, when you go into society not a single nice young man, like Hyacynth Fitzdrawl, for instance, will pay you a particle of attention, or ever want to marry you, you may be sure of that. Oh, my, what an awful long letter I am writing. So *au revoir*, as the French say.

Yours forever, NETTIE CHITTENDEN."

"P. S.—There is something important I forgot to mention. I expect to be married next month to the Russian Ambassador, Count Zakemallinnoff. He is covered all over with stars and decorations, and is a little, dried up old man. But then he has splendid diamonds, and I shall be a countess and presented at court. By-the-way, ask your brother Elric if he remembers our little flirtation of last summer. I wonder if he enjoyed it as much as I did."

I am happy to state that in due time Mr. Elric Marsden recovered from his disappointment entirely, and married a lovely woman, as different from Nettie as possible. And of one thing I am quite certain. That he often blesses his fortunate stars that the little flirtation above alluded to, never found its termination in the more serious catastrophe of marriage.

"THOU ART AWAY."

BY WINNY WOODBINE.

Thou art away—yet the stars' fair rays

Are gleaming on my brow,
As in those eves long, long ago—
But oh! where art thou now?
I hear again the sighing stream,
Gaze on each well-known spot,
And ask my lonely, weary heart,
If thou hast ne'er forgot?

The moon that then in beauty rose,
Casts now no silver light,
And change hath marked the beechen grove
Since that remembered night.

May not thy love be waning too,
And change have marked thy lot?
Hast thou in all this length of time
Still loved, and ne'er forgot?

Yet while I gaze on those bright orbs,
And view their changing beams—
I see a fair and changeless one,
That still in beauty gleams.
I know that time my image from
Thy heart can never blot;
Tho' all the world should faithless prove,
Thou wilt forget me not.

OUR "HOUSEHOLD ANGEL."

BY MAGGIE STEWART.

Amidst the melody of June,
When buds were bursting into bloom,
And earth seemed filled with Eden's grace,
Fit for an angel's dwelling-place,
God sent, with us to dwell,
A blue-eyed babe, with golden hair
And dimpled arms, and forehead fair—
Oh! Life seems richest, rarest bliss
As her warm ruby lips we kiss—
Our darling baby Nell!

Our "Household Angel," her sweet smile
With radiance lights our home the while,
God grant her little dimpled feet
May ever tread 'mong blossoms sweet,
Oh! guard our treasure well.
Dear, blessed gift! at morn, at even
Our prayer for thee goes up to Heaven;
For earth would be a dreary place
Without the darling, cherished face
Of our sweet baby Nell!

MY DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE.

BY ALPHONSE SANET.

EVERY one has heard of the tulip mania of Holland. When at its height, the precious bulbs were known to fetch one hundred thousand francs a piece, till at last the Dutch government deemed it expedient to interfere. Nevertheless, for many a day every new variety obtained by cultivation excited the greatest enthusiasm.

In the centre of green meadows studded with populous villages, many colored pleasure-houses and windmills, and intersected by canals along which ships pass in full sail as on the ocean, stands the city of Harlem, the capital of North Holland. A villa, just outside this town, was, about the close of last century, the residence of Mr. Deckers. The house, built in the form of an Indian pagoda, and covered with green tiles glistening in the sun, stood on a little eminence in the centre of shady gardens, where distant views had been contrived with infinite care. The gardens were planted with exotic trees and watered by an artificial river that meandered among the fragrant groves, through which the eye would glance now on a Tartar kiosk made of bamboos, then on a Chinese pavilion painted in bright colors and surmounted by its hat and bells, and then again on a rude cabin such as are built by the Molucca islanders. To this place Mr. Deckers had retired on the death of his wife, leaving his business to the management of his son; and here, from morning to evening, during the fine season, he was busy with his men sifting the soil of the flower-beds, watering, and ticketing his tulips, of which he boasted to have the finest collection in all Holland.

One warm afternoon in the month of June, 1785, Mr. Deckers, standing in the centre of a dressing-room hung with garnet velvet and richly furnished in the style of the time, was giving orders to some half dozen lackeys, who, hurrying about with bustling air, were finishing his toilet. It was easy to divine that he was preparing for some important business. In fact, his son was now old enough to marry, and his ambitious father was on the point of going to solicit for him the hand of Miss Van Selkirk, the daughter of a banker at Harlem. Mr. Van Selkirk, the father of the young lady in question, was one of the most influential persons in the country, for in addition to the particle *Van* which

he placed before his name, he was the mayor of the town, banker to the stadtholder, manager of the affairs of the India company, and extremely rich. An alliance with this family had been for some time the *ne plus ultra* of the ambition of Deckers. For years past he had spared neither money, pains, nor diplomacy to bring the affair to a favorable issue, and we leave the reader to imagine his delight when he was at last informed that Van Selkirk, charmed by the personal qualities of the young man, had made an appointment to meet the father, that very day at four o'clock, to come to an understanding on the matrimonial business.

After calling for his gold snuff-box and gold-headed cane, and getting his ruffles and shirt frill perfumed with vanilla, the old gentleman tucked his cocked-hat under his arm, and, followed by two footmen in full livery, directed his steps along his garden walks toward a pretty gondola inlaid with colored wood, and manned by six lusty rowers, which was in waiting at the foot of the steps of a white marble landing-place beside the artificial river. The boat shot away like an arrow. Preceded by a runner, who, wand in hand, trotted along the bank, it glided through the windings of the river, and on coming to the spot where it joined the Harlem canal, the running footman opened the gate that closed the entrance, and the boat went on toward the town.

An hour after, Mr. Deckers, having landed, walked through the streets of Harlem preceded and followed by his attendants, and returned the salutations on either hand as he passed, until, on coming to one of the narrow streets near the old market, he suddenly stopped in an ecstasy of delight before a low, wooden house with a first floor projecting over the lower one, and having all its outside joists embellished with beautiful wreaths sculptured by some artist of the sixteenth century. But it was neither the architecture of the house nor the ornaments on the joists which attracted his admiration; for his eye was fixed on the ground floor occupied by the shop of a shoemaker named Peter Schwartz, as announced by a sign-board over the door. In the window of this shop, a window glazed with round panes of green glass having knobs in the centre like the bottom of a bottle, stood a Japan

flower-pot, in which, waving on its delicate stem, was a superb semi-double tulip, whose glossy pearl-grey petals were relieved by arabesques of the brightest carmine; and was because this tulip, superior in beauty to any possessed by the wealthy amateur, was a new variety, that Mr. Deckers stopped. How could such a treasure have got into the shop of an artisan? Forgetting at once the flight of time and the object of his walk, he entered the shoemaker's shop and inquired where he had obtained that tulip.

"Ah, ah! Mr. Deckers," gaily exclaimed Schwartz, on hearing this question; "that astonishes you, eh? Well then, it is one of my own raising."

"Of your raising!"

"Why not? That is a specimen of what I can do."

"But what is the use of such a flower to you? These, I fancy, would be far more serviceable," and he drew a handful of gold coins from his pocket and laid them uncounted on the shoemaker's stall.

"So, so! a few pieces of gold for a flower unique in the world!" replied Peter; "indeed, you are too generous, and I am bound to thank you very much."

"Are you dissatisfied with the amount? I will quadruple the sum."

"No! my tulip is my own, and I won't sell it."

"Come, say how much you want, for I must have the flower cost what it may."

"Well then, it depends on yourself whether you have it or not?" And laying down his work, he took the millionaire by the hand in a mysterious manner, and then putting his forefinger to his lips to request silence, he led him to the end of the dark shop: when there, he cautiously opened a door which turned noiselessly on its hinges, and raised the corner of a tapestry curtain which was drawn before the entrance. Mr. Deckers saw a small room hung all over with tapestry similar to that before the door, and furnished with a degree of richness most extraordinary for an artisan's dwelling. Through the lead-trellised window of the little apartment a gay sunbeam had just found its way and glistened on the gold and enamel of some jewels laid on a what-not, throwing as it passed a warm, mellow tint on the flaxen hair of a young maiden, so intently engaged with her needle that she neither saw nor heard anything of the interlopers.

"Well! what say you to that?" asked Peter Schwartz, as he let fall the curtain, with the air of a miser closing the entrance to his hoards.

"Heavens! what a lovely creature!" answered

Mr. Deckers, for a moment forgetting the tulip, so absorbed was he in the charming vision.

"Well!" said Peter, "that is my only daughter; she and my tulip are my two treasures, and one shall not go without the other."

His guest took one of the oak stools that stood in the shop and sat down on it without saying a word, to hear what the shoemaker meant.

"You, Mr. Deckers," continued the latter, "have a son who is old enough to marry, and the angel you have just seen will soon be nineteen years of age. Now, present your son to my daughter, and if the young folk are pleased with each other, let us marry them: this tulip shall be my child's wedding portion."

Mr. Deckers, on hearing this proposal, bounded from his seat, and rushed out, giving the shoemaker a look of ironical contempt. But Peter, without being at all moved, continued with a significant shake of the head,

"Yes, Mynheer Deckers, you make take it, or not as you please, and let it also be clearly understood that your son must be to my daughter's taste, for her happiness is my chief object."

On leaving the shoemaker's shop, Mr. Deckers, suddenly remembering the object of his journey, pulled out his watch; but as he saw that the appointed hour had long past, instead of going further, he went back to his country house. Yet all along the road, and the whole evening, the memory of Peter Schwartz's tulip was uppermost in his mind, and all night he did nothing but dream of these rival flowers.

Some twenty years before, Peter had espoused a young woman of remarkable beauty; but two years after their union, she died of a fever, leaving her husband and a little girl some six months old.

The poor man, usually so gay, was well nigh mad from grief; but on beholding in the cradle the poor little creature which had no friend in the world but himself, he checked his tears, and thenceforth loved the child as a man loves the only object that can henceforth be dear to him.

One fine Sunday in spring, the shoemaker, as he was walking with his daughter, then seven years of age, on the plains lying round the town, chanced to find a bulb which was beginning to grow. Curious to see what it might be, he picked it up, and planted it in a little garden behind his house, having a fine southern aspect. The root flourished wonderfully, and proved a tulip of the richest colors. Any other man, in Peter's position, would have hastened to sell the precious flower to some wealthy amateur, who would readily have given a hundred of florins for it, as it belonged to one of the finest of known

varieties; but Peter looked further, and perceived that he might ultimately derive much greater advantage from it: from that day forth he cultivated his Japanese plant with all possible care. He gathered the seed, and sowed it in his little garden, till after years of toil and patience, he at last found among his plants a specimen altogether different from the mother-flower, and finer than all known species; and this was the precious specimen which he was so proud to display in his shop-window.

In the midst of the business part of Harlem, stood the warehouse of Deckers and Co.; and here, on the next day, was Mr. Wilhelm Deckers. Now, instead of being a short, stout, red-faced fellow, like most of his countrymen, Mr. Wilhelm was a tall young man, whose long hair, handsome moustache and mouth *a la Vandyke*, presented nothing of the Dutchman of that day; he was the suitor for whom Mr. Deckers had resolved to solicit the hand of Miss Van Selkirk. Not that the young man cared much about the match, for having studied at the University of Prague, he had passed great part of his youth in Germany, and had contracted the love of the beau ideal common to the German poets, so that he professed but very moderate admiration for the substantial charms and ruddy complexions of his countrywomen; nevertheless, his father had so often told him that a man in his position could not remain a bachelor, and needed domestic enjoyments, he had so often and so highly extolled the charms, the fortune, and the advantages to be obtained by a marriage with Miss Van Selkirk, that the young man had consented to please him by marrying.

Suddenly a messenger in his father's livery entered the warehouse, and announced to Mr. Wilhelm a visit from his parent. Nearly at the same moment the boat, entering from the branch canal, was impelled by its lusty rowers into the crowded basin, and glided through the fleet of merchant vessels, where everybody was eager to salute the lordly Deckers as he passed. On learning his father's arrival, the young man hastened to receive him, but the ex-merchant, having already landed, strode on muttering to himself and not heeding the salutations of the crowd, so absent was he. "Dishonored," said he to himself, "quite disgraced, if any rival should get possession of that cursed flower!"

"Ah! good day, father," said Mr. Wilhelm to him, approaching and taking his hand, "how do you do?"

Then without awaiting an answer to this usual question, he drew his father's arm through his, and turned toward the dwelling-house.

"Well! now! father," gaily exclaimed the young man, when they had entered a charming little study decorated in Chinese style, and with windows of colored glass, set in a complicated trellis-work of lead, to imitate the wooden lattice ornamented with transparent shells, which replaces colored glass in the boudoirs of Pekin. "What success in your matrimonial mission yesterday?"

"Wilhelm, my lad," began Mr. Deckers, somewhat embarrassed, "are you seriously in love with Miss Van Selkirk?"

"I—not the least in the world, for I have never seen her."

"Would you not rather have some one of less wealth, but far superior in beauty?"

"What! have you not told me a thousand times that Miss Van Selkirk is incomparably beautiful?"

"Ugh! ugh! that depends on tastes! Certainly I am far from saying that Banker Selkirk's daughter is destitute of charms, but perhaps you would think her somewhat stout."

"In that case, my dear father, let us say no more about her."

"That is precisely what struck me, and therefore I thought of soliciting for you the hand of a person of admirable beauty, and who will please you, I am sure."

"You are aware of my opinion that a man possessing a fortune like ours can marry to his fancy; consequently, provided the lady is well educated, and I find her to my taste, no matter about her dowry."

"Well said, my boy, for fortune does not make happiness; go and dress yourself, and I will present you to her immediately."

"But, what a hurry you are in! to-morrow or next day will be early enough, won't it?"

"To-morrow may be too late, for such a treasure must have plenty of admirers."

Mr. Deckers had evidently tamed down his pride finely since the day before.

"Well, let us go, as you so much wish it, I shall be ready in ten minutes."

Half an hour after father and son had taken their seats under the richly embroidered flag of the boat, and the pretty skiff, still preceded by a runner on the bank, glided like an arrow along the grand canal toward the Market-place.

On the tenth of July, 1785, the town of Harlem presented the gayest aspect: all the vessels moored along the canals had their many colored flags waving in the sun; cooked viands, beer, and gin had filled the hearts of the poor with gladness; sailors, porters, and fishermen were walking about in their holiday suits; there were

sports on the water, cockfighting, canary-bird singing matches; in short, the whole population were rejoicing over the marriage of Wilhelm Deckers with the shoemaker's fair daughter. On the evening of the same day, Messrs. Deckers, father and son, left the residence of Peter Schwartz, each bearing away one of the artisan's treasures, for if the young man carried off his fair bride in a close chair, the old one took under his arm the inestimable tulip, in exchange for which he had thrust two hundred thousand florins among the wedding presents. On the ground of being the owner, Mr. Deckers was afterward anxious to impose his name on the precious plant; but of what avail is even the will of a millionaire against tradition? The old gentleman's baptismal pretensions were soon set aside, and, in spite of him, the pretty flower has always retained the name of MY DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE.

A WELCOME TO SPRING.

BY HATTIE BOOMER.

THE Spring is coming! The Spring has come!
The glad, the beautiful Spring!
It has come like a joy, to our lowly home;
On its glancing and starry wing.
We have opened our doors with a welcome sweet;
We have opened our doors to her fairy feet;
For we saw her approaching and longed to meet—
We have opened our doors to the Spring!

The sunlight came, like a dancing flame,
In at the open door—
And it lit up the room, with a sudden bloom;
And gilded the old oak floor.
We have opened our doors, and the song flows in,
In a gushing, twittering, pealing hymn.
And we've banished all care to the regions dim;
To the Spring we have opened our door!

The lark sails high, in the infinite sky,
On delicate, trembling wing—
And we watch its flight, with a wond'ring delight;
And mark it, when soaring, sing.

There's a glory and gloom, in the pride of day,
There's a joy in the woods, where we careless stray;
There's a freshness wherever our foot-paths lay;
We have opened our hearts to the Spring!

The old elm tree, where in girlish glee,
I've sat in its boughs to swing—
Has buds as green as ever were seen;
And the cool, cool shadow 'twill fling
On the open door, in the Summer time—
When the rose and the jasmine over it climb,
Oh! our hopes are fresh as the flowering vine;
We have opened our hearts to the Spring!

The Spring is coming! The Spring has come!
The glad, the beautiful Spring!
It has come like a joy to our lowly home—
On its glancing and starry wing.
We have opened our doors with a welcome sweet;
We have opened our doors to her fairy feet;
For we saw her approaching and longed to meet—
We have opened our doors to the Spring!

THE LOVED AND LOST.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

WHERE are they—the well-beloved,
Who have shared life's joys and pain?
Ah, we miss those fellow-pilgrims—
Shall we meet them ne'er again?

Oft we listen for the coming
Of their footsteps 'mid the gloom,
Vainly still, for they are sleeping
In the lonely, silent tomb.

Had the shadows gather'd darkly
O'er their clust'ring joys of life?
Did they perish—the true-hearted,
Weary of the eager strife!

Did the breath of scorn, or envy,
On life's flowers shed its blight?

Did the busy tongue of falsehood
Turn their morning into night?

Thou who know'st every sorrow
Of life's dark and toilsome way,
Lead our souls in duty's pathway
Onward—to the perfect day.

For our hearts are oft rebellious
When beneath the chast'ning rod.
On the plains we love to wonder,
Farther from the mount of God.

But we'll onward press, and upward
Let us turn aside no more,
For our loved ones are not perished,
They are only "gone before."

LOVE'S LABOR WON.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," &c.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 356.

CHAPTER TENTH.

THE same day Mr. Houston went over to the Island, to apprise his friends there of his intended departure. Mrs. Helmstedt was not surprised or displeased, but on the contrary, cordially approved his resolution. But Margaret, no adept in concealment, betrayed so much deep and keen distress, that Mr. Houston's lately entertained ideas of an attachment between herself and Frank were all shaken. And he determined, ere the day should be over, to satisfy himself upon that point. In the course of his visit he contrived to say, aside to Mrs. Helmstedt,

"Pray grant me a confidential interview of a few moments."

"Margaret, my child, go down to the quarters and see if uncle Ben is any better to-day, and if he wants anything from the house; and if he does, have it got and sent to him. One of our gardeners is ill, Mr. Houston. Now then, how can I serve you?" she asked, when her daughter had left the room.

"Mrs. Helmstedt, what I have to say, relates to the fair creature who has just left us. You will place confidence in me when I assure you, that, with the exception of those few impulsive words uttered the other morning, and afterward repeated to you, I have never said anything to your young daughter of the subject that lies nearest my heart; because, in fact, it is an affair belonging to the future, and I did not wish to be premature."

"You were quite right, Ralph. It is time enough three or four years hence for any one to think of addressing Margaret."

"Assuredly. But yet, as I deeply appreciate and devotedly love this young maiden, it behooves me to have some security that I am not freighting with my whole life's happiness, some untenable barque in which it may go to the bottom."

"And what precisely do you mean by that, Mr. Houston?"

"In a word, I have gathered from the conversation of my fair step-mother, and from other

corroborating circumstances, that there exists a sort of Paul and Virginia affection between my younger brother Frank and Margaret Helmstedt."

"Permit me to assure you that testimony and circumstances have deceived you. It is not so. Of Frank I cannot speak advisedly; but, as far as her sentiments toward him are concerned, Margaret is heart whole."

"Are you sure of this?" asked Ralph, with a deep joy lighting up his dark and earnest countenance.

"Absolutely certain of it."

"Then, Mrs. Helmstedt, since this is so, and as I am about to depart for a long and dangerous service, will you permit me to speak to your daughter upon this subject?"

The lady hesitated.

"Understand me, if you please, Mrs. Helmstedt. I know that even under the most auspicious circumstances, the marriage must be delayed for years, and under any circumstances shall wait your fullest concurrence; for, my pearl once secured to my affections, I can wait. Nor do I wish now to bind her by any pledge to me, but leaving her entirely free, I desire only to pledge myself to her, that I may write to her as freely and confidentially as to my betrothed. You can trust me to that extent, Mrs. Helmstedt?"

"I can trust you fully to any extent, Ralph Houston. It is not lack of confidence in you. But you understand that I must not sanction your addresses to my daughter without consulting her father. Taking for granted that your inclinations are approved by your family, I advise you to get Col. Houston to write to Capt. Helmstedt upon this subject. That is the proper course to pursue, and in the meantime I beg you to delay speaking of this matter to Margaret until you have heard from her father."

"I will obey you certainly, Mrs. Helmstedt, although——"

"The formality is a bore, you mean. Well, I know you think so, and yet it must be borne."

Mr. Houston arose to leave.

"Will you not wait to see Margaret?"

"I think not now, Mrs. Helmstedt, for if she should wear the sweet, pale face she wore just now, I should have some trouble to keep my promise. Good morning, madam."

The "inclinations" of Ralph Houston were highly approved by his father, who sat down the same day and wrote to Capt. Helmstedt, asking the hand of Margaret in betrothal to his son, and stating that a mere betrothal was all that was necessary to satisfy the young people for some years.

A weary fortnight passed before there could arrive any answer to this letter. At last, however, it came. Capt. Helmstedt, with the stately politeness of his nature, acknowledged the compliment paid to his daughter; expressed the highest consideration for the suitor and his family; did not as a general thing approve of early betrothals or long engagements; thought this, however, to be an exceptional case; and concluded by referring the matter exclusively to the maiden's mother, in whose excellent judgment and maternal affection he expressed the highest confidence.

"There, you may look upon this as the sanction of your addresses; for of course, I suppose, there will be no difficulty raised by Mrs. Helmstedt," said Col. Houston, as he put the letter in the hands of his son.

"Oh, no, sir! in fact Mrs. Helmstedt has given me to understand as much."

"What is all that about?" inquired Nelie, who did not happen to be *au fait* to these transactions. Col. Houston explained.

"And Margaret will engage herself to you, Ralph, who are ten or twelve years older than she is? And Mrs. Helmstedt will sanction that engagement? Well, well, well!"

"Why what is the matter?" asked Col. Houston.

"This world! this world! I did not think that Margaret was so light and fickle, or that her mother was so—governed by worldly motives."

"Pray tell me what you mean?" asked Ralph Houston, uneasily.

"Why, the whole county knew Margaret and my Franky were like a pair of young turtle doves. Everybody remarked it, and said they were born for each other! Shame on you, Ralph Houston, to offer to supplant your younger brother in his absence; and shame on that wonton girl and her worldly mother to allow you to do it!"

"Nellie, come, come, this will not do," said Col. Houston.

"But I know what it means," Nellie continued,

impetuously, "they know you are the eldest son and heir according to our barbarous law of primogeniture, which, I thank heaven, Mr. Jefferson is about to get repealed, and they think that you will have nearly all your father's estate, while poor Franky will have little or nothing; but I'll see! All that I have any control over, shall go to swell the portion of my Franky, until we shall see if he shall not be a little richer than his fortunate elder brother. Oh! the unprincipled creatures."

"Cornelia!" exclaimed Col. Houston, severely.

Ralph's face flushed for an instant, and then controlling himself he answered, with his usual moderation,

"You are in error, fair little mother; I neither could, nor would supplant any man, least of all my brother; no such attachment as that to which you allude exists, or has existed; I have ascertained that fact."

But Nellie angrily averted her head without deigning to reply. And Ralph, although he had so positively repudiated all belief in the groundless assertions of his step-mother, nevertheless felt a deep uneasiness impossible to dislodge. A single seed of distrust had been sown in his heart, where it was destined to germinate and to be fostered into strong and bitter growth.

In the midst of this conversation, the family were interrupted by the entrance of Jessie Bell, or as she was familiarly and jocosely called Jezebel, Mrs. Houston's maid, who reported a messenger from the Island waiting without.

"Let him come in here," said Col. Houston; and the next moment uncle Ben entered with a face so grey and corrugated, that Mrs. Houston and Ralph became alarmed, and simultaneously exclaimed,

"Why, old man! what is the matter?"

"Marster in heaven knows, ma'am! but I think my mist'ess is dying!"

"Dying!"

Every member of the family was now upon their feet, exclaiming and questioning in a chaos of surprise, grief and dismay.

"Yes, ma'am, very suddint! No, sir, dere was no good came of it, as we dem knew. Yes, Marse Ralph, sir, Miss Marget is with her ma, an' very much 'stress," said the old man, answering right and left to the storm of questions that was hailed upon him.

"I'll tell you all I know 'bout it, Marse Col. Houston, sir, if de ladies 'll hush an' listen a minute. See, las' night I fotch de mail home 's usual. Der was a letter from our marster as pleased our mist'ess very much. I never seen her in such sperrits—she, nor Miss Marget! We

sarvints, we all noticed it, and said how something was gwine happen. Same way dis mornin', Miss Marget and her mother both in sitch sperirts at the breakfas'-table. Arter breakfas' dey went out long o' me in de garden, to 'rect me 'bout transplantin' some late flowers, and we wer' all busy, when all of a suddint mistess give a short, low scream, and when we all looked up, there stood mistess as white as a lily, pressing her hand to her heart and staring straight before her. We glanced roun' to see what scared she; and it was a little, old leaky boat with one oar, and a young man in shabby uniform like a runaway sojer, just stepping from it on to the beach. He came up while mistess stood there pale as death and pressing her hand on her heart; and he tetches his cap sort o' half impident and half sorrowful. Mistess raised her hand for a minit as if to check him, and then she beckoned him to follow her, and went on to the house. Miss Marget looked oneasy, an' I didn't know what to make of it. More'n two hours passed, and then the young man came out walking fast with his head down, and passed right by without seeing us, and got into his leaky boat and pushed off as if the old enemy was arter him.

"Miss Marget ran in the house to her mother; but in two minutes we heard her screaming like she was mad, and we all, about the place, rushed into the house and up the stairs into mistess' chamber; and there we saw our mistess lying on the floor like one stone dead, and Miss Marget wringing her hands and crying and trying to raise her. We were all scared almost to death, for there besides was the cabinet, where the plate and jewelry is kept, all open, and we made sure that that 'serter had robbed and frightened mistess into this swoon. Forrest went arter the doctor; and Hildreth and aunt Hapzibah put her to bed, and tried every way to fetch her 'round; but when she come to herself, she fell into convulsions, and when that was over she sunk into the same swoon. Then aunt Hapzy sont me, pos' has'e, arter Miss Nelie an' Mr. Ralph. An' here I is, an' dat's all."

Nelie, who looked very pale and anxious, now touched the bell and summoned Jezebel to bring her scarf, bonnet, and gloves, while Mr. Houston went out to order the boat got ready to take them to the Island.

And in less than a quarter of an hour, Mrs. Houston and Ralph, forgetful of their late feud in their common cause of anxiety, were seated, side by side in the boat, that propelled by six stalwart negro oarsmen, glided with directness and rapidity toward the Island. As soon as the boat touched the beach Nelie sprang out, and

without waiting an instant for Ralph, hurried to the house.

"In her own bed-room, Mrs. Houston," was the mournful reply of Hildreth to that lady's hasty question.

Nelie hastened up stairs and entered the chamber of sickness and death. Coming out of the brilliant light into the half darkened room, Nelie at first saw only Dr. Hartley standing at the foot of the bed; as she advanced she found Margaret, pale, but still and self-collected, at the head. Nelie's haste and anxiety sunk into awe as she saw extended on the bed, the ruin of the once beautiful Marguerite De Lancia. All her late displeasure was forgotten or repented, as she gazed upon that form and face so magnificent even in wreck. The pillows had been withdrawn to give her easier breathing, and her superb head lay low; the lace night-cap had been removed to give coolness to her throbbing temples, and her rich, purplish black tresses, unbound, rolled in mournful splendor down each side her pallid, sunken face, and flowed along upon the white counterpane; her eyes were half closed in that fearful state that is not sleep or waking, and that Nelie at first sight believed to be death.

Mrs. Houston turned an appealing glance to the physician, who bent forward and murmured in an almost inaudible tone,

"She is easier than she has been since her attack, madam. She has been resting thus for," the doctor took out and consulted his watch, "twenty-five minutes."

"But what then is the nature of her illness?"

"An acute attack of her old disease, brought on apparently by some great shock."

"Is she in imminent danger?"

"Hush—sh!" said the physician, glancing toward his patient. Nelie followed that glance, and saw that Mrs. Helmsted's eyes were open, and that she was attending to their conversation.

"Oh, Marguerite! dear Marguerite! what is this?" cried Mrs. Houston, bending over her friend and dropping tears and kisses on her death-like brow.

"Nothing unusual, Nelie; only the 'one event' that 'happeneth to all;' only death. Though in truth, it is inconvenient to die just now, Nelie; this morning I had no reason to expect the messenger; and to say truth, I was in no respect ready."

"Marguerite! dear Marguerite! let me send for the minister," said Nelie, wringing her hands and dropping fast tears.

"No; what good can the minister do me, think you?—no, Nelie, that is not what I meant; if I have lived all my days for the pride of life and

the affections of the flesh, at least I will not mock God now with the offer of a heart that these idols have ground to dust. As I have lived, will I die, without adding fear and self-deception to the catalogue of my follies." Mrs. Helmstedt spoke faintly and at intervals, and now she paused longer than usual, and gathering breath resumed,

"But since this summons has found me unready in other respects which may be remedied, I must use the hours left for action. Nelie, Nelie, this is no time for useless tears," she added, seeing Mrs. Houston weeping vehemently, "you must aid me. Dr. Hartley, will you grant me a few moments alone with my friend?"

"Not unless you both promise that your interview is not to be exciting or exhausting."

"We promise, doctor, that on the contrary it shall be soothing. Margaret, my child, attend the doctor down into the parlor, and see that refreshments are placed before him."

Pale and still and self-governed, the young maiden followed the physician from the chamber. And the friends were left alone.

"Col. Houston got a letter from my husband yesterday?" inquired Mrs. Helmstedt.

"He got it this morning, dear Marguerite."

"I received one from my husband last night; he spoke of one mailed at the same time to Col. Houston; he consents to the betrothal of Margaret to Ralph, or rather he refers the matter to me, which amounts to the same thing. Nelie, I have but a few hours to live; before I die I wish to place the hand of my child in that of Ralph's in solemn betrothal; and, when I rest in the grave, you will take my orphan child as your daughter home, and comfort her until her father, to whom Dr. Hartley has written, arrives. Oh! Nelie, be kind to my dove!"

"Indeed I will! oh! indeed I will, though I was disappointed for Franky. I will love her as tenderly as if she were my own; don't doubt me! you know I have always have been a good step-mother?"

"An excellent one, dear Nelie."

"And don't you know then how tenderly I should cherish your orphan child? I have two sons; but no daughter; I should take Margaret to my heart as a much desired daughter," said Nelie, earnestly, and at that moment, in that mood she sincerely meant all she said!

"Thank you, dear Nelie. Margaret will, at the age of eighteen, inherit the greater portion of my patrimony, including Plover's Point, which has been secured to her. This will make her independent. Upon the demise of her father—long and happily may he yet live—she will come into

the possession of one of the largest fortunes in the South. Ralph's expectations, I know, are nearly equal; therefore deny her no indulgences, no wish of her heart that wealth can satisfy; for Margaret is not selfish or exacting, and will make no unreasonable demands. But how I twaddle! have the soul of kindness toward my orphan girl, and that will teach you what to do."

"Don't doubt me, Marguerite! I will swear to you if you require it," said Nelie, who believed herself to be as constant as she was fervent.

"It is enough! Is Ralph here?"

"Yes, dearest Marguerite."

"Let him be called at once."

Nelie flew to do her friend's bidding and swiftly returned with Mr. Houston.

"Draw near, dearest Ralph; look in my face; but do not look so shocked; you read what is before me; and what I wish you to do; you have seen my husband's letter to your father; there is another, which came yesterday to me; Margaret will show it to you; go to her, dearest Ralph; she has read her father's letter, and is prepared to hear what you have to say; go to her now, for I would join your hands before sunset; do not leave her again until I leave her; and then take her with you to your parent's home to await her father's coming. And oh! Ralph! as you hope for the blessing of God at your greatest need, comfort your orphan bride, as only you can comfort her."

"As God hears me!" said Ralph Houston, reverently, dropping upon one knee, and bending his noble head over the wan hand the lady had extended to him.

"Go to her now, Ralph, for I would join your hands before sunset."

Ralph pressed the wasted fingers to his lips, arose and went out, in search of Margaret.

He found the maiden alone in her mother's favorite parlor. Dr. Hartley had gone out to send messengers for Mr. Wellworth and Col. Houston to come immediately to the Island, if they wished to see Mrs. Helmstedt once more in life. And Margaret had thrown herself down upon the sofa in solitude, to give way to the torrent of grief, that she had so heroically suppressed in the sick-room of her mother.

Ralph Houston entered the sacred precincts of her filial grief, as reverently as he had left the death chamber of her mother. He closed the door softly, advanced and knelt an instant to press a pure kiss upon her tearful face; then rising he lifted her, tenderly, from the sofa, and gathered her to his bosom.

"Permit me, dearest," he said, "for henceforth your sorrows are also mine."

What farther he said is sacred between those two hearts.

The day waned—the shadows of evening gathered over the earth, and the shadows of death over the chamber.

Mr. Wellworth and Col. Houston arrived about the same time.

The clergyman was immediately shown up into the chamber of Mrs. Helmstedt. She was sinking rapidly. He went gravely to her side, expressing sorrow for her illness, and anxiety to hear how she felt. And finding from her answers that she still retained full possession of her brilliant intellect, he drew a chair, sat down, and entered upon religious topics.

But Mrs. Helmstedt smiled mournfully, and stopped him, saying,

"Too late, good friend, too late; I would that I had had your Christian faith imprinted upon my heart while it was soft enough to receive the impression—it might have made me happier at this hour; but it is too late, and it does not matter!"

"Not matter! that you have no faith! Oh! Mrs. Helmstedt, my child, is it possible that with all your splendor of intellectual endowments you lack faith!"

Marguerite smiled more mournfully than before. "I believe in God, because I see Him in His glorious works; I believe in Christ as a wonder that once existed on this earth; but—as for a future state of rewards and punishments—as for our immortality, I tell you, despite all the gifts of intellect with which you credit me, and my extensive reading, observation and experience, at this hour I know not where in the next I shall be; or whether with the stopping of this beating brain, and the cooling of this burning heart, thought and affection will cease to exist; or if they will be transferred to another form and sphere. I know nothing."

"God have mercy on your!" prayed the good minister, who would then and there have sought to inspire the "saving faith" but that the dying woman silenced him.

"Too late, dear friend, too late; the short time left me must be given, not to selfish thoughts of my own uncertain future, but to the welfare of those I am about to leave. Will you please to ring the bell?"

The minister complied.

Mrs. Houston forestalled every servant by hastening to answer the summons.

"Dear Nelie, bring Ralph and Margaret to me, and ask your husband and the doctor to attend. And let lights be brought, Nelie; it is growing dusky here, or else my sight is

failing, and I would see the face of my child plainly."

Nelie stooped an instant to press a kiss upon the clammy brow of her friend, and then hastened to do her bidding.

A few minutes after, the door opened and Ralph Houston entered, reverently supporting the pale, but self-controlled maiden on his arm, and accompanied by his father, step-mother and the doctor.

They approached the bed and grouped themselves around it. On the right side stood Ralph, Margaret and Mr. Wellworth; on the left, Col. and Mrs. Houston and Dr. Hartley.

The dying woman turned her dark eyes from one group to the other, and then spoke.

"We sent for you, Mr. Wellworth, to join the hands of this young pair—not in marriage, for which one of them is much too youthful; but in a solemn betrothal that shall possess all the sanctity, if not the legal force of marriage. Will you do this?"

"I will do everything in my power to serve Mrs. Helmstedt or her family," said the clergyman.

"Margaret, my love, draw this ring from my finger, and hand it to Mr. Wellworth, who will give it to Ralph," said Mrs. Helmstedt, holding out her thin, transparent hand, from the fourth finger of which Margaret drew the plain gold circlet, her mother's wedding ring, and passed it to the minister, who put it in the hand of Ralph Houston. Then the dying woman turned her solemn eyes upon Mr. Houston, and in a voice thrilling with the depth and strength of a mother's deathless love, said,

"Ralph Houston, you promise here in the awful presence of God, of the living, and of the dying, to love and respect this maiden as your destined wife, and to wed her when she shall have attained a suitable age?"

Ralph passed his arm protectingly around the half sinking form of Margaret, and answered slowly and solemnly,

"In the presence of God, and of her mother, I promise to love and honor and serve my affianced bride, Margaret, until such time as she shall bestow her hand in full marriage on me, and thenceforth forever, so help me God and all good angels."

"Amen. Now place the ring upon her finger."

Ralph Houston obeyed, and then Mrs. Helmstedt beckoned them to draw nearer, and taking the hand of Margaret, she placed it in that of Ralph, saying solemnly,

"Ralph Houston, I bestow upon you my heart's precious child; my dove, as you have heard me

call her. Oh, be tender with her! And may God so love and bless you, as you shall love and bless the dove that is to nestle in your home!"

"Amen!" in turn said Ralph.

And still holding their hands together, Mrs. Helmstedt—skeptical for herself, believer for her child—called on Mr. Wellworth to seal and bless this betrothal with prayer and benediction.

At the signal of the minister all knelt. And while Mrs. Helmstedt still held together the hands of the young couple, Mr. Wellworth reverently lifted his voice and prayed God's blessing upon the living and the dying.

They all arose from their knees, and Mrs. Helmstedt pressed those joined hands to her lips before she released them. She was very much exhausted, and turning to the doctor, whispered in a voice nearly extinct through faintness,

"Doctor, I must live an hour longer—one hour longer, doctor—is there no potential drug that will keep life in this frame for an hour?"

"You may live many hours, or even days—nay, you may even recover, dear lady, for while there is life there is hope. Now you are only exhausted, and this will restore you," said the physician, pouring out a cordial and placing it to her lips.

"Thank you, yes! this is reviving," answered Mrs. Helmstedt, drawing one deep, free breath.

"And now you must lie still and rest."

"I will—soon. Dear friends," she continued, addressing the group around the bed, "you will please withdraw now and leave me alone with my child. Go you also, dear Ralph, and leave Margaret with me. You will have her all to yourself soon. Well then, kiss me, before you go," she added, seeing Ralph Houston hesitated. He bent down and pressed a reverential kiss upon her cold forehead, and a loving one upon her fading lips, and then arose and silently followed the others from the room.

And the mother and child were left alone.

The room seemed changed and darkened. The shadow of some "coming event" other than death hung over them.

Mrs. Helmstedt lay with her hands folded in what seemed prayer; but was only deep thought.

Margaret stood, affectionately waiting her wishes.

Neither spoke for a few minutes.

Then Mrs. Helmstedt said, in a changed and solemn voice, whose sound caused Margaret's heart to thrill with strange dread,

"Come hither, my dove."

"I am here, sweet, dear mother," replied the girl, striving to repress her grief.

The lady opened her eyes.

"Come sit upon the bed beside me—sit so that I can see your face—give me your hand."

Margaret obeyed, silently praying God to give her strength to repress the flood of tears that was ready to gush forth.

"Little Margaret, for though you are an affianced bride, you are still my little Margaret," said the lady, closing her fingers upon the soft hand, and gazing fondly into the dark, true, tender eyes of the maiden, "little Margaret, some time ago, when your loving heart led you to leave a festive scene to rejoin your lonely mother; and you surprised me prostrated with grief and dismay, you implored me to confide my sorrows to your faithful heart; and I told you that if ever I were driven to trust the terrible secret of my life to mortal man or woman, it should be to my loving, loyal child—only to her. You remember?"

"Oh, yes—yes, mamma!"

"That time has come, my dove! I have a precious trust to bequeath as a legacy to some one; it is a secret that has been the grief and bane and terror of my life; a secret that lies as yet between my soul and God; yet must I not go hence and leave no clue to its discovery. Little daughter—as I said once before—I love many, I worship one, I trust only you; for of all the people I have known, loved, and respected, you are the most true-hearted, I think also the wisest. Dear child, I will not bind you by any promise to keep the secret about to be entrusted to your charge, for I feel sure that for my sake you will keep it."

"Through life and unto death, mamma; the rack should not wring it from me; may God so keep my soul as I shall keep your secret, mother."

"Nay, nay, there is a contingency, my child, under which you might reveal it; and it is to provide for this possible contingency that I feel constrained to leave this secret with you."

"I will be faithful, dearest mother."

"I know it, my dove!—sit closer now and listen. But stop—first go and see if the door is closed."

"It is closed, dear mother."

"Ah, but go and lock it, my child."

Margaret complied.

"It is fast now, dear mother."

"Come then and sit upon the bed where you were before, so that I can see your sweet face; give me your dear hand again—there!—now listen."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SHADOWS AND THE SUNSHINE.

BY B. SIMÉON BARRETT.

CHAPTER I.

"A LETTER for you, sir!"

I broke the seal and read with astonishment:

"MR. EDWARD WORTHINGTON—SIR—Pardon these intrusive lines, and rest assured that they are from one who shall ever be proud to call himself your sincere friend. Lucy Ames is not faithful to you! I do not write this to you for any base purpose; for since I know so well your generous and noble nature, I cannot hesitate when I see that nature become the innocent dupe of vile dissimulation. Nor have I been too hasty in communicating to you this knowledge; I only fear it is too late; but rest assured that all I have said is true, and can be attested by one who has an undoubted personal knowledge of all the facts. Arthur Wesley, our village schoolmaster, is your too fortunate rival.

Yours, A FRIEND."

This was not the first intimation I had had of Lucy's inconstancy. I had seen things with my own eyes that made me doubt her sincerity. For a long time the unwelcome suspicion had been preying upon me, and this fatal letter had come to bring conviction—stern, irrevocable, hopeless conviction.

I did not doubt the truth of it; and yet how it writhed my soul with torture to think of it, to admit it. It did not, it could not crush me; I braved it to the last; I had been less than man to do otherwise. I re-perused the letter, calmly—no, not calmly—not indifferently, but sternly, as though it were decreed of fate that I should not only drain the bitter cup, but should swallow the very dregs.

And yet I loved the wayward girl, and gladly, oh, how gladly would I have forgiven her imprudence. To her first of all I went to seek an interview. Lucy was proud—too proud to be just to herself, yet she was generous and noble, in spite of all her fickleness.

Obstinately convinced that she had preferred another to me, I did not ask nor expect any explanations from her; I showed her without any hesitation the letter I had just received, and requested her to return me such letters as I had previously written to her, and any other little keepsake which might, in future, only prove

annoying to her. She bestowed on me a look I shall never forget.

"Do you believe this, Edward?"

"I do!" I replied, without hesitation.

"What unimpeachable evidence!" she retorted, with the first impulse of pride.

"I do not rely on the information contained in this letter. I have seen enough myself without asking any person's advice or opinion."

She immediately left the room, and returned in a few moments with a package of letters and a small box of jewels, my former presents, saying gaily, as she placed them in my hands,

"By these tokens, then, since it is your will, I absolve you!"

In spite of the smile that played upon her mouth, I thought I could detect traces of recent tears, hastily brushed away from her cheeks.

In a moment the thought flashed upon my mind that she might, after all, be true. Impulsively I was about to speak to her, to ask her if it was not so; but what should I say? I had gone too far, and it was too late to retreat. But, as the thought had come upon me like a flash, it vanished as it had come, leaving no alternative but to pursue the course I had adopted.

"Farewell then!" I said, with apparent indifference. "May your future life be ever lighted by the sunshine of happiness."

"Thank you! I trust no act of my own may ever bring misery upon me."

"Conscience, Miss Ames—conscience!"

"Will never reproach me!"

"God grant it. The step that you have taken may, in your opinion, be just, but let me assure you that others do not think so. We do not always see ourselves as others see us."

"I have done nothing, Mr. Worthington, to merit this—you are not only deceived, but impertinent, sir; and cautiously avoid any questions that might lead to an explanation——"

"I ask no explanation," I hurriedly replied, and immediately took my departure in no very amiable mood, nor did I wish to humble myself sufficiently to ask her any questions that might, as she had suggested, lead to a satisfactory explanation. What a victory pride had won! How perfect and complete had been its ultimate success on both sides.

CHAPTER II.

I HURRIED from the door, as I turned my steps homeward again. Instinctively I took the usual course in returning to the village, (for Lucy lived nearly a mile out of town) and walked down the railway track, so busy with my thoughts as to be utterly unconscious of anything and every thing else. There was a high bridge that lay between me and the village, just wide enough for the track, the middle of which was planked over for the convenience of pedestrians. Outside the track it was impossible to walk.

One of the planks, which was very thick and heavy, had been partly raised for some purpose, and left in that position. In endeavoring to pass it, I struck my foot against it, stumbled, and in recovering myself, forced one leg through the aperture, and striking my other foot with all the force required to regain my equilibrium, replaced the plank in such a manner as not only left my foot protruding through the narrow crack, but promised to present a difficulty in removing the plank.

I smiled to think how curiously I had been entrapped, and stooped down to remove the plank and free myself from so dangerous a position. The task was not so easily performed as I had imagined. The plank was wedged in, in such a manner that no effort of mine could remove it. I strove with more than mortal power, but it was in vain; nor could I extricate my foot, which was lacerated and smarting with the pain in its close confinement.

At first I did not consider the extent of my peril, but I soon began to perceive the danger of my situation; and I shuddered with horror to think that I should be obliged to remain there and be crushed to death by the cars! It was a cold day in December, and yet the beaded drops burst from every pore. A moment of phrenzied delirium succeeded, and when I rallied again, I found myself sitting between the rails, my foot still a prisoner, and no prospect of delivery.

I looked at my watch; it was half-past three. At five the down freight would pass, or if that should be late, the express would go up at half-past five; and at half past four it would be dark.

It was possible, nay, probable that some one would pass by before it should be too late. This way was nearer to the village than the road, though always regarded as more dangerous on account of the narrowness of the bridge, from which there would be no possibility of escape in case a train should come in sight while passing over it. Already one had been killed by endeavoring to cross at a time when the train was due; and should I be the second to perish there?

How the thought tortured me; and once again I tugged at the resisting plank. With all my strength I tried to withdraw my foot and leave the boot; but impossible!

It was four o'clock—in half an hour it would be dark—another half hour and death would be certain! I shouted for aid, but no habitation was within half a mile, and no answer was returned to my cries. Again and again I shrieked, while the despairing echoes reverberated through the distant wood, as though they would mock me in my misery. And then, with all the accumulated strength of madness I wrenched the plank, but could not move it from its place. It could not be possible that I should be obliged to sit there and be crushed to death, when human aid was so near. Had I been in some isolated forest, some depth of country, distant from town or cottage, my doom might have been more certain. Once again I shrieked with agonizing fury; wildly, desperately, the sounds of my voice rung out on the chilling air; while nothing but the mocking echoes made reply.

The sun had set; and the darkness was gathering fast over the valley below. Already the last reddening glow of sunshine was gleaming on the tops of the forest trees. My irrevocable destiny became every moment more and more apparent. Hark! My God! the train! No, no! I stretched forward and listened with breathless eagerness. There was not a sound to break the silence; I must have been deceived. But list! A voice! a voice! Thank God!

"Help! help! help!" I cried, and each time I shouted the words, I seemed, in despair, nerved up to greater power of speech, and called louder and louder each time. Did he hear me? There was no answer—all was still! Oh, merciful heaven, was this last chance for life denied me?

"Hall-oo!"

The voice was distant, but oh, how my blood leaped with joy at the sound!

Again I called with all the strength of my lungs, and again I was answered. In a little while a figure appeared advancing toward me, but as it was growing already so dark, I could not recognize him, nor did I care to; but when he came close to me, one glance showed me it was Arthur Wesley! should I let him pass by, nor ask him to assist me? Would he do so? As he approached he asked,

"Is this you, Mr. Worthington? Bless me, are you hurt?"

"No, thank you, I am not much hurt, but see, I am so nicely trapped here, that I could not free myself alone, and I think it is nearly time for the down freight to be due."

It was growing dark very fast; so dark, indeed, was it that I found it impossible to discover what time it was by my watch. He never hesitated a moment, but seized the detested plank with both hands, and at the same instant I, also, imitated his movements. The accursed thing resisted all our efforts, and remained obstinately immovable. What should be done? In half an hour the train would be due—would there be time to go for assistance—to bring an axe and liberate my foot? He would try.

"For God's sake, Mr. Wesley," said I, as he started to go, "be expeditious. It is too horrible to be obliged to sit here and face death unwillingly."

I was alone again. The winds sighed mournfully about me, but I felt relief. I even forgot my danger, and turned my attention once more to the thoughts with which I had been occupied when I unwittingly stumbled into my present unpleasant dilemma.

Nevertheless, I was apprehensive that he might be delayed until the train should pass. In fact, I had no assurance that he had time to go to Mr. Ames' and return before it should be too late. Another thought rushed upon my frantic brain. Had he deceived me? Would he not be only too happy in being thus easily rid of my unwelcome presence? I knew he never would come to me again—he would leave me to the mercy of such a cruel death. Heavens! There is no mistaking that sound—the whistle at the P—— Station, only five miles distant!

How well do I remember the thoughts that passed through my mind, as I patiently awaited the return of Arthur Wesley; for, although I had every reason to believe he would not come, still I instinctively awaited him, and hoped, oh, how I hoped he would return. Hour after hour had I sat there all day, and now I was still waiting and vibrating between the hope of delivery and the almost certain conviction of destruction. The fearful chill of despair was creeping over me; my trembling limbs already announced that my nerves were sinking in exhaustion. At every moment I kept a watch for his returning footsteps, but no welcome sound fell on my ear.

Hark! it is the train! The low, distant thunder cannot deceive me now. It will be here in a few minutes.

"Help! help!"

The wailing cry faded away, and there was no answer. Louder and louder came the thunder; nearer and nearer came the train. The rising moon disclosed to me the white column of smoke and steam, rising above the hill beyond the curve; and now the regularly beating puff and

cough of the engine struck my ear, like the gloating chuckle of some terrible monster regarding his victim. How like a phrenzy the thought came on me that it was now too late for assistance! No human being would venture on the bridge when the train was within hearing distance, when it was too dark to distinguish objects in time to stop the impetuous fire-horse; and yet, furious and frantic at the thought of such a death, I stretched my trembling limbs to their utmost, and shrieked again and again until I grew hoarse, and the thundering train drowned the feeble efforts of my voice. And now delirium seized me. I fancied some giant fiend held down the plank which I vainly tried to wrench from its firm position—I could hear the chuckle of satisfaction that it gave to think it had me there so safely in its power.

The loud roar that now reached my ear announced that the train had struck the bridge—there came an end to hope—oh, God, no power could avert the death that stared me in the face! For an instant I saw countless demons hovering through the air. Fire and smoke enveloped me—there was a crushing blow, a convulsion, a dim recollection of keen pains shooting through my imprisoned limb, and all was darkness. I knew no more.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN I returned again to consciousness, I was lying on an easy couch, in a room dimly lighted, but neatly and tidily furnished. While I lay, wondering where I was, and trying to recall what had passed, the door was slowly opened, and Lucy Ames entered the room. In a moment she was by my bedside, watching the motions and the expressions of my countenance, doubtless imagining that I was still delirious.

"Lucy—Miss Ames?"

She started back as I uttered the name, as though unwilling that I should discover her real thoughts; but, in a moment, recovering all self-possession, she looked calmly toward me, and asked, with a tone of affected indifference,

"Do you not feel easier, now?"

"Indeed I scarce know how I do feel," I replied, "but there is a pain and soreness in my head, and, in fact, in all my limbs. I must have been badly hurt."

I had a dim recollection of the occurrence narrated in the previous chapter; and I surely felt surprise that I should have again awakened to life. The pain which I felt, on regaining my reason, increased now momentarily. A physician was at hand, and every effort was made by

him as well as the members of Mr. Ames' family, (in whose house I was then lying) in which, also, Lucy and Mr. Wesley joined, to alleviate my sufferings.

In spite of all their attentions my pains rapidly augmented, and in a short time I was again lost in the unconscious delirium of fever. In my vague dreamings I was again on the narrow bridge, bending every effort, and straining every nerve to remove the piece of wood that bound me there. Again I was chained to a huge rock, in which unconscious laborers were drilling holes which they filled with powder to blast the unseemly mass to atoms. Fiends, shapeless and hideous, flew about me, chattering in glee—demons danced on the sharp edges of the rock, chuckling again like the measured puff of the engine; and at intervals they stooped to bind the chains closer, until the links festered into the very flesh, and turned my blood to gall with the poison in which they had been dipped. Caverns yawned on every side to receive me. All at once was heard the long shrill whistle of the engine, and voices that seemed the very agony of despair, screamed on every side of me, "The train! the train!"

But all this was past. I was well again, and could walk about the house with the aid of a crutch, for I had left one foot suspended in the bridge where I had so miraculously escaped death. Lucy had re-assured me of her love; not indeed by words, but by her actions. Long and patiently had she watched by my side; and to her more than any other do I owe the preservation of my life. No words had passed between us in relation to the subject which had so nearly separated us, yet there seemed to be a tacit acknowledgment of the error on my part, and a cheerful forgiveness on hers. But one day, when we chanced to be alone, I recurred to the folly of which I had been guilty, and more formally asked her forgiveness.

"Freely do I forgive you, if indeed you have been guilty of any act which would seem to require it. You doubtless acted according to your earnest inclination, which I would not wish

to oppose. I supposed your only object was to secure the hand of another, in leaving me, and that——"

"Lucy, Lucy! I was not so—I was mad; I was a fool! I believed too rashly, but now I will believe nothing, I will not even credit what I see; but tell me, Lucy, how it happened that on one or two occasions, after excusing yourself from accompanying me to an evening's visit or party, I should afterward meet you returning home, at almost midnight, in company with Mr. Wesley?"

"Still jealous, I see."

"No, no!—but——"

"Listen then, and I will explain all which I might have done sooner had you requested it. I was anxious to learn French; and as this was, probably, the only opportunity I should ever have, I had engaged to take private lessons of Mr. Wesley. I did not think it necessary to tell every one why I was so often seen in the company of that gentleman, who, I must assure you, is not only a very amiable young man, but is engaged to my cousin, with whom no inducement could cause him to break his compact."

"But why did he delay so long to come to my assistance, when I was about to be crushed by the train?"

"He did, indeed, make all the haste in his power; but in company with my brother, arrived a moment too late, when it would have been madness to have gone on the bridge. In the dim light they saw you fall into the water, which fortunately was deep and rapid, and consequently free from ice. They hastened to the bank of the stream, and in a few moments succeeded in rescuing you from this second danger, and bore you to the house."

"Friends! thank God; all friends!" I could not help but utter after listening to Lucy's explanation of all that had transpired. I was happy again, though maimed for life, a fact which Lucy generously seemed to quite overlook, as she did not hesitate to become Mrs. Worthington in less than a month after my perfect convalescence.

A FRAGMENT.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

On! where art thou, thou seemest still with me,
Yet well I know thy dwelling is in Heaven,
But can one place the ethereal essence hold?
An omnipresence sure to love is given,

And so thy foot treads down earth's violets lone,
Or amaranthine flowers which 'neath Heaven's sky
have blown.

LA BELLE LIEGOISE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER IV.

TWICE Therese Merincourt came in sight of the hawthorn, and twice she retreated, ashamed of being first at the old trysten spot, spite of the wild thoughts that might naturally have swept all this modest pride from her thoughts. To a nature like hers, suspense was torture, and every moment that she was forced to wait seemed an eternity.

At last she saw a figure moving slowly through the shadows on the river's brink. She stood breathless on a swell of the bank, watching it, almost afraid that her imagination had created the object so impatiently hoped for. But no! the figure came out into the moonlight, entered the mouth of the hollow, and crossed the bed of valley lilies.

"It is he—it is he!" exclaimed Therese, in a joyful under tone; and with the swiftness of a deer she sprang down the hollow.

"Alfred, my Alfred!" she whispered, for the gush of pleasure almost stifled her voice, "I knew, I was sure, that you would come and explain all this."

The young noble received this broken greeting with gentle indifference. He was already seated on the turf sofa, and holding forth his arm, drew her to his side languidly, as if they had parted only a day before.

"What is there to explain, *ma belle*?" he said, "save that I am glad to see you once more, and still so beautiful. Has the time gone by quickly since we parted?"

"Quickly? Alas! Alfred, you know well, that every moment is leaden when you are away from the chateau. As for me I have no life when it is not shared with you. But you have been home now two whole days, and this is my first moment—is not that cruel?"

"Exacting as ever," cried the young man, half yawning, "but as beautiful too; and loveliness must have its privileges. Why, Therese, you forget that the marquis is up yonder with guests from Paris; and I am not so entirely my own master as I was when we first met."

"I know—I know. Twenty times, last night,

I said this to myself; but with it all I could not rest—I was here, Alfred, after midnight. I was up at the chateau, wandering around it like a night-bird. I saw you last night, Alfred."

"Saw me! When and where?" inquired the young man, rather anxiously turning his eyes on the girl.

"I was on the rose terrace, while you were at supper."

"On the rose terrace, after twelve! And what happened? What were we doing? It was a wild revel, and not intended for female eyes—what passed, Therese, that you hesitate and look so sad?"

"At first I saw no one but yourself—you were standing up, speaking, with wine in your hand and laughter all around you."

"Well—well, you were close enough to see that, but not to hear voices of course. You could not make out what was said."

"Yes! I heard and understood every word."

"Every word? What were these words? We had a dashing revel, and many wild things were said—which of them reached your ears, my pretty evesdropper?"

"I heard my own name," answered Therese, with a tinge of bitterness in her voice.

"Your own name?"

"Yes, and in your lips, Count Alfred. It was well we did not meet then."

"And what would you have done, lovely termagant? Nothing fatal, I trust, or I shall fear to remain in this lonely place, where those eyes have done so much execution already."

"I heard you speak of this place also—of the old times—I heard you——"

"No matter what you heard, Therese," said the young man, interrupting her hastily. "It was a reckless carouse, in which many wild things were said——"

"And among them," burst forth the passionate girl, "and among them was an offer to send those young profligates here to meet me—me, your promised wife—in your place. I would not believe it, I doubted my own senses—I would doubt the whole world rather than you,

Count Alfred. I came here in the morning, with the first sunbeams—and here, in the spot made sacred by vows that still burn in my heart, I found these reckless men. They had taken you at your word."

"And you were here? You saw them?" exclaimed the count, angrily.

"I was here. I both saw and heard them. In the fresh air, my name was banded from lip to lip, as it had been caught up scoffingly from your rash challenge."

"And they saw you?"

"Me? no! I heard their voices in time and concealed myself. Their scoffs swept over me as I crowded in yonder filbert thicket—still I did not believe them—though my own ears heard the mocking words fall from your lips, I was unconvinced as ever. My heart flung off the truth and rejects it yet."

She stopped speaking and looked into his face, with a searching, wild scrutiny, full of solicitation. At that moment, she would have given her life for one look of honest denial. But the young man turned away, with an impatient gesture, and spoke angrily, like one unpleasantly annoyed; but not with the honest indignation, which rises up against a false charge.

"You act wisely," he said. "Knowledge, so obtained, should be received carefully. It seems to me that I have just cause of offence, Therese. The chateau was an improper place for you, when it was overrun with gay cavaliers, like those my father has invited. I wonder that you did not shrink from placing yourself in a position, at once so painful, and so indecorous."

The hot blood rushed up to the young girl's face. Her small hand clenched and unclenched itself, with angry vehemence. The caustic tone, more than the words of the reprimand, fired up the indignation, which she had all the time been striving to smother.

"This," she said, "this, more than the other, strikes my faith to the earth! Sir count, you love me no longer!" she added, rising.

"Not while you give way to these unwomanly passions! Not while you give heed to words, uttered while the brain is fuming with wine—the reckless badinage of a midnight revel, to which your own rash impatience was the only introduction! I am not to be so judged."

"But this morning—those men—there was no midnight revel in this hollow, while the dew lay bright upon it," said Therese, still tempting the exculpation her heart panted for.

"I tell you," answered the count, angrily, "it was worse than that. My father's guests kept up the carouse till morning, and followed it up,

not only here, but to my own room. It is their mad ravings, by which you would judge me."

"One word, one word," cried the girl, giving way to the agony of doubt and tenderness that overwhelmed her. "One word, and I cast all this away forever. Tell me that you are unchanged—I heed not those reckless words more than the dregs of wine from which they sprang. But now your thoughts are clear, your brain cool—tell me now that you are unchanged, that you love me as ever, and I will beg your pardon on my knees for these false doubts. Thus, thus, with my head against the true heart I have wronged." Therese fell upon her knees as she spoke, and laid her cheek against his bosom, lifting her eyes to his face with a look of unutterable affection.

"You do not speak. You put me away. Your eyes, great heavens! what is this? Will you not answer me?"

Therese arose slowly to her feet. Tint by tint, the flush left her features, till they grew dusky and pale, as a marble face thrown into shadow. Count Alfred lifted his eyes to hers, evidently with a wish to continue the system of torture he had commenced; but there was a force of passion in her face, that checked even his audacity, and he attempted to answer her with one of those flippant subtleties, that are more annoying than absolute cruelty.

"Upon my word, Therese! But it is worth while making you angry, one never knows how resplendant those eyes can become till they are taught to burn as now. Love you, girl? Why Juno herself could not ask the question more loftily."

Therese stood searching his face with the eyes he had been so lightly praising. The pallor on her cheek deepened. Some fatal conviction seemed fastened upon her.

"There is nothing earnest in your words, Count Alfred. You would quench my thirst with foam. I will be answered honestly."

"Well then, propound your questions. I am not in a serious mood; but that look and voice will soon drive me into a frame of mind suited to your temper. What is it you wish me to say?"

"I would ask," said Therese, in a low, cold voice, "if you have altogether ceased to love me; if you have forgotten the past, or wish to forget it?"

"And I would answer, *ma belle*, not altogether have I ceased to love you. A being so more than beautiful, might well command the grateful remembrance of any heart, at least for three months. But human nature is frail, and a

grand passion like ours becomes exhausting after a time; it taxes the sensibilities too keenly; and one's love may grow more moderate and reasonable without expiring altogether. As for the past, that exquisite past, to forget it would be like tearing away the fragments of existence, that have been Paradise. The pleasantest part of a romance like ours is the memories it leaves behind."

"Your voice has a mocking tone in it. Your lips curve with scorn of your own words or of me. I have sought in vain for one frank look, or earnest tone," said Therese, still pale, and looking at him steadfastly. "Beware, Count Alfred, how you trifle thus with a daughter of the people."

"A daughter of the people! Truly I did forget that it was one of this class who dares thus haughtily to question a De Maury," answered the young man, rising with all the pride of high birth in his air. "Therese, this scene has gone too far. I have given you no right to question my feelings, or actions, after this fashion. You should have known how impossible it was for an attachment so unequal to last beyond the first weeks of its birth. I have submitted to your reproaches, because in mentioning your name to my guests, I exposed you to their comments; and for that I am both sorry and ashamed. But it is useless attempting to kindle the ashes of a passion, that has died out with absence. You cannot expect that—nor do I wish to disturb those pleasant memories of the past, that should cling around a broken love dream, as odors cling to a broken vase. If we cannot renew the past, do not let it be rendered repulsive by reproaches."

Therese wavered a little, while he was uttering this heartless speech; her lips blanched whiter and whiter, and an agony of terrible despair came into her eyes. At last a low cry broke from her lips, and from the anguish of that cry, three words came with terrible distinctness, "*It is over.*"

For an instant she stood upright, her features white, and her looked hands falling down stiffened and cold. Then the rigidity melted from her limbs, and she fell prone upon the turf, not insensible, but moaning as if some weapon had pierced her to the heart, and writhing with pain keener than any weapon ever gave.

Count Alfred stooped down, and would have raised her in his arms, but she shrank away, shuddering as if a viper had attempted to coil itself around her. Again he made an effort to lift her to the turf sofa, but this time she staggered to her feet, and stood before

him more like a marble statue than a human being.

"I am going home," she said, hoarsely, waving him back with her hand. "One more question, and I leave this spot forever."

She looked around, with a wild, despairing look; even the memories that must have crowded on her failed to dim those wild eyes with a single tear; but the anguish, that swept over her face, was heart-breaking.

"Another question—you have ceased to love me. I know that, and you see my voice does not falter, as it utters the hideous truth in words; but these noble cavaliers said more, they spoke of a lady at court, a person whom they called Clemence. Is this person my rival?"

"Do not question me farther. You are excited. This storm of passion is killing you—I had not expected such violence," answered the count, frightened out of all his mocking self-possession, by the sublime agony of her look and tone. "Some other time we will speak of this."

"For you and I there is no other time—and never will be. Again I ask, has this person, whom your friends call Clemence, supplanted me in your heart?"

"She is a lady of birth and fortune, a favorite with the queen, and my family desire her to become my wife."

"And you? Dare you, pledged solemnly to another, bound to her by every tie of honor, dare you ask this woman to become your wife?"

The proud noble turned haughtily on the young creature he had wronged, but her dark eyes met his with a pride as stern as his own.

"Dare you?" she repeated.

The patrician blood mounted warmly into his face. Was he, a noble of the proudest court in Europe, to be questioned thus by a peasant's child, whom he had done too much honor in noticing at all?

"Dare?" he said. "I not only dare, beautiful termagant, but I have already asked the lady's hand in marriage."

A flash of burning crimson shot athwart the marble white of Therese Merincourt's forehead, and the smouldering fire grew lurid in her eyes. She stepped a pace nearer to the noble and touched his arm with her hand.

"Count Alfred, we part now; but it shall not be forever. You have put shame upon a daughter of the people—the people that are growing strong under insults and wrongs like this you meditate. I do not ask your love after this. It is worthless as the bruised grass I tread on. But justice, that I will have, or missing it, such

vengeance as shall satisfy even the burning hate which has sprung out of the love you have just tortured to death."

The young man turned pale, for there was something in the intense passion of this speech, that awed even his reckless nature. But after a moment all his audacity came back, and turning from her with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulder, he answered jeeringly,

"Upon my honor, Therese, you would make a fortune on the stage. Why not go to Paris? There is money and pleasure to be coined out of a talent like this. Novelty is greatly wanted on the stage just now. Go to Paris, child, you would be the rage there."

Therese stood looking sternly upon him. The very force of her wrath kept her still. At last a single sentence broke from her white lips.

"Dastard, I *will* go to Paris!"

He started, looked at her fixedly a moment, and forced a laugh, a hollow, restless laugh, that bespoke more of anxiety than he would acknowledge even to himself.

She turned from him with a gesture of sublime contempt, and walked away; but instead of going in the direction of her own home, she moved steadily toward the chateau De Maury.

"This path leads the wrong way," said the count, following her. "A few minutes will bring you in sight of the chateau."

"It is to the chateau that I am going," was her terse reply.

"And for what object may I presume to ask?"

"I go to demand justice of your father, the Marquis De Maury."

"What justice can he award between you and I, Therese? Nay, stop. I regard you still too much for this. My father would but wound your haughty pride more deeply. Do not go near him for your own sake—for myself I care nothing."

Therese kept on her way in pale silence, simply waving her hand as if to silence or dismiss him. When they came near the chateau, he left her, saying, with a troubled laugh,

"Well, well, have your own way! The old gentleman is sure to be either satirical, or gallant; and in either case I can promise him a match. By my soul, I do not think you will gain much by the exchange though, fair vixen."

She did not seem to hear him, but moved steadily on, self-centred, and still possessed by a passion so terrible, that it had no possible expression.

The young noble, light of nature himself, could not understand a character of such terrible force, and went away attempting to hum

an air which had just become fashionable at court; but the attempt died on his lip, and in the depths of his heart lay a vague dread of the storm he had so wantonly aroused.

In the grand entrance Therese met several servants in rich livery, passing back and forth from the saloons, as if in immediate service. She stopped one of these, and inquired for the Marquis De Maury, with an air so self-possessed, that the man answered with unconscious respect.

"The marquis is occupied just now with his guests. Whom shall I say desires the honor of an audience?"

"Say that it is Therese Merincourt, a daughter of the people, who wishes to speak with him alone, or in the presence of his son."

The servant looked at her from head to foot; but neither curiosity, nor surprise, had power to overcome the awe with which her presence filled him. With a respectful obeisance, he left her, and went into a saloon, from which a hum of cheerful voices issued. The door was left partially open, and Therese heard these voices, most of which sounded familiar, raised with considerable tumult.

"Let her come in here. Nay, nay, my lord marquis, this fair peasant must not be a family monopoly. It is hardly hospitable to your guests. Did not Count Alfred promise us a sight of the rustic Venus, and send us on a wild-goose chase for nothing. At this rate we may never have a chance to judge of her beauty, or compare it with that of the lovely Clemence. Nay, marquis, you doubt our good behavior. Try us! We will be propriety itself. Only give us one glance at this beauty and we are content."

A deep and rather pleasant voice answered this tumultuous appeal; but Therese could not distinguish the words, which were followed by a laugh and broken exclamations of approval. Directly there was a movement in the room, as if some one was leaving it; and then the servant came out motioning Therese to follow him.

She passed through several ante-chambers, and at last entered a small summer parlor, which she recognized at once. The frescoed ceiling; the gilt panels, each lighting up some design of rather questionable taste, but exquisite in finish; the flowing draperies; the floor inlaid with precious wood, struck her with a sensation of sickening disgust. It was there she had witnessed the midnight carouse, when her own name, of which she was so proud, had been desecrated by his mocking lips—*his* lips. For an instant there came to her cheeks a flash of burning shame, as she thought of that night, then her face grew

still and tintless, giving a force to the brilliancy of her eyes that made their glances like fiery arrows. Therese Merincourt was utterly unlike the tender, impatient, and too loving girl, whom we have once described; but there was a wonderful power of beauty in her presence yet, which struck the old marquis as she entered.

"You wish to speak with me," said the old man, rising with a gallant air, for he was ever ready to render homage to female beauty, and that of Therese took him by surprise. "Be seated, and say in what I can have the happiness to serve you."

Therese rejected the chair to which he motioned her. She required no rest. The wild native pride of her nature was support enough.

"Marquis," she said, so gently that but for her face the old man might have supposed her business of no more importance than the asking of a flower from the terrace. "Marquis De Maury, I have come to claim, at your hands, the justice scoffingly withheld by your son."

"My son!" exclaimed the marquis, smiling blandly, and taking out his diamond snuff-box from the pocket of his embroidered waistcoat. "Upon my word, young lady, it is quite misfortunate enough, at my age, to have a son old enough to be complained of, without being asked to atone for his misdeeds. Is it some love passage, which my grown wisdom is to reconcile?"

Therese did not blush. The shame and tenderness of her nature seemed to have all died out. Her face, if possible, grew paler than before, and she trembled from heart to limb, but so quietly that the marquis sat marveling at her composure.

"Yes, it is a love passage, perhaps a common thing here," she said, glancing around the room. "But with us—with the people, who feel and think and are learning to act as becomes God's creatures—the falsehood practiced on the daughter of an honorable man should have a more serious name—it is love's perjury that I come here to complain of. Look at me, Marquis De Maury. I am an only child, as your son is—my father is an intelligent, proud man like yourself, save that his knowledge is of people, not of classes, and his pride the growth of individual self-respect, with its root in his own heart, not in the grave of a dead ancestor, this man, my father, has centred all the pride and hope of his life in me; he has wealth and great power among the people, a power which extends even to Paris, where the might of human opposition is growing strongest. True, we have no ancestry of the sword, but even your haughty line knows as little of disgrace as ours."

"Nay," said the marquis, interrupting her with a flush of displeasure spreading over his face. "I do not comprehend this language, or these pretensions. If you are indeed a plebeian, a fact that I—from your great beauty—was disposed to doubt, my son has indeed degraded himself, and I should be loath to have his folly made more public, you did well to communicate with me at once. The estate has not been so productive, this year, as I could wish, but my steward will find the means of satisfying your father. Alfred is a De Maury, and I would not have him tarnish the family name by any want of liberality."

"Liberality, marquis, liberality!"

"Well, what objection can you find to the word, young lady?" rejoined the marquis, looking up in surprise.

"Much," answered Therese, "if it means——"

"It means everything that is liberal, everything that can be expected from a De Maury to a man of your father's caste."

"Marquis," said the young girl, waving her hand with a smile of disdainful rejection. "Speak out if you dare. Tender money to the girl to whom your son has pledged himself. Say it in words that she may despise you worse than him. Talk of noble blood. If it were not black as sin your cheek would burn in offering this insult to me."

The marquis looked up with an expression of absolute amazement. He had no idea of pride in one who had no ancestry to fall back upon; and this burst of defiant passion interested him, exactly as the scenes of a play might have done. He thought it well performed, nothing more. So, while the poor girl stood before him with a storm of passion burning in her heart and eyes, he regarded her with a smile of gentle surprise, exhausting a pinch of snuff and dusting the particles from his laced ruffles daintily before he spoke again.

"Well," he said at last, "what is it your desire?"

"I have said that your son, Count Alfred, forgetting, or seeming to forget, the distinctions that divide classes in our unhappy land, pledged his honor, as a gentleman, that before this time of the year, he would demand me in marriage of my father. I claim the enforcement of this promise from his father, the Marquis De Maury."

The old marquis laughed till the laced ruffles in his bosom shook again.

"Why, mademoiselle, are you in earnest?" he said.

"If ever a human soul was."

"And you wish my son and heir, the favorite

of Maria Antoinette and the affianced husband of the first lady of the court, to accept his wife from a Belgian farm house. Upon my word, mademoiselle, but that you are so beautiful, I could find it in my heart to be angry at this hardihood."

"You refuse then," said the girl, with a hard smile, "you sanction the base act in your son."

"Not at all, not at all. Only the remedy is impossible even if he wished it. In another month Count Alfred will be married."

"And you will it so?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, I will it so."

Therese bent her head, like one who receives the last blow which sinks her to the earth; then her face slowly appeared again with a look of wild despair breaking over it.

"My lord marquis, I must see your son, here, in your presance."

"With all my heart," answered the noble, touching a bell that stood by him on the table—

"Paul," he added, addressing the servant that presented himself, "tell Count Alfred that I would speak with him. Be seated, mademoiselle, you look weary."

"I am weary," answered the poor girl.

Count Alfred entered hurriedly, and with an air of annoyance.

"You sent for me, monsieur," he said. "Oh! I see why now—mademoiselle loses no time." And he cast an angry look at Therese and flung himself in a chair.

She went close up to him and leaned one arm on his chair. You could see that she trembled so much that this support was needful.

"Alfred."

Her voice was low, and so husky that it sounded scarcely above a whisper.

"Well, mademoiselle?"

She struggled hard and spoke again.

"We loved each other once."

"Well."

He uttered the word with a slight shrug of the shoulder, which seemed to excite her into strength, for she stood up more firmly.

"At least *I* loved you. The God who will judge between us only knows how much!"

The old marquis took out his snuff-box again. The young man moved uneasily in his chair.

"It was a fatal love for me, perhaps for us both, for the evil will not fall on me alone—you are strong and I am weak. Be merciful and save us both. Forget that you have been faithless, that I have been harsh and reproachful. It was insanity. You were mad to dream that a soul like mine could be won and flung off. I tell you our love, or our hate, is eternal."

The young man half rose, but fell back resignedly in his chair, looking with a deprecating smile at the marquis.

"You see, monsieur, I am sufficiently punished. Your admonition, if one was meditated, is superfluous."

"I am pained and astonished, Alfred," said the father, replacing the snuff-box in his vest pocket, and settling himself for the lecture which he seemed to think a necessary part of the scene.

"Pained, not astonished, I think, father. But spare me——"

"Spare you," said Therese, arousing herself as if from a cold trance, and looking steadily in the distance. "Spare me. Spare yourself the wild horror that, I see coming up redly in the future! Oh! my beloved, my beloved, pause, pause, before you turn this mighty love into hate. On my knees, groveling at your feet, I implore you to save yourself and me from the awful retribution that comes stalking toward us."

She sunk to his feet, weaving her arms around him, shivering, pale and distressed, like one who falls down before a ghost.

"I do not plead now for love," she said, "but that you will save me from the cold hate that is creeping even now toward the soul, that struggles beneath all this writhing scorn to save itself. I feel it now, writhing and tightening like a serpent around the heart that was yours. A little time, and the dove, now frightened and paralyzed, will die, and in its nest this withering hate creep."

The count shuddered. The future which her words foreshadowed chilled him. Even the worldly old marquis looked anxious.

"Think," she said, "think what it is to trample all the sweet hopes out of a life so young as mine, to wither up a heart so warm and full of its future. Search your bosom. See if there is not in some corner a spark of the old love that will save us. I am no longer proud, I will not meet your changefulness with scorn. Oh! how my heart aches again. The tears that will not flow are breaking it."

The young man was not all hardened. The pathos of that voice, the pale, gleaming face uplifted in wan supplication, reached his better feelings; he looked down upon her, if not tenderly, at least with a touch of compassion.

She saw the look and threw herself on his bosom, and cried,

"Mine. Oh! great heavens, he is mine again."

But he put her away quietly, yet with firmness.

"Not so, Therese, not so. All is, all must be

over between us. I am grieved. It distresses me. But we must never see each other again."

Therese Merincourt stood up, rising slowly and taking the rigidity of marble. Her black eyes looked forward, as if interrogating some unseen spirit. A frown lowered upon her forehead, knitting her brows gloomily. Her lips were parted as if she were trying to speak and could not. She stood like a Nemesis taking orders from fate.

The count fastened his eyes upon her in terror, and even the old marquis seemed appalled, for she remained exactly in one position more than a minute.

After a little the tension on her nerves relaxed and she fell back with a deep breath. Heaven only knows whether insanity or hate took possession of her then; but she pleaded no more. The two men in her presence might have been shadows for any notice that she took of them. Very slowly, and with her eyes downcast, she turned and left the room, without a word or a look.

On her way home, Therese met the little boy, who had so often supplied her with wild flowers. He held a bouquet of violets and valley lilies, in his hand, which he had just gathered from the hawthorn hollow.

She knew the flowers at once, and with a strange smile took them all. For a long time,

she stood, dropping the blossoms one by one to her feet, and trampling them down into the earth with noiseless ferocity. Then she became conscious that the boy was wondering at her, and with a sweet, cold smile, she bade him bring her more, and to tear up the flowers by the root as he plucked them.

The boy was startled by her manner, and hesitated to go. His object in seeking her was but half accomplished.

"Mademoiselle Therese," he said, timidly, "see what I have found beneath the hawthorn tree. It had fallen among the violets. What shall I do with it?"

Therese reached out her hand. The boy placed a small medallion of enamel and gold in it innocently, drawing her attention to the beautiful female face encircled by the diamonds that edged it.

Therese looked earnestly at the face and closed her fingers slowly over it.

"Is it yours, Mademoiselle Therese?" said the child, "how glad I am that it was me who found it."

Therese gave him a piece of gold. "Run home," she said, "and tell your brother that I will meet him in Paris."

"In Paris, Mademoiselle Therese."

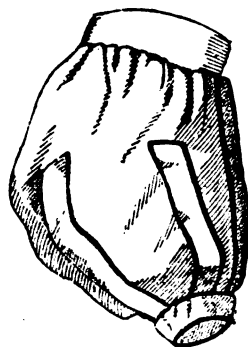
"In Paris," she repeated, walking on. "In Paris."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEW STYLE OF SLEEVES.



LACE EDGED SLEEVE.



PUFFED SLEEVE.

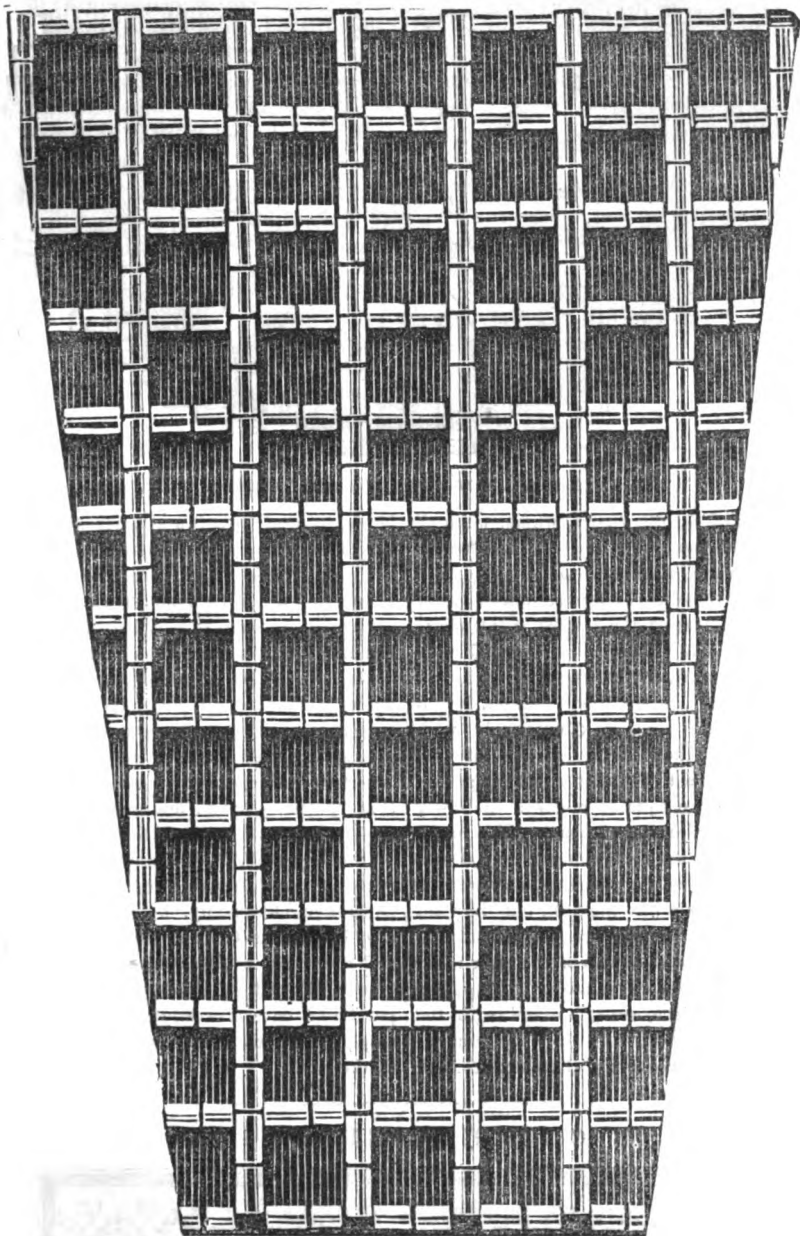
ORNAMENTAL FLOWER-POT.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



FLOWER-POT STAND.

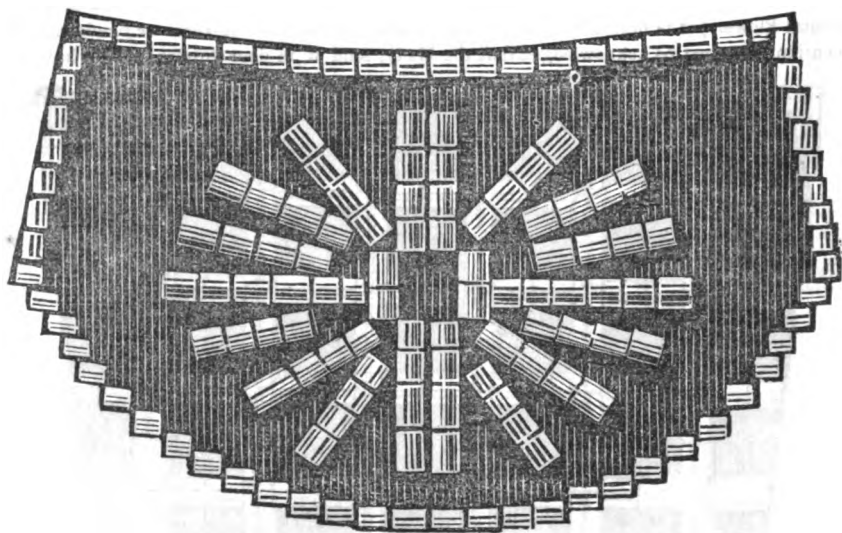
MATERIALE.—Beads and Berlin wool. This common earthen red Flower-pot is scarcely in ornamental Flower-pot is both elegant, and easy keeping with drawing-room or boudoir. Every of execution. It must be acknowledged that the lady, fond of in-door flowers, should have a few



FULL SIZED SECTION FOR SIDE OF FLOWER-POT STAND.

of these fancy flower-pots, within which the common article may be placed, thus leaving the plant undisturbed, capable of being changed as often as required.

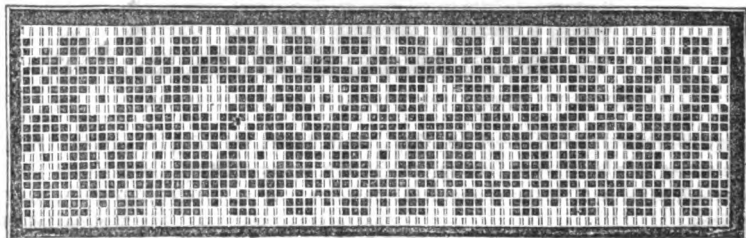
Our design will give the general effect of one of the ornamental Flower-pots we are recommending. A section is also given for forming one of a medium size. Six of these are required



FULL SIZED PATTERN FOR BORDER OF FLOWER-POT STAND.

as well as six of the other part, which, when all are joined together, produces the ornamental overhanging rim. Both are to be cut out in perforated cardboard. There are three sizes of this perforated board; the largest is the one to be preferred. The ground is to be worked in colored Berlin wool, in the way marked in our engraving, namely, in squares. Scarlet, bright green, or French blue, look extremely well. This being done, the O.P. beads, either of opal or clear white, are to be taken and arranged on the lines where the squares meet, in the lower part running regularly across each other, in the marginal part arranged according to the pattern. When the work is so far prepared, a second set of pieces cut exactly like the first, only in plain cardboard, or pasteboard, are to be cut and covered, like patchwork, with a green or other colored lining, either of calico or silk. Then each perforated piece, ready worked with the Berlin wool and beads, is to be placed on one of the pieces thus covered with the calico, and being secured by a few stitches at the corners, care having been taken that the two shall exactly fit; those which form the body of the Flower-pot are to be bound down each side with a narrow sarsenet ribbon, leaving the top and rim and basement line unbound for the present. When this is done, the sides are to be sewn together, thus forming the shape; after which a wire is to be sewn round both top and bottom to give it firmness, and then both are to be bound. After this, the six parts which form the rim being properly bound and sewn together so as to form a circle, are to be sewn on to the top of the lower part. We must again repeat the necessity of taking the greatest care that all the parts should fit exactly. Being thus put together, it only remains to cover each joint with beads, and each rim, both top and bottom, according to our illustration. The tassels may be either purchased ones of silk, or made of beads, corresponding with those used in the other parts of the work.

CROCHET EDGING.



ART AND AMUSEMENT.

BY H. J. VERNON.

AN amusing hour may be spent, by taking the form of an oval, and drawing on it eccentric human faces; for the oval is the base, so to speak, on which the painter builds the profile always. Thus, in Fig. I., the oval is divided

FIG. I.



into four nearly equal portions: the central line across being for the eye, and the other two for the limit of the hair and the bottom of the nose. But take notice that portions are cut off, that is at the back where the neck is inserted; a little has to be added for forehead, chin, and hair; and some modification takes place about the region of the eye.

However the oval forms essentially the basis of the structure of a well-proportioned face, such as is shown in Fig. I. Draw for yourself, or trace from Fig. I., a figure for your basis. Next make a number of these tracings upon a clean sheet of drawing-paper, and marking them in very lightly in pencil, proceed as directed in the case of the front face in the last lesson; altering the feature lines, lengthening or shortening the chin, nose, and forehead according to your fancy. By this process, some of the most laughable results may be produced.

FIG. II.



FIG. III.



Still more ludicrous faces may be drawn, by going a step further. Heretofore you have only dealt with the depth relatively of the several parts of the face. Now give some parts an undue prominence and behold the result—Mother Hubbard, Fig. II., and the immortally funny Punch, Fig. III.

Observe that the peculiarity of these comic physiognomies consists merely in their deviation from the regularly formed head of Fig. I. They are constructed upon that oval which may be seen underneath. The variety of ways in which this exercise may be worked is infinite. Sub-

FIG. IV.



FIG. V.



joined are a few. In Figs. IV. and V. beards, moustachios, eyebrows, the hair cut absurdly short, or left redundant, joined to the sinking in of the facial angle, produce the effect of comicality. In Figs. VI. and VII. the same end is

FIG. VI.

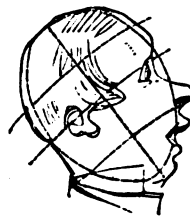
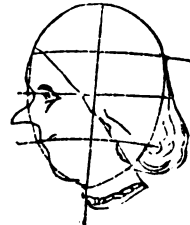


FIG. VII.



attained by the simplest means, and with even less exaggeration. And here we again repeat, that the less deviation there is from the proper proportions the better.

As a pendent we give the annexed Fig. VIII. Every one will recognize it as a model drawing

FIG. VIII.

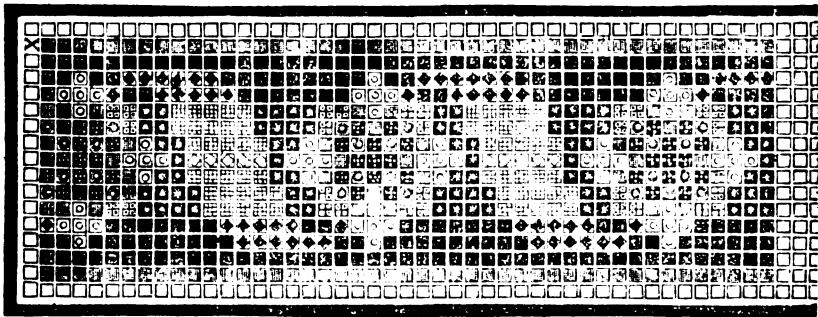


—such as is to be found upon walls, and occasionally upon the margins of school-books, the first inventive results of childhood.

We might give numerous other examples, but these are sufficient to afford a hint; and that is all that is needed, it being best that each person should draw from their own fancy. Part of an evening may be amusingly spent, by collecting around a table, sketching odd faces in this way, and then comparing them. The amusement, too, will assist the learning to draw, as it will give self-reliance, a freer touch and bring out originality.

BORDER IN BEADS OR WOOL.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.



We give here a pattern for a border for beads or wool, accompanied with a key to the colors, a bag, slippers &c., to be worked in colored colors.

■ Dark Green.
 ◻ Light Green.
 ◻ Claret.
 ◻ Medium Green.
 ◻ Amber.
 ◻ Black.
 ◻ Violet.

■ Dark Claret.
 ◻ Dark Amber.
 ◻ Light Green.
 ◻ Medium Green.
 ◻ Dark Green.
 ◻ Claret.
 ◻ Medium Amber.
 ◻ Lightest Amber.

KEY TO THE COLORS.

LETTERS AND NAME FOR MARKING.



FICHU BERTHE, AND BOY'S JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give again engravings of two articles for the season, and such as any young lady can make our department, "How To Make One's Own for herself without difficulty. Nos. 1 and 2 of Dresses," and accompany them, as usual, with the diagram, when enlarged, will show how the diagrams, by which they may be cut out. The Fichu is to be cut. It is afterward to be trimmed first is a beautiful Fichu Berthe, appropriate for med with lace.

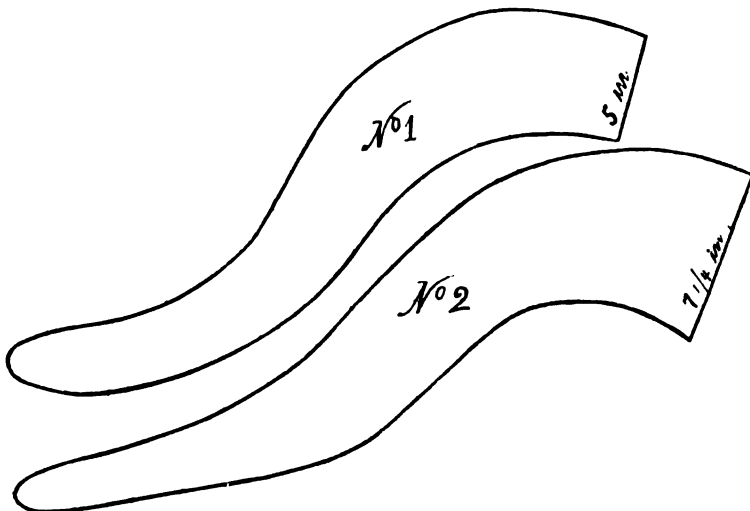


DIAGRAM FOR FICHU BERTHE.



The second engraving is that of a jacket for a little boy of five or six years old, to be made of velvet, or any other seasonable material, with buttons for ornaments. It is such as any mother, at all accustomed to making garments for her little ones, can cut out without the aid of a mantua-maker. The annexed diagram will show how.

- No. 1. Front.
- No. 2. Back.
- No. 3. Side-piece of back.
- No. 4. Skirt.
- No. 5. Sleeve.

Velvet is a very suitable material for this charming jacket, which has the advantage of being not only beautiful, but comfortable and healthy. Too many of the jackets, made for little boys, are too open in front, in consequence of which the wearers catch colds on the chest, which often injure their lungs permanently. In our variable climate, children should be so dressed, that, whatever changes in the weather take place, they will be protected from even the chance of taking cold: and this jacket is exceedingly suitable for that purpose.

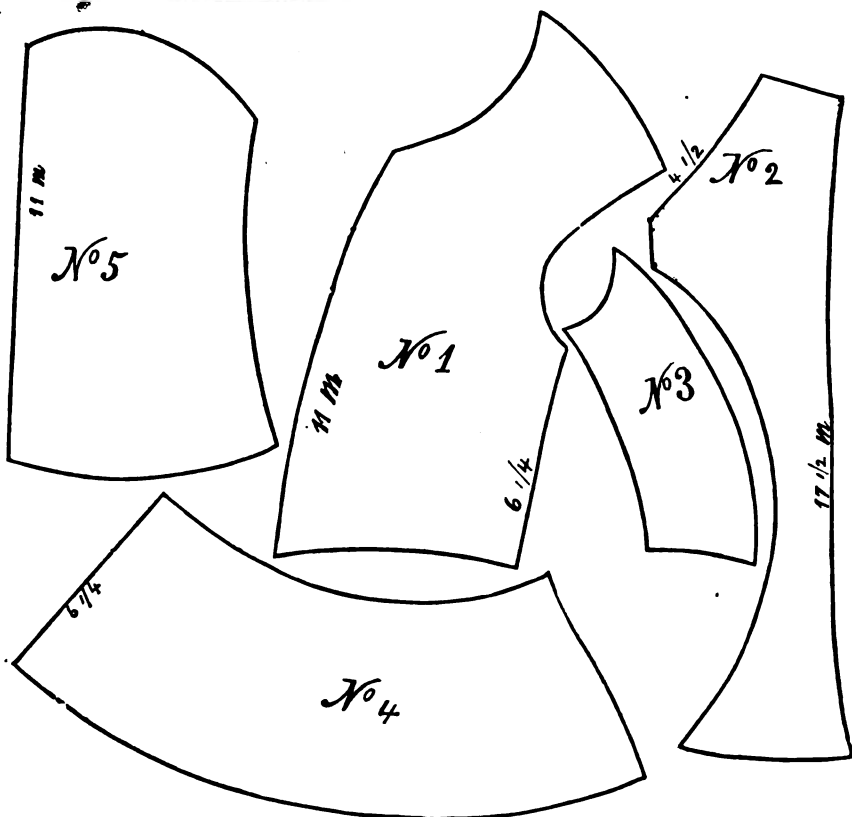
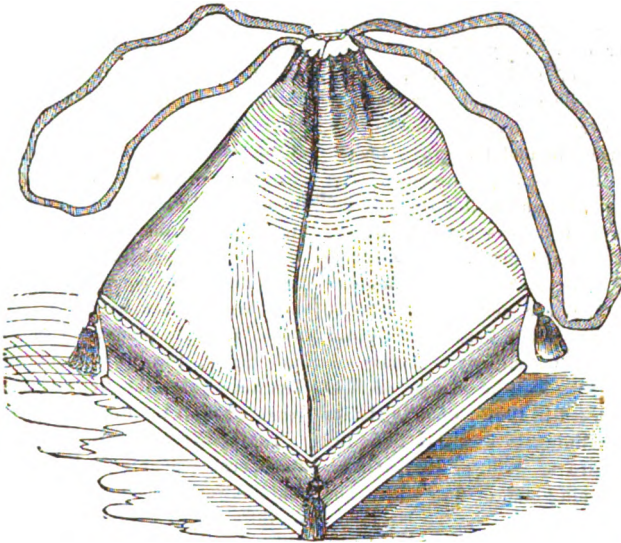


DIAGRAM FOR LITTLE BOY'S JACKET.

LADY'S RETICULE.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



THIS is a very pretty design for a reticule. Materials, green silk, purple morocco and pasteboard. Cut the bottom out of pasteboard, the size you wish, and cover it with the morocco, bringing the morocco a little up the sides as a

finish, the pasteboard having first been turned up for that purpose. Then sew on the four pieces of silk, and complete with a drawing string, at the top, of fine silk cord, and tassels of sewing silk below to match the silk of the bag.

BOYS' COLLAR.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

THE pretty and fashionable collar, of which we are now giving a design, is to be worked on fine linen, the whole interior part up to the border being double. The centre being thus solid and enriched with spots, makes the guipure

edge a very effective relief, and the two contrast admirably with each other. The cross lines of the guipure are to be done in No. 4 crochet cotton. The other parts in No. 16 embroidery cotton. Pattern in front of number.

FLOWERS IN COLORED EMBROIDERY FOR BALL DRESSES.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

YOUNG ladies, especially in the country, who have leisure on their hands, often have occasion for a ball-dress, which, while it is beautiful, is

also inexpensive. For such persons we give, in the front of this number, four designs for flowers in colored embroideries, which have a very ele-

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gant effect, when worn on party dresses. They are intended to be embroidered on small pieces of either black or white net, not of too fine a fabric, and to be attached to the bottom of the double skirt. They are equally applicable for white tarlatan, white net, or black net. One of their advantages consists of the readiness with which they can be taken off one dress and transferred to another one. They are each to be worked on a piece of stiff open net, merely allowing the size to be a little larger than the sprig. When the embroidery is finished, the edge is to be turned in and the group tacked down on the dress for which it is intended. The small portion of net ground visible through the branching leaves and flowers scarcely shows, and is no blemish on the dress. These sprigs are to be worked in Berlin wool in common embroidery stitch. They are neither difficult nor tedious. A slight portion of floss silk improves the appearance, but is not strictly necessary.

THE ROSEBUD SPRIG.—The leaves of this group are to be worked in Berlin wool, in shades of green rather inclining to a yellow tint; the buds with a mixture of gold, or rusty shade. The pink in the opening bud, of floss silk. The stems, in brown Berlin wool.

THE LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY SPRIG.—The broad leaves on which the flowers rest are to be embroidered in green Berlin wool, having a tendency to blue. There should be sufficient distinction of depth and color between the stripes. The flowers in white floss silk, shaded with grey.

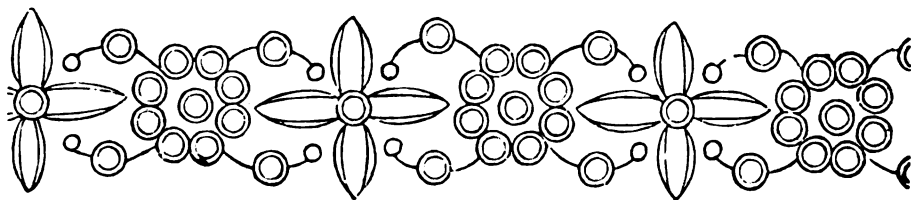
THE FUSCHIA SPRIG.—The leaves are to be worked in a deep rich green. The flowers in bright shades of crimson.

THE CONVULVULUS SPRIG.—The leaves of this group are to be executed in lighter shades of green than those of the other flowers. The color of the Convolvulus is of the lighter and brightest shades of French blue. A little yellow is to be introduced into the centre of each. The floss silk brightens the effect.

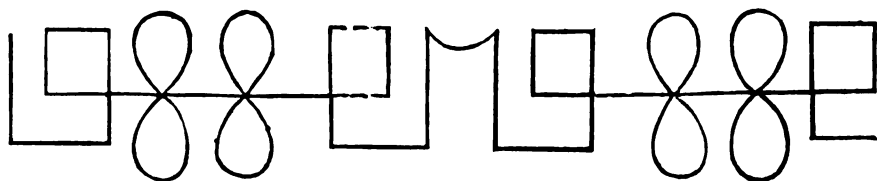
These four sprigs, when embroidered, are to be arranged at equal distances on the margin of a dress with a double skirt, in the order in which we have placed them, namely, the Rosebud Sprig, the Lily-of-the-Valley Sprig, the Fuschia Sprig, the Convolvulus Sprig, and so repeated until the round is completed.

The bodies worn with these dresses are sometimes ornamented with a wreathing of small artificial flowers carried round the top, with bunches on the sleeves; but this is quite a matter of taste.

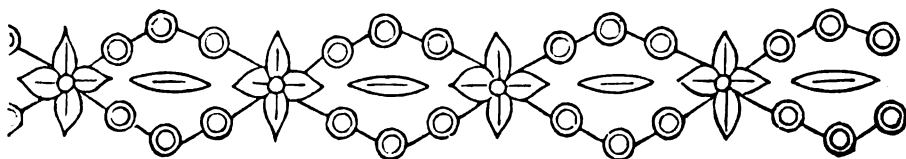
VARIETIES FOR THE WORK-TABLE.



INSERTION.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



INSERTION.

Messrs. LEE & WALKER, the enterprising publishers of Music, have favored us with several new and beautiful compositions, prominent among which is the "Camille Polka," composed by Charles Grobe, and dedicated to Mrs. D. P. Bowers, the celebrated Philadelphia actress. Also, the brilliant variations on the Paisley Schottish, entitled "Pleasure is the Mark," by the same author. Mr. Grobe's compositions always find a ready sale. "The Heath This Night Must Be My Bed," words by Sir Walter Scott, music by J. H. McNaughton. "The Swiss Girl," a very pretty little duet. "I Heard Her Sing That Song at Home," a ballad, by W. G. Lemon. "The Polka Francaise," by George Felix Benkert. "Lut-zow's Wild Hunt," by Von Weber, arranged for the Piano, by Frederic Beyer, is one of the finest of Germany's national airs. Our subscribers will please bear in mind that we can furnish them with Music at the regular rates, Five Cents a page. Any orders sent to us, with the money enclosed, will be attended to by return mail.

"THE BACHELOR IN TROUBLE."—If we could publish even a title of the articles, which have been sent in reply to "The Bachelor in Trouble," the poor fellow would find comfort immediately—that is if he would accept the universal advice, or be lucky enough to be accepted himself. There is but one remedy for musty, fusty, rusty, dusty, crusty bachelor-dom. It is a wife. But it is not every bachelor that deserves, or can get one. Among other suggestions, brought forth by his troubles, it has been recommended that he marry "Aunt Hapsibah."

OLD SCOTCH BALLADS.—A lady writes:—"It had never been my fortune to meet with 'Auld Robin Gray' before I saw it in your April number, since I was a child; and it gave me great pleasure to see it in the Magazine. I have been tempted two or three times to write to you to get it for me. Please receive my thanks the same as if you had sent it to me personally." We shall give another of these world-renowned Scotch ballads—with the original music, now so difficult to get—in our next number.

THE GENERAL VERDICT.—A lady writes:—"Allow me to take this opportunity of telling you that all our village thinks your Magazine the best and cheapest in the world. I have taken several periodicals for the last four years, but I got tired of all but yours, and dropped them. I do not say this to hurt them, but I give you the preference. Yours has decidedly the best reading in it. We hail it as a ray of sunshine which lives long in the heart." This is the general verdict.

AMOUNT OF READING.—Remember, "Peterson" contains nine hundred pages of reading matter for two dollars a-year, which is more, in proportion to the price, than any other Lady's Magazine in the world contains.

GIVE US CREDIT.—More original stories are copied from "Peterson" than from any other American Magazine. The newspaper press is full of them. Yet rarely do we get the proper credit. Is this fair? Will our exchanges oblige us with a little more care in this matter?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We never answer contributors through the columns of "Peterson." If their letters require replies, we write to them by mail. We cannot afford to occupy, for the benefit of one person only, space which belongs to a hundred thousand patrons.

THIS MONTH'S ENGRAVING.—Isn't it excellent? We flatter ourselves that our series of steel plates, this year, have been, and will continue to be, unapproachable.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Dramatic Scenes. With other Poems, now first printed. By Barry Cornwall. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—In one of the earlier numbers of this Magazine, nearly fifteen years ago, we devoted several pages to a critical analysis of Barry Cornwall's genius. The high opinion which we expressed of Mr. Proctor's powers—for Barry Cornwall is but a *nomme de plume*—at a time when he was comparatively unknown in the United States, is now ratified by the best judges and is fast becoming an article of popular faith. We have no doubt that his reputation will stand even higher with posterity. Unless we are in error, more than one "idol of the hour" will be dethroned; and among those who will take their places, Barry Cornwall will come first. The volume before us is embellished with a portrait of the poet. The face is spirited, the brow grand—suggestive of a man one would like to know.

America and Europe. By Adam G. De Gurotscki. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is one of those books to which it is impossible to do justice in our present limited space. The author is an expatriated Pole, a nobleman by birth, a gentleman, a scholar, a man of the world. He has lived in two hemispheres, and in various countries of each. Few men are so competent, therefore, to compare America and Europe. That many will dissent from a portion of his views—we cannot agree with some of them ourselves—is only natural; but every candid, thoughtful and intelligent reader will find much to instruct him in this volume, and more to ponder on. It is a book to study, and not merely to peruse. We commend it to the husbands, brothers and fathers of our fair subscribers, and even to such of the latter as are interested in the subjects of which it treats.

Bragelonne; or, Ten Years Later. By Alexandre Dumas. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The conclusion of those spirited novels, "The Three Guardsmen" and "Twenty Years Later." It is published in double column octavo style. *

Monarchs Retired From Business. By Dr. Doran. 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: Redfield.—One of those gossiping books, semi-biographical, semi-historical, which are as entertaining as a novel. The author tells the story of deposed or abdicated kings, in all countries, from the earliest ages down to our own time—a story full of romantic events, appealing strongly to the sympathies, and always instructive. "James the Second at Germain," and "The Bourbons and Charles the Tenth," are particularly interesting chapters. The sketches of the murdered Czars will be new to most American readers. Dr. Doran's pleasant style adds much to his merits, but others have had equal industry as a compiler, but few the same facility of rehearsing an old tale so as to make it appear new.

The Days Of My Life. An Autobiography. By the author of "Margaret Maitland." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mrs. Oliphant, the writer of this new novel, is better known, at least in the United States, by her stories of "Katie Stewart," "Zaidee," and "The Athelings," than by that of "Margaret Maitland, and we are surprised that the publishers did not announce her in that way. "The Days Of My Life" is full of those graphic sketches of Nature, those inimitable pictures of domestic life, and that acute knowledge of woman's heart, in which no cotemporary female writer excels Mrs. Oliphant. Hester Southcote, the heroine, is strongly individualized, though perhaps a shade exaggerated, and is fresh and original.

Things Not Generally Known: A Popular Handbook of Facts not Readily Accessible in Literature, History and Science. Edited by David A. Wells. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A work that ought to be in everybody's hands. It is principally compiled from an English volume bearing the same name; but many errors have been corrected, and much additional information inserted. The volume is full of little items of knowledge, not contained in encyclopædias or ordinary hand-books, and difficult to be found when wanted. We fully endorse the assertion of the preface, that the book is "at once useful, interesting and familiarly instructive." The volume is well printed.

Isabel. The Young Wife and the Old Love. By John C. Jeffreason. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A new novel, which the critics of the daily and weekly press generally extol, but which we have not yet had leisure to read. From the favorable opinions expressed of it, however, we promise ourselves much pleasure in its perusal.

Biographical and Historical Sketches. By T. Babington Macaulay. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A series of sketches, mostly culled from Macaulay's "History of England," making a book, not only interesting in itself, but very convenient for reference. The volume is neatly printed. •

New Biographies of Illustrious Men. By Macaulay, Rogers, Martin, &c. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Co.—Addison, Bacon, Bunyan, Horace, Goethe, Homer, Goldsmith, Johnson, Crichton and Hume are among the eminent men, whose biographies are collected into this neatly printed volume. The articles are all from the ablest pens, having been selected from the eighth edition of "Encyclopædia Britannica," which is now passing through the press. They are brief, analytical and full of facts. The book ought to have a large sale.

The Child's Book of Nature. Three Parts in One. By Washington Hooper, M. D. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—One of those valuable books for children, for which the Harpers have become so famous, in which scientific facts are brought down to the comprehension of the youthful mind, partly through the skill of the writer, partly through the aid of engravings. The work is in three parts, which may be had separately, or together—viz: I. Plants, II. Animals, III. Air, Water, Heat, Light, &c.

The Americans in Japan. By Robert Tomes. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A well-executed abridgment of that valuable, yet costly work, the "Narrative of the U. S. Expedition to Japan under Com. Perry." Everything that is really essential to understanding the Japanese, so far at least as the larger work explains it, is embraced in this volume, the omission being chiefly of episodical matter, of embellishments, &c. &c. For ordinary purposes this cheap edition is quite as valuable as the expensive quarto.

The Queens of Scotland. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. VI. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This volume brings the mournful story of Mary Stuart, for it is essentially melancholy with all its romance, down to the conspiracy with Norfolk. Miss Strickland is as interesting a biographer as ever, and as enthusiastic. She cannot see that Mary had any designs on Elizabeth's throne. To be honest, our own heart, if not our intellect, has always pleaded for Mary; and therefore we like this book.

Currer Lyle. By Louise Reeder. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The portrait of the fair author, which accompanies this volume, would disarm hostile criticism, even we felt disposed for it, which we do not. Few *debuts* have been made in the literary world, lately, which have been so successful as that of this writer; for "Currer Lyle" has been praised, far and near, by the press, as one of the most charming and absorbing fictions of the day.

Stories of the Island World. By Charles Wordhoff. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We almost wish we were young again, that we might enjoy, in all its zest, this "Robinson Crusoe-ish" book. The narrative is simply, yet graphically told, and numerous excellent embellishments accompany the text.

Reading Without Tears; or, A Pleasant Mode of Learning to Read. By the author of "Peep of Day." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A little work that honestly fulfils the promise of its title-page. We commend it to all mothers who are about to initiate their little ones into the "art and mystery" of reading. It is prettily embellished.

Dombey & Son. By Charles Dickens. Forty Illustrations. 2 vols., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Another novel of this unequalled illustrated edition. The beauty of the series increases with every volume.

THE TOILET.

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RECEIPTS FOR JELLIES AND PRESERVES.

Clarifying of Sugar and Isinglass.—To obtain jellies of liqueurs and fruits transparent, and above all of an exquisite flavor, much time is required and many minute details, for it is the perfect amalgamation of the various matters that form these delicious preparations, upon which their excellence depends; attention is therefore the essential point of their success; but it is often otherwise, for many persons treat this part without any method, mixing the isinglass in nearly equal quantities, and it is precisely this mode that so often renders their jellies detestable; for if one ounce and a half or two ounces of isinglass is used, where one ounce is sufficient, the jelly, instead of being agreeable, makes the palate gluey, sticking the lips together, and this but too often takes place; too much sugar is equally bad, as then the jelly becomes insipid, because the sugar weakens the flavor of the fruits or liqueurs used in them. It is to be observed that lemons, oranges and pineapples require more sugar and more isinglass on account of their acidity; on the other hand, the sweeter the fruit, less sugar and less isinglass. The same remark applies to the liqueurs and wines usually made use of: jellies of strawberries and raspberries, for example, require their flavor to be heightened with the juice of lemon, as also many others, which, from the nature of the flavor they possess, require this acid, or they leave something to desire: young practitioners should not lose sight of this; but with attention and a just combination, these jellies may be served in all their beauty and delightful savor. It is necessary also to observe that, in damp weather, one-sixth more isinglass should be used, as the weather has a powerful influence on these jellies; again, jellies of wine or liqueurs require somewhat less isinglass and sugar than those of fruits from which the juices are extracted, and this is clear, because the wines and liqueurs are already sweetened, whilst the fruits have but their natural flavor.

Currant and Raspberry Jelly.—Choose fine, red, transparent currants, and very ripe; weigh seven pounds of red and three pounds of white currants, with two pounds of white raspberries; press the whole through a fine hair sieve, and pour the juice upon nine pounds of lump sugar broken in small pieces; place it over a quick fire, skimming it as the scum rises with a copper slice; when it begins to thicken in the boiling, take out the slice, and on dropping it from the slice it should fall in a sheet or lump; then the jelly is boiled enough; but, to prove it, pour a little on a plate, and set it for some minutes in a cool place; then it ought to quit the plate easily; but it is difficult by this method to attain the exact point, because whilst it is cooling the boiling proceeds, and this length of time is too much, therefore, but practitioners can prevent any bad effect therefrom. For red currant jelly the process is the same, but the currants must be all red, and red raspberries mixed with them.

Strawberry Jelly.—Weigh one pound of fine strawberries, pick, wash, and crush them with a silver spoon against the sides of a basin, and throw them into four ounces of very clear syrup, cover and leave them all night; the next morning run them through the jelly bag; clarify eight ounces of sugar, and when nearly done, throw in a pinch of cochineal to tint it red; strain it through a sieve, add one ounce of isinglass and the juice of two lemons, afterward mix the juice of the fruit with it; mould it immediately and set it on the ice; the sugar and isinglass must not be too hot when the fruit is mixed with them, for if so, they tarnish the jelly; and this remark applies generally to all jellies. When time does not permit the fruit to be filtered through the bag, throw the strawberries in the boiling syrup, with a little cochineal, cover them till cold, and add the necessary isinglass; if in the season, add half a pound of currants instead of the lemon juice; jelly of raspberries is made exactly as the above, except that you use half a pound of white currants with them.

To Preserve Raspberries.—Choose raspberries of an equal size, of a clear red, and above all not too ripe, pick the stalks from six pounds of them, and throw them into six pounds of sugar clarified, and boiled to a thin syrup; let them boil but slowly and turn them into a large basin, which cover close with a sheet of paper, with holes pierced through it; the next morning drain the fruit on a sieve, and put them into pots about half full, then add the juice of two pounds of cherries, run through a bag, to the syrup, which skim and boil to a thick consistence, and pour it upon the raspberries; when they are cold, cover them with a little currant jelly: these preserves may be finished off at once, but the above method is preferable, because the raspberries are done thoroughly by the syrup which dries the flesh, and thus preserves them for a longer time.

White Currant Jelly.—Pick twelve pounds of large, transparent, and very ripe white currants, and throw them into ten pounds of sugar boiled ten minutes; take the pan from the fire, and with the slice stir the jelly gently, let it have a slight boiling and run it through a new tammy previously washed; replace the jelly over the fire, wiping the sides of the pan with a wet sponge to prevent the heat discolouring the jelly in boiling; skim it and finish it as above: this jelly may also be made by passing the fruit through the bag, after which weigh it and pour it on the same weight of sugar; boil it quickly, and finish it as before.

Green Grape Jam.—Stone six pounds of fine grapes, blanch them in a preserving-pan with boiling water; when they rise to the surface cover them closely and place them over a very slow fire, two hours after set away the whole to cool, then strain the fruit, and pass it through a sieve, to extract all the juice, which reduce over a quick fire; when it begins to quit the bottom of the pan, mix six pounds of sugar, boiled down to a syrup with it, and after some slight boiling pour it into the pots.

To Clarify Sugar for Jellies or Liqueurs.—Put in a middling-sized preserving-pan the fourth part of a white of egg, whip it until it whitens, add one quart of filtered water, and one pound of fine sugar broken in pieces; stir it and set the pan over a moderate fire, and when it boils, set it at the corner of the stove to throw up the scum; to assist this operation, add two spoonful of cold water, and when it has boiled ten minutes take off the scum, and throw in at intervals two spoonful more water, that the sugar may throw off all the remaining scum; when it becomes clear and white the sugar is clarified; strain it through the corner of a wet napkin or silk sieve into a basin; observe the sugar when the scum is thrown up by boiling, or you risk the loss of some of it, and do not skim it when it commences boiling, as that hinders the clarification. If you wish to obtain a very white syrup when the sugar throws up its first scum, squeeze upon it the juice of a lemon, which bleaches it singularly; too much of egg prejudices the operation.

Preserving Small Quantities at a Time.—In preserving, too large a quantity of fruit cannot be well managed, the heat being required to act for too long a time, discolours the fruits or jellies; as for example, thirty or forty pounds of currant jelly cannot be so perfectly boiled, as if they were divided, for from the length of time necessary to accomplish it, it contracts a bitter taste from the copper, and its color cannot be retained, as in spite of the utmost care it will adhere to the sides of the pan and blacken; therefore the better method is to boil it in small quantities; the pots should not be tied over until the next day when they are perfectly cold; rounds of paper cut to fit the interior of the pot, should be dipped in brandy, and laid on the surface of the jam; the pots being covered afterward with double paper, and tied down, should be put away in a dry place.

To Clarify Sugar for Preserving.—Choose fine white sugar of a brilliant grain and not porous; fine Martinique or Havana sugars are good, but lump sugar of a good quality is preferable; whip two whites of eggs in a preserving-pan with a pint of water, and when it whitens pour in a gallon of water; whisk it perfectly, and set on one side a pint of this liquid; then put into the pan eight or nine pounds of sugar broken small, and set it over a moderate fire; when beginning to boil, set it at the corner of the stove that the scum may flow to one side; pour a fourth of the water reserved into the syrup, which skim, and gradually as the scum rises pour in a little of this water; when the sugar becomes clear and appears light and white, and all the scum disappears, strain it through a sieve or wet napkin.

Gooseberry Jelly.—Take the pips from some very clear white gooseberries with the point of a pen. For fourteen pounds of fruit, twelve pounds of sugar should be used. Reduce the sugar to a rich syrup, give it a gentle boil, take it from the fire, skim it, and put it in pots or small glasses. Red gooseberries are prepared in the same manner.

To Clarify Isinglass in a Short Time.—For a mould take one ounce and three-quarters of isinglass, wash and put it into a stewpan with two quarts of filtered water, and two ounces of sugar, place it over the fire; when it boils, set it at the corner of the stove to boil rather quick, taking off the scum as it rises, and when reduced to half a pint pass it through the napkin into a basin; many cooks add a piece of the rind of a lemon to take off the taste of the isinglass which is useless, as good isinglass has no flavor; it is simply tasteless; a little juice of lemon is good, but the rind tints the isinglass yellow, and when used in a white jelly of lemon, aniseed, or any liqueur, this yellow tint is still apparent, injuring thus the beauty of the jelly, whose whole merit consists in its whiteness.

To Preserve Cherries.—Choose clear, transparent cherries, of a pale red color and fully ripe, take away the stalks and kernels; weigh twelve pounds of them, which mix with ten pounds of sugar clarified, and boil five minutes; cover the pan, and after a little boiling whilst it is covered, skim them, and take them from the fire, and turn them out into an earthen pan; the next day strain the cherries on a large sieve; add the juice of one pound of white currants to the syrup; which skim and boil about fifteen minutes, then put in the cherries, and give them a dozen boils covered; take them from the stove, and having skimmed them, turn them into pots, leaving the space of half an inch from the top; when cold, cover them with currant jelly prepared for that purpose.

To Preserve Green Grapes.—Pick six pounds of fine green grapes, and cutting them at the side, withdraw the pips neatly with a pen or quill, put them into a preserving-pan with sufficient boiling water to cover the fruit, and let it throw up a few slight boilings; after which set the pan closely covered over a gentle stove, that the fruit may regain its color; leave them in this state for five or six hours, then strain them on a sieve, put them into six pounds of sugar clarified and boil twenty minutes; let them throw up two or three gentle boilings, and take them from the fire, skim and put them into pots.

Jelly of Four Fruits.—Have four ounces of fine cherries, four ounces of raspberries, four ounces of strawberries, and eight ounces of red currants; squeeze them and run the juice through the bag, mix it afterward with syrup and isinglass, and finish as usual; or the fruits may be infused in the sugar, and, unless the bag is very good, this is the best mode.

Jelly of Green Grapes.—Pick two pounds of fine green grapes, and pound a handful of spinach with the grapes; when well beaten, run the juice through the bag, which should yield a clear liquor of a light green color; then mix with one pound of clarified sugar, and one ounce and a half of isinglass; finish as usual.

Jelly of Cherries.—Take the kernels and stalks from two pounds of fine, clear, ripe cherries, add four ounces of picked red currants, press the juice

from the fruit, and filter it through the bag, mix three-quarters of a pound of clarified sugar with it, and one ounce of isinglass, and finish in the accustomed manner.

Another Receipt for Green Grapes.—Take six pounds of green grapes, fine and fleshy, peel and stone them, throw them into six pounds of sugar boiled to a rich syrup, and let them boil gently for a very short time; take them from the fire, skim and put them into pots.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—A DINNER DRESS OF PEARL COLORED AND WHITE PLAID ORGANDY LAWN.—The skirt is made with three flounces scalloped. The corsage is low, and has a sharp point in front and at the back. The sleeves are made with a large and a deep ruffle scalloped. A *Marie Antoinette* fichu of Honiton lace.

FIG. II.—DINNER DRESS OF WHITE FIGURED SWISS MULL.—The front is ornamented with English thread lace and bows of straw colored ribbon. The corsage is made high with a basque, and it, as well as the Louis Quatorze sleeves, is trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Head-dress of roses and thread lace.

FIG. III.—A CHAMBER SACQUE OF CAMBRIC.—The yoke is run with small casings, and trimmed with worked ruffling.

FIG. IV.—A *MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHU*, rather low, composed of insertions and rows of black lace terminated toward the top by a narrow white blonde bordered with black.

FIG. V.—*EMPRESS FICHU*.—Made of tulle with a blonde edge, puffings of tulle and bands of pink ribbon. A very new and beautiful affair.

FIG. VI.—*SLEEVE*.—The lower part consists of one broad puff of tulle, below which are a row of small puffs, drawn by bands of narrow pink ribbon. The whole is finished by a narrow edging of lace or blonde. On one side of the sleeve a bow of pink ribbon with flowing ends.

FIG. VII.—*PUFFED SLEEVE*, having points surrounded with black velvet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Skirts are long, full, and trimmed with flounces, if the material is a plain silk; if the silk is figured, the skirts have nothing at all, or merely ornaments up the sides, or a broad band of velvet in a slanting direction and gradually widening toward the bottom; or ordinary velvet bands two or three fingers broad placed so as to form a series of lozenges. On every angle formed by the velvet, a pendant button of either silk or jet may be put, or else a velvet bow with short ends. Bodies are high, with very long lappets, trimmed all round and on the front with pendant buttons. Sleeves with two puffs and a flounce.

A very elegant and novel dress has just been made of deep blue silk. It has one deep flounce, on the head of which falls a double skirt. This style produces a better effect than two single skirts, because

in this latter case, the under one has always a tendency to turn in or double up on itself, which looks very bad, whereas a flounce is an excellent support for the bottom of the dress and gives it more grace. The double skirt is slit up at the sides, and fastened by rich galloons forming zigzags. The body of the dress is high and has no lappet. Under each arm, at the place where the skirt terminates, there are two silk tassels which hang down on the hips in the middle of the opening where the galloons are. The sleeves are in the pagoda form and excessively wide, gathered at top as far as the elbow in large, hollow plaits. A pendant button on each plait. Another dress is of black. The skirt is trimmed at the sides with bands of claret velvet, which also form lozenges. Body low, plain, and with a long point. Short sleeves. Canerou of spotted black tulle, striped zebra-fashion with claret velvet. Similar velvet in the bandeaux of the hair with a bow at the side.

A NEW STYLE OF UNDER-SLEEVE has obtained great favor. It may be made of muslin or tulle, and consists of one very full puff, confined at the wrist by a puffing, within which there is a running of colored ribbon. Above the puffing a broad cuff of lace or needlework falls back over the sleeve. The cuff is formed of deep vandykes, and, if of needlework, should be edged with narrow Valenciennes. The vandykes are five or six in number, and between each there is a bow of ribbon of the same color as that in the running.

BONNETS.—We give a large variety of bonnets this month. It will be seen that the crown continues sloping, and that the cape still hangs very low. Among the flowers which have as yet appeared, in readiness for the new bonnets, are lilies-of-the-valley, intermingled with grass, and mounted in drooping sprays and lilacs; the white and lilac kinds being combined. These lilacs are mounted in drooping

sprays, so pliant as almost to resemble ostrich feathers. Tulips, violets, &c., have been mounted in a similar manner.

FANS.—The fans of the present season are not less elegant than those which have preceded them. Many of the new fans, of a superior style, have mother-o'-pearl sticks, or sticks carved in ivory in imitation of the fans of the sixteenth century. Spangled fans are among the favorites. The spangles are fixed upon either black or white crape, and the effect is sparkling, as they catch the light with every motion of the fan.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL, of white barege, trimmed with three flounces, edged with blue and white silk fringe. The corsage is low and has braces composed of broad white ribbon edged with fringe. Puffed sleeves, with a lace ruffle. Straw hat, trimmed with pink roses and black velvet.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY, of figured Marseilles. The skirt has a double polka. A polka sacque is worn over a skirt of plain linen. A low-crowned straw hat.

Of the costumes just prepared for little boys between the ages of two and five, there are several composed of a light kind of cloth in some bright color. One of these is figured with wreaths and bouquets, worked, in imitation of Indian embroidery, with silk of different colors lightly intermingled with gold. Others, of a plainer style, are embroidered with silk in two colors, or they are braided in arabesque patterns.

Little girls have their dresses and jackets edged with a broad band, formed of a different material from that composing the dress, and this band is ornamented with a pattern in embroidery.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

RENEWAL OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.—Many clubs, as well as single subscriptions, expire with this number. This being a *cash Magazine*, every name is struck off our mail-books, when the subscription expires; and to this rule we make no exceptions. Please remit immediately, at our risk, if you wish your July numbers promptly. Let every single subscriber send a club—and every one can do it with a little effort. Our July number will be a gem.

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 "Sweet Sixteen."
 Fashions for October, colored.
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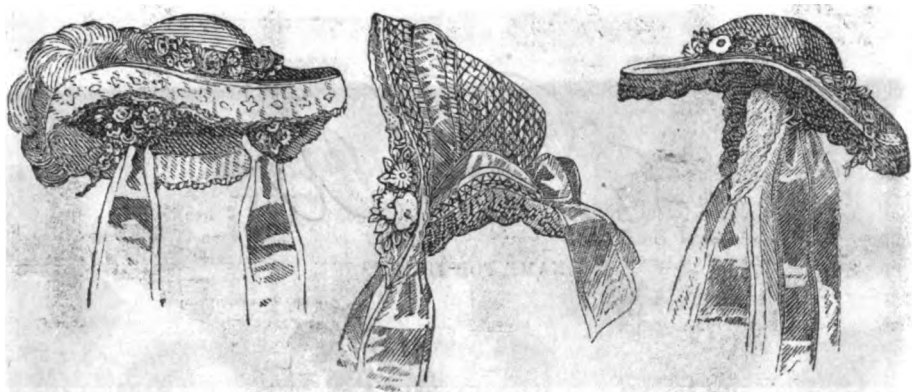
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July Number, Forty-Three Engravings.
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The Land O' the Leal.
 Stay! Stay! Visions of Youth and Grace!
 My Mother Dear.
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 When Friend Meets Friend.
 The Last Rose of Winter.



SUMMER BONNETS.



TOPAZ SILK JACKET.

Travel

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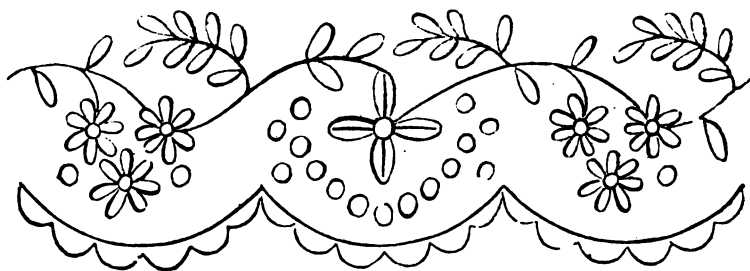
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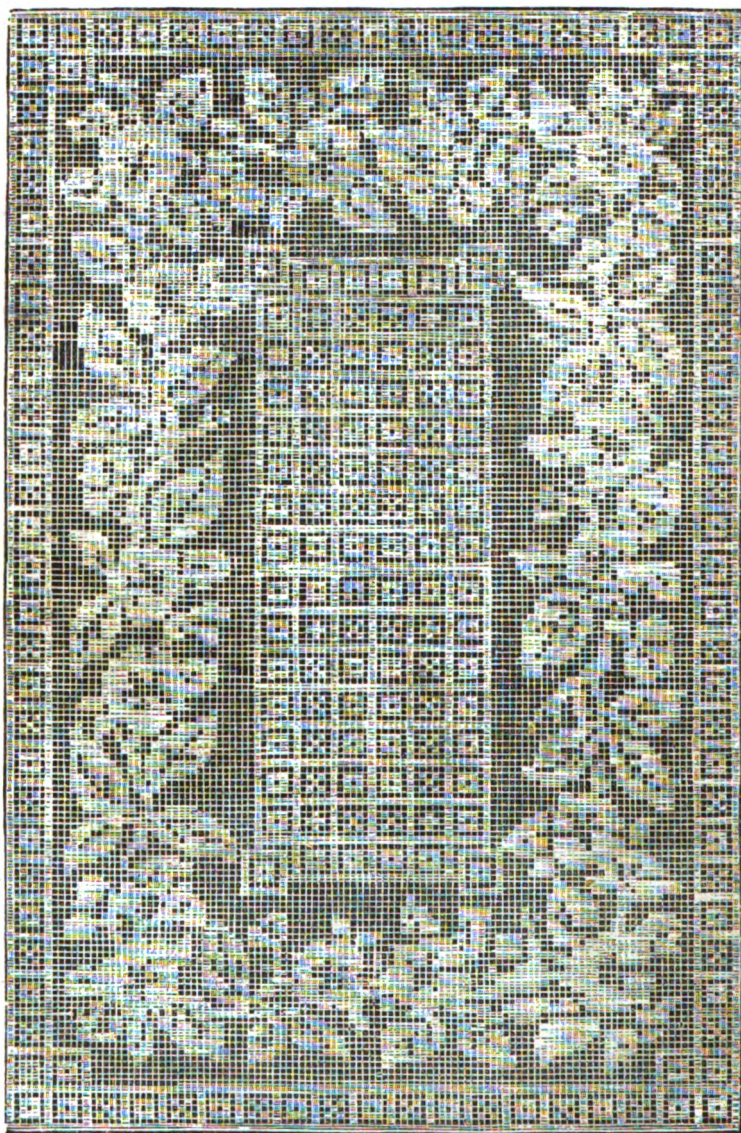
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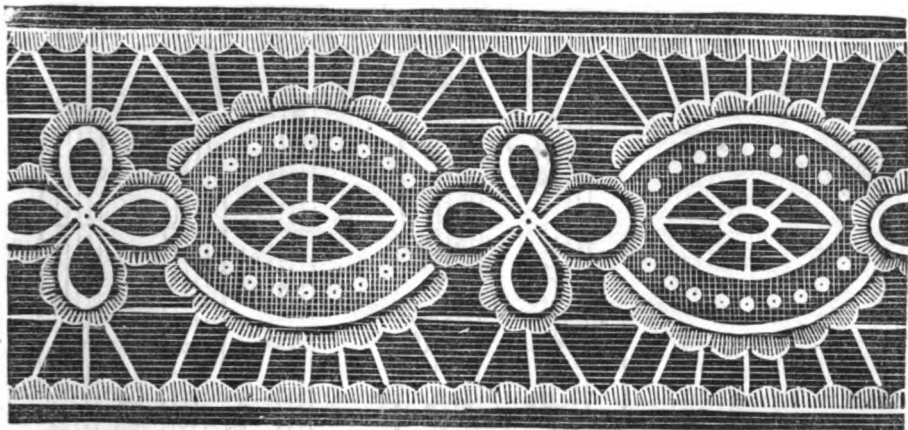
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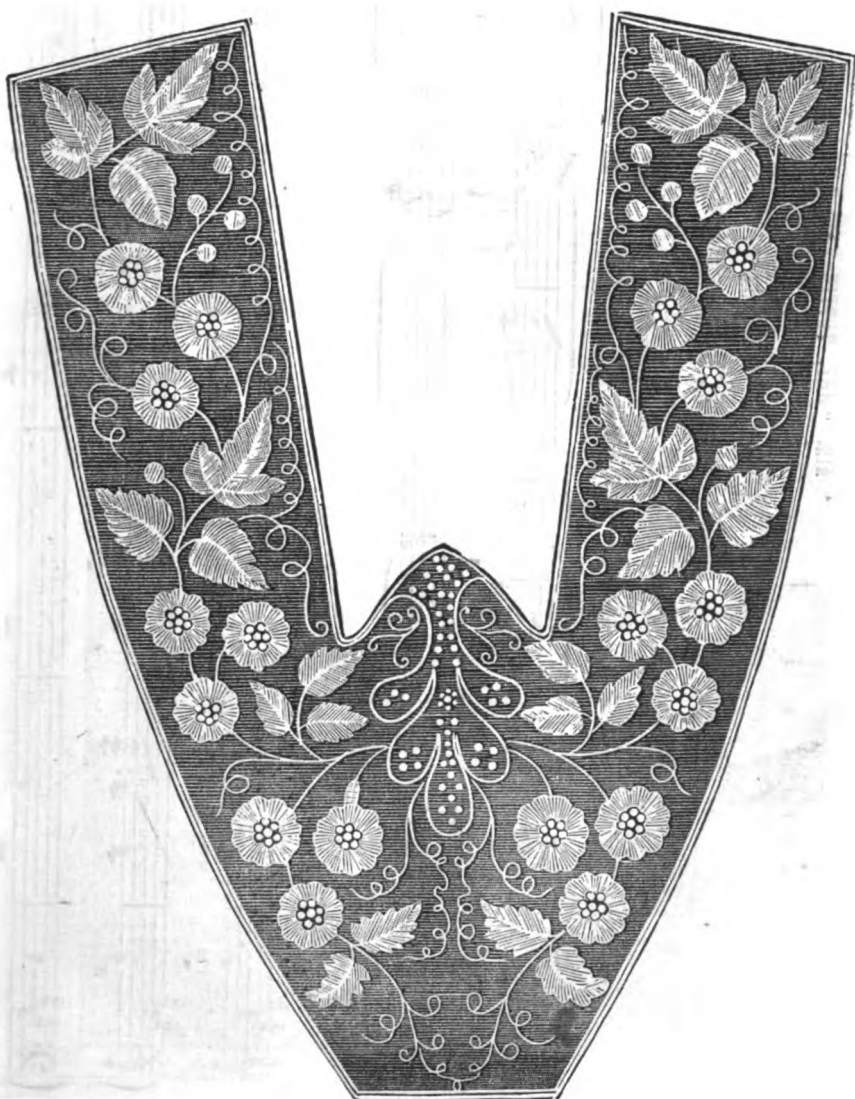
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TOILET-COVER, OR COUNTERPANE.



GUIPURE INSERTION.



THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

AIR, "HEY, TUTTIE TATTIE."

ARRANGED BY

J. T. SURENNE.

Musical score for piano introduction, featuring treble and bass staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked **ADAGIO SOSTENUTO.** The score includes dynamic markings *pp* and *dim.* and features a large bracketed section.

ADAGIO SOSTENUTO.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the song. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "I'm wear - in' a - - wa', Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean; I'm wear - in' a - - wa' To the". The score includes dynamic markings *p* and *pp* and features a large bracketed section.

land o' the leal. There's nae sor-row there, Jean, There's nei - ther could nor care, Jean, The day is aye

a piacere.
fair In the land o' the leal. In the land o' the leal. In the land o' the leal. In the land o' the leal.

A' our friends are gane, Jean,
We've lang been left alone, Jean,
We'll a' meet again
In the land o' the leal.
Now, fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean,
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.

Sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
And joy is comin' fast, Jean,
Joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.
Then dry that glist'nin' e'e, Jean,
My soul lings to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.

Ye've been leal and true, Jean,
Your task is ended now, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean.
She was baith guid and fair, Jean,
And we grudged her nae
To the land o' the leal.



SUMMER BONNETS.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.



THE INTERVIEW.

Engraved & Printed by Murray & Co. expressly for Petersen's Magazine.

...after having been success-
sively attorney general and justice of the Su-
preme Court, had retired, a few years before
the war of Independence began, to his splendid
country-seat, in the vicinity of Philadelphia.
Like many of the wealthy officials of that day

VOL. XXXII.—1

...she was ignorant
of the state of her heart till her uncle banished
Leonard, which first revealed to her how her
happiness depended on the exile. But in spite
of all this, her lofty notions of duty might have
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and eagerly solicited, if it had not been for her
friend, Kate Manners, who plead the lover's cause.



THE INTERVIEW.

Designed & Printed by Wilson & Sons expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1857.

No. 1.

THE INTERVIEW.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun had just set, and the grey twilight was beginning to steal over the landscape, when the iron gateway of a spacious garden, attached to one of those old manorial-like residences which existed, here and there, in our ante-revolutionary times, was cautiously pushed open.

"Courage, Amy," said a sweet voice, that itself vainly essayed to be heroic. "Courage, you are in the path of duty, then why should you tremble?"

But the companion of the fair speaker, who was even more beautiful than her lovely confidant, hesitated and drew back.

"Oh! what will uncle say?" was her reply. "I have never disobeyed him before, and he has always been like a father to me."

"What will Leonard say if you don't meet him? He is going to join the army to-morrow; he is about to risk his life in the noblest of causes; and will you refuse to say farewell to him?"

As she spoke, she dragged her companion through the gateway, and, at the same instant, a gentleman, attired in plain citizen's clothes, and carrying a cloak on his arm to be used if necessary as a disguise, emerged from the shadow of the wall.

"There, I'll keep watch here," said the first speaker, pushing her timid, blushing, trembling friend toward the eager cavalier, "and don't, at such a moment, be ashamed to tell Capt. Leonard how much you love him."

Amy Florence was the niece and heiress of Judge Shannon, who, after having been successively attorney general and justice of the Supreme Court, had retired, a few years before the war of Independence began, to his splendid country-seat, in the vicinity of Philadelphia. Like many of the wealthy officials of that day

he leaned strongly to the royal side, and hence had banished his niece's favorite suitor from the house, though, before the quarrel had become so heated, nobody had been a more welcome guest there than Hugh Leonard, the orphan son of Judge Shannon's early friend and patron, and himself a brilliant and rising young lawyer. "The young traitor," he exclaimed, angrily, when he announced this to Amy, "I might have forgiven him, if he had stood neuter, though it were shame in one, whose ancestors had fought at Naseby for the king, to be even that; but to write on the side of these rebels, to accept a commission in their beggarly army, I'll never forgive him as long as old John Shannon lives! You'll live to see him hung," he continued, indifferent to Amy's tears, for the judge was one of those who had little care for the feelings of others, when he was angry. "Many a better man, and less of a traitor, suffered in the forty-five."

Thus forbidden to visit his mistress, Leonard, or Capt. Leonard, as we ought to call him, had solicited a parting interview with Amy, before he joined the army, a request which she had long delayed to grant, for, brought up as she had been, it seemed both unmaidenly in itself and ungrateful toward her uncle. Not that she did not love Leonard. No pledges, indeed, had ever been exchanged between them; but they had been so much together, and their tastes were so similar, that she could not help but love him; though, so little did high-bred maidens think of such things in her time, that she was ignorant of the state of her heart till her uncle banished Leonard, which first revealed to her how her happiness depended on the exile. But in spite of all this, her lofty notions of duty might have prevented her granting the interview, so long and eagerly solicited, if it had not been for her friend, Kate Manners, who plead the lover's cause.

with an eloquence that found only too faithful an ally in the tender heart of her listener.

Amy had resolved, however, to make no promise to her suitor. But when she heard his rich, manly voice in supplication, when she reflected on all the perils before him, she suffered him to put a ring on her finger and murmured a half audible response to his eager vows.

"In life or death," he said, earnestly, when Kate beckoned that some one was approaching, "I will be true to you, Amy. You will hear me slandered; I may even fall on the scaffold; but never will I be false to you, or do a deed unworthy of your love. I know your sympathies are secretly with your country. Pray for it and me, dearest."

A weeping promise that she would; a single, hastily snatched kiss; and then they parted, how and when, if ever, to meet again, they knew not.

CHAPTER II.

It was the night after the battle of Brandywine, that fiercely contested struggle, which, at first, seemed so disastrous to the patriotic cause. Washington had been defeated; the British had forced open the road to Philadelphia; the liberties of America seemed lost.

All day, Amy had heard the thunder of the cannon, for her uncle's mansion was but a mile or two from the battle-field, and had shuddered to think of the wounded and suffering soldiers; the hundreds of souls called to their last account; the wives made widows; the children orphaned. Even at night, and when she had retired to her chamber, her thoughts were so engrossed by sad reflections, that she could not sleep.

Suddenly there came a low knock at the door, and the voice of her maid, tremulous with excitement, solicited admission.

"What is it?" said Amy, with alarm, as she saw the pale and agitated face of the servant.

"Oh! Miss," cried the girl, "only to think, they've got poor, dear Capt. Leonard and are going to hang him——"

Amy felt the room spin around her, but had still sufficient self-control to grasp at a chair-back for support. Her maid, seeing her mistress' agitation, stopped abruptly.

"I am better now," said Amy, in a moment, recovering herself, "go on."

The girl, frightened and undecided, and already regretting that she had told her mistress, would have declined; but Amy insisted on knowing the worst. Indeed, her anxiety to learn all had preserved her from fainting; for she was one never timid in great emergencies, however much so under ordinary circumstances.

It seemed that the royal troops had appropriated whatever convenient quarters they could find, and as Judge Shannon's mansion lay directly on the road to Philadelphia, a large party of officers and men had arrived there after the battle was over. The officers were now being entertained by the judge, while the soldiers were distributed in the barn and out-houses.

"They've got ever so many prisoners," concluded the girl, "all of whom are common soldiers, except one, and he's Capt. Leonard, I'm sure. They've put him away from the rest of the prisoners, in the little room next to the library, and posted a soldier to keep guard there. I'm sure, from all this, that they're going to hang him, as master always said they would."

Amy thought so too. She was aware that the royal general had not yet ventured to execute prisoners of war, but she feared, that, after this signal victory, he would alter his policy, for he regarded every patriot, she well knew, as a rebel, who deserved death. Her interest in the prisoner assisted to bring her to this conclusion. For some minutes she remained, trying to collect her faculties, and pressing her hand on her heart to still its frightful beatings. She was interrupted, at last, by the maid.

"Oh! dear, what shall we do?" cried the girl, wringing her hands. "Such a dear, sweet gentleman, and to be hung at our own doors too. Won't master beg his life of the soldiers?"

"Bridget," said Amy, trying to speak without perceptible emotion, "my uncle will never do that, and the captain will die if we don't find some way to let him escape. Listen to me now, and remember every word I say. There, don't speak, but attend——"

"Oh! yes, Miss, I'll do anything to save such a sweet, handsome——"

"Never mind that, but listen and obey. Go straight down stairs, and see that the soldiers in the kitchen are well served, and give them as much ale, or even stronger drink, as they want. You understand me. At twelve o'clock to-night the sentry at the door of the captain's room will be relieved, and I wish the one who succeeds him to be as sleepy as possible. There's a little, back staircase, you know, leading into the library, through that room. By that staircase we can set the captain free, if the sentinel is too sleepy to hear us."

The girl was quick-witted, and comprehended the whole plan at once. She played her part well also. About one o'clock, when the whole house was, at last, still, she accompanied her mistress to the room where the prisoner was confined, bearing a civilian's dress to disguise

him in. The light footsteps of Amy woke the sleeper, for he slumbered like a soldier, who is ever ready to take alarm. A few hurried words of whispered explanation, and then Amy withdrew. In a few moments, he appeared outside; a rapid embrace and breathless farewell ensued; and then he was gone.

The next morning, when the escape of their prisoner was discovered, the royal officers were highly excited, and but for the known loyalty of Judge Shannon would have suspected him as an accessory. That some one, within the house, had released Capt. Leonard was incontestible. But Amy escaped suspicion.

Perhaps, however, her uncle was not without misgivings. But he kept his own counsel, and Amy, on her part, kept hers.

CHAPTER III.

It was the night after the British had evacuated Philadelphia. The capture of the capital, which they had expected would close the war, had really done them no service at all: in the words of a sagacious patriot of the day, "the city had taken the British, not the British it." Washington, from his position at Valley Forge, had watched them all winter, within striking distance, and prevented their deriving any solid advantages from their acquisition; and now that summer had begun, strategic reasons forced them, without his firing his musket, to abandon their conquest.

The whigs were exulting in consequence, the tories were in despair. But none were so terrified as those temporizing parties, who had, prior to the late successes of his majesty, secretly leaned to the royal side, but practically kept neuter, and who had been tempted, after the fall of Philadelphia, openly to avow their predilections. In this latter class was Judge Shannon, who, when he found the patriots in the ascendant, had prudently kept his sentiments to himself, in order to avoid confiscation of his estate. But this cautious reserve he had abandoned, after the capture of Philadelphia. The penalty for this error was now to be paid.

It was the night after the evacuation, as we have said; and again Amy stole out into the garden, at twilight. A note had reached her, that day, from her lover, apprising her of the departure of the British and of the peril that threatened her uncle; and concluding with the assertion that she only could avert the coming ruin, but that she could do it.

"And now, dearest," said the American officer, when the first moments of the interview were

over, "I must hasten to say what I have to say, for time is precious, and should your uncle discover us, all will be over. If you would preserve your relative from penury, perhaps from imprisonment, you must become my wife, to-night. Nay! do not start. It is from no selfish motive that I ask this. But though my influence with those now in power is great, it is insufficient to avert the confiscation of the judge's property, unless I can present myself as the husband of his avowed heiress, and offer a guarantee, in that way, that these fine estates shall not be perverted to the royal cause. We must act promptly too, for if your uncle should suspect our purpose, his pride, to say nothing of his prejudices, will induce him to forbid the marriage. I have brought the chaplain of my regiment along—you have heard probably that I am now a colonel—and he is prepared to unite us immediately. He waits in yonder farm-house. Half an hour will suffice for the ceremony, after which I will bring you back here, in time for tea, so that your absence will not be missed. I will then mount and hasten to head-quarters, where I will make the granting an amnesty to your uncle a personal affair; and I am sure, under such circumstances, I will succeed in carrying my point."

Amy hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment. The imminent peril of her uncle, the conviction that this was the only feasible plan to save him, and doubtless a secret, though unacknowledged, inclination to grant the request because of him who made it, overcame those considerations of maidenly reserve, and that strict notion of duty, in which young ladies of that day were educated. She went back, for a moment, for her maid, for she felt she could not go through this trying ordeal without some female companion, and then silently putting her arm in that of her lover, was soon at the farm-house. Little did her uncle think, when he complimented her, an hour after, on her brilliant color, what it was that had called such blushes to her cheek and such consciousness to her whole manner.

Our tale is done, for the reader can imagine the rest. Everything turned out as Col. Leonard had prognosticated. The judge stormed when he first heard of the marriage. But though Amy, even amid his reproaches, was too generous to tell why she finally disobeyed him, his own sagacity, in his cooler hours, pointed out to him the truth; and he forgave both her and her husband, secretly ashamed of his former conduct. He never became a patriot, but he submitted to Independence as inevitable, and

even kept his own counsel, when a younger Leonard, a few years after, hurraed in his own house for Washington.

Amy and her husband often spoke of that first stolen meeting at the beginning of the war. "If

you had not met me," the latter once said, "how different would have been the fate of all of us. Your uncle would have been in exile, and we two parted forever, but for that INTERVIEW."

I AM DREAMING.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

I AM dreaming, to-night, I am dreaming,
And backward my vision is cast,
To the bliss-haunted days that now slumber,
Away in the tomb of the Past;
I see them in all of their beauty,
But see them alone through my tears,
And they seem to my heart like blest islands,
Away in the lone sea of years.

I am dreaming, to-night, I am dreaming,
I'm roaming the "long ago" time,
And its air is as sweet and delightful
As that of a tropical clime;
Many visions of pleasures departed,
Come over me now as I dream,
Like the shadows that sometimes in Summer
Pass noiselessly over a stream.

I am dreaming, to-night, I am dreaming,
Bright eyes through my tear-drops I see,
In the pictures of beauty now gleaming,
Away in the past upon me;
And the love-light that from them is beaming,
Though sadden'd by many a sigh,
Seems as holy as bright rays of glory,
Gleaming down from God's throne in the sky.

I am dreaming, to-night, I am dreaming,
Of one who is lost to my sight,
Who has gone in her Heavenly beauty
To dwell with the angels of light;
Oh, her voice was as sweet as the music
That steals from a lute on the breeze,
And her love was more dear than the treasures
Deep hidden away in the seas.

I am dreaming, to-night, I am dreaming,
I am thinking her spirit divine
Hovers o'er me on beautiful pinions,
To hold sweet communion with mine;
There is music now breathing around me,
I list the symphonious lays,
For they come to my soul like the echo
Of earlier, happier days.

I am dreaming, to-night, I am dreaming,
Of a glorious time yet to be,
When my spirit will cease its repinings,
My heart from its sorrow be free;
When my spirit will be re-united
With those who have now "gone before,"
What a blessed, triumphant re-union,
Far up, on Eternity's shore!

THE LOST.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

THE drifting rain came o'er the Western hills,
The air was blind with spray,
To thund'ring rivers swelled the simple rills,
The roaring torrents drowned the grinding mills,
The mists obscured the day!
She trod with nimble feet the beaten track,
Up, up the mountain's steep
Along the dingle deep, nor looked she back—
Tho' in her train the frozen rain
Leaped in a cataract.

The sheep were on the hills—her lamb, her pet—
She called his gentle name;
And thro' the flying drifts, and cold, and wet,
The heaving mists wound 'round her like a net—
She vanished as a flame.

The avalanche burst from the mountain's side
And crushed the mighty trees,
Ran down the crags in seas, a deathly tide!
And men grew pale, and on the gale
Rang curse and prayer allied.

From night the morning came; the red love flush
Lay round the highlands bleak,
And in the dreamy air there reigned a hush—
And on the dismal scene there was a blush—
Like shame on anger's cheek!

But never home came lamb, or maiden more,
Down, down the mountain's steep;
But fright'ning men from sleep, when tempests roar,
Her voice calls clear on night's dead ear—
The lamb's name as before.

THE TWO CALLS.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"WALK in, elder, walk in. Lo! you must be tired; take the rocking-chair; warm day."

Thus, with elevated voice and gracious smile, spoke Mrs. Timpkins to Elder May, as he stopped at her little cottage door. Elder May was a youthful "brother," scarce twenty-four, unmarried, and it is needless to say, seeking for a wife to bless his lonely lot. He was handsome, but seemingly unconscious of his own attractions, a little negligent in his style of apparel, as young, unmarried ministers who are hard students are apt to be, and not quite as attentive to the single ladies of his church and congregation as would have pleased some of the more aspiring portion. He felt that he was on his Master's mission; in his piety he was earnest and devoted. No namby-pamby sentimentalism disfigured his labors in the ministry.

But quiet, silent and uninterested as he seemed, he could not deny that there were two attendants on his ministry who pleased him more than the rest; one a handsome, rather showy girl, but who managed to dress nevertheless with marvelous taste, the other intelligent, modest, and very reserved, the daughter of a poor widow, and who kept a little school in her mother's house.

The former was styled in general parlance "the beauty;" the other, "the sweetest girl you ever knew." One could talk well, walk well, sing well, play well and work well; the other was silent, seldom sang, did not play at all, and was so retiring and modest that she was sometimes overlooked.

Our young minister really deserved a good wife. His mother had taught him—oh! jewel of a mother!—to wait upon himself, and, still more jewel-like, to wait upon *her*; so he was always apt and ready, and kept his study in exquisite order with his own hands. That study was not a sacred pigeon-loft, where he must sit in lonely and exalted state; he wasted no paper in composition; he did not take a reading book, or a well-written essay into the pulpit, for though nominally his library was his study, his earnest, and most effective research, thought and elaboration were in the open fields, streets, lanes, or the rural homes of his parishioners. He found matter enough in the smallest pebble, the isolated grain of sand that adhered to his foot when

he came from the sea-shore; the distant sail—the cloud whose airy convolution proved the divinity of its maker; the lisping question of the little child, or the carping queries of age. Everywhere, in everything, he heard the voices of heaven and saw its angelic ministry.

"Take the rocking-chair, elder, do; and let me have your hat; now I hope you've come to dinner, Caddy is making some pies; Caddy makes just the sort of pies you like; she's an excellent cook, Caddy is."

"Thank you, Mrs. Timpkins, but I didn't think of staying to dinner; your daughter spoke yesterday of a family of poor children, and as this is my leisure or lazy day, I thought I would call upon them."

"Caddy! Caddy!" cried the stout Mrs. Timpkins, hurrying into the hall. Then hurrying back she said, "she'll be here in a few minutes—oh! wouldn't you like to see this beautiful book sent from the city to Caddy? It was a young gentleman, you see, one of a very large firm—stationers, quite rich, both of them, that boarded here last summer. Really, he looked very pale when he went away, though he came here for his health, you know—Caddy didn't treat him just right; that is, she couldn't help it, you know; you can't make yourself like a body if you can't. You're looking at that painting, that's Caddy's; she's allowed to be quite a landscape artist; and by-the-way, dear me, there's no end to 'em; he was a young man came to teach in the village; he taught Caddy, that is, she took lessons of him, and he liked somebody, you know, and somebody didn't like him. Poor fellow! I really pitied him, and so did Caddy's father; but the right one hadn't come along—then, you know," she added, with a conscious look.

The young elder blushed; how could he help it? and wished he hadn't called to inquire for the destitute family.

"I beg your pardon, the tidy has fallen behind you," said Mrs. Timpkins, re-arranging the handsome article on the back of the red velvet chair, while the elder, half turning, looked on—"this is one of Caddy's best things of the kind; it was in the fair we had here, just before you came, and Caddy got a silver teaspoon for it; it was allowed on all hands to be the best piece of

needlework in the whole collection, and besides which she put in that vase of wax flowers on the mantle-shelf; some people thought they were more natural than the real ones, and she would have got the prize for them, if the committee hadn't been partial, it's thought, you know. Then there's a little water-color picture; the most beautiful thing! why, where is it? I saw it this—oh!" and with an adroit movement the handsome piano was opened—"I remember now, it laid here when Caddy was practicing." The picture was not to be found, however, but the grand object was achieved, the piano was open, and while Mrs. Timpkins was looking and wondering, Caddy herself came in. She was so modestly, yet not affectingly glad to see the elder, she did not like to keep him waiting, but when people worked in the kitchen—with a little laugh—they were not always in a presentable state, and some kinds of work could not bear to be delayed.

The elder wondered if she usually worked in an elegant pink morning dress, delicately edged with lace, and how she could keep those fingers, also pink-tipped, so lily-like and white; and her hair so elaborately curled—but it was not his nature to be critical, and he experienced a vague, uneasy feeling, as if he had in some way committed himself, for Caddy was so deferential, and yet so confidingly graceful, appealing constantly to him, as if his judgment was necessary to confirm her own opinion. Her mother asked her to play, and she immediately sang a little song with which he had once professed himself pleased. He gazed at Caddy as she sat at the instrument. She was handsome, but there was a hardness about the lines of her face he had never noticed before; and he grew painfully embarrassed when her mother, with a knowing sort of nod, left the room, and he was alone with the capable young lady. Fortunately he had come on an errand, and remembering that time had no more regard for young elders than for old sinners, he arose, apologized for his haste, thanked Miss Caddy for her song, and was very anxious, he said, (the lady blushed and looked quite too conscious) to act upon her suggestions of the previous Sabbath, and if she could give him the locality of the family referred to, he would attend to them.

This she did with an air as easy and self-possessed as if it were not covering a great disappointment—for she had really made up her mind that the man had come to propose. From the first she had cast complacent glances at the parsonage. Certainly she had given the elder every opportunity that feminine art could devise for a declaration, and if he had been a little less guile-

less, he might have seen the hook through the bait—but as it was, he was not yet caught.

He left Mrs. Timpkins in a musing mood.

The breeze from the hills, the golden-hearted June roses, the sweet scent of the clover, the great frame of heaven—the pictured hills and meadows; the hamlet behind with its one diamond-tipped spire—the fragrance, light and beauty of the scene, as if nature were newly born, filled the soul of the gentle under shepherd with sweet, holy, unutterable emotions. It must be confessed that, beautiful as she was, and though her clear ringing voice yet lingered in his ear, he had forgotten Miss Caddy Timpkins. The bright, black eye, unwinking and undrooping, the smooth rosininess of the cheeks, the glossy blackness of the hair, the perfection of the pink wrapper had faded like an evening cloud, leaving no trace behind.

But he loved music, and as he rambled on, a softer voice warbled a merry little air, and he paused to listen. It came from the humble cottage of the widow, whose daughter was "the sweetest girl you ever knew." And while he stood there, screened by intervening trees, for the widow's garden plot was an orchard in miniature, he saw the young girl turn the corner of the little house, and advanced toward a certain line that stretched from tree to tree.

Her toilet attracted his attention.

The locks were drawn back from a beautiful, thought-moulded brow—a snowy handkerchief was loosely pinned over it, and confined under her chin. The arms were bare to the elbow, the sleeves being carefully tucked up. A linen apron, with ample waist and breadth, enfolded her dress, and (softly) it bore the impress of a tub. Over one arm hung a white, moist cloth, that, as she quietly unfolded it, the while singing that pretty little melody, and smiling as if much, much happier than a queen, she threw over the mystic line, pinned it with two queer-looking pieces of wood, which I would describe if it were possible for the modern reader to comprehend me, and then—then a genuine blush made her most absolutely beautiful, for she met the grave eye of the young elder, and saw that he had caught her in the vulgar act of—hanging out clothes. Her embarrassment, however, was but momentary; in the graceful way that "nature taught her" she came forward, and without one single apology invited him in.

"I am very happy to see you, sir; my mother is not well to-day, and would be pleased, I am sure, to talk with you."

She opened the front door, led him into a little room where her mother sat, pale, but still at

work with her knitting-needles, and then went back to her labor, taking—I am not sure but she carried half of the elder's heart with her, such a simple elegance did her manner reveal, though she was all unconscious.

"These little benches, sir, are for Nellie's scholars. She gives up her Mondays to me, sir; you see I am growing old and feeble. You must come in sometimes and see the little folks, sir; Nellie thinks there never were such children."

"How long has your daughter taught?"

"Oh! ever since she was that high," said the old lady, with a gratified look; "she's the child of my old age, sir, bless God for leaving her, the only one out of ten;" and grateful tears filled her eyes. The elder had carelessly opened a book that laid beside him, he seemed struck with something that met and fascinated his vision.

"Whose drawings are these?" he asked, almost impulsively.

"Nellie's, sir; though I'm sure she'd be mortified to have any one see them; she doesn't know anything about the rules, sir, but she seems to have a love for it; she always had a pencil or a pen in her hand since she was a little thing."

"A pen! Does she write much?"

"Well, Nellie is very shy of having it known," said the widow, hesitatingly, "but she does write things that lift my soul almost to heaven. I do wonder sometimes if she can be anything belonging to me. Nellie is not learned, sir. I have wept many's the time that I could not afford her an education such as I feel she should have, but she's something beyond—well, I won't praise my own child," she added, with a blush.

The elder turned a leaf; his eye sparkled with pleasure as he read. He closed the book; there was a light in his glance that had never been kindled before; the little room with its plain deal benches seemed transformed into a temple where thought and genius wore their garlands of immortality. He could hear the rinsing sound of the water in the kitchen; it was somewhat laughable too—soap-suds and poetry, or would have been to common ears, but to his there was a little sublimity in the union of the poetical with the

practical; in this case it was genius soothing the woes and bearing the burdens of age. After some religious conversation with the good disciple, he left her, feeling strengthened, refreshed, and, if the truth must be told, an admiration akin to love for the "sweetest girl you ever knew." Nellie happened to be at the clothes-line as he went out; she had not altered her attire or the fashion of it, but with a true, womanly independence felt that she looked just right for her work. He smiled as he gazed at her sweet, frank face, exclaiming almost involuntarily, "poets are born not made."

Nellie started, gazed at him while a soft crimson mantled her cheeks; her eyes fell, and her "good morning, sir," came faintly from her lips. And when her mother told what conversation had passed at the interview, she was child enough to burst into tears.

"Oh! mother, mother! I must seem so ridiculous to him!"

"In mercy's name, why, child?" asked the old lady, in alarm, peering over her spectacles.

"Oh! mother, it looks as if I left it there on purpose to be seen—this foolish poetry—these silly sketches; and here—oh! dear, dear—here he is himself—that head is his; I sketched it yesterday; what must he think of me! what must he think of me;" and she hid her burning face in her hands.

"Well, if he don't think well of you, darling, he'll be the first one," said her mother, soothingly, "and as to seeing his own face, he knows, or I could have told him, that you draw everybody—come, come, don't you worry but what the minister will think as well of you as anybody else—maybe better," she innocently added.

It wasn't six months from that day before Nellie poured out tea at the parsonage breakfast-table, three cups, one for herself, one for her mother, and one for the young elder, who made the happiest-looking husband that ever was seen. It is said that to this day Nellie writes poetry, while Caddy Timpkins is yet single, and boasting of the matches she might have made.

CHASING RAINBOWS.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

WHEN brightly o'er a stormy sky,
I've seen the arch of beauty bend,
How oft I've run, as children run,
In eager haste to find the end.
"Oh! silly children," loud we cry.
But wonder at them as we will,

Our wiser youth, our riper age,
Doth see us chasing rainbows still.
And tho' successful, if we thought,
Less for the failure should we care;
For even were the rainbow reached,
We'd find there's nothing golden there.

THE HEART OF LEM LYONS.

BY MISS ALICE CARY.

THE rain had fallen slowly and continuously since midnight—and it was now about noon, though a long controversy among the hands had decided the time, finally, to be three o'clock; no one among the dozen of them had a watch, except Lem Lyons, the most ill-natured, the least accommodating of all the work-hands on the farm, and no man ventured to inquire of him, for he was more than ordinarily unamiable to-day, and lay on the barn-floor apart from his work-mates, with a bundle of oat-straw for his pillow, and his hat pulled over his eyes, taking no part in the discussion about the time, and affecting to hear nothing of it.

One after another stepped forth, and essayed to see his shadow, but in vain—one after another looked up at the sky, and guessed at the whereabouts of the sun, but it was only guessing, for many a day has looked brighter after sunset than did that one at high noon.

There was a half-holiday among the men, and as it had happened to fall the day after Sunday, it was less welcome than as if it had brought a log-rolling, brush-burning, or stone-quarrying with it, for people little used to leisure are apt to find it lying heavily on their hands.

There had been some coarse jesting in the morning, which had gradually subsided into more sober talk, and ultimately to silence broken only by yawns and wonders about the time of day. The cattle turning their faces from the rain and cowering beneath the sheds, had been, in imagination, severally slaughtered, and divided into hide, hoof and horns—the amount of money each one might be turned into reckoned up, and there was nothing more interesting to be said about them. Corn-cobs had been thrown successively at the daring roosters that ventured out from beneath the barn-sill, and they were done with, having been fain, after a little scanty picking, to settle back in their dusty hollows, and wait with shut eyes for their dripping plumage to recover its wonted brilliancy.

"By thunder!" exclaimed Bill Franklin, dashing a pitchfork at a colt that had ventured to put his fore-feet on to the barn-floor, partly to to shelter himself from the storm, and partly to steal from the mow a mouthful of hay—"I, for my part believe I'll roll up my sleeves and go to

grubbing stumps, its a darnation sight easier than this ere kind of a way of worryin' out the time—what d' you say, boys?"

"I'm with you," said Jake Wilkinson, "guess we can stand it long as the rain can, can't we, Bill?" And having shouldered crowbars and grubbing-hoes amid a good deal of laughter, the two men took their way resolutely to the clearing.

Joseph Barnet presently climbed to the hay-mow to read over his first love-letter for the twentieth time—muse on it in secret, and endeavor to compose an answer, which he did after his own crude fashion. But what matters the fashion of the speech, the sweet meaning is all the same whether the words be, "I dreamed of you last night," or, "I will buy you a new calico frock, to-morrow."

Others followed the two energetic leaders before long, and at length only four of the hands were left in the barn. Joseph Barnet, cutting the initial letters of his lady's name on the weather-boards, with many flourishes; Lem Lyons, with hat over his face, and wrapt in less pleasant contemplations; and Peter and Dan Wright, brothers, and the oldest hands on the farm. They had been farm-hands all their lives, and neither had ever owned or expected ever to own a foot of land—they were contented with hard work, did not know there was anything better, and I am not sure that there is. Peter was shelling corn very quietly in the trough of the weaned calf, that was tied in the stable adjoining the open barn-floor, and Dan had taken off his shoes and set on the door-sill; the slowly dripping rain falling upon his naked feet, when a sound like a stifled sob caused them both to look round—there lay Lem with his hat over his eyes, and nothing else was to be seen.

"What was that noise?" asked Peter, putting his arm about the calf's neck.

"I don't know," answered Dan, as he drew one foot up beneath him, "I thought I heard a kind of a crying, but I reckon it was an optical imagination—do you belev in such things?"

Lem Lyons began to snore very loud, and the two brothers innocently concluded that their previous impression was wrong, for both had at first supposed the noise proceeded from him—

a more suspicious nature might have thought the sleep an affectation.

"Well," said Peter, leaving the calf munching at his corn, and seating himself beside his younger brother on the sill of the barn, "I thought tother night, the time we had the husking bee, that I see one of them ere ghostly critters you talk about."

"You don't say!" inquired Dan, "where mought she a-been? and did you feel skeery?"

"Well, as to being skeered, I ginerally wait till I'm hurt, cause you know there's no use wasting material of no kind—but to own the truth, I did sort a hisitate."

"You don't say?" ejaculated Dan, again.

"It was getting well on toward midnight, I reckon, a mighty moonshiny night, if you mind; I had taken the cider jug to go to the house and tip a leetle might of whiskey into it—the dry cornblades was rustling on both sides of the lane, and the owls in old Dick Wolverton's woods were howling kind of lonesome like, but I was more listening to Lem than to the owls—for he was husking up on the highest scaffold, you mind, and singing a melancholy ditty to himself like—it was as good to hear as a novel, coming over the noises of the winds and all—so I walked slow along thinking of the times when my hair was black as yourn, Dan, and I could leap a six-barred gate with the best of them, for there was something in Lem's song that carried me away back and back, I didn't hardly know where—walking slow along, I was, and just as I got so near to the bars that I mought have touched them a'most with my hand, what do you 'spose I saw?"

"One of the critters, I reckon, for a lively imagination like yourn, Pete, is dreadful uncertain to be depended on, specially after drinking cider."

"No! it wasn't a critter—that is it was no animal critter, so to speak. It wasn't white, and it wasn't black, but it was kind of grey like, so to speak, but the first I see, and the most I see was two bright shining eyes, and then gradually the operation took shape like, so to speak, and I see it was a human critter."

"You don't say! Who mought she a been?"

"That ere now is just what I want you for to find out. She don't belong no whar in this section—cause I never see her till that ere time I tell you of. She was apparently carried away by Lem's singing, and forgetful, so to speak, of things in gineral, and when I come of a sudden, her face turned as red as a rosy—and she said something in moughty purty words, I can't string em up as she did, but it was, so to speak, like

as if she had said she hoped she was not doing any harm. I told her 'no, mem,' as soon as I see that she wasn't a ghost, but says I to her, at first, says I, 'I thought, mem, you was a ghost,' and then it was after that that I says to her, says I, 'no, mem, your doing no harm, fror as I see.' And then says she to me, says she, 'you see all the harm I'm doing, just listening here to that mem sing,' and then she says, says she, 'it kind of sounds like a voice I used to hear,' and then she hesitated like, and then she hugged her baby up moughty close, so to speak, and turned and went away kind of moaning to it like."

"Why didn't you foller her, and see whar she mought a gone to?" asked Dan, eagerly.

Lem was now wide awake, and with his head propped on his hand listening attentively.

"I did foller her, cause thinks says I to myself, nobody knows what nobody else is till they have found 'em out by close watching—so I follerred along kind a sly like, she never moustrusting that I was anywhar a-near, and when she got along just in the ege of old Wolverton's big woods, she got right down on the ground, and I reckon you mought a-heard her a crying clar hur!"

"What the deuce a business had you to pursue a woman as if she was game?" exclaimed Lem, coming forward with menacing gestures. "I hate such idle curiosity—but what became of her at last?"

The brothers did not remark that his last question contradicted his assertion, and Pete, who was used to subserviency to Lemuel, proceeded good-naturedly to tell all he knew about the woman, which, in truth, was little more. It contained one or two hints, however, upon which Lemuel seized with avidity.

It appeared like she never would have done crying. Peter said, but at last her baby, it sot up, and then she apparently forgot whatever it mought have been that was troubling herself, and hugging it with such noises as birds make to their little ones, she took off right through the woods toward old Dick Wolverton's house, where, to the best of Peter's belief, she had been spending part of the past summer. He remembered to have seen a baby tied in a high chair paddling against one of the garret windows of old Dick's house, and of hearing a wheel at the same time, and he knew Mrs. Wolverton's youngest son was big enough to go sparking. Old Wolverton's, he said, was a moughty hard place for the gal, whatever kind of a lark she mought be.

"What need you care who or what the woman is?" said Lemuel, shily; "I don't see as she is anything to you."

"You speak like as if she mought be to you, peers to me," remarked Peter, quietly.

"I do?" And Lem went on to say that he did not see how that could have been, for that as all knew, he hated women even more than men, if that were possible; and he carelessly added that she probably was a relative of the Wolvertons.

"No, she arn't that," said Peter, "she arn't of their turn, no ways—she was pleasant and soft-like, so to speak, and if you mind the Wolvertons are red-haired, the whole tribe of them, and her hair was as black as a raven."

Lem moved uneasily, and Peter went on to say that he should not be surprised if he yet found out something about the stray lark, for that he had picked up a handkerchief where she sat so long on the ground, "and I see by the moon-shine," he concluded, "that it was marked with sampler letters in one corner."

Lem listened with painful interest now, and Dan inquired with a more stupid curiosity, "What mought the sampler letters a been, Pete, do you mind?"

Peter could not make out the letters by the moonlight, he said, but he had put the handkerchief in his Sunday hat, and if he did not disremember, he would look at it before he went to bed.

Lem drew his hat suddenly over his face, and muttering a curse upon the weather, concluded, as he glanced toward the house, with the wish that women and children had a world made especially for themselves.

In vain the two brothers defended their appreciation of the gentler sex with eloquent eulogies. Lem was unmoved—grew in fact more denunciatory, and ended by heaping profanity upon his denunciation.

"Well," said Dan, "I've got no woman, and I never calculate I shall have, but the good it does me to go whar they are is immense. When to see them in meeting, bright as a row of pinks a sitting on the benches, does me more good than the preaching."

"Their smiling," said Pete, "iles up a man's heart, like, so to speak," and having laid this cap-sheaf upon the stack of his previous eloquence, he turned his pale, little eyes upon Lemuel's dark ones almost compassionately.

"Well, God bless the whole race of women, and all the babies to boot," cried Lem, in a tone which indicated anything but a blessing mood, and buttoning his coat hastily, he went down the lane with such strides as would soon have taken him across the continent.

"That is a curious chap," said Dan, when Lem

was out of hearing. "I'll be blamed if I don't bieve that some gal has some time give him the mitten, and that's why he hates 'em so."

"If I mought be allowed to say just what I think," mused Peter, smoothing his grey hair, "I should say that that ere same Lemuel Lyons had not allers done what was right by women. Didn't you mind how he chewed his beard and frowned when he said God bless 'em; mind, I tell you, he is a man, proud and handsome as he is, that is onsatisfied with himself."

"Shaw! Pete, you're getting childish," replied Dan, who was younger than his brother by seven years, and running up the ladder, he joined Joseph Barnet on the hay-mow, where he was still musing on his love-letter, and composing an answer which did but imperfect justice to his feelings. He had told his beloved that her letter was received, and that he had taken his pen in hand to reply—that he was well at present—that all the hands were well at present, and that he had no news that could interest her at present, when Peter joined him, and inquiring whether there were any hen's nests on the mow, dragged him down to the dead level of ordinary life. Ah, Joseph, it is only for stolen moments that we are permitted to flourish the initials of our sweet-hearts upon the weather-boards of our barns, or otherwhere—for the most part, we must work and be tired and hungry.

Toward night the clouds lifted in the west, and left a breadth of blue sky above the wet tree tops; and the winds made noises in the woods, especially in Dick Wolverton's woods, that were cheerily indicative of coming winter. The hands were chilled through and through, and impatient of supper time, hurried toward the barn when first the sunset held up its red signal. They had not reached it, however, when the tin horn sounded its welcome summons. There was a good deal of pretended detention, and when the chores were done, a good deal more idle lingering about the barn doors, so that the chickens were crowding the roosts, and the windows of the farm-house all a-blaze, (they had been close shut the preceding night, and darkened all the day past) when Peter, a wise smile playing among the wrinkles of his cheeks, led thither the rough troop, shy and bashful as so many girls—Joseph in the rear, most shy and bashful of all. The supper was laid in holiday style, and the walls decorated with red and yellow maple boughs, in honor of the little immortal that had that day taken up her inheritance of mortality.

There was whiskey as well as tea—plumcake as well as bread, and the good Mr. Mayfield, master of the house and hands, resolved himself

into a host, and spiced the entertainment with many a pleasant story. Peter proposed the health of the new-comer, and on glancing down the table to see whether he had unanimous sympathy, he discovered that Lem was absent. There was a general expression of wonder, and some of uneasiness on the part of Mr. Mayfield, for he was used to consider Lemuel his best hand, notwithstanding his surly moods. The horn was blown again so loud that the hills sent back the echoes, but no echo did Lemuel send—he had not partaken of food since breakfast, and no one could imagine what could detain him, unless he had been overtaken by a fit, or some other terrible accident. The table broke up in some confusion, and the hands dispersed in different directions about the farm in search of the missing man.

Peter instinctively took the path which led to the Wolverton woods, and he it was who found the lost man. Nothing had happened—he had heard the horn, he said, and should have gone to the house if he had required anything to eat—he was sorry the hands were such a set of fools as to waste their strength in looking after him—for his part he did not care a darn where any of them went, and did not wish them to care for him any more—he hoped he could take care of himself.

“I wish that ere young man was not so kind of onsartin like,” said Peter, when he found himself among the hands again. “Sometimes I think his heart is froze, so to speak, and if something could only thaw it out, it would be as good as any of our hearts.”

“Whar mought he a been?—why, its as cold as thunder!” said Dan, shivering and buttoning his coat.

Then Peter told how he was sitting like as if he was moonstruck, so to speak, on a pile of dry stones that had once been a lime-kiln—his hat on the ground beside him, and no sign of a coat on. Whatever mought have made him so, concluded Peter, I don’t know, but he was right onsociable with me, so to speak—never see him more onclined to be to himself.

The spirit of hilarity which had been subdued by the fear that some evil had befallen him, now arose with redoubled buoyancy; and there was wrestling and racing, swapping of knives and trading of hats—rude jesting, some of it upon women, I am sorry to say, profanity, rising more from recklessness than wickedness, I am glad to say; and when at a late hour the hands went to bed, each one felt himself considerably richer than when he got up in the morning.

“I say, Pete,” whispered Dan, as the brothers

were about retiring, “whars that handkerchief you was talking about, to-day?”

Peter took down the Sunday hat from its peg in the wall, looked inside of it—uttered an exclamation of surprise—turned it round and over, thumping it on the sides and top, but nothing except a Bible, hymn-book, pocket-book, red silk handkerchief, and two or three cigars fell out of it.

“I’m sartin,” he said, at last, slowly and soberly, moving his eyes searchingly about the room, and holding up the empty hat, “that I put that ere little squar of linen in thar, and no whar else!”

Notwithstanding this conviction, however, he prolonged the search for half an hour, but without success—at the end of that time he hung up the Sunday hat in its proper place, and with a soliloquy on the onsartainty of human evidence, went to bed—no suspicion linked with Lem’s curiosity finding any room to harbor in his innocent soul.

For some days after the events recorded, Lem was unusually silent and moody. If he spoke at all it was sourly and sarcastically—he selected the work that was hardest, and in fact seemed to take pleasure in imposing tasks upon himself that nobody else could or would perform. Often in the chill rainy days he would work all day long without his coat, and at night, instead of joining the circle about the kitchen fire, he would stray away by himself, and it was noticed that he generally took the path toward the Wolverton woods. Peter said he must be fond of coon hunting—what else could take him thar of nights that were cold enough to freeze a bar, so to speak. And Peter, chiefly owing to his wrinkles and grey hair, was conceded to be the wisest of all the hands, so it was settled that Lem was fond of coon hunting, and no more speculation or wonderment about it.

It was one of the pleasant customs of Mr. Mayfield to give a frolic to his hands two or three times in the year, and the season was now come, the corn being gathered, for one of these happy occasions. There was to be a fine supper, and dancing—all the young women for seven miles round were invited, and Bill Franklin, Jake Wilkinson and Jo Barnett had “been at changes” for new white cotton shirts, and “fine dancing pumps,” and some of the other hands had provided themselves with new boots, and other articles, specially designed for the occasion; but Lem made never a call upon shoemaker or tailor—frolics might do well enough for women and children, but for his part he hated them.

Since the conversation which took place on the barn-sill, he had manifested a consideration for Peter, relieving him of hard chores sometimes, and had indicated a disposition to cultivate his acquaintance never shown before. He had inquired of Peter, on one occasion, if he knew where he would be likely to get some flax-thread, he wanted some to mend his saddle-girth, and could not find any strong enough at the stores.

It might be had, Peter thought, of some of the neighbor-women, and Lemuel then suggested that if Peter would be so good as to make inquiry he would be doing a great favor, and he named Mrs. Wolverton as the person likeliest of all he knew, to have the thread.

Peter did the errand most willingly, for not one of the hands but was glad to oblige Lemuel, for all felt with Peter that his heart was frozen, and that if it could only be thawed out it would be a very good sort of heart. When Peter returned he found Lem sitting on a log in the edge of the woods, and would have thought he was waiting for him, had not he said expressly that he just happened to be there—his first inquiry, was, not whether Peter had got the thread, but whom he had seen, and when informed that he had only seen Mrs. Wolverton, he was further inquisitive to know whether she had mentioned anybody; Peter thought not, and Lemuel then remarked carelessly, that he did not know but that she might have said something about that ghostly woman that lived with her.

No, he neither saw the woman nor heard mention of her. Upon hearing this Lemuel laughed confusedly, and said that since Peter told the ghost story, he had not thought of her till now. It occurred to Peter that it was a little strange Lemuel never once thought of the thread.

Once or twice on Peter's return from meeting, Lemuel had met him by the merest accident, and inquired, simply for the sake of saying something, Peter supposed, whom he had seen at meeting, and whether any one who looked like a ghost. After these manifestations of humanity and familiarity, it is no wonder Peter was disappointed at Lemuel's behavior in view of the grand frolic.

"Of course you will outshine them all!" he ventured to say, one day, "for the girls will look their prettiest, and all have their eyes upon you." "I wonder if all men are fools and dupes to the last?" soliloquized Lemuel, and he made no other answer.

He had a habit of looking about him in a startled way, as if in expectation of some unwelcome visitor, and this peculiarity grew upon

him of late, so much that Peter said Lem reminded him of a wild beast that had once been in a trap, and was "afraid of it again, so to speak."

"I think," said Lemuel, approaching Mr. Mayfield, a day or two before the frolic, "that I will go to some other part of the country, if you are satisfied to have it so."

Mr. Mayfield was not satisfied—had he not done all that was right, and if so what objection could Lemuel have to remain—the season of hard-work was done with, and there would be comparatively easy times, for awhile—nevertheless he was willing to increase the wages a little to his best hands. Lemuel said he was not begging for an increase of wages—as to that he did not care a curse whether he earned a cent or not, he had always done his duty, pay or no pay—he laid great stress upon having done his duty, and glared upon Mr. Mayfield as though he had asserted the contrary, and finally he ended with the declaration, covered all round with profanity, that nobody on the farm could understand him, and he would see if there was any place where they could. Argument, entreaty, were useless. Mr. Mayfield saw it, and informed him that he would make arrangements to settle with him that day. When he was making up his knapsack in the last cold red light of that day, there was a little tap on the door, and Mrs. Mayfield's nurse-girl informed him that her mistress desired to speak with him. Lemuel said at first he was too busy to come, but after a little, shame for such rudeness subdued him, and having thrust his fingers through his long black hair, and pulled his wrinkled shirt-collar about his chin, he descended.

"Ah, how kind of you!" cried Mrs. Mayfield, running forward and shaking both his hands.

"What did you want with me, madam?" asked Lemuel, withdrawing his hands, and standing erect.

"Why, to see you, to be sure," she answered, pulling him forward by the coat-sleeve, and almost forcing him to sit in the best chair.

His startled eyes swept the room with a glance, and seeing nothing but the cradle he gave himself passively up, resolved to suffer it out, if it must be so. Mrs. Mayfield talked of the late frost, of the apple-crop, of the prospect of snow, and then she told Lemuel she should look to him to see to it that she did not freeze to death during the winter—he must provide the best hickory in unlimited quantities, that was her positive orders. Lemuel smiled a grim smile; perhaps he found it not disagreeable to be softly ordered by so pretty a woman. He

replied, however, that he had made up his mind to go away. Not till the winter was past, certainly! Mrs. Mayfield could not hear of it—in the spring he might go if he chose. Why what would become of her poor baby, if Lemuel did not stay to make the fires—nobody but Lemuel knew how to make a fire at all. “By-the-way,” she concluded, drawing the cradle close to Lemuel’s side, “you have never seen the baby!”

“Humph!” said Lemuel. She did not hear him, but with a countenance beaming with pride and tenderness folded the blanket, oh, so softly, away from the little face. Lemuel looked another way, but she playfully caught him by the button-hole and forced him to see her darling.

He said nothing even then, and a frown, as he looked, knitted up his handsome forehead into positive ugliness.

“Why, you don’t like my baby, Lemuel,” cried Mrs. Mayfield, in a tone made up of grief and tenderness, as she looked up reproachfully.

“Oh, yes, I do,” he answered, his own heart condemning him, “God bless all the babies, I say.”

But there was no blessing in his tone or manner, and Mrs. Mayfield turned away to conceal her disappointment. Just then the little creature opened its blue eyes and looked up to Lemuel for the protection and comfort it was used to receive—the hard man felt the appeal, and unawares, perhaps, extended his rough, brown hand. The baby caught it in its delicate fingers, and held it with so soft, yet firm a grasp, that Lemuel could not for the life of him resist the appeal, and began shaking the cradle about after the only fashion of rocking he was acquainted with. When the baby smiled in his face he smiled back again. Mrs. Mayfield smiled too, nay, laughed outright when she heard him chirping to her darling as he had heard the wood birds to their little ones.

“I think,” said Lemuel, as he softly touched the rosy little cheeks with his rough palms, “that more fire is needed here for the baby”—and this time he pronounced the word very sweetly. The next morning he went to cutting and splitting wood with right good will—he had made up his mind to remain a month longer and lay in the winter wood for Mrs. Mayfield, he said. On the farm and among the men his behavior was no whit gentler than formerly, but when at night he filled his brawny arms with hickory wood and heaped it against the jamb, the hard expression of the day fell off like a mask, and he was sure before leaving the room to give the cradle a jog and shake hands with the baby.

With the frolic Lemuel would have nothing to do, and while the other hands were making ready, he was observed to take his way alone toward the Wolverton woods.

It was “clar and sartin, to his mind,” Peter said, that Lem liked coon hunting better than any other fun. That simple-hearted old man was drawing water at the well, when near midnight Lemuel returned.

“Well, how many simpletons have come to the dance?” he said, stopping and taking a drink of water.

Peter was enthusiastic as to the number and beauty of the young women who graced the occasion. “When I see them smiling so, and looking so pretty,” said he, “I can’t help wishing I was young, and here are you, so young and so handsome,” he added, after a moment, “who would rather go coon hunting than stay at home where they are blushing like a hedge of roses—how strange!”

Lemuel replied that he had always been just so, that at no time in his life would he have preferred the society of any woman to the winds and the woods, and his own thoughts. Peter was right, he said, to infer that he had been hunting—it was a sport of which he never tired. As they walked together toward the house, he repeated over two or three times that he had never cared a straw for any woman, and that he had always cared a great deal about hunting coons. “By-the-way,” he said, when they reached the door, “is that ghost-woman that you are always talking of, at your merry-making?”

“Oh, no,” replied Peter, and instinctively stumbling on the truth, he added, eagerly, “you need not be afeard of seeing her! Come in, Lem, jest a leetle bit—do!” Lemuel gave Peter’s shoulder so violent a jerk as to jar the water he was carrying to the guests over the cedar pail, and answered with a round oath that he was not afraid of ghosts—much less of women, and that he would go in and show the whole of them that he was not afraid of them, nor ashamed of himself. And so saying, he pushed rudely past Peter, and with his red woollen shirt-collar thrown open, and brawny bosom bare, entered the gay assemblage, where he became at once the pointed object of attention—nay, of admiration, notwithstanding his rough manners and rougher costume. His eyes were dark and beaming with intelligence—his hair and beard of massy luxuriance of growth, and his tawny cheeks sufficiently bright with angry excitement to make him as handsome a specimen of rustic nobility as may anywhere be found.

He was too proud to manifest any interest in what was going forward, if he felt any, and sat with an abstracted air, paying no heed to the many soft glances that invited him to dance as plainly as glances could invite him.

"Pray, Lemuel, what has happened?" asked Mrs. Mayfield, joining him in the obscure corner where he sat.

"Nothing," he answered, without glancing toward her.

"Why, you look as if you had lost your sweetheart," she continued, gaily.

Lemuel reddened with anger, and said women were always thinking of love—always talking of sweethearts and turning everything into sentiment, which he hated. He had never had a sweetheart, and of course could not have lost her. Mrs. Mayfield was determined not to be angry with Lemuel, and answered playfully that for her foolish talk to so grave and wise a man, she was in the dust of humiliation and repentance, and she begged that Lemuel would forgive her, and as a mark of his reconciliation dance with her. No, Lemuel never danced—he would as soon be caught stealing a sheep—he hoped Mrs. Mayfield would find a more interesting partner.

The good-natured little woman called him an ugly bear—said she would try to find a more interesting partner, and meantime if he would not use his feet, she would compel him to turn his hands to good account, and placing her baby on his knees as she said so, she skipt lightly away.

It was an awkward position for Lemuel, and he was at first half inclined to let the child fall off his lap, but when he found it tipping one way and the other, he caught it in his arm, and having once caught it, he could not let it go. The soft, little hands found the way to his face, and the stubborn man presently found himself leaning down his head, so they might tear his whiskers and eyes just as they chose.

When it grew tired and fell asleep to the music of the squeaking violin, he hugged it tenderly to his bosom and carried it away to its cradle, and rocked and kept the fire bright till long after midnight.

When the spring came round, and the nurse would carry the baby out on the south porch, Lemuel would stop as he passed that way to attend his work—smooth its silken curls beneath his rough hand, and perhaps give it some bright flower which he had brought from a distant field. Sometimes one or two of the other hands would join him on the porch, for the baby was gradually becoming a central object of interest to them all, and it was curious to see how the

manners and voices of those rude men softened as they approached the little creature. The greatest change imaginable was being wrought in Lemuel—he was less sullen than he used to be—isolated himself less from the other hands during the days, and at night went rarely to the Wolverton woods. Before the summer was gone, little Blossom, for by that name she was known among the hands, had learned to know who loved her, and to clap her hands and shout when she saw Lemuel coming, and reach up her little arms with a tender appeal that brought his neck right down to her—then he would seat her on his shoulder, and as she clung tightly to his ears, hair or beard, as it happened, carry her up and down the door-yard till she was tired out. Sometimes, when Mrs. Mayfield rocked her darling to sleep on the moonlit porch, Lemuel would busy himself with chores that kept him near about, not knowing himself perhaps what influence was secretly at work in his heart. In the autumn, and before she could hold one of them in her tiny hand, Blossom's little lap was filled every day with bright apples, and when the old mare was brought to the well to drink at night, Lemuel's great coat was doubled up into a cushion and laid across her neck, and little Blossom, in her soft, white cloak and cap, was handed up, and rode sometimes to see the cattle, sometimes to see the sheep, but it was always Lemuel that protected her so softly, and brought her back so safely.

In one corner of the door-yard was a maple tree, beneath which was a rude bench, where often in the early evening Lemuel sat trotting the baby on one knee, and singing old ditties for her that he never sang at other times. Sometimes he would tell her long stories, and the pathos and power of his voice at those times, not unfrequently frightened the little listener, and when she would cling to his bosom in strange alarm, he would tell her very softly that what he had been saying was all a great story—that no such people ever lived as he had been talking of, and when by the tenderness of his tones she was soothed, for she understood nothing of what he said, he would carry her up and down the door-yard until she fell asleep, for she loved him now as well as she loved her mother, almost, and her first faltering steps were toward Lemuel.

When her birth-day came round, the farmhouse was lighted up, the hands wore their best clothes, and Lemuel danced with little Blossom on his shoulder, to the great delight and amusement of the young women, whose admiration he was sure to win, no matter what he did.

It was about the middle of June, and little Blossom, who was now a year and a half old, could run about the door-yard and pick flowers for herself. She was become the pet and plaything of all the hands, and even upon the most careless there fell a silence when it was mentioned at dinner-time one day that she was not very well. That evening when Lemuel took her on his shoulder, she did not laugh and clap her hands as usual, but put her arms around his neck very quietly, and leaned her cheek down upon his head. He carried her longer than usual, and told her over all the pretty stories she had been used to listen to with delight, but her cheek grew hot as it rested heavily upon his head, the arms clung more and more tightly to his neck, and she moaned and fretted, not noisily, but piteously, and to herself, as it were.

When Lemuel had exhausted all resources, he carried her back to the porch and placed her on her mother's knees, thinking that all would now be well, but when she moaned and fretted piteously as before, he went to his old seat beneath the maple tree and watched the stars as they flew away from the clouds. Two or three times he came to the porch-side to ask whether little Blossom were any better, and when he learned at length that the caty-dids had sung her to sleep, he went to bed saying no doubt she would be better in the morning, but not altogether believing it.

At daybreak he was astir—he did not know why he could not sleep, he said, he thought it was owing to the heat—poor man, he was ashamed to say it was his love for a baby that could not yet speak plainly that kept him awake.

The hands were all silent at breakfast that morning, for they missed the pretty prattle of little Blossom, and the fear that they should never hear it any more was finding its way to their hearts.

That night Lemuel carried her about the yard again, but finding that the accustomed things did not please her, he brought the oxen close to the door, and when they leaned down their great heads to the gentle touches of her small hands she was pleased, and for a little while Lemuel deceived himself with the hope that she was better. It was strange to see the rough man parting her silken hair—rocking the cradle so softly, and leaning over it with such tenderness—his heart was more than touched.

The third day after the illness of little Blossom, the hands walked softly along the porch-side when they came to dinner, for they saw standing under the cherry tree at the gate the old white

facéd horse of the village doctor. Lemuel left the table long before the other hands that day—he did not feel very well, he said. Soon after this the usual order of the work was suspended, the hands loitered about the barns and sheds, some of them, and some found their own work.

One evening, as Peter sat on the wood-pile cutting sticks with his pen-knife to divert his thoughts, Lemuel joined him and inquired if he knew whether little Blossom was any better.

"Better!" Peter exclaimed, "why, no, sartainly she never would be any better," and he proceeded to say without circumlocution or softening, that in his opinion she was struck with death the midnight past. For a few moments he cut his stick in silence, and then, as if in pursuance of some train of thought, inquired of Lemuel whether he had brought the spade and grubbing-hoe from the hollow where he had been ditching.

A cold chill crept over Lemuel as he replied irritably, "No! why should I bring them? We shall be using them again to-morrow."

"I know we shall use them to-morrow," answered Peter, "but not there—I will go and fetch them."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Lemuel, "for heaven's sake don't go," and seizing his arm, he pulled Peter back to the log from which he had half risen. While the two men talked together several neighbors passed along, and each one stopped to inquire how the baby was, and to suggest some remedy or proffer sympathy. Among the rest was Mr. Wolverton. Lemuel had never liked him, for he was a hard, money-loving man, but leaning over the fence he shook hands with him, and entered with unaffected interest into all his affairs.

"Sartainly," said Peter, joining the "work-girl" at the kitchen door, "that Lem Lyons is the most onreasonable critter I ever see—he was angry just now because I wanted to go to the field and bring home the grubbing-hoe—cause I see it would be needed, you know, and then he seemed mournful-like, more than mad, so to speak, and all at once he goes and begins to talk with old Wolverton, whom we all know he never could bar—a strange nater he's got."

Ah, Peter, you hit the truth there, it was a strange nature that Lemuel had—one that he could not himself understand, much less you. However, the mystery of his shaking hands with Mr. Wolverton, was, under the circumstances, the most natural thing in the world.

Trial and tribulation are to trivial-natures almost unendured, and the "work-girl," glad of any pretext, said they were all a queer set. She

was tired of being among them—afraid, in fact, of catching the baby's fever, and would, she believed, tie up her bundle and go home.

She gave no other intimation of her intention, to any one, but without more ado carried it at once into execution, throwing upon poor Mrs. Mayfield a burden of domestic care and responsibility to which at that time she was unequal.

The morning was cloudy with prospects of rain, and on rising Lemuel saw with alarm the doctor's horse standing beneath the cherry tree, and he judged by the circle of turf pawed away, that he had been there a long time. He knocked at Mrs. Mayfield's door, and was bidden in a low, strange voice to come in. The inquiry, "How is little Blossom?" died upon his lips—he saw how it all was. The mother vainly hoped that her darling might recognize the voice of Lemuel and look up once more. He was not ashamed now of showing that he loved her—he took the little hands in his, but they would not grow warm—kissed the blue eyelids and called her by her pet name, but though at last she looked up, she did not know her good friend any more. There fell the last hardness, the last unworthy pride from the heart of Lemuel Lyons. Just as the candle flickered in the whitening light of day, the little life went out.

Peter saddled the old mare and rode away to the village to bespeak a coffin; and Dan, who never lost sight of his personal comfort, took upon himself the overseeing of the housework, and having directed one man to make a fire, and another to fill the tea-kettle, took the coffee-mill between his knees, and fancied that he was doing an efficient work, albeit he was turning the crank the wrong way. About sunset Lemuel set out from home in Mr. Mayfield's covered wagon, for what purpose none of the hands could imagine; the rain was falling pretty fast, and there were indications of violent winds, which would make the roads through the woods dangerous to travel.

A glorious twilight had inspired all the birds, and they were whistling and singing and chirping among the branches of the trees, along the topmost fence-rails, and here and there upon the ground, as if there were never a cloud, and never a shadow in the world; the bereaved mother stood at the window watching the red light that seemed to her to be hovering over a little mound, for her darling had been buried nearly a week, when her attention was arrested by a noise at the gate—there stood the covered wagon splashed with mud—there stood the farm

horses, their tails knotted up, their heads down, and a cloud of steam rising above them—and there was Lemuel, and by his side a woman, not handsome nor young, but with a good heart shining in her face, and a bright-eyed boy of three years old in her arms.

Lemuel, seeing that he was observed, hesitated slightly, and a deep blush brightened the bronze of his cheek, but he mastered the meekness and taking the child in his own arms, said with emotion, that might have been shame—might have been tenderness, or was made of both, perhaps, "What do you call him, Lydier?"

"Lemuel—what else should I call him?" replied the woman, in a tone that was exceedingly soft and gentle. The boy turned his bright face bashfully aside from Lemuel, and with one hand clinging tightly to his mother's shawl, they came down the walk together.

Mrs. Mayfield met them on the porch, and lifting the child to the ground, and covering him with kisses, said, perhaps to save Lemuel the embarrassment of an introduction, "How very much he resembles your wife, Lemuel," and shaking hands with the woman, she led her into the house, where she sunk into a seat and burst into a flood of tears—the result of mingled emotions—pride in Lemuel—pride in her beautiful boy—shame for herself.

When Peter had completed the chores and was coming toward the house to supper, he saw the strange child at play in the door yard—trying to cover a butterfly with a white handkerchief. At sight of a stranger the boy ran away, leaving the handkerchief behind him, which Peter naturally enough picked up, and idly enough examined. All at once there came a glow of curious wonder into Peter's face—the highest expression it was capable of, and turning back in the path, and joining Dan, who was a little way behind, he exclaimed, "I bleve, my soul, this is the very handkerchief I found and hid in my Sunday hat—the one that vanished away, so to speak; and here's the very name in the corner, sot in sampler letters—Lydier—the whole thing is sartainly a great mystery." And to the simple mind of Peter it remained always a mystery. Innocence and beauty win their own way; and little Lemuel was soon the light of the house, the favorite of everybody. Lydia was installed housekeeper and mistress of the kitchen, and Lemuel, now Mr. Lyons, became manager of the farm, and as much beloved by the hands as he used to be feared.

FINDING A HUSBAND.

BY PEGGY MOREHEAD.

"UNCLE, may I ride Milo?" I said, one bright June morning, as we sat at the breakfast-table.

"Ride Milo!"

"Yes! It's such a beautiful day."

"But he'll throw you!"

"Throw me!" And I laughed merrily and incredulously. "Say yes, uncle dear," I continued, coaxingly, "there's nothing to fear; and I'm dying for a canter."

"You'll die of a canter then," he retorted, with his grim wit, "for he'll break your neck. The horse has only been ridden three times, twice by myself, and once by Joe."

"But you've often said I was a better rider than Joe." Joe was the stable-boy. "That's a good uncle, now do." And I threw my arms about his neck and kissed him.

I knew, by experience, that, when I did this, I generally carried the day. My uncle tried to look stern; but I saw he was relenting. He made a last effort, however, to deny me.

"Why not take Dobbin?" he said.

"Dobbin!" I cried. "Old, snail-paced Dobbin, on such a morning as this. One might as well ride a rocking-horse at once."

"Well, well," he said, "if I must, I must. You'll tease the life out of me if I don't let you have your way. I wish you'd get a husband, you minx, you're growing beyond my control."

"Humph! A husband. Well, since you say so, I'll begin to look out for one to-day."

"He'll soon repent of his bargain," said my uncle; but his smile belied his words. "You're as cross as pie-crust, if you can't have your way. There," seeing I was about to speak, "go and get ready, while I tell Joe to saddle Milo. You'll set the house afire if I don't send you off."

Milo was soon at the door, a gay, mettlesome colt, who laid his ears back as I mounted and gave me a vicious look I did not quite like.

"Take care," said my uncle. "It's not too late yet to give it up."

I was piqued.

"I never give up anything," I said.

"Not even the finding of a husband, eh?"

"No. I'll ride down to the poor-house and ask old Toby, the octogenarian pauper, to have me; and you'll be forced to hire Poll Wilkes to cook your dinners." And as I said this, my

eyes twinkled mischievously, for uncle was an old bachelor, who detested all strange women, and had an especial aversion to Poll Wilkes, a sour old maid of forty-seven, because, years ago, she had plotted to entrap him into matrimony. Before he could reply, I gave Milo his head.

John Gilpin, we are told, went fast; but I went faster. It was not long before the colt had it all his own way. At first I tried to check his speed: but he got the bit in his mouth; and all I could do was to hold on and trust to tiring him out. Trees, fences and houses went by us like wild pigeons on the wing. As long as the road was clear, we did well enough, but suddenly coming to a blasted oak, that started out, spectre-like, from the edge of a wood, Milo shied, twisted half around, and planted his forefeet stubbornly in the ground. I did not know I was falling, till I felt myself in a mud-hole, which lay at one side of the road.

Here was a fine end to my boasted horsemanship! But as the mud was soft, I was not hurt, and the ludicrous spectacle I presented soon got the upper hand of my vexation. "A fine chance I have of finding a husband, in this condition," I said to myself, recalling my jest with uncle. "If I could see some mud dryad now, and pass myself off for a mud nymph, I might have a chance." And I began to pick myself up.

"Shall I help you, Miss?" suddenly said a deep, rich, manly voice.

I looked up, and saw a young man, the suppressed merriment of whose black eyes brought the blood to my cheek, and made me, for an instant, ashamed and angry. But on glancing again at my dress, I could not help laughing in spite of myself. I stood in the mud, at least six inches above the tops of my shoes. My riding-skirt was plastered all over, so that it was almost impossible to tell of what it was made. My hands and arms were mud to the elbows, for I had instinctively extended them, as I fell, in order to protect myself.

The young man, as he spoke, turned to the neighboring fence, and taking off the top rail, placed it across the puddle, then putting his arm around my waist, he lifted me out, though not without leaving my shoes behind. While he was fishing these out, which he began immediately to

do, I stole behind the enormous old oak, to hide my blushing face, and scrape the mud from my stockings and riding-skirt. I had managed to get the first a little cleaner, but the last was still as thick with mud as ever, when my companion made his appearance with the missing shoes, which he had scraped till they were quite presentable, and leading Milo by the bridle.

"Pray, let me see you home," he said. "If you will mount again, I'll lead the colt; and there will be no chance of his repeating his trick."

I could not answer for shame. But when in the saddle muttered something about "not troubling him."

"It's no trouble, not the least," he replied, standing hat in hand like a knightly cavalier, and still retaining his hold on the bridle, "and I really can't let you go alone, for the colt is as vicious as he can be, to-day. Look at his ears, and the red in his eyes. I saw you coming down the road, and expected you to be thrown, every minute, till I saw how well you rode. Nor would it have happened, if he hadn't wheeled and stopped, like a trick horse in the circus."

I cannot tell how soothing was this graceful way of excusing my mishap. I stole a glance, under my eye-lids, at the speaker, and saw that he was very handsome and gentlemanly, and apparently about six and twenty, or several years older than myself.

I had hoped that uncle would be out in the fields, overlooking the men; but as we entered the gate, I saw him sitting, provokingly, at the open window; and by the time I had sprung to the ground, he had come out, his eyes brim full of mischief. I did not dare to stop, but turning to my escort, I said, "My uncle, sir, won't you walk in," and then rushed up stairs.

In about half an hour, just as I had dressed, there was a knock at my door, my uncle's knock. I could not but open. He was laughing a low, silent laugh, his portly body shaking all over with suppressed merriment.

"Ah! ready at last," he said. "I began to despair of you, you were so long, and came to

hasten you. He's waiting in the parlor still," he said, in a malicious whisper. "You've my consent, for I like him hugely, only who'd have thought of finding a husband in a mud-puddle."

I slipped past my tormentor, preferring to face even my escort than to run the gauntlet of uncle's wit; and was soon stammering my thanks to Mr. Templeton, for as such my uncle, who followed me down, introduced him.

To make short of what else would be a long story, what was said in jest turned out to be earnest; for in less than six months, in that very room, I stood up to become Mrs. Templeton. How it all came about I hardly know. But I certainly did find a husband on that day. Harry, for that is the name by which I call Mr. Templeton, says that I entered the parlor so transformed, my light blue tissue floating about me so like a cloud-wreath, my cheeks so rosy, my eyes so bright, my curls playing such hide-and-seek about my face, that, not expecting such an apparition, he lost his heart at once. He adds, for he still knows how to compliment as well as ever, that my gay, yet intelligent talk, so different from the demure Miss he had expected, completed the business.

Harry was the son of an old neighbor, who had been abroad for three years, and before that had been at college, so that I had never seen him; but uncle remembered him at once, and had insisted on his staying till I came down, though Harry, from delicacy, would have left after an inquiry about my health. My uncle was one of those who will not be put off, and so Harry remained, "The luckiest thing," he says, "I ever did."

Milo is now my favorite steed, for Harry broke him for me; and we are all as happy as the day is long, uncle included; for uncle insisted on our living with him, and I told him, at last, I would consent, "if only to keep Poll Wilkes from cooking his dinners." To which he answered, looking at Harry, "You see what a little spit-fire it is, and may bless your stars if you don't rue the day she went out to FIND A HUSBAND."

IN CHILDHOOD.

BY ROLAND ROY.

We rambled, half-bounding, at sunrise,
While the East glowed with amber and gold,
We trod on the jewels of morning,
And warbled taught pæans of old.
We joked with the mimicing echoes,
We laughed with the rose-breathing hours,

And rested our limbs at the noon-tide,
In the coolness of ever-green bowers.
At evening we danced to the music
That rose from the moon-mantled wild wood,
And dreams strewed our pillows with roses,
Oh! were we not happy in childhood?

WHO SHALL CONQUER?

BY JANE WEAVER.

At eighteen Louisa Mildway was a bride. Pretty, accomplished and an heiress, she had been surrounded with suitors. Her heart gave the preference, at last, to Edward Spencer, a young lawyer; and the marriage was celebrated amid the congratulations of both families. The most favorable predictions as to her future happiness were universal; "an excellent match," was the general exclamation, "love, fortune, similarity of tastes, what else have the young couple to desire."

Unfortunately Louisa was an only daughter, and, like most only daughters, considerably spoiled. She had been flattered till she had become unconsciously exacting and selfish. At home, her every whim had been gratified. She entertained the idea, too, that her husband would indulge her as much as her parents: in fact, she fancied that his chief business would be the perpetual adoration of his wife.

Edward, on his part, possessed many sterling qualities. He was talented, amiable and affectionate. He loved his bride. But he had been brought up with the notion that a wife ought to surrender her every wish to a husband. His father, imperious and harsh, had been spoiled by his mother, who timid and weak, had yielded to him, even when she was in the right.

Such being the characters and antecedents of the young couple, it is not strange that the honeymoon had scarcely passed, before a difference arose between Louisa and Edward, and out of the simplest thing.

"No more visits," cried Edward, one day. "How glad I am. Now we can take a walk together, without the fear of some one, we ought to see, coming to call on us while we are out."

"With all my heart," answered Louisa, "I am tired of being in the house."

"Then get your bonnet. The day is beautiful; we will go out into the country."

"The country!" Louisa had risen, but now stopped. "You don't mean to walk out of town. It is dull, dusty, vulgar——"

"Vulgar! Where did you get such notions, my dear? It is charming. Woods on the hill-sides; flowers and brooks in the meadows; birds twittering. Come, quick!"

"I prefer a walk in the fashionable street. It

is the hour when everybody is out. I will wear my new shawl."

"But I don't like fashionable streets."

"Nor I the country."

"Pshaw! Make haste."

"Where to go?"

"To the country."

"An order!"

"A request; and you are too good not to grant it."

"Yielding to tyranny, however disguised, is not kindness, but folly."

"I should like to know which is the tyrant."

"You, sir, for requiring me to sacrifice my tastes to yours."

"It is you rather, madam, for taking no notice of my wishes, and endeavoring to subject me to your whims."

"In any case I assure you that I am not at all disposed to accept the part of victim."

"And certainly I will not be yours."

Edward and Louisa looked at each other for a moment, as if they were not quite sure they had heard aright; then they sat down with an air of mutual defiance, Louisa at her piano, and Edward on a divan.

"If I have the weakness to yield to-day," thought she, "I shall have to yield to-morrow, the next day, and every day. He will be the master; I shall be the slave. No; I will not yield."

Edward, on his side, made the following reflection: "It is easier to avoid a first fault than a second; we must not give up the reins in the morning, when there is no certainty of being able to recover them in the evening." He took a book and began reading with imperturbable composure.

Louisa's fingers did not touch the keys of the piano; but the agitation of her little feet, beating double quick time on the floor, proved that her nerves were more irritable than her husband's.

Edward made a slight movement of impatience.

"My book interests me, madam, and I should like to read it quietly."

"Well?"

"But that noise——"

"Disturbs you? I must practice, sir."

"Without touching the keys? A strange method!"

"All have their own; I am sorry this does not please you."

And the beating became more and more rapid till it was like the roll of a drum.

"After all," said Edward, "I can go to the library."

"I have no desire to prevent you."

Edward rose. Louisa, seeing he was about to leave the room, resumed,

"If, however, you decided——"

"On accompanying you down town? Impossible, madam."

Just as he was leaving the room, he turned round,

"But if, on your side, reflection has disposed you——"

"To go with you into the country? Never, sir, never!"

Edward walked leisurely out of the room.

"It is a declaration of war," said Louisa, indignantly; "I accept it."

And the reflections she indulged were certainly little calculated to lead her to make any concession. "Was that the adorer," she said, "once so devoted that he would have run to the world's end to fetch her the last new song, so attentive to her every desire that he seemed to anticipate her every wish? What a world of perfidious hypocrisy in view. But if I have been overreached, I will not consent to be treated as vanquished. From this day forth, whatever may be my husband's desire, I will take care that mine shall be diametrically opposite."

"Oh! oh!" said Edward, on his side, "so this is that even temper, that angelic sweetness. Her education has all to be done over again; and I will see to it myself."

The quarrel had begun after breakfast; dinner hour came, and not the least attempt at reconciliation had been made on either side. They sat down to table with no little embarrassment in their countenances, but both thoroughly resolved not to submit to the humiliation of making an advance.

Edward passed from the first course to the second with an air of the most imperturbable gravity in every feature. Louisa made it a point of honor to eat as if she had never been in circumstances more favorable to a good appetite.

Edward, however, could not resist the temptation of endeavoring to ascertain what effect nearly a whole day's reflection had produced upon his wife; but in order to avoid exposing himself, by any undue stiffness of manner, to the chance of losing the advantage of this first

trial, he resolved to conceal his authority under the form of a wish merely.

"I should very much like," said he, "to go to the opera, this evening."

"That's a desire you can easily satisfy," replied Louisa, in her driest tones.

"What toilet shall you wear, this evening?" said he, thinking she was about to yield.

"The one you see; my mother will be glad to see me as I am."

"Your mother! I thought she did not like the opera."

"Who said anything about the opera? I do not think the opera is the place where I am in the habit of visiting my mother."

"Ah! then you are going to your mother's?"

"Yes."

"Yet, madam——"

"I wish you much pleasure at the opera, sir."

Louisa left the table, made a low curtsy to her husband, and hastily withdrew. She would never have forgiven herself for letting him see a single one of those tears of vexation that were gathering under her eyelids.

"It is more difficult than I fancied," said Edward; "but patience works miracles; I will try to prove I am not deficient there."

Louisa found no company at her mother's, and could not help regretting Meyerbeer's music a little; but she found consolation in the thought that to soften her husband's temper, no second lesson would probably be required, and that such a victory was well worth two or three tedious hours. What especially contributed to make her bear the annoyance patiently was the firm persuasion that Edward, far from having had the audacity to go alone to the opera, was passing his time in a still more disagreeable manner, moaning and repenting, by himself in his library.

About ten o'clock Louisa thought the punishment had lasted long enough. Yielding to a feeling of compassion she took leave of her mother. She was impatient to see the lengthened countenance and receive the excuses of the culprit, whom she firmly resolved not to pardon without properly laying down all the conditions.

"You may tell your master that I have returned," said she to her maid.

The maid replied,

"Master is out, and he told me to say that he should not return before midnight."

Louisa's amazement can only be compared to the burst of anger that followed it.

"I will never forgive him this behavior!" cried she, pulling at her bonnet-strings rather than untying them.

She forgot, for the moment, that pardon can only be refused to those who ask it; and Edward did not seem at all inclined to submission.

It was past twelve when he came home. He had all the evening been precisely of the opinion those persons entertain who think that authors of five-act operas strangely abuse the ears of the public; but what a blunder it would have been, to show his face at home before the play was over! "What salutary reflections this long absence must have suggested to my wife!" he soliloquized, as he came in. "How uneasy she must have been!"

Imagine his chagrin, when he found she had gone to bed, and learned from the maid that she had been asleep for two hours!

With the aid of resentment and pride, two advisers ever opposed to justice and moderation, matters for this moment grew worse and worse every day. Edward and Louisa, more and more embittered against each other, soon had no other thought, no other occupation than seeking means of mutual annoyance. In their conversations, which were of rare occurrence, irony and epigram were ever on their lips. Every action of each was constantly directed to the crossing of some taste, desire, or habit of the other. Happiness and peace had forsaken their home.

Louisa was one wet day at a friend's house. While the ladies were discussing fashions and theatres in the drawing-room, the master of the house came home followed by an overgrown Newfoundland puppy, whose rough hide and feet were dripping wet and plastered with dirt. Glad to find himself at home, the animal began to shake himself, and scattered around him on the carpet and furniture a shower of water not remarkable for limpidity; he then began to frisk about joyously, leaving on the dresses of his mistress and Louisa very perceptible traces of every gambol; at last he deposited himself on a sky-blue velvet divan between two cushions, the trimmings of which he immediately began to gnaw by way of amusement.

When she returned home Louisa was foolish enough to relate this scene before her husband, and to express her astonishment that any person can find pleasure in giving himself the company of such a disagreeable inmate. This observation was not lost on Edward, for he came home next day with a splendid Newfoundland dog, answering to the name of Tom.

During a dinner that Edward gave to some of his friends, the conversation happened to fall on the instincts and habits of animals; each of the guests related his antipathies and preferences.

"Of all the animals that man has tamed for

his use or amusement," said Edward, when his turn came to give an opinion, "the cat is the one I most dislike. She is selfish, thievish, and cruel; her caresses are not tokens of affection; they merely express her wants; no part of the kitchen is safe from her depredations. When she gets a mouse in her power, what cruel sport she finds in giving it the appearance of release, that she may have the pleasure of springing after and seizing it again, repeating twenty or thirty times these vicissitudes of freedom and captivity, until satiated with this ferocious pleasure she at last terminates the sufferings of her victim by crunching its head. Never did the cruellest inquisitor imagine more horrible tortures for his victim."

After this virulent tirade on the part of her husband against the feline species, Louisa could not do less than procure a cat; she chose a fine Maltese, and gave it the name of Raton.

Like their owners, Tom and Raton did not live on the most cordial understanding. Louisa, ever ready to fly to her favorite's assistance, frequently corrected Tom with no gentle hand. Edward, in turn, would lash poor Raton unmercifully, all which could hardly contribute to smooth the way for a reconciliation.

Among the persons, whom, owing to family connections or social position Edward and Louisa were obliged to receive, it happened that Edward was very partial to some and felt no little aversion to others. To the latter of these two Louisa always made it a point of duty to be as agreeable as possible, and to reserve all her coldness for the former. It is unnecessary to add that Edward made ample reprisals on all those individuals whom Louisa liked or abhorred.

Edward, being of a naturally cheerful disposition, had an aversion for dark colors, and especially for black, which always suggested to him the idea of gloom and mourning. Louisa was all at once seized with a passion for black; she wore black dresses, black mantelets, black shawls, black bonnets, black veils; one would have thought she had lost all the members of her family. The rejoinder soon came.

Louisa had said a hundred times that she would not change her delightful house for a palace. Edward suddenly felt the most insurmountable disgust for this too bustling street. Anxious to instal himself in a retreat less splendid and more in harmony, as he pretended, with the tendencies lately exhibited in his wife's toilet, he gave notice to leave, and would not wait till quarter-day before he removed to a dwelling on which the sun never shone, in a dismal old street.

Music even was powerless to restore harmony. Yet Edward and Louisa were both endowed with good musical taste. Louisa played well on the piano, Edward on the flute. But, as an inevitable consequence of their present mental condition, and to the great displeasure of every delicate ear in the neighborhood, scarcely had the lady begun playing a piece in G, when the gentleman would seem to have a passion for pieces in A; and if the gentleman took a fancy to the melancholy movement of an *Adagio*, the lady would immediately strike up with astounding impetuosity one of the liveliest polkas in her repertory.

They lived in this state above a month, returning epigram for epigram, annoyance by annoyance, with such emulation that the most insignificant skirmish threatened to assume the importance of a regular battle, and the smallest cloud seemed pregnant with a tempest. The cup was full; only the proverbial drop of water was wanted to make it run over: it very soon came.

One morning, Edward, just as he was leaving home for his office, saw Raton spread out at his ease on the papers he was going to take with him. Tom might have taken this liberty with impunity; but for Raton, it was an act of irreverence that could not be too severely punished. The presumptuous cat, vigorously grasped by the neck, traversed the whole length of the room in a curve, the end of which was tangent to a handsome vase of Dresden porcelain standing on the mantle-piece. This vase was a present Louisa had received on a birth-day; and she prized it all the more as it came from her favorite school friend. Attracted by the crash, she at once saw that the real culprit must be her husband, whose wrath was redoubled by this accident.

"You have taught me, sir, to be astonished at nothing," said she, picking up the fragments.

"Well, madam, you must lay the blame to that plaguy cat, which, as I found him lying on my papers, I sent through the air to find another resting-place, and he stupidly alighted on that vase, though I certainly did not aim at."

"The plaguy cat has only saved you from giving me the surprise of some such act of gallantry one of these days."

"I admire your really wonderful perspicacity, and especially the very amiable character of your suppositions."

"My suppositions of to-day appear by no means unreasonable when compared with my recollections of yesterday," she answered, tartly.

"It is lamentable that your memory serves you less faithfully with respect to your own conduct toward me."

"My proceedings are but reprisals for your own."

"You play the part of victim to perfection."

"Your claim to that of tyrant admits of no dispute."

"Dear me! when tyranny is so grievous——"

"The slave may slip out of the yoke; is not that what you mean, sir?"

"At any rate, nothing can be easier; husbands have no Bastille at command to give effect to the absolutism women make so much noise about."

"If they had, most of them would throw open the doors at once, on the sole condition of never hearing of their prisoners again," she retorted.

"Your opinion may not be far from the truth."

"And so I have seriously thought of gratifying your secret wishes."

"Indeed? You have not accustomed me to such considerate foresight."

"My mother has already offered me an asylum."

"Ah! you are a woman of precaution."

"And execution too."

"When you please."

"This evening then, sir."

"The sooner the better, madam."

The quarrel had reached this point when the maid entered the room,

"Here is the doctor, madam."

Louisa, having felt poorly for some days past, had sent for her doctor.

Of all the quarrels that had occurred between the young couple, this was certainly the most serious. Edward bowed to the doctor, and left the room, after giving his wife a look of superb disdain, who returned him one quite as good.

What passed between Louisa and her medical adviser? Nothing extraordinary. That grave and learned personage felt of his patient's pulse, inquired about her appetite, her diet, the state of her spirits; then, having completed his diagnostic, he wrote out a very innocent prescription and withdrew. However, he had scarcely taken leave of Louisa, when she fell back in her chair pensive and motionless. Torrents of tears soon escaped from her eyes.

"Am I not most unhappy!" cried she, with an accent of despair.

But the despair was not of long duration; by degrees her forehead resumed its placidity; the smile returned to her lips; her cheeks, for a moment colorless, recovered all their freshness; and even a ray of joy beamed in her eyes.

"Yes," said she, with enthusiasm; "it is a sacred duty; I will accomplish it."

And she almost immediately added:

"A duty! I will make it a pleasure; nay, a source of happiness."

This agitation was succeeded by the calm of a sweet reverie; the subject of this reverie must have been very absorbing; Louisa forgot her bedtime.

Nor did she go to her mother's, as she had threatened her husband.

Edward, on his side, did not pass a very pleasant day. If he was convinced of being right in principle, he did not feel equally assured as to the propriety of his conduct.

"Perhaps," thought he, "I have carried my provocations beyond the limits of decorum. It is a duty for the strong to be indulgent toward the weak. I might without any dereliction of my rights adopt henceforth a more conciliatory manner, persuade and not command, gild the chain instead of showing its nakedness. And have I not exaggerated the consequences of my rights? A sovereign arbiter in all serious matters, ought I not to mitigate the effects of that superiority by showing that, in small matters, I can be as yielding as any. I have been wrong, it must be confessed, and my errors are irreparable; for, situated as we now are, I cannot retrace my steps. The slightest advance on my part, the least word of regret would doubtless prevent a scandal I deplore; but that advance Louisa would look upon as the triumph of her principles; that word, if I uttered it, would be my abdication. It is therefore useless to look back; the mischief is done, there is no remedy, let us meet it with the firmness of a philosopher."

Edward's surprise the next morning may be easily imagined, when he saw Louisa resume her usual place at the breakfast-table.

He scanned her countenance in vain to discover some trace of the anger that animated it the day before; its expression was perfectly composed; only she looked pale. Edward, attributing to indisposition what was only the natural consequence of a sleepless night, thought he could not dispense with the ordinary attention of the usual question:

"You are poorly, madam?"

"I have been," answered Louisa; "but I think myself well now."

The tone of her voice was extremely sweet. Edward was all amazement.

Toward the end of the meal, Louisa said to Rose:

"Yesterday was the opening of the shooting season: try and get some woodcock, and cook them for dinner."

Edward was fond of game, and was taken by surprise. What could Louisa mean? He could

not help remarking to himself, that the project of separation which was to have been realized the preceding evening stood adjourned, that his wife had made him a concession, the first since their marriage, and that, during the whole breakfast she had not given him an angry look, a bitter word, nor a stinging epigram.

"As we are to have woodcock for dinner," said he, in a good-humored tone, "you ought, Louisa, to invite your uncle Joseph to come and take part of them."

Uncle Joseph was one of those on whom the gentleman had most frequently avenged his lady's coldness to his own friends.

Edward had therefore returned Louisa's kindly act by another; but he kept upon his guard.

"Women are clever," thought he; "what they cannot obtain by direct means, they will endeavor to get by indirect. Who knows but this unexpected deference may be a bait for my generosity? Perhaps she hopes to bring me, through gratitude, to that steep decline of concessions which it is impossible to reascend when you have once reached the bottom. Of course I cannot think of meeting a smiling face with a repulsive one; but one may smooth one's brow without being driven into an act of weakness, and I shall take care not to relinquish the firmness which is both necessary and prudent."

Thus hostilities were suspended between Edward and Louisa; they both appeared, one from a settled plan, the other from reciprocity, carefully to avoid every disagreeable allusion, unpleasant reflection, and provoking expression: but as they had lost the habit of saying amiable things, few such were uttered, and once or twice the conversation stopped short.

It was not, indeed, an absolute peace; but one of those truces which make way for it, and during which the soldiers of both camps, without shaking hands, give each other a passing salutation.

The day had begun too well to finish ill. Edward, in one of those moments of retrospect when a man becomes his own confessor, remembered the aerial flight of poor Raton. He very much regretted it, and looked round for the cat, in order to make his peace with conscience by giving him at least the indemnity of a caress; but Raton was neither on the carpet nor on the divan, nor even on the portfolios which had been his point of departure for his adventurous flight.

"Where has that poor Raton hidden himself?" asked he of the maid.

"Raton is gone, sir; I carried him this morning to mistress's mother as a present."

Raton, the gentleman's aversion, and madam's

favorite, the pretext of so many differences, was banished from the house!

The thing appeared so extraordinary, so incomprehensible to Edward, that the statement was repeated over and over before he could believe it.

Having been invited by Louisa, in accordance with Edward's request, uncle Joseph could not well do otherwise than accept. It was not however without some reluctance that he yielded to his niece's pressing invitation. Great was his surprise, therefore, when on entering the drawing-room, he saw Edward advance to meet him with a smile of welcome, take him cordially by the hand, and have nothing but kind words for him.

Another cause for surprise was yet in store; perhaps still more agreeable. Tom, the snarling

Tom, did not come to salute him with the usual growl when he entered.

"You have shut up Tom, have you not!" inquired uncle Joseph of his nephew.

"I have done better than that," answered Edward: "in court to-day, conseller Daniel congratulated me on the advantage of possessing so fine a dog as Tom, and appeared so anxious to have him, that on my return home I at once sent him the object of his admiration, glad enough to find an opportunity to get rid of a troublesome animal who bit my friends and annoyed my wife."

From that day to this, Edward and Louisa have had no more quarrels. Each thus tacitly apologized to the other. Both, ever since, try to please and be pleased, and not make the silly attempt to conquer.

MYRTA.

BY LIZZIE MILLER.

BABY Myrta—darling Myrta,
Myrta with the wondrous eyes,
How we love her—how we prize her,
Angel 'scaped from Paradise!
With her round cheek redly flushing;
And her softly stammered words,
Sound like sweetest music gushing
From the throats of Summer birds.

When the roses sweet perfuming,
Loaded all the Summer air;
And white lilies, sweetly blooming,
Smiled in beauty pure and fair.

Then this sunbeam, earthward roving,
In our quiet dwelling shone:
Won by words and looks of loving,
There remained and called it home.

Often when the day declineth,
To the solemn hush of night;
Fear we lest our dear one pineth
For her home of cloudless light.
Far unto the far off Heaven,
Turn the eyes so large and soft;
And we dread lest earth's ties riven,
Our fair angel soar aloft!

STANZAS.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

ALONE in the midst of a desert!
Desolation is reigning around,
But the coldest, completest and darkest
Deep down in my bosom is found.
As I look at the desert before me
I shrink with a shuddering start,
Yet the desert in view is a garden
Compared with the one in my heart.
Everything that had being is withered,
Not a shrub, not a tree, not a flower
Is left to relieve the dark horror
That clings to the present sad hour.

The birds that were here with their music,
Far, far from their nest-tree have fled,
And their young that were giving such promise,
Wo's me! for the young ones are dead.
There was Hope! I remember her beauty—
In what favored land does she stray?
I'm afraid that I hardly should know her
If she came to this desert to-day.
Ah, well! perhaps the far future
Reserveth a kindlier fate;
And, patience, I pray thee sustain me
While here in the desert I wait.

"PLAYING SHEPHERDESS."

BY E. W. DEWEES.

MERRY Maggy Lee was a beauty of the kind which is termed artless. Her pretty, innocent ways—her fresh, careless laugh; her keen—almost rollicking enjoyment of mischief, gave one the idea, that, without being in the least a vulgar romp, she was a joyous child of nature, unspoiled and untamed by the artificialities of fashionable life in which fate had thrown her.

Her appearance favored this impression. Though tall, her figure was girlish. Her curls were of the childish flaxen, slightly glistened with gold, and they surrounded a fair, rosy face, with bright, laughter-loving eyes, as blue, and clear, and innocent-looking as the heavens themselves.

Trust them not, for all that—oh, unwary youth! nor dare to gaze too long into their clear depths! Those eyes know well their syren power, for all their meek and dove-like, or perchance careless and merry glances. Trust not that rosy mouth, for all its child-like smile—for it knows when and how to pout and to coax, and laugh, till it wile the very heart out of your bosom ere you know it. Trust not those dancing curls—that witching dimple—trust her not at all, that sweet, artless, innocent Maggy Lee, for with all her artlessness she is the arrantest little flirt in all Philadelphia. She flirts for mischief—she flirts for sentiment—she flirts for pleasure, and she flirts for spite. Flirting is her occupation and her pastime. She is as wild, as coy, as gay, as mischievous, and as alluring as a very Undine fresh from her native element.

At the time I have chosen to introduce her to my readers, she had just finished her first winter in society, and she and her two intimate friends, Sophy B—— and Ellen C——, sat in her room having one of those confidential, delightful, mystic "talks," peculiar to girls under twenty—happy creatures that they are. Past pleasure and triumphs were discussed, and then came the sad theme of their coming banishment from these scenes. A long summer's rest in the country had been decreed by doctors and parents, and the edict was to go into effect the next day. Sophy and Ellen were going, with their families, to a large boarding-house in West Chester; but the motherless Maggy was condemned by her

father, who was not able to accompany her, to rusticate at the farm-house of her old nurse, who lived in the same neighborhood, fortunately, and where she had been sent nearly every year from childhood up.

Feelingly did our artless beauty bewail her unpromising prospects. No hopes of being admired—no gaieties—no flirtations in view; she was in despair till one of the friends, Sophy, chanced to observe,

"Strange to say, it seems we are to have Howard Clinton for a fellow boarder. He confided to my brother Bob, who is his particular friend, you know, that he is thoroughly disgusted with city life and its ways; and he has made a vow, or something of the kind, never to marry a city girl, no matter how charming she may seem. He has positively resolved on offering his heart, hand, and fortune to a rustic maid, or no one; and he is now on a pilgrimage to the country in search of his ideal milk-maid. Did you ever hear of anything so romantic?"

"Why he is another Cœlebs!" laughed Maggy. "What kind of a creature is he? not so tiresome as his prototype, I hope."

"Not tiresome at all," answered Sophy, "he is 'splendid';" (feminine term of superlative commendation) he is handsome, and very agreeable; only crotchety, as all your bright people are. How does it happen you never saw him?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Maggy, yawning. "I remember now I did see him once at Mrs. B——'s, but it was across the room, and he did not see me."

"I'd give my prettiest ring," continued Sophy, "to follow him on his pilgrimage for only one day—this Cœlebs in search of a shepherdess wife. Oh, if we could but dress up, and post up some country beauty in the neighborhood to play the part of poetical milk-maid, would it not be a delicious piece of mischief, and what fun we should have over it!"

"Oh, delicious! I've hit upon it! I'll do it myself!" cried Maggy, her eyes dancing with merriment. "I'll do the poetical shepherdess myself!"

"You, Maggy? how? how?"

"Nothing easier. Mr. Clinton don't know me. I shall be living at old mammy Grant's, who of

course will stand for my mother—the farm is just close by the boarding-house, and he can hardly fail to meet me, in his walks—or at least I will take care he shall—and then, I'm a perfect Fanny Kemble for acting; you'll see how I'll play my part. Oh, I'll manage it all, and report progress as the affair advances. Oh, Sophy, what a lucky thought of yours! We shall not want for amusement this summer."

The plan, objectionable as it may appear to those of my readers who are so fortunate as to possess "high moral principles," was warmly applauded by these graceless girls. So leaving them plotting over their reprehensible scheme, I take the opportunity to introduce my hero.

Howard Clinton was one of those highly gifted mortals who are continually balked, and harassed, and distressed by their own superior qualities. Too generous and nice in his sense of honor, ever to have made a successful business man, it was lucky for him that he inherited an ample, independent fortune, or he would have speedily been in trouble. On other points his peculiar disposition showed an equally unfortunate leaning. He could neither love, hate, nor reason like other people, and the world resented this; for what the world cannot understand, it sets down as blameworthy. Besides, his too poetical nature looked for golden fruits on every road-side briar, and too often his eager hand found, and felt, only the thorns.

Thus, being heartily, and for him quite naturally, disgusted with the artificialities of conventional life, he readily concluded that if this was all hollowness, its opposite must be all sincerity. Hence originated some remarks to his friend, which these silly girls speedily exaggerated into a Quixotic expedition to the country in search of a rustic wife. But to return to the plotters.

According to programme they reached their summer destination, and at a fitting opportunity after Mr. Clinton's arrival, behold our heroine seated on a rock in the meadow adjoining nurse Patsey's house, properly costumed for her part, awaiting the advent of her shepherd, that is Mr. Clinton, whom she expected to pass that way, by reason of a message from her fellow conspirators, to the effect that he had at breakfast announced his intention of going to shoot in said meadow.

Maggy's toilet arrangements were simple. A plain white dress (not starched) and a gipsy flat, is the legitimate costume for shepherdesses, as all the world knows. Her hair she arranged by simply taking out her comb and letting it fall in curls around her head. Only, instead of

smoothing it, she tossed and tumbled it well, declaring that as shepherdesses were never known to comb their hair, she should despair of being credited if she overlooked that point. The greatest difficulty lay with the crook. Maggy was of the opinion that a shepherdess without a crook was but a paltry affair, and would by no means forego it. But as these formerly useful implements have gone entirely out of fashion, such a thing was not to be had for love or money. Indeed the girls felt a very natural objection to going about to the village stores or elsewhere inquiring for shepherd's crooks, having an intuitive feeling that the demand would occasion ridicule or amazement. So, after great consultations, this important deficit was supplied by means of one of nurse Patsey's broken pot-hooks covered with paper, being tied to a strait stick; the joining being concealed by a knot of ribbon.

And so our heroine, thus accoutred, sat under the shade of a maple tree, plaiting a garland of leaves, and affecting to watch the flock of sheep which fed as usual in the meadow.

At the proper time, as though he had his cue, enter the hero, Mr. Clinton.

At sight of the shepherdess he started, looked puzzled, and then with a smile, whether of amusement or pleasure is uncertain, approached her, and immediately, as a well-trained shepherd should, fell into conversation.

Maggy played her part of rustic innocence and ignorance with much spirit, and greatly to her own approval; though perhaps a judge of such performance might have thought the part slightly overdone. The hero, however, showed no signs of mistrust. He appeared to have no misgivings that his shepherdess was other than a bona-fide one, and altogether, Maggy in high glee, reported her "scene first, act first," to her friends as a highly successful and amusing performance.

Scene second was full as piquant. Clinton, according to Maggy's account, proved himself the most gullible of mortals, and he had offered, out of pure philanthropy, to teach the poor, ignorant shepherdess to read.

These reading lessons accordingly took place, and Maggy reported her teacher delighted and astonished at her intelligence, which sometimes even went so far as to anticipate a word or letter not yet imparted from the tutor's store of knowledge.

For a week or two this topic was the only one talked of by the mischievous trio, and it was wonderful how much merriment they extracted from it. But gradually their interest flagged a

little, and Maggy grew more reserved, or at least less amusing on this theme, so that the subject finally dropped. Probably as Maggy now never introduced it, they imagined that she, like themselves, was tired of the frolic, and the meetings had ceased to take place.

Not so, however. No day passed that did not find Mr. Clinton at the feet of his shepherdess. He was now giving her a reading lesson, or rather reading with her, (so astonishing had been her progress) now bringing her some rare flower, or curiosity to examine—now wandering with her up and down beneath the spreading maples.

A sad change meanwhile had come over the merry shepherdess. She was no longer the blithe, careless girl we knew; her manner was often constrained—almost awkward; always dignified and somewhat reserved, as though she were striving to retain her own self-respect, or at least determined to demand respect from others. At times a look of trouble, almost distress quivered about her mouth, and often tears rose to the blue eyes, till now unused to aught but smiles. Gone all her winning rogueries—gone her merry coquetries—yet there was something deep and tender left in their place that was more than worth them all.

The short summer weeks were already gone, and the parting day had arrived. Shepherd and shepherdess met as was their wont. Maggy was in unhopd for good spirits. Perhaps, in spite of every other consideration, she was relieved that her part was nearly played out. She even, with some of her old grace, presented Mr. Clinton with a little bunch of forget-me-nots, which she had gathered by the brook.

After an interview of more than the usual length Mr. Clinton rose and stood before Maggy. With an altered look and voice he said, as he made her a low bow,

"I believe, Miss Lee, our performance is over for the season. Possibly I have not played the role originally assigned me, but what of that, if I have been able to improvise one more to my taste."

There was a merry twinkle about his eyes, which would have taken the sting from these sarcastic words, could Maggy have seen it. But she did not. Her face burning with shame was hidden in her hands. She felt all the agonies of discovered guilt.

She struggled long with her conflicting feelings, but as last raising her head she said, with true dignity,

"There is at least one consolation for me in this humiliating moment, Mr. Clinton. It is that

I am the dupe, and not you. I have been much to blame, I know," she continued, beginning to give way in her stateliness, "but believe at least, that my thoughtlessness was not heartlessness; or at any rate, tell me you forgive me." It was all up with her dignity now, and she was sobbing like a child.

Clinton, who had meant to show some masterly generalship on this occasion, when he fancied he had everything in his own hands, was completely disconcerted by this simple, but unexpected manoeuvre of the enemy's. Like most men, especially those who have had no sisters, he supposed that crying was well nigh as serious a thing as dying, and in common with all his sex, felt an impatient desire at all events to put an immediate stop to it, without knowing how to do so.

"Confound it," he muttered to himself, as he stalked up and down eyeing Maggy uneasily, "this is a serious matter—and I am a fool of a brute." Then to Maggy, "Pray, pray, Miss Lee—don't"—an ugly fix to be in—(aside) "I hope I have not hurt your feelings, Maggy, Miss Lee—indeed I did not mean any unkindness." No improvement on Maggy's part, notwithstanding sturdy efforts, till at last, after a pause, Mr. Clinton said impatiently,

"I would really like to know what you are crying for?"

"Because," answered Maggy, rather illogically, "it has been like a weight of guilt on my soul that I was deceiving you, and I am so glad it was not so."

"And did you really think you were imposing upon me, with that trumpery little gipsy hat, and that pot-hook tied to a stick?" asked Clinton, smiling kindly at her. "Why I knew you were a sham the first moment I saw you, and was not long in finding out all about you, including your kind intentions toward me."

Maggy looked up laughing through her tears at the pot-hook illusion, and answered joyously,

"Oh, then its all right; you have had your amusement, and I have had mine. So we part friends I am happy."

"If we part, we certainly part friends," said Mr. Clinton, seriously. "But, Maggy, I want you to be to me the friend from whom a man never parts—a wife."

I think it best at this point to avail myself of a time-honored custom of prudent writers, and leave the scene which followed "to the imagination of the reader." Of course there were sweet things said, and sweeter things looked, and then came explanations and confessions. Maggy made a clean breast of it, from her first thoughtless

engagement in the frolic, till later, feeling herself tangled in her own web of deceit, she had been forced for very shame, to continue the part she had begun. And Clinton made his counter confession. That he had at first, on discovering her project, merely intended to take his revenge on a bold girl by a flirtation. How he had gradually become acquainted with said bold girl; had weighed her character coolly and impartially, (so he said) until at last fully informed, and fully determined, he had deliberately placed his happiness in her keeping, as a purely philosophical proceeding, if one might judge by his statement. Superficial observers, he said, deceived by appearances, might call Maggy a flirt, but he, who knew her—he knew her to be only a light-hearted, merry girl, with the making of a noble woman in her.

And this impartial, and unbiased judgment proved perfectly correct.

When the farce of "Playing Shepherdess" was over, and the grand drama of life begun, Maggy fully justified Mr. Clinton's discernment. She proved a noble wife and mother—and the buoy-

ant spirits which in her youth were almost too exuberent, were, later in life, when more under control, a blessing to herself and household. To the more thoughtful, and melancholy temperament of her husband, they were as vital and refreshing, as the sun and breezes of heaven, to the sturdy forest tree, which with all its strength would pine and die without them.

There is in their characters that most rare blessing now-a-days among married people, perfect adaptation. Her gayety is a counterpoise to his gravity—his steadiness, to her versatility and so forth. Their sympathy is perfect; and often does Clinton, in recalling the past, hug himself with satisfaction to think, that instead of being frightened off, on discovering Maggy's mischievous plot, as many men would have been, or later, seduced off by the temptation of having in his power a dramatic, and apparently just punishment for such a scheme against his happiness, (or vanity) as most men would have been, plotting enemy into the most loving and faithful of allies.

FOUND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

BY REV. GEORGE W. ROGERS.

ONE day to the wood,
In deep thought I went,
Not knowing while there,
What was my intent.

In the green shade rose
A floweret fair,
As the stars that shine,
Or as blue eyes are.

This plant I would pluck,
But, turning to me,

It said, "Shall I fade,
When broken, for thee?"

So the roots and ground
With spade I laid bare;
By my green-house then
I placed it with care.

Once more I set it
'Mid bright sun and rain;
Now it puts forth buds
And blossoms again.

THE PERISHED DREAM.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

THE brightest, briefest, vainest dream
That ever transfigured my life, is o'er!
How utterly desolate all things seem
Since that glory is faded to shine no more!
I feel like one who suddenly wakes
From dreams of green forests and fields of corn.
And shudders to see how the cold morn breaks—
The solemn and bitter December morn!

It is gone forever—that beautiful dream
That seemed of my very life a part!
It has faded away like the sunset's gleam,
And left me a sick and weary heart.
I know that this anguish will pass away—
That time's slow balm will allay my pain—
But nothing so bright, in this weary world,
Ever shone before, or can shine again.

LOVE'S LABOR WON.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," &c.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM VOL. XXXI., PAGE 440.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

FALLING ASLEEP.

Oh! mother Earth! upon thy lap
Thy weary ones receiving,
And o'er them, silent as a dream,
Thy grassy mantle weaving,
Fold softly, in thy long embrace,
That heart so worn and broken,
And cool its pulse of fire beneath
Thy shadows old and oaken.

WHITTIER.

MEANWHILE the friends assembled down stairs in Mrs. Helmstedt's parlor, waited anxiously for her summons.

Presently the bell rang and Nellie Houston sprang up quickly to answer it. And soon after she left, Margaret appeared, but with a face, so changed, so aghast, that all who beheld it were stricken with fear and wonder! It wore no expression of grief, or terror, or anxiety—it looked as if all these emotions were impossible to it henceforth—it looked awed and appalled, as though some tremendous revelation of sin or suffering, or both, had fallen like a thunderbolt upon that young brow, and stricken childhood from it at once and forever!

Ralph Houston, who was waiting for her appearance, sprang up to meet her, and alarmed at her expression of countenance, hastened toward her exclaiming,

"Margaret, Margaret! what is it?"

But with a gesture of almost awful solemnity she waived him away, and silent as a visitant from the grave passed through and left the room.

Ralph gazed after her in consternation, and then turned upon his father a look of mute inquiry.

The colonel gravely shook his head and remained silent.

Margaret did not return.

Some hours subsequent to this, near midnight, were assembled in the chamber of death, old Col. and Mrs. Compton, the Houstons, Dr. Hartley and Mr. Wellworth—all the family and friends, in fact, except—Margaret. She had not made her appearance since. With that look of annihilated youth, she had passed through the parlor

and gone out. All wondered at her absence from the dying bed of her idolized mother; but none expressed an opinion upon the subject.

The chamber was dimly lighted by a shaded lamp that stood upon the hearth, and reversing the natural course of light, threw the shadows in strange fantastic shapes to the ceiling. It projected the shadow of Mr. Wellworth, who stood at Mrs. Helmstedt's feet, up over the bed until it looked like the form of some dark spirit swooping down to snatch the soul of the dying.

Mrs. Helmstedt lay on her back, with her head quite low, and her hands wandering gently over the white quilt as if in search of some other clasping hands—sometimes murmuring softly to herself in calm delirium, and occasionally opening her eyes and looking around cognizantly as though recognizing all who were present, and missing one who was not.

Nellie stood at her right hand, often bending anxiously over her.

Another hour passed, and still Marguerite Helmstedt lay in a state of gentle whispering delirium, varied with brief, lucid intervals. Was it in the former, or the latter of these conditions, that she breathed the name of her mother, then of her father, then of Nellie?

At the sound of her own name, Mrs. Houston bent to listen to her words.

"Nellie, dearest," she murmured, very softly, "when prisoners die, their bodies are given up to their friends, are they not?"

"Yes, surely, dearest Marguerite, when they have friends to claim their bodies," answered the lady, greatly wondering at the strange direction the dying woman's delirium had now taken.

"And if they have not friends, then they are buried in the prison grounds, are they not?" continued Mrs. Helmstedt.

"Of course, I suppose so, dear Marguerite."

"But, Nellie, I have friends to claim my body, after death, have I not?"

"What do you say, dearest?" inquired Mrs. Houston, bending closer down, for the voice of the dying was nearly extinct.

"I say, Nellie, dear, when my spirit flees, it

would not leave this poor, racked frame behind in the prison! Claim my body, *Nelie*! and bury it anywhere! anywhere! out of this prison!"

"Yes, dearest *Marguerite*! be content. I will do it," answered *Mrs. Houston*, soothingly, as she would have spoken to a maniac.

"What does she say?" asked old *Mrs. Comp-ton*.

"Oh, nothing to any purpose, mother. She is wandering dreadfully in her mind," whispered the unsuspecting *Nelie*. As if calmed by her friend's promise, *Mrs. Helmstedt* lay perfectly quiet for a few moments, and then her fair, thin hand went wandering over the quilt as if to clasp that other loving hand, and not meeting it, she opened her large, dark eyes, turning them about the dusky room as in search of some one, then she raised and fixed them with a wild gaze upon that sinister shadow that swooped over her head.

At this moment the door was quietly opened and *Margaret* entered. Her face had again changed. It now wore the look of one who had in this short space of time suffered, struggled, and overcome—of one who had gazed steadily in the face of some appalling trial and nerved her heart to meet it—the look, in short, of a martyr who had conquered the fear of torture and of death, and was prepared to offer up her life. But from this night, through all time, *Margaret's* face never resumed its youthful character of simplicity and freedom.

On coming into the room her eyes were at once turned toward her mother, and the first object that met their glance was the large, starry eyes fixed as if magnetized upon the swooping shadow on the ceiling.

Margaret went at once to the fire-place and removed the lamp from the hearth to the mantle-piece, and placed an alabaster shade over it, thus reducing the spectres, and bringing the unnatural relations of shadow and substance into harmony again. Then she went softly to her mother's side and slipped her hand into that wandering hand, that now closed fondly and contentedly upon it. The clasp of her child's slender fingers seemed to recall the wandering senses of *Mrs. Helmstedt*. Her dark eyes softened from their fixed and fiery gaze, as she turned them on her loving child, murmuring,

"*Margaret*! my little *Margaret*."

And presently she said, "It is time you were at rest, dear friends. Bid me good-night. *Margaret* will lie down here by me. And we will sleep."

No one seemed inclined to comply with this proposition, until *Mrs. Helmstedt*, looking annoyed, *Dr. Hartley* beckoned *Margaret*, who left

her mother's side for an instant, to hear what he had to say.

"My dear child, I myself am of the opinion that we had all best retire from the room. Shall you be afraid to stay here and watch alone?"

"Oh, no, doctor, no!"

"But not alone art thou if One above doth guide thee on thy way!" Very well, return to your pious watch, my child, and be sure upon the least sign of change to call me quietly. I shall stay in the next room."

"Yes, doctor," said *Margaret*, going softly back to her place.

"Come, friends! I think we had better retire and leave this child with her mother," said the doctor.

"Bid me good-night first," said *Mrs. Helmstedt*, as they all prepared to withdraw.

They all drew near her bed—*Mrs. Houston* nearest.

"You last, *Nelie*, you last, dear *Nelie*!" said *Mrs. Helmstedt*, as *Mrs. Houston* stooped to receive her kiss.

One by one they bade her good-night and left the room. *Mrs. Houston*, by request, lingered longer.

"Come closer, *Nelie*—closer still—bend down," whispered *Mrs. Helmstedt*, "I have one last favor to ask of you, dear *Nelie*! A trifle, yet I implore it. A foolish one, perhaps, for little may reck the soul, even if it survive, where or how the cast off body lies. But—do not lay me here, *Nelie*! Lay me at the feet of my father and mother, under the old trees at *Plover's Point*. Do you promise me?"

"Yes—yes, dearest *Marguerite*," faltered *Nelie*, through her gushing tears.

"Now kiss me and go to bed. Good-night."

Mrs. Houston left the room, and the mother and child were once more alone together.

"Are you sleepy, little *Margaret*?"

"No, dearest mamma."

"I am, and so ought you to be, my dove. Come, loosen your wrapper lie down on the bed beside me, and I will pat your little shoulder softly until we both fall to sleep as we used to do, long ago, *Margaret*," said *Mrs. Helmstedt*, speaking with a playfulness, strange and incomprehensible to her child, who though her heart seemed almost breaking, and though these tender words and acts weakened and unnerved her, prepared to comply. Once more she lay down by her mother's side and felt the gentle hand upon her neck, and the cooing voice in her ear as that dying mother sought, as heretofore, to soothe her child to sleep.

Let us draw the curtain and leave them so.

The friends dismissed from Mrs. Helmstedt's death bed re-assembled in the parlor. The doctor lingered there for a moment to take some little refreshment previous to resuming his watch in the spare room above.

"What do you think of her now, doctor?" inquired Mrs. Compton.

"I think, madam, that the quieter she remains the longer her life will last—she will live—through the night probably—through the morrow possibly."

The night indeed was far spent. No one thought of retiring to rest. The doctor took a lamp and a book and went softly up stairs to sit and watch in the room adjoining Mrs. Helmstedt's. And the party who were left below gathered around the little wood-fire that even at this season, the chilly nights on the bleak Island rendered necessary.

Amid the distress and confusion that had reigned throughout the house since the mistress' illness, no usual household duty save only the getting of meals and the making of beds had been attended to. Among other neglected matters the window-shutters had remained open all night. So that the first faint dawn of morning was plainly visible through the windows.

As soon as it was daylight, the sad party separated—old Mrs. Compton going about to take upon herself, for the better comfort of the family, the supervision of domestic affairs, and Nellie stealing softly on tip-toe up to the death chamber. Nevertheless, the watchful old physician heard, and came to speak to her at his own door.

"How has she passed the night, doctor?"

"In perfect repose, as far as I can judge."

Nellie stole noiselessly into the room, softly took away the night lamp that was still burning, then gently opened a window to admit the fresh morning air, and finally went up to the bedside to gaze upon the mother and child. It was a touching picture. Both were sleeping. The shadows of death had crept more darkly still over Mrs. Helmstedt's beautiful face, but she seemed to rest quietly with one hand laid over Margaret's shoulder in a protecting, soothing manner. Margaret's face had the troubled look of one who had been overcome by sleep, in the midst, and despite, of great sorrow. As Nellie gazed, Mrs. Helmstedt, with the sensitiveness of the dying, perceived her presence and opened her eyes.

"How are you, dear Marguerite?" inquired Nellie.

Her lips moved, and Nellie stooped to catch the faint murmur that came from them.

"Hush—sh! don't wake her. It took so long

to get her to sleep! And sleep is such a blessing."

"Sleep is such a blessing," these were the last words of Marguerite Helmstedt. Saying them, her eyes turned with unutterable love upon the little form sleeping beside her, and her hand essayed again its soothing part, but that dying hand was too feeble, and it slipped, powerless, from its work.

Margaret, at the same moment, opened her eyes, with that distressed, perplexed expression wherewith we first awake after a great sorrow. But in an instant all was remembered! Her mother dying since yesterday! Simultaneously with this anguish of recovered memory, came that strange power, self-control, with which this young creature was so greatly endowed.

"How are you, sweet mother?" she asked, calmly.

The lips of the dying woman fluttered and faintly smiled, but no audible sound issued thence. Her powers of speech had failed. Margaret grew deadly pale.

"Do not be alarmed, and do not worry her with questions. She is very much exhausted. The doctor will give her a cordial presently," said the pitying Nellie, seeking to conceal the terrible truth. But had she looked for an instant into that pale, resolute face, she would not have feared any unseemly outburst of sorrow on the part of that young girl.

Nellie, assisted by Margaret, placed Mrs. Helmstedt in an easier position and arranged the bed drapery. Then, while old Mrs. Compton and Dr. Hartley paid a visit to the room, she took Margaret down stairs and constrained her to take a cup of coffee, that she might be able to attend upon her mother through the day, Nellie said. And upon this adjuration, Margaret forced herself to take some refreshment.

After that the young girl resumed her watch, and never again left her dying mother.

As yesterday passed, so passed this day, except that Mrs. Helmstedt was sinking faster. As yesterday, so to-day, she lay quietly, in a gentle, murmuring delirium, not one word of which was audible, but which flowed on in a continuous stream of inarticulate music. Her life waned with the day. Late in the afternoon, during a lucid interval, she signed her wish that all might depart from the room, and leave her alone with her child.

And they went.

And as upon the night preceding, so upon this afternoon, at a sign from Mrs. Helmstedt, Margaret lay down beside her as if consenting to take some rest. At another sign, she drew her

mother's powerless hand over her own shoulder. And then with a sigh of content, Mrs. Helmstedt closed her eyes as if to sleep.

The day was dying. The sun was sinking low on the horizon. In the parlor below the friends of the family were watching its slow, but sure descent, and mentally comparing it with the steady decline of life in one above, and mournfully wondering whether she could live to see another sunrise.

In the recess of the beloved bay window, Mrs. Helmstedt's forsaken harp still stood in mournful splendor. The level beams of the setting sun, now shining through this window, touched the harp, drawing from its burnished frame responsive rays, "in lines of golden light." A moment thus stood the harp in a blaze of quivering glory, and then, as a sheaf that is gathered up, the rays were all withdrawn, and the sun sunk below the horizon. Simultaneously, as if some awful hand had swept its strings, each chord of that harp in swift succession snapped, in a long, wild, wailing diapason of melody, that died in silence with the dying sun, as though all music, light and life went out together, forever! All arose to their feet and looked into each other's faces, in awe-stricken silence! And the same instant, a sudden, prolonged, despairing shriek rang through the house.

"It is Margaret! Something has happened!" exclaimed Ralph Houston, breaking the spell.

All immediately hurried up stairs with prophetic intimations of what had occurred.

They were right.

Marguerite Helmstedt was dead, and her daughter was distracted!

With matchless heroism Margaret had maintained her self-control until now; but the grief restrained for her idolized mother's sake, now broke all bounds—and raged, a wild, wild storm of sorrow. Who shall dare to approach her with words of comfort? Who indeed can console her? Not one of you, well-meaning friends! for you never sounded the depths of woe like hers. Not you, young lover! for in the passionate idolatry of her grief she feels that to listen to your voice, beloved as it is, would, at this hour, be sacrilege to the presence of the dead. Not even you, holy, eloquent minister of God! Seek not to soothe her sorrow, any one of you. It were vain, and worse than vain! It were a mockery. Can you breathe the breath of life again into the cold bosom of the dead mother that lies in yonder chamber? Can you cause that stilled heart to beat? those closed eyes to open? those silent lips to speak and murmur softly, "My little Margaret! my dove?" In a word, can you

raise that dead to life? If not, then go to! and trouble her not with your common places. Before the image of an only child, just orphaned of her mother, that merely human comforter who best comprehends her sorrow, would stand the most confounded—dumb! Leave her to God! Only He who wounds can heal!

That afternoon, late as it was, Dr. Hartley set off for his home to commence preparations for the burial, as, in accordance with Mrs. Helmstedt's directions, she was to be laid beside her father and mother in her ancestral resting-ground at Plover's Point.

It was long before Margaret could be forced to leave her mother's chamber, and then no one knew what to do with a child so lost in woe, until at last her old nurse, Hildreth, without venturing a single word of consolation, just lifted and bore her away from them all—bore her up to an old, quiet attic, a sort of "chamber of desolation," where she sat down and held her—still never breathing a word—only making of her own embracing arms a physical support for the fainting form, and of her affectionate bosom a pillow for the weeping head. And so she held her for hours while she moaned and wept.

"Oh, mother! come back to me! I cannot bear it! I cannot! Oh, God, have mercy! Send her back to me! Thou can'st do all things, dear God! send her back!" And sometimes—"Oh, mother! do you hear me? are you near me? where are you? Oh, take me with you! take me with you! I am your child! your heart's child! I cannot live without you! I cannot! Oh, my mother, call me after you! call me, mother! don't you hear me? don't you hear me? don't you hear your child? Oh, mother, can't you answer me? Can't you answer your child? Oh! no, you cannot! you cannot! And I am going crazy!" And other wild words like these, to all of which old Hildreth listened without making any expostulation, uttering any rebuke or offering any vain words of comfort. At last, when exhausted nature succumbed to a deep and trance-like sleep, old Hildreth carried her down and tenderly undressed and put her to bed, and sat watching hours while she slept.

The next morning, when Margaret opened her eyes, her grief awoke afresh. She wished to fly immediately to the side of her mother; but this was strictly forbidden. At last, partly because she had already shed such floods of tears, and partly because she made almost superhuman efforts to control herself, she restrained the outward expression of her grief and went to Mrs. Houston and said,

"Let me see my mother. If you do not, I shall die. But if you do, I will be very quiet, I will not make a moan, nor shed a tear, nor utter a single complaint. Consider—when the coffin is once closed I shall never—never see her face or hold her hand again! Even now I can never more hear her voice or meet her eyes; but I can look upon her face, and hold her hands, and kiss her; but in a little while I cannot even do that. Consider then how precious, how priceless is every moment of a time so short; and let me go."

Margaret spoke with so much self-control and forced calmness, that her words and manner were strangely formal. And Mrs. Houston, deceived by them, consented to her wish.

And Margaret went down to the favorite parlor where Mrs. Helmstedt was laid out. The shutters were all closed to darken the room; but the windows were up to ventilate it; and the breeze blowing through the Venitian blinds of the bay window, played upon the broken harp, making a fitful moaning in strange harmony with the scene. Margaret reverently lifted the covering from the face of the dead, and pressed kiss after kiss upon the cold brow and lips. And then she took her seat by the side of her dead mother, and never left her again for a moment while she lay in that room.

The third day from that, being Saturday, the funeral took place. As it was to be a boat funeral, all the neighbors of the adjacent shores and islands sent or brought their boats. A large company assembled at the house. The religious services were performed in the parlor where the body had been first laid out.

After which the procession formed and moved down to the beach, where about fifty boats were moored. Not a single sail among them, all were large or smaller row boats. The oars were all muffled, and the oarsmen wore badges of mourning on their sleeves.

The Island boat, "the Nereide," had had her sails and masts all taken away, and had been painted white, and furnished with a canopy of black velvet raised on four poles. The twelve oarsmen seated in it were clothed in deep mourning. Into this boat the coffin was reverently lowered. This was the signal for the embarkation of every one else. In twenty minutes every boat was ready to fall into the procession that was beginning to form. The boat containing the Rev. Mr. Wellworth and Dr. Hartley led the van. Then followed the Nereide with its sacred freight. Behind that came the "Pearl Shell," containing the orphaned girl, Mrs. Houston and Ralph. After them came a skiff bearing Col. and Mrs.

Compton and Col. Houston. Other boats, occupied by friends and acquaintances, and others still, filled with old family servants, followed in slow succession to the number of fifty boats or more.

Slowly and silently the long procession moved across the waters. It formed a spectacle solemn and impressive, as it was strange and picturesque.

The sun was near its setting when this funeral train reached "Plover's Point," an abrupt headland crowned with ancient forest trees, that nearly hid from sight the old grey stone dwelling-house. On the west side of this bluff, under the shadows of great elms and oaks of a hundred year's growth, the family resting-place lay. Here the boats landed. The coffin was reverently lifted out. The foot procession formed and walked slowly up the hill. And just as the latest rays of the setting sun were flecking all the green foliage with gold, they gathered around her last bed, that had been opened under the shade of a mighty oak. There they laid her down to rest—

"There, where with living ear and eye
She heard Potomac's flowing,
And through her tall, ancestral trees,
Saw Autumn's sunset glowing,
She sleeps—still looking to the West,
Beneath the dark wood shadow,
As if she still would see the sun
Sink down on wave and meadow."

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

THE ORPHAN BRIDE.

"Come, Margaret, come, my dear child, it is time to go home," said Mrs. Houston, gently trying to raise the orphan from her kneeling posture by the grave—"come, dear Margaret."

"Oh, I cannot! Oh, I cannot! Not yet! Not so soon!"

"My love, the boat is waiting and the rest of our friends are gone."

"Oh, I cannot go so soon! I cannot hurry away and leave her here alone."

"But, Margaret, it is late, and we have far to go."

"Go then, dear Mrs. Houston, and leave me here with her. I cannot forsake her so soon. Dr. Hartley will let me stay at his house a few days to be near her, I know."

"As long as you like, my dearest child! as if it were your own house—as it is, and as if you were my own child," said the kind hearted physician, laying his hand as in benediction upon the bowed head of the kneeling girl.

"But, my child, think of Ralph! You have not spoken of him since—since your hands were united. Consider now a little the feelings of

Ralph, who loves you so entirely," whispered Mrs. Houston, stooping and caressing her, and thinking that all good purposes must be served in drawing the orphan girl from the last sleeping-place of her mother.

"Oh, I cannot! I cannot! I cannot think of any living! I can think only of her! of her! my mother! Oh, my mother!"

"What! not think of Ralph who loves you so devotedly?"

"Not now! Oh, I cannot now! I should be most unworthy of any love if I could turn from her grave, so soon, to meet it! Mr. Houston knows that," she passionately cried.

"I do, my Margaret! I feel and understand it all. I would not seek to draw you from this place; but I would remain and mourn with you," said Ralph Houston, in a low and revential tone, but not so low that the good doctor did not overhear it, for he hastened to urge.

"Remain with her then, Mr. Houston! there is no reason why you should not, and every reason why you should."

And so said Mrs. Houston, and so said all friends.

"But what says my Margaret?" inquired Ralph Houston, stooping and speaking gently.

"No, Mr. Houston, do not stay, please; leave me here alone with her—let her have me all to herself, for a little while," whispered Margaret. And Ralph arose up, thanked Dr. Hartley, and declined his hospitality.

"Good-bye then, dear Margaret! I shall come to you in a day or two."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Houston."

"But you must not call me, Mrs. Houston now, my child. You must call me mother. I have no other daughter, and you have no other mother now. Besides you are my daughter-in-law, you know. So you must call me mother. Say—will you not?"

"Oh, I cannot! I cannot, Mrs. Houston! You are my mother's friend, and I love you very dearly; but I cannot give you her dear title. I had but one mother in this world—in all eternity we can have but one; to call another person so, however near and dear, would be vain and false; excuse me, Mrs. Houston," said the girl, gravely.

"As you please then, dear. You will get over these morbid feelings. Good-night, God bless you," said Mrs. Houston, stooping and pressing a kiss upon the brow of her adopted daughter.

When every one else was gone, the old doctor lingered near Margaret.

"Will you come now, my child?" he asked, gently.

"Presently, dear doctor. Please go and leave me here a little while alone with her."

"If I do, will you come in before the dew begins to fall?"

"Yes, indeed I will."

The doctor walked away through the woods in the direction of the house. Let us also leave the orphan to her sacred grief, nor inquire whether she spent the next hour in weeping or in prayer. The doctor kept on to the house and told his daughter Clare to prepare the best bed-chamber for the accommodation of her friend Margaret.

And before the dew fell, true to her promise, Margaret came in.

Clare took charge of her. If ever there existed a perfectly sound mind in a perfectly sound body, that body and mind was Clare Hartley's. She was "a queen of noble nature's crowning." She was a fine, tall, well developed girl, with a fresh and ruddy complexion, hair as black as the black eagle's crest, and eyes as bright and strong as his glance when sailing toward the sun; with a cheerful smile, and a pleasant, elastic voice. She took charge of Margaret. And in her wise, strong, loving way, ministered to all her needs—knowing when to speak to her, and better still, when to be silent—when to wait upon her, and best of all, when to leave her alone. And Margaret was by her own desire very much left alone.

Every morning she stole from the house, and went down through the woods to sit beside her mother's grave. For the first few days, the hours passed there were spent in inconsolable grief. Then after a week she would sit there quietly, tearlessly, in pensive thought.

In the second week of her stay, Mrs. Houston came and brought her clothing from the Island, and with it a large packet of linen cut out and partly sewed. This was a set of shirts that Margaret and her mother had been making up for her father, the very day that Mrs. Helmstedt had been struck with her death sickness.

"I thought that if she could be interested in any of her former occupations, her spirits might sooner rally," said Mrs. Houston to Clare. And afterward in delivering the parcel to Margaret she said,

"You know your father will be home soon, my dear, and will want these to take back to camp with him. Will you not try to finish them all in time?"

"Oh, yes! give them to me! how could I forget them. She was so anxious they should be done," said Margaret, with an eagerness strangely at variance with her earnest, mournful countenance.

In unrolling the packet, she came upon the shirt-ruffles that she knew her mother had been hemming. There were the very last stitches she had set. There was the delicate needle just where she had stuck it when she left her sewing to go out into the garden, that fatal morning. Margaret burst into tears and wept as if her heart would break, until she became exhausted. Then she reverently rolled up that relic saying,

"I cannot finish this ruffle. I would not draw out the needle her fingers put there, for the world. I will keep this unchanged in remembrance of her."

"And when will you be willing to come home?" said Mrs. Houston.

"After my father comes and goes. I would rather stay here near her to meet him."

"And when he goes will you come?"

"Yes."

After dinner Mrs. Houston left Plover's Point.

Margaret remained, and each morning after breakfast, took her little work basket and walked through the woods down beside the grave and sat sewing there all day.

One day while she sat thus, a gentle footstep approached, a soft hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a loving voice murmured her name.

Margaret looked up to see the mild old minister, Mr. Wellworth, standing near her.

"My child," he said, "why do you sit here day after day to give way to grief?"

"Oh, Mr. Wellworth, I do not sit here to give way to grief. I only sit here to be near her," pleaded Margaret.

"But, my child, do you know that you grieve as one without hope and without God in the world?"

Margaret did not answer; she had never in her life received any religious instruction, and scarcely understood the bearing of the minister's words.

"Shall I tell you, Margaret, of Him who came down from heaven to light up the darkness of the grave?"

Margaret raised her eyes in a mute, appealing glance to his face.

"Shall I speak of Him, Margaret? Of Him, of whom, when his friends had seen him dead and buried out of their sight—the angel of the sepulchre said, 'He is not here—but risen?'"

Still that uplifted, appealing gaze!

"Of Him, Margaret, who said, 'I am the resurrection and the life?'"

"Oh, yes! yes! tell me of Him! tell me something to relieve this dreadful sense of loss and

death, that is pressing all the life out from my heart," said Margaret, earnestly.

The old man took the seat beside her, held her hand in his own, and for the first time opened to her vision the spiritual views of life, death and immortality—of man, Christ and God.

Sorrow softens and never sears the heart of childhood and youth. Sorrow had made very tender and impressible the heart of the orphan, its soil was in a good state for the reception of the good seed.

To hear of God the Father, of Christ the Saviour, of the Holy Ghost the Comforter—was to her thirsting and fainting spirit the very waters of life.

She followed where her pastor led—she sought the Saviour and found him not far off. Here Margaret received her first deep religious impressions—impressions that not all the stormy waves that dashed over her after life, were able to efface. In religion she found her greatest, her sweetest, her only all sufficient comfort. So it was in following the strong attractions of her spirit, that Margaret gradually advanced until she became a fervent Christian.

It was on Monday of the third week of Margaret's visit, that just at sunset Mr. Helmstedt arrived at Plover's Point. And reader, if you had been however justly angry with Philip Helmstedt, you must still have forgiven him that day, before the woe that was stamped upon his brow.

His innocent daughter's tempestuous sobs and tears had been healthful and refreshing compared to the silent, dry, acrid, burning and unsumming grief, that preyed upon the heart and conscience of this stricken and remorseful man! Scarcely waiting to return the greeting of the doctor and his family, Mr. Helmstedt, in a deep, husky voice, whispered to his daughter,

"Come, Margaret, show me where they have laid her."

She arose and went before, he following, through the deep woods, down beside the grassy grave.

"Here is her resting-place, my father."

"Go and leave me here, my girl."

"But, my father——"

"Obey me, Margaret."

She reluctantly withdrew, and left the proud mourner, who could not brook that even his child should look upon his bitter, sombre, remorseful grief.

"I have killed her, I have killed her!" he groaned in the spirit, "I have killed her as surely as if my dirk's point had reached her breast! I crushed that strong, high heart under

the iron heel of my pride! I have killed her! I have killed her! I have killed her in her glorious prime, ere yet one silver thread had mingled with her ebony locks! And I! what am I now! Ah, pride! Ah, devil-pride! do you laugh now to see to what you have driven me! Do you laugh to see that I have done to death the noblest creature that ever stepped upon this earth! Yes, laugh pride! laugh Satan! for that is your other name."

Oh! terrible is grief when it is mixed with remorse, and more terrible are both when without hope—without God! They become despair—they may become—madness!

It was late that evening when Mr. Helmstedt rejoined the family, in the drawing-room of Plover's Point. And his sombre, reserved manner repelled those kind friends who would otherwise have sought means to console him.

The next day Mrs. Houston came to make another effort to recover her adopted daughter.

Mr. Helmstedt met the bosom friend of his late wife with deep, yet well controlled emotion.

He begged a private interview, and in the conversation that ensued, apologized for the necessity, and questioned her closely as to the details of his wife's last illness.

Mrs. Houston told him that Marguerite's health had steadily declined, and that the proximate cause of her death was a mere trifle—the intrusion of a fugitive British soldier whom she had relieved and dismissed; but whose strange, or rude behavior was supposed to have alarmed her, and accelerated and aggravated an attack of the heart to which she had of late grown subject, and which, in this instance, proved fatal.

"An attack of the heart—yes, yes—that which is the most strained the soonest breaks," said Philip Helmstedt to himself, with a pang of remorse.

Again and again begging pardon for his persistence, he inquired concerning the last scenes of her life—hoping to hear some last change, or message from her, to himself. There was none, or at least none trusted to Mrs. Houston's delivery. Ah! Philip Helmstedt, could you imagine that the last words of your dying wife to her absent husband, could be confided to any messenger less sacred than her child and yours, when she was at hand to take charge of it.

The same morning, when Mr. Helmstedt walked through the woods down to the grave, he found his daughter Margaret sitting sewing by the grassy mound. She arose as her father approached, and stood waiting to retire at his bidding.

"No, no, my child! you need not go now. Sit

down here by me." And Philip Helmstedt took his seat and motioned Margaret to place herself by his side.

"Now tell me about your mother, Margaret," he said.

The poor girl controlled her feelings and obeyed—related how, for months past, her mother's life had steadily waned, how at shorter, and still shorter intervals, those dreadful heart-spasms had recurred—how—though the narrator did not then know why—she had put her house in order—how anxiously, feverishly she had looked and longed for his return, until that fatal day when a sudden attack of the heart had terminated her existence.

"But her last hours! her last hours, Margaret!"

"They were tranquil, my father. I spent the last night alone with her—she talked to me of you. She bade me give you these farewell kisses from her. She bade me tell you that her last love and thoughts were all yours—and to beg you, with my arms around your neck, and my head on your bosom, to comfort yourself by loving her little, bereaved daughter," said the child, scarcely able to refrain from sobbing.

"And I will, my Margaret! I will be faithful to the charge," replied the proud man, more nearly humbled than he had ever before been in his life.

"I passed the last two hours of her life alone with her. She died with her head on my bosom, her hand over my shoulder. Her last sigh—I seem to feel it now—was breathed on my forehead and through my hair."

"Oh, heaven! But yourself, my Margaret! What were her wishes?—what were her directions in regard to your future?"

"She had received your letter, dear father, intrusting her with the sole disposal of your daughter's hand. And being so near dissolution, she sent for Mr. Houston and joined our hands in betrothal at her death bed. Then she wished that after she had departed, her orphan girl should go home with Mrs. Houston, to wait your will and disposition, my father."

Mr. Helmstedt turned and looked upon his youthful daughter. He had scarcely looked at her since his return. Although he had met her with affection and kissed her with tenderness, so absorbed had he been in his bitter, remorseful grief, that he scarcely fixed his eyes upon her, or noticed that in his two years absence she had grown from childhood into womanhood. But now when without hesitating bashfulness, when with serious self-possession she spoke of her betrothal, he turned and gazed upon her.

She was looking so grave and womanly in her deep mourning robe, her plainly banded hair, and her thoughtful, earnest, fervent countenance, whence youthful lightness seemed banished forever. There was a profounder depth of thought and feeling under that young face than her great sorrow alone could have produced—as though strange suffering and severe reflection, searching trial and terrible struggle—and the knowledge, experience and wisdom that they bring had prematurely came upon that young soul.

Her father contemplated her countenance with an increasing wonder and interest. His voice in addressing her unconsciously assumed a tone of respect, and when in rising to leave the spot he offered her his arm, the deferential courtesy of the gentleman blended in his manner with the tender affection of the father. And afterward, in the presence of others, he always called her, or spoke of her as Miss Helmstedt, an example which all others were, of course, expected to follow.

The next day Mr. Helmstedt departed for the Island. Margaret was anxious to accompany her father thither, but he declined her offer, expressing his desire and necessity to be alone. He went to the Island, to the scene of his high-spirited, broken-hearted wife's long, half voluntary, half enforced confinement; he went to indulge in solitude his bitter, remorseful grief.

He remained there a fortnight, inhabiting the vacant rooms, wandering about amid the deserted scenes, once so full, so instinct, so alive with Marguerite De Lancia's bright, animating and inspiring presence—now only haunted by her memory. He seemed to derive a strange, morose satisfaction in thus torturing his own conscience-stricken soul.

Once, from Marguerite's favorite parlor, were heard the sounds of deep, convulsive weeping and sobbing; and old Hapzibah, who was the listener upon this occasion, fearing discovery, hurried away in no less astonishment than consternation. And this was the only instance in the whole course of his existence, upon which Mr. Helmstedt was ever suspected of such unbending.

At the end of a fortnight, having appointed an overseer to take charge of the Island plantation, Mr. Helmstedt returned to Plover's Point.

This was upon a Saturday.

The next day, Sunday, his young daughter Margaret formally united with the Protestant Episcopal Church, over which Mr. Wellworth had charge, and received her first communion from his venerable hands.

And on Monday morning, Mr. Helmstedt con-

veyed his daughter to Buzzard's Bluff, where he placed her in charge of her prospective mother-in-law. The same day calling Margaret into an unoccupied parlor, he said to her,

"My dear, since you are to remain here under the guardianship of your future relatives, and as you are though so youthful, a girl of unusual discretion, and an affianced bride, I wish to place your maintenance here upon the most liberal and independent footing. I have set apart the rents of Plover's Point, which is indeed your own property, to your support. The rents of the house, farm and fisheries amount in all to twelve hundred dollars a year. Enough for your incidental expenses, Margaret?"

"Oh, amply, amply, my dear father."

"I have requested Dr. Hartley to pay this over to you quarterly. In addition to this, you will certainly need a maid of your own, my dear; and it will also be more convenient for you to have a messenger of your own, for there will be times when you may wish to send a letter to the post-office, or a note to some of your young friends, or even an errand to the village shops, when you may not like to call upon the servants of the family. I have therefore consulted Mrs. Houston, and with her concurrence have directed Hildreth and Forrest to come over and remain here in your service."

"Are they willing to come, dear father?"

"What has that to do with it, my dear? But since you ask I will inform you, they are very anxious to be near you."

"I thank you, earnestly, my dear father."

"Forrest will bring over your riding horse and your own little sail boat."

"I thank you, sir."

"And here, Margaret, it will be two months before the first quarter's rent is due on Plover's Point, and you may need funds. Take this, my dear." And he placed in her hand a pocket-book containing a check for five hundred dollars, and also several bank notes of smaller value. Margaret, who did not as yet know what the book contained, received it in the same meek, thankful spirit.

"And now let us rejoice Mrs. Houston and Ralph, who thinks it unkind that I should thus, on the last day of our stay, keep his promised bride away from him."

The next morning, Mr. Helmstedt and Ralph Houston took leave of their friends, and departed together for the Northern seat of war.

Margaret bore her trials with a fortitude and resignation, wonderful when found in one so young. The recent and sudden decease of her idolized mother, the departure of her father and

her lover to meet the toils, privations and dangers of a desperate war, and above all, the undivided responsibility of a dread secret—a fatal secret—weighing upon her bosom—were enough, combined, to crush the spirit of any human being less firm, patient and courageous than this young creature—and even such as she was, the burthen oppressed, overshadowed and subdued her soul to a seriousness almost falling to gloom.

Mrs. Houston, to do that superficial little lady justice, applied herself with more earnestness than any one would have given her credit for possessing, to the delicate and difficult task of consoling the orphan. And her advantages for doing this were excellent.

Buzzard's Bluff was a fine, pleasant, cheerful residence. It was, in fact, a high, grassy rolling hill, rising gradually from the water's edge, and, far behind, crowned with the dense, primitive forest.

Upon the brow of this green hill, against the back-ground of the green forest, stood the white dwelling-house, fronting the water. It was a large brick edifice covered with white stucco, relieved by many green Venitian window-blinds, and presenting a very gay and bright aspect. Its style of architecture was very simple, being that in which ninety-nine out of a hundred of the better sort of country houses in that neighborhood were then built. The mansion consisted of a square, central edifice, of two stories, with a wide hall running through the middle of each story from front to back—and having four spacious rooms on each floor. This main edifice was continued by a long, back building.

And it was flanked on the right by a tasteful wing, having a peaked roof with a gable end front, one large, double window below, and a fan-light above. There was also side windows and a side door opening into a flower garden. The whole wing, walls, windows and roof, was completely covered with creeping vines, cape-jessamine, clematis, honeysuckles, running roses, etc., that gave portions of the mansion the appearance of a beautiful summer house. This contained two large rooms, divided by a short passage, and had been given up entirely to the use of Ralph. The front room, with the large seaward window, he had occupied as a private sitting, reading, writing and lounging parlor; the back room was his sleeping chamber. A staircase in the short, dividing passage, led up into the room in the roof, lighted by two opposite gable fan-lights, where he stowed his guns, game-bags, fishing-tackle, etc.

Now during the month that Margaret had passed at the Point, Ralph had gradually re-

moved his personal effects from this wing, had caused both parlor and chamber to be newly papered, painted and furnished, and then expressed his wish that upon his departure for the Northern frontier, the whole wing, as the most separated, beautiful and desirable portion of the establishment, might be given up to the exclusive use of his affianced bride.

Mrs. Houston consented, with the proviso that he should not vacate the rooms until the hour of his departure for camp.

Accordingly, the first evening of Margaret's arrival, she had been accommodated with a pleasant chamber on the second floor front of the main building.

But on Tuesday morning, after Mr. Helmstedt and Ralph Houston had departed, Mrs. Houston and her maids went busily to work and refreshed the two pretty rooms of the wing, hanging white lace curtains to the windows, white lace valances to the toilet-table and tester, etc. etc., and transfiguring the neatly kept bachelor's apartments into a lady's charming little boudoir and bed chamber.

When all was arranged, even to the fresh flowers in the white vases upon the front room mantle-piece, and the choice books from Mrs. Houston's own private library upon the centre-table, the busy little lady, in her eagerness to surprise and please, hurried away to seek Margaret and introduce her to her delightful apartments. She tripped swiftly and softly up the stairs, and into the room where she surprised Margaret—quite absorbed in some work—at her writing-desk.

"Oh! you are busy! Whom are you writing to, my dear?" she inquired, eagerly hastening to the side of the girl, and looking over her shoulder.

She meant nothing, or next to nothing—it was her heedless, impulsive way. She was in a hurry, and did not stop to remember that the question was rude, even when Margaret, with a sudden blush, reversed her sheet of paper, and keeping her hand pressed down upon it arose in agitation.

"Why, how startled you are, my dear! How nervous you must be! I ought not to have come upon you so suddenly. But to whom are you writing, my dear?"

"To—a—correspondent, Mrs. Houston."

"Why, just look there now! See what a good hand I am at guessing! for I even judged as much! But who is your correspondent then, my dear?"

"A—friend, Mrs. Houston."

"Good again! I had imagined so, since you

have no enemies, my child. But who then is this friend, you little rustic? You have not even acquaintances to write letters to, much less friends, unless it is Franky! Ah! by-the-way, don't write to Franky, Margaret! He could not bear it now."

Margaret made no comment, and Mrs. Houston, growing uneasy upon the subject of Franky, said,

"I hope you are not writing to Franky, Margaret!"

"No, Mrs. Houston, I am not."

"If not to Franky, to whom then? It cannot be to your father or Ralph, for they have just left you. Come! this is getting interesting! Who is your correspondent, little one? Your old duenna insists upon knowing."

Margaret turned pale, but remained silent.

"Dear me, how mysterious you are! My curiosity is growing irresistible! Who is it?"

Margaret suddenly burst into tears.

This brought the heedless little lady to her senses. She hastened to soothe and apologize.

"Why, Margaret, my dear child! Why, Margaret! Dear me, how sorry I am! I am very sorry, Margaret! What a thoughtless chatter-box I am of my age! But then I was only teasing you to rouse you a little, my dear! I did not mean to hurt you! And then I had such a pleasant surprise for you. Forgive me."

Margaret slipped her left hand into Mrs. Houston's, (her right was still pressed upon the letter) and said,

"Forgive me. It is I who am nervous and irritable and require sufferance! You are very, very kind to me in all things, and I feel it."

The little lady stooped and kissed her, saying,

"Such words are absurd between you and me, Maggie. Come, I will leave you now to finish your letter, and return to you by-and-by."

And then she left the room, thinking within herself, "The sensitive little creature! Who would have thought my heedless words would have distressed her so? I did not care about knowing to whom the letter was written, I am sure. But, by-the-way, to whom could she have been writing? And now, I reflect, it was very strange that she should have been so exceedingly distressed by my questionings! It never occurred to me before, but it really was rather mysterious! I must try to find out what it all means! I ought to do so! I am her guardian, her mother-in-law, I am responsible for her, to her father and to her betrothed husband."

Meanwhile Margaret Helmstedt had started up, closed the door and turned the key, and clasping her pale face between her hands, began pacing the floor and exclaiming at intervals,

"Oh! heaven of heavens, how nearly all had been lost! Oh, I am unfit, I am unfit for this dreadful trust! To think I should have set down to write to HIM and left the door unfastened! Farewell to liberty and frankness! I am given over to bonds, to vigilance and secretiveness forever! Oh, mother! my mother! I will be true to you! Oh! our Father who art in heaven! help me to be firm and wise and true!"

She came back at last and sat down to her writing-desk and finished her letter. Then opening her pocket-book, she took out the check for five hundred dollars, drawn by her father, in her favor, on a Baltimore bank, enclosed it in the letter, sealed and directed it, and placed it in the sanctuary of her bosom.

Then folding her arms upon her writing-desk, she dropped her head upon them, and in that attitude of dejection remained until the ringing of the supper bell aroused her.

Col. Houston was waiting for her in the hall, received her with his old school courtesy, drew her hand within his arm and led her out upon the lawn, where, under the shade of a gigantic chesnut tree, the tea-table was set—its snowy drapery and glistening service making a pleasant contrast to the vivid green verdure of the lawn upon which it stood. Old Col. and Mrs. Compton and Nelie, formed a pleasing group around the table. Col. Houston handed Margaret to her place and took his own seat.

"My dear, I am going to send Lemuel to Heathville to-morrow, and if you like to leave your letter with me, I will give it to him to put in the post-office," said Mrs. Houston.

"I thank you, Mrs. Houston," said Margaret.

"Ah! that is what kept you in your room all the afternoon, my dear. You were writing a letter; whom were you writing to, my child?" said old Mrs. Compton.

"Pray excuse me," said Margaret, embarrassed.

This answer surprised the family group, who had, however, the tact to withdraw their attention and change the subject.

After tea an hour or two was spent upon the pleasant lawn, strolling through the groves, or down to the silvery beach, and watching the monotonous motion of the sea, the occasional leap and plunge of the fish, the solitary flight of a laggard water-fowl, and perhaps the distant appearance of a sail.

At last when the full moon was high in the heavens, the family returned to the house.

Mrs. Houston took Margaret's arm and saying,

"I have a little surprise for you, my love," led her into the pretty wing appropriated to her.

The rooms were illumined by a shaded alabaster lamp, that diffused a sort of tender moonlight tone, over the bright carpet and chairs and sofa covers, and the marble-topped tables, and white lace window curtains of the boudoir, and fell softly upon the pure white draperies of the sleeping room beyond.

Hildreth, in her neat, sober gown of grey stuff, and her apron, neckhandkerchief, and turban of white linen, stood in attendance.

Margaret had not seen her faithful nurse for a month, that is, not since her mother's decease, and now she sprang to greet her, scarcely able to refrain from bursting into tears.

Mrs. Houston interfered.

"Now, my dear Margaret, here are your apartments—a sweet little boudoir and chamber, I flatter myself, as can be found in Maryland—connected with the house, yet entirely separate and private. And here are your servants—Hildreth will occupy the room in the roof above, and Forrest has a quarter in the grove there, within easy sound of your bell. Your boat is secure in the boat-house below, and your horse is in the best stall in the stable."

"I thank you, dear Mrs. Houston."

"I understand, also, that your father has assigned you a very liberal income. Consequently, my dear, you are in all things as independent as a little queen in her palace. Consider also, dear Margaret, that it is a great accession of happiness to us all to have you here, and we should wish to have as much of your company as possible. Therefore, when you are inclined to society come among us, at all other times you can retire to this, your castle. And at all times and seasons, our house and servants are at your orders, Margaret, for you know that as the bride of our eldest son and heir, you are in some sort our Princess of Wales," she concluded, playfully.

"I thank you, dear Mrs. Houston," again said the young girl. Her thoughts were too gravely pre-occupied to give much attention to the prattle of the lady.

"And by-the-way, Margaret, where is your letter, my dear? I shall despatch Lemuel early in the morning."

"You are very considerate, Mrs. Houston, but I do not purpose to send it by Lemuel."

"As you please, my dear. Good-night," she said, kissing the maiden with sincere affection, notwithstanding that, as she left the room, her baffled curiosity induced her to murmur,

"There is some ill-mystery that I am constrained to discover, connected with that letter."

Miss Helmstedt left to herself, directed Hildreth to secure the doors communicating with the main building, and then to go and call Forrest to her presence.

"I shall not tax you much, Forrest," she said, though to-night I have to require rather an arduous service of you."

"Nothing is hard that I do for you, Miss Margaret," replied Forrest.

"Listen then—to-night, after you are sure that all the family are retired, and there is no possibility of your being observed, take my horse from the stable, and ride, as for your life, to Bellevue and put *this* carefully in the post-office," she said, drawing the letter from her bosom and placing it in the hand of Forrest.

The old man looked at her wistfully, uneasily, drew a deep sigh, bowed reverently, put the letter in his pocket, and at a sign from his mistress left the room.

But that night at eleven o'clock, Nelie, watching from her window, saw Miss Helmstedt's messenger ride away over the hills through the moonlight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KIND WORDS.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

'Tis true that kind and gently words
Are view'd as little things;
Yet have they influence, like the breath
Of holy angel's wings;
And there's no heart, however rude,
But in some lonely hour,
Has felt their soothing witchery
And own'd their magic power.

These gently words—for none may know
The blessings they impart;
Or how they fall like manna on
The wounded, stricken heart.
For tiny birds, in some lone wilds
Have often rich seed sown;
And hope has sprung from gentle words
Where only griefs have grown.

LA BELLE LIEGOISE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM VOL. XXXI., PAGE 451.

CHAPTER V.

ALL night long there were lights flitting around that old Belgian farm-house, for like a tormented spirit, Therese wandered from room to room, picking up an article here and there and boarding it away in the recesses of her own apartments, but more frequently standing for minutes together gazing upon vacancy, and at last forgetting why she had stolen into the particular room where she stood, and gliding out again with the same still unconsciousness.

Her father's chamber was in another wing of the building, and perhaps it was the dread which conquered her impulse to visit it, which kept her wandering from room to room so vaguely and so long. At last she came gliding out from her bower-room hurriedly, and rushed like a shadow along the moonlight, that fell through the windows, flagging half the floor over which she paced as with blocks of silver. She stood for a moment with her hand quivering upon the latch, and then stole softly into the room, holding her breath and smothering each footfall, that no sound of her approach might arouse the old man. She saw him from the distance, for the windows were uncurtained, and the light which fell through lay like a luminous banner across his bed, revealing his broad forehead and the locks of iron-grey hair that fell back from the temples, leaving all its massive baldness exposed. Breathless and trembling, the girl crept timidly toward the bed. For her life she would not have aroused the stern sleeper, and yet she had no power to force herself from the room, without touching his hand, or pressing her lips to the broad forehead, that lay before her, disturbed with some troublesome thought, though buried in slumber and bathed in the pale moonlight.

So, shrinking and impelled by a force of affection, which would not be conquered by remorse, or fear, Therese fell upon her knees by the low bed, on which the old man slept, and taking his great hand softly between her trembling palms, pressed her lips upon it. Did a sob break from her full bosom then, or was there a current of

love in the old man's heart that never slept? I do not know; but certainly the fall of a rose leaf had proved heavier than that timid kiss, yet on the instant it aroused Merincourt from his deep slumber.

"Therese!" he said, starting to an elbow. "Therese, child, I thought it was a dream, but you are really here!"

She did not answer at first. His sudden consciousness terrified her. The tears, which had started with the first touch of his hand, still hung upon her cheek, and the moonlight revealed them trembling there.

"Speak to me, child, or I shall not know which is my daughter—the poor girl half dead with watching, with tears on her cheek and trouble in her eyes—or the red Amazon prancing through the crowd on her white horse, with spurs upon her heel and a scarlet plume scattering blood tints all around her. Thank God, Therese, you are here, real and girlish as ever. What wicked spirit dared to clothe you in that dress, and place you in the midst of that terrible multitude, where every man seemed athirst for his neighbor's life, and every woman was a fiend? Thank God it was only a dream!"

"And what was the dream, my father?" inquired Therese, in a low, hoarse voice.

"I have told you, child—you were in a crowd, thousands and thousands thronged around you, men, women, and children. Some on horseback some on foot, some armed with swords and pikes, others with household utensils. It was difficult telling the women from the men, for all were fierce and tumultuous. Their garments were almost alike, their faces full of evil passions. They seemed an avalanche of demons let loose from torment."

"And I was there, my father?"

"Yes, everywhere the eye turned, you appeared, flaming out in red like a spirit of evil, a leader among kindred fiends. Your black eyes glowed like fire, your smile was terrible. Oh, Therese, Therese, I thank God it was only a dream!"

"And was this all, father? Did you see no

one else? A tall man, with eyes like the summer sky, a white forehead knitted with scorn, a mouth curved with ineffable disdain of death? Did you see this man, standing up in a cart, his head uncovered, his neck bared to the shoulders, his hands, white and shapely, girded with cords, and a hideous frame of wood, half gallows, half a mystery, looming before him, with the smell of blood all around? Did you see this man, my father, shrinking and shuddering beneath the glances of that red fiend, who took the form of your child?"

"No, Therese!" answered the old man, wonderingly, "I saw only the cavalcade and this red Amazon."

"Then," said Therese, in a low voice, "my waking sense was more powerful than your dreams, father, for I saw the end."

"What are you saying, child?"

"Nothing, father. Your dream oppressed me, that is all!"

"But why are you up at this time of night, Therese? It cannot be far from morning. Your cheeks are wet, and your eyes look heavy. Have evil dreams disturbed you also?"

"No, my father. It seems to me as if I should never dream again. Everything is so hard and real now. Perhaps your blessing would make me sleep. You did not kiss me to-night, or say, in the old-fashion, 'Therese, rest well.' If you bid me, I shall perhaps fall asleep some time."

"I remember," said the old man, sitting up in bed, "you did not come to say good night. I went to your room in search of you, but it had a lonely look, and I came away. Perhaps it was because of this thwarted blessing that I dreamed so wildly. I am glad you came here to claim it of me!"

"Then you will bless me, late as it is!" said the poor girl, struggling with the pain at her heart. "You can never refuse to bless me, father, let what will happen?"

"Refuse to bless my own child? No!" answered the old man, smoothing her hair softly with his palms.

Therese looked pleadingly in his eyes, her lips began to quiver, and she clung desperately to his hand.

"Not—not if I were in truth the red Amazon of your dream?"

"Nor then!" answered the old man, solemnly, "for you, my only one, I have blessings, only blessings, forever and ever."

Therese dropped her head, and struggled with the sobs that rose thick and fast to her throat.

"What is the matter? You are crying, Therese."

"No, father."

"You tremble."

"No, father. Only the night is cold and my dress thin."

"True, true, I should have remembered that. Go back to bed, darling. Kiss me again, and sleep well."

Therese dropped her face on his broad bosom, and murmured,

"But you have not blessed me yet?"

"Every kiss I leave upon your forehead, child, has a blessing in it. I never look up to heaven, without thanking the Holy Mother that my child lives and is so good."

"But to-night, father. Lay your hand here upon my forehead, and promise, while the beautiful mother of heaven looks on, that you will never curse me."

"Curse you, Therese!"

"Or turn away from my sorrow, or my penitence?" she continued, vehemently. "Promise, father, that you will never refuse me shelter in your home—in your heart."

"Therese, are you wild?"

"Wild! No, father, but this dream. You did not feel like cursing the red fiend in your dream, because she had your blood in her veins? Tell me that—oh, tell me that!"

"Feel like cursing her?" exclaimed the old man, eagerly. "No, I only strove to carry her away from the fiends that crowded on her footsteps."

"But did you think, father, that she might be the avenger of some great wrong? That generations after generations, which tyranny has trodden into unholy graves, joined their ghostly cries with an outburst of living protest before she put on the red garments of an avenger? Was there no fire of patriotism in your own soul to answer the stern cause that unsexed the child of your dream and turned her into a Nemesis? Father, if God, angry with the supine selfishness, which puts up with insult and bows to wrong, had smitten you with disgrace, branded your child—if we had been made to feel the evils that have crushed so many human souls into infamous graves—if this had happened to ourselves, father, would you shrink from giving up your life and your child?"

"Therese, Therese, what is the meaning of this? Of what wrongs are you speaking? Has the evil spirit of my dream entered your soul also, that you come to my bedside at night, with these burning eyes and that voice which sounds like the smothered tones of a trumpet? Go to your bed, girl—say your prayers and sleep this wild mood off."

"Not yet, not yet, father. Hold me here a little while longer, then I will go away."

"There, there, child, your voice is softer. I feel your tears in my bosom. I did not mean to be unkind, darling. These words are only my own, I know well enough; but they sound harshly on your young lips. With the evil laws that chain down human souls, and the evil passions of men, you have no part. I am strong enough to shelter my daughter from the very shadow of wrong. So think no more on these subjects, Therese."

Therese did not seem to heed him, but clung closer and closer to his bosom, murmuring over words that were almost moans, and refusing to be removed from her resting-place, or to lift her face that Merincourt could read there the traces of her great sorrow.

At last she drew back, and folding her hands upon her bosom, bowed her head reverently downward.

"Father, good night."

The old man laid his hand upon her head very tenderly.

"Good night, Therese."

She did not speak again, but arose from her knees, and went silently from the room. The old man watched the flutter of her garments as she disappeared, and then dropped into a train of disturbed thought, which ended in sleep so profound, that he did not awake till late in the morning.

Therese went directly to her room. A small portmanteau, packed with a few clothes, such jewels as she possessed, and a considerable sum in gold, lay upon the couch: and close by it had been placed the garments of a peasant boy, evidently laid out for use.

After waiting a little, evidently with some impatience, she went out through the sash door, and leaning over the balustrade, listened. Directly a footfall upon the turf reached her ear, and a small lad stole cautiously beneath the balcony.

"Hist, mademoiselle, is it you?"

"Yes, yes," answered Therese; "have you left the horse where I told you?"

"He is ready, mademoiselle, but I did not see the boy anywhere!"

"It is not time yet. Here, take this, and see that it is safely fastened behind the saddle."

As she spoke, Therese dragged the portmanteau into the balcony, and cast it over.

"When this is done, shall I wait for the boy?" asked the lad, shouldering the portmanteau.

"Yes, it will not be long. Tread softly, and remember, not a word that you've been here."

"I shall forget that I came at all!" answered the boy, as he glided away.

Therese went back to her room, put on the boy's dress, buckled a blouse around her waist with a leathern belt, and knotting her thick hair under a cloth cap, appeared in the moonlight, so disguised that it would have been difficult to recognize her at even at mid day.

On the banks of the Outhé, she found the flower boy, holding a horse, on which the portmanteau was already strapped. She did not trust herself to address the lad, but taking the bridle from his hold, mounted and rode slowly away.

CHAPTER VI.

THE French court had established itself at Versailles, retiring, as it were, from those scenes of resplendent gayety and reckless extravagance, which at last exasperated the nation into tragedies of anarchy and murder, that followed close upon the date of our story, and are doomed to blacken the history of France forever and ever.

The great palace of Versailles had always been too stately for the exquisite taste of Maria Antoinette, who blended a love of domestic life with her most extravagant caprices. Thus, partly to gratify her own inclinations, and partly to conciliate the people by a show of retrenchment, she had gathered the most favored portions of the royal household around her at the two Trianon palaces. The king and queen occupied *la petite Trianon* almost exclusively, with their immediate family, while the larger palace accommodated such courtiers as always hovered about the immediate presence of royalty, practising in the retirement of those magnificent grounds the same scenes of gayety, that had made the court already so obnoxious to the people, but with less aggravating ostentation.

Having thus withdrawn herself into comparative privacy, the beautiful queen persuaded herself that she was making every concession that royal dignity could permit, and that the unpopularity that of late had followed her even more than her husband would gradually die away.

But with all her honest desires to act rightly, Maria Antoinette had been too long a powerful queen and a spoiled beauty, for any positive relish of the quiet domestic life she affected. The love of gayety was still uppermost. The ideal of a brilliant court was not content long to remain without her worshippers; and after a few days of unnatural quiet, in which political economy and social reforms were the fashionable topics, the court gradually glided back into its old habits, and the festivities of the two minor palaces were even more brilliant, because more centralized, than those of Versailles itself.

Thus, buried in the depths of those stately woods, the amusements with which Maria Antoinette enlivened what she was pleased to denominate her retirement, seemed more like the enchantments of some fairy land than absolute revels.

Among the ladies of her immediate household, who resided in the little palace with the queen, was a young girl, the heiress of a fine estate in the interior, who, on the death of her father, had been made a ward of the crown, and thus fell naturally into a favored position about Maria Antoinette's person. The confidence and affection, which had sprung up between this girl and her royal mistress, was sincere and beautiful, as the honest love of two women always is; but of late a singular estrangement had existed between them, an unconscious reserve, which was rather felt than understood. But for those grave causes of anxiety, which now began to press heavily on her mind, Maria Antoinette would have felt this estrangement keenly, for she was ever greedy of affection, and loved the young Clemence with that sincere earnestness that brooks no half return.

Perhaps it was this little heart-shadow which clouded Maria Antoinette's brow on the evening of her son's birth-day, the last festival of that kind she was ever doomed to know. As she made her toilet that night, the queen had observed a degree of restlessness and flutter in her young maid of honor, that excited some remark, but for the first time in her life the girl shrunk from the queen's kindly inquiries, and returned them with vague answers, that left a shadow of anxiety on her hearer's brow.

The two palaces, buried as they are in the heart of those kingly grounds, were linked together that night by a chain of trees, that seemed drooping with a fruitage of stars, so countless were the lamps that twinkled amid their foliage. A wilderness of flowers blossomed on every hand, sending up glowing masses of color when the light struck them, and filling the air with dewy odor. Shadows and strong lights were thrown in contrast all over the neighboring grounds. If a statue, or a rose, or some miniature fountain could be rendered effective, it was thrown into the picture by clusters of tinted lamps, which gave a glow of life to the marble, and shed a thousand rainbow tints on the falling waters. Whole masses of flowers were brought out from the shadows, that concealed others, by lamps hidden thickly as fire-flies amid their foliage. The little island, crowned by its temple of love, in the centre of that miniature lake which lies close to the little Trianon, was the

most exquisite feature of the scene. Its slopes seemed sprinkled with stars, for innumerable lamps were hid away in the mossy grass; the marble columns of the temple were garland with flowers and wreathing lights, till the statue of love within seemed bathed in the first rosy beams of morning. The pretty lake threw back another temple, a glowing shadow only, but so softened and etherealized, that it seemed a reproduction of the water-sprites, who were softly penciling it in the waves.

The two palaces were illuminated to match the outward beauties of the scene. Through every window streamed a flood of light, sometimes tinted with floating draperies, sometimes transparent as gushes of crystal water. Every balcony concealed its band of performers, some filling the night with outbursts of music, others echoing the same strains, till the whole air vibrated with exquisite harmonies.

It was a beautiful summer night. The new moon hung like a golden sickle in the sky, and a shower of bright stars sprinkled the purple earth from horizon to horizon. Yet that little spot of earth, in the bosom of Versailles, rivaled even the lovely sky that bent over it; for the sounds of soft voices, the ringing echoes of laughter, and glimpses of lovely women moving to and fro beneath the lighted trees and across the blossoming turf, filled the earth with a thousand exquisite beauties; while the sky had only its depths of blue, its golden stars, and the curve of that young moon to brighten its stillness.

The children of the nobility were assembled, that night, to honor the little Dauphin, and were scattered, with the court, in groups and companies around the lighted park; for Maria Antoinette enforced no rigid etiquette on her guests, but usually was the first to break through the stately forms so imperative in the time of the great monarch. In truth, that sententious heap of royalty was fitted only for Versailles, in all its broad, dull grandeur, while Maria Antoinette belonged to Trianon *la petit* and *la grand*. Here she was only a beautiful woman, striving, in her womanly fashion, to give back all the happiness she received.

Among the gay throng that wandered around the two palaces, that night, were several strangers; for any person, sufficiently adroit to pass the sentinels, might easily mingle with the guests; and several disaffected members of the Jacobin clubs did thus evade detection, and became indignant spectators of the festivities.

Among these persons were two, a young man and a female, dressed sufficiently like the courtiers, with whom they mingled, to escape detec-

tion; but with a certain air of democratic freedom in their manners, which must have excited observation had they not found security in the open grounds.

"Now, tell me, why it is you have insisted on coming here?" said the youth, as they paused in the shadow of a thicket close by the windows of a dancing-saloon. "It is at no small risk, I can tell you. If we should be discovered, these fine courtiers would think nothing of charging us with the most terrible designs, and it would be easy finding ourselves in the Bastille, if they did not think us too low born for that honor!"

"Hush," answered his companion. "Look, look."

"Well I see nothing but a young lady, who seems to wish concealment like ourselves," said the youth, following with his eyes the form of a young girl who glided by them toward a small

pavillion, that stood on the edge of a flower garden close by.

"Look," said the female, and now that she stepped forth into the light you saw the features of Therese Merincourt, "look. Is not this the same face?"

She held a medallion in her hand, on which was enameled the face of a female, the very one who had just passed them.

"Yes," answered the youth, "it is the same face, but both are strange to us."

"Wait for me here," said Therese, grasping the medallion in her hand, "I will come back soon. Have no fear for me. I will not fail to return."

Before the youth could speak, she had disappeared, following the young lady who entered the pavillion, after looking cautiously around as if she feared observation. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

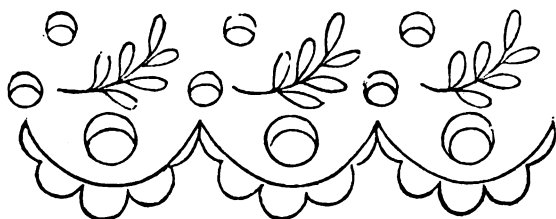
VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



PETTICOAT BORDER.



STUD WREATH.



FOR BABY'S MANTLE.

NELLY'S MOTHER.

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

"WHAT'S the trouble?" exclaimed my uncle Wise, throwing down a newspaper which he had striven in vain to read. "What has poor Miss Mills done now?—worn hoops four yards around instead of eight—or decorated her dress with two flounces instead of three? I declare these laws of fashion and etiquette are becoming so imperative that one might as well live in Shakerdom, where it's a grievous offence to step the left foot first upon a threshold."

"Order!" laughed one of the young people, and turned an hour glass. "The honorable member is talking past his time, as he always does when he takes the stand for Betty Mills. Dear uncle, we were not complaining of disregard to etiquette."

"What then?"

"Oh, making merry over some new phase of old maidishness, that's all!"

"Cruel, cruel, wrong: the girl can't help it that she never found a husband to her mind," murmured my uncle, more to himself than to us.

"Oh, but she could," said Nelly Wise, shaking her curls. "It is proverbial that every woman, handsome or homely, sick or well, wise or ignorant, has had at least one opportunity to marry."

"And this chance, be it good or bad, be it agreeable or repulsive, she must snatch and be thankful for?"

"Or else take the consequences," said Nelly, with the air of a judge pronouncing sentence. "But, papa, why do you always take up the gauntlet in favor of these dolorous old creatures?"

"Because, Miss Nelly, in my youth I received a good lesson on the subject, one which I should like very much to impart to my child."

"Oh, dear, is it long and prosy? But we'll be good and listen. Turn the glass, Hetty!"

"Mother," so my uncle always called his wife, "mother, we've brought this Nell up to be a saucy little sprite; but come you and sit with us, and vouch for the truth of my story."

So there were six in our company. Uncle in his easy chair, the picture of prosperous, happy, benevolent old age; aunt, bending her handsome, intelligent face over a basket of stockings and thread balls; and around the large centre-table we younger people, sitting with plates, cups of

water, and squares of paper, and bits of cloth, scissors, paint-brushes, par-boiled fingers, and all the other accompaniments of a sea-weed pressing, which had been our recent occupation.

"Turn the glass," said Nelly, "papa is clearing his throat at such a rate I should not be surprised if he were on the point of telling some tender and touching experience of his own; the ghost of some defunct Miss Laura Dalton is rising out of his past, you may be sure; there's nothing like the dust of buried memories for affecting people's throats: you can't cough it away, papa, so begin!"

"Ah, Nelly, when your curls have turned as grey as mine, you'll have grown too wise to laugh at buried memories. As for my story, it relates to some one whose name we won't mention, unless you shall happen to guess it for yourselves."

"Was it aunt Wise?"

"Well—yes! Would you believe that she was ever one of 'those dolorous creatures,' an old maid?"

"Impossible, utterly!"

A great many years ago, this good lady with the stocking-basket, Mrs. Wise, was known as Elizabeth Stearns, the maiden sister and aunt in a large, proud, wealthy family.

"He is quizzing us, isn't he, mother?"

"No, he is telling the truth: I spent a number of years with your uncle Frank, and made myself generally useful——"

"That she did! It was Lizzie here and Lizzie there. If a child was fretful it was, 'Do go and play in aunt Lizzie's room;' if sick, it was, 'Perhaps the little love can be persuaded to sleep with aunt Lizzie to-night.' If the family wished to make some journey, it was, 'How fortunate that aunt Lizzie can keep house.' If any celebrity were visiting the town, it was, 'Oh, yes, we'll all go—except Lizzie, who has so many resources that she never cares for amusement.'"

"Don't make it too bad, father," my aunt interposed.

"No, I will not exaggerate. When your uncle's fortune began to dwindle, and for years they lived the weary life of people who struggle to keep up appearances, aunt Lizzie was more than ever in demand——"

"But," interrupted Nelly, "this is an exceptional case: we know that mamma was always handsome, agreeable and intellectual; she may have happened to live single a few years after the proper time to marry; but I should never call *her* an old maid."

"Others did: the sweeter, more patient, more self-sacrificing her behavior, the more it seemed she was tried; and that by relatives who were truly grateful to her, who could not live without her help."

"How foolish and unreasonable! What did they mean?"

"You should know better than I."

"Then I wouldn't say any more about it, dear," observed my aunt, quietly, as she left us to attend to some household matter.

"Yes, that's your mother," he pursued, "always forgiving and patient and self-forgotten: if her temper should change in the transit to another world, it would change for the worse: better it could not be. Why, children, I've known your uncle Frank to quiz and hector her week after week, for no worse sin than the fact that she began, in due time, to grow old; and at last the children took it up, and visitors."

"In what way?"

"It was 'old maid' from morning till night: if her room were in order, if she contrived little home-made conveniences it was, 'See how old maidish;' she was fond of books, so they called her 'blue-stocking;' fond of Biblical literature, and they said 'old maids were always pious;' fond of poetry, and they called it 'sentimental and fantastic.' She didn't mind walking through the street with a carpet bag, and they said, 'Behold the maiden lady's badge!' She was annoyed if men, young or old, showed undue familiarity."

"I'll be bound!" laughed Nelly.

"If they cast tender glances at her, or pressed her hand, or attempted to kiss her, and she resented as any modest woman might, they said, 'Behold the prudery of the old maid!'"

"You were prejudiced in her favor, papa: from these hints I can conjecture that her friends had ground for merriment. But to think that I should be the child of an old maid!"

"Yes, and, Nell, of an old bachelor too; since uncle is older than aunt."

"True, I am three years older; and some how notwithstanding this fact, I was only twenty-six years of age on my wedding-day."

"And my mother was not only a forlorn old maid, but a second wife? Oh, horrible!" gasped Nelly.

"Well, for that first marriage I never had the heart to blame her, as her friends did; in truth,

my own was as far from the straight line of prudence and your dear etiquette."

"Pray tell us all about it; your 'lesson' is not half so dull as I anticipated."

"Your grandfather Stearns, rest his ashes! was a proud old man; and fretful and imperious enough to drive some women to despair: after worrying his wife into the grave, and losing nearly all of a large property by his own perverse mismanagement, he devoted the remainder of his existence to bewailing these misfortunes. A pleasant life your mother led with him!"

"I can understand how, being a little set and stiff, and so forth, she found it had to yield to an imperious will! It is rather suspicious that she should always have been a victim: some people are so thin-skinned that it doesn't take much teasing to annoy them."

"No one thought your mother a victim, except God, and one heart that loved her. She gave pleasant words for petulant ones, and redoubled kindness for ingratitude."

"And this heart?"

"Belonged to a neighbor boy whom her father engaged to read the papers to him, and to play interminable games of chess. The youth wondered first at your mother's gentle patience, and then pitied, and then loved her."

"As my grandfather might have foreseen."

"He did not. It was his own proposal that Lizzie should recompense the boy for his services, by lessons in French or German. She had curls, Nelly, like your own: I've seen the young man bending over his exercises, and these curls falling against her forehead, and that little hand of hers—it is small now—putting his aside to correct what he had written. And after the lesson was over, I've seen her go to the door with him and look like an angel—as she was—in the moonlight, while she bade him farewell."

"How happened you to see so much? I should not suspect my father of eaves-dropping."

"Oh, I was a boy then as well as he; near his age, lived near him, went to the same school. I was in his confidence, but never heard him say a word about loving Lizzie Stearns, until a week before their marriage. The truth was, Lizzie thought only of her duties; and he thought only of certain ambitious plans for leaving his father's farm, and going to India for a fortune, or traveling through the world with knap-sack and staff in search of information."

"What put the thought of love in their innocent hearts? Let me see—how old were they when they had never once thought of it?" said Nelly, looking wise.

"No matter how old. He happened at the

house once when the father had been abusing Lizzie according to his wont; and for once her sweet lips trembled with emotion as she greeted her pupil with one word, and hurried out of the room."

"And he hurried after her, I suppose, that's the way they do in novels."

"Yes, and you may look in novels to find what followed: in a week they were man and wife."

"And what said papa to that?"

"He never knew it: intercepting a glance between them one day, he drove the young man out of his house with curses, and made Lizzie promise not to think of loving any other. He couldn't have made a request with which it would have been easier to comply!"

"Why did she not say courageously, 'I will follow my husband, hinder if you can?'"

"Because it was her way to yield, to pity him who abused her. And in old times children were taught a sacred obedience to parents, an awe in their presence which is quite unknown to Young America."

"I dare say the old gentleman had too, a small property left which his daughter was not unwilling to inherit."

"Nelly, Nelly, don't you believe in such a thing as disinterested goodness? The boy was ambitious, as I have said, your mother was not without her share of pride; and they agreed to keep the marriage a secret until after the young husband should have mastered his profession. In a few years your grandfather died, and Lizzie went to live with your uncle Frank."

"How old was she then?"

"Twenty-three."

"What, you don't mean that you were the farmer's boy?"

"Yes, but I do; and all those years aunt Lizzie was ridiculed for her old maidishness, that she was a married woman; and the 'maiden' penuriousness was a saving to send in secret to her husband; and the prudish behavior was faithfulness to one whom she loved with all her holy heart."

"There! I knew that my mother was not that dolorous thing: I felt an instinct of it in my very bones!"

"Take the moral to your heart, my child."

"What moral? The truth that instinct is more to be relied upon than even the counsels of a man of Eld?"

"No, you piece of mischief and perversity—your grandfather's own girl!—the moral that half this ado about old maids is a mere prejudice, and that the other half is based on grounds which call for pity, sympathy, charity, anything but ridicule and abuse. A single woman, unless she have great talent, energy or independence, unless she have gifts which can hold in awe such people as love to harrass the weak, a single woman leads a weary, unenviable life."

"All her own fault!"

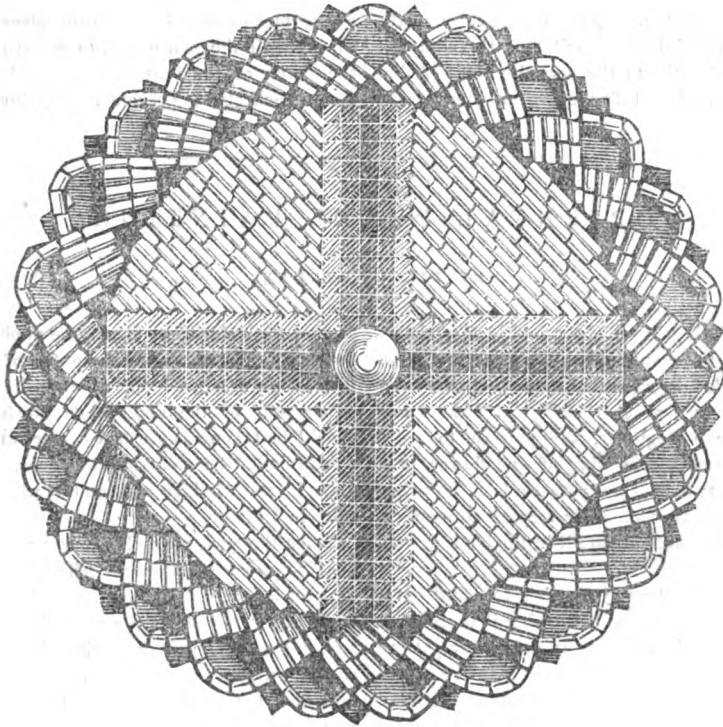
"Hush, Nelly! It is not her fault. It is noble and forever praiseworthy in a woman to refuse the man whom she does not love; and having ventured so far, it is no light trial to live an estray in the world, a wall-flower, a third person, slighted, unjustly criticised, and positively persecuted."

NEW STYLE OF CAPS.



BUGLED PEN-WIPER.

BY MRS. WARREN.



MATERIALS.—One reel cotton; three nails of coarse Penelope canvass; three skeins of violet Berlin wool, one shade of dark, one middle tint, and one light; one skein of fine white silk; one ounce of bugles, which should fit on a cross-stitch of the canvass.

On the canvass, with pencil, draw a circle the same size as in engraving. Cut the canvass round full two inches larger. With darkest wool, work, in cross-stitch, a line across the centre of canvass to the pencil-mark; then a line across the reverse way, so as to form a cross. (In working this, or any other cross-stitch, instead of crossing each stitch separately, work the whole line as if it were plain sewing, then turn back and cross every stitch in the same way.) Now take the other two shades, and work on each side these dark lines in the same way. With the darkest wool, work, in cross-stitch, on the circle line, not going outside

the ends of the cross, but keeping on a level with these. Now turn down the edge of the canvass close to this line, and stitch it neatly and firmly down, and press it on the wrong side with a hot iron; cut off the superfluous canvass. With a pen, ink the edge of the canvass which is turned and may show a little white. Now, with cotton (doubled) sew a bugle on each cross-stitch of the canvass, always placing it the same way that the wool stitch is crossed. When finished, gum the back where the bugles are sewed on. When dry, line the canvass with black silk.

FOR THE BORDER.—With silk and fine needle. Tie a knot in the silk. Thread three bugles; turn back; put the needle through second bugle; then thread another, and put it through second bugle; continue to do this till the work is five bugles in width, without fastening off; thread three more bugles, and repeat. Make a sufficient number of diamonds to go round the out-

side of pen-wiper. Turn the work on the wrong side; place the diamonds for the bugles to lie the same way as those sewed on; now sew each point of the diamond by the thread at end of stitch to the pen-wiper, slipping the needle under the black silk from point to point. For the line of bugles outside the diamonds; when the diamonds are sewed on, slip the needle through the bugles, or sew into every stitch of thread at the end of bugles till to the opposite point of diamond; then thread five or seven bugles, and attach it by the stitch of thread at end of diamond. Continue this all round, and fasten off. Cut a piece of green velvet the size of the pen-wiper, including the border. Cut six pieces of Alpaca or thin cloth much less than the velvet; place these six pieces in the centre, the velvet outside; sew altogether securely. Then in the centre place a round gilt button, piercing a hole through all the pen-wiper, to admit of placing the shank of the button therein, which shank fasten securely, to prevent its slipping through.

ORIENTAL PEARL PAINTING.

BY LILLIE LINDEN.

THIS painting is on glass, and is very cheap, durable and elegant. The paintings are generally intended to represent a bouquet or cluster of flowers, or a vase or basket of flowers and fruit. For a beginner, the pattern to paint should be small, consisting of one flower, or a cluster of two or three; these last, however, should not be very small, or very close together, as it would be difficult to fill in the back-ground at first.

Chose the pattern you wish to paint, procure a glass and clean it, washing it thoroughly and wiping it dry. Place it over your pattern truly, having your pattern exactly in the centre of the glass. Next prepare the ink for tracing the design upon the glass. To do this, take a small tin-cup, or other small dish not in use otherwise, and place in it, one part lamp-black, one part copal varnish, two parts spirits turpentine; mix them well, using a small stick for the purpose; then take a steel pen, dip it into the ink, and trace on the glass with it, all the outlines of the pattern, also all the fine hair marks in the leaves, &c. Care should be taken, however, not to get too much ink upon the pen, as it is apt to drop off, when applied to the glass, and spread. This done, lay your pattern away carefully, as it will perhaps get soiled when you begin to paint. Next fill in the back-ground. For a beginner, black would be preferable, as it dries much sooner than any other color, and is more easily put on. You have only to add more lamp-black to the marking fluid for the back-ground; the quality must depend altogether on the judgment of the person using it; it should be thin enough to be used with a pen, as it is necessary to fill in the back-ground, around the small corners of the leaves, &c., with a pen;

around the outer edge, it may be applied with a brush. It is put on the same side of the glass the design is traced on, which will be on the wrong side of the glass when finished. Care should be taken to spread it evenly, and no spot should be left bare outside the figure. Lay your glass in the wind or sun, and it will dry generally in an hour.

When the back-ground is thoroughly dry, prepare to paint the flower. The paints for this purpose are transparent, and come in small tubes made of sheet lead. Take a small piece of glass and put a little paint upon it. Meantime, you should put, in a dish, equal parts of copal varnish and turpentine, and should dip your brush in this and then the paints before using. For green for leaves, &c., take Prussian blue and yellow lake; mix well. If you wish a dark green, add more blue; if light, more yellow. For purple, take carmine and Prussian blue. You have four colors for flowers, red, purple, blue and yellow; for the centre of flowers; for pink take carmine put on very thin; where you wish several kinds of green, verdigris may be used, and also for vases; for stems, asphaltum; the paints should be put on quite thin, and applied with sybil or camel's hair brushes.

Your picture will not yet present a very attractive appearance, as it still lacks the finishing touch, which gives it all its beauty and richness. For this, procure oriental tinsel, which may be obtained at the bookstores in large places generally, and comes in sheets about eight inches long and four inches wide. It is silver color on the right side and copper on the wrong. Take it in your hands and crumple it; then straighten it a very little and place it on your picture, the silver side down, so that it will show through on the

right side; where more than one sheet is required, be particular and keep the edges so that it will not show. It should come entirely over the transparent part, and be fastened to the glass with putty or beeswax. Then take a piece of thick, brown paper, the size of the glass, and fasten it on the wrong side of the glass, along the edges with putty, to hide the paint and tinsel, and to prevent the tinsel from falling off.

MATERIALS FOR BACK-GROUND.—*For Black*, lamp-black, copal varnish and turpentine—*For White*, white lead (ground) and turpentine—*For Marble*, white and black, mixed—*For Pink*, white colored with carmine—*For Blue*, white colored with Prussian blue.

TRANSPARENT PAINTS.—Are Carmine, Madder Lake, Yellow Lake, Prussian Blue, Verdigris, and Asphaltum.

GREEK LOUNGING CAP IN APPLIQUE.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



THE design being drawn on thick writing-paper, and the outlines perforated with a needle, the velvet is to be marked in the usual way, and cut out at the edges. The back is then to be pressed down sufficiently to hold it in its place. It will be seen, by the engraving, that all the lower part of the cap is of velvet on the cloth. The cloth is gathered in at the edge, and sewed full to the crown.

EMBROIDERED SLIPPER.

BY MRS. WARREN.

MATERIALS.—Velvet or cloth, gold bullion, and thread No. 1, steel beads, shades of rose and green embroidery silk.

All the stems, veinings of leaves, and scrolls are done either in gold bullion, or fine gold thread, the thick parts in the former material, and the fine in the latter. The bullion must be laid on in short pieces, in half polka stitch, that is—the new piece must be parallel with half the last. The flowers are worked with various shades of rose, and the leaves with green, taking care so to arrange them as to make some flowers

and leaves dark, and the others light. At least six shades of each color are required to produce a variety, and they should be used in the following way:—The three lightest may be used for a light leaf, the three darkest for a dark, and the medium for others. Every group of leaves should present as much variety as possible, and if olive and blue greens are introduced also, the effect will be much richer than if one sort only is used. In all cases, the lower part of the leaf must be the lightest. The beads and gold are put in last. When cloth is to be embroidered, it must be carefully dampened with a clean sponge, before it is put in the frame. This removes the gloss that spoils the effect of work. For the illustration see front of the number.

TOILET-COVER, OR COUNTERPANE.

BY MRS. WARREN.

MATERIALS.—Crochet cotton, No. 36, with a fine hook. For illustration see front of number.

The pattern for this toilet-cover being so elaborate, it must be worked in cotton not coarser than that we have indicated, if intended for an ordinary toilet-cover. Worked in a coarser material, No. 8, or 12, crochet cotton, it would make a beautiful quilt for a small bed; and in some of the coarser sizes of the knitting cord, a large counterpane might be worked, and from the clear appearance this material presents, would look very rich and handsome.

Like all square crochet, this design must be

worked from the engraving. The number of foundation chain for working it is 529, reckoning the length, or 346 for the width, if that mode of working be preferred, as less cumbersome. It will not, however, answer so well for a toilet-cover, as the stitches would go the wrong way. For a counterpane, on the contrary, it would be preferable.

For the border of a toilet-cover, we should recommend a pattern in bead work. For the edge of a counterpane, nothing can be handsomer than border and fringe.

CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



MORNING DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THIS beautiful morning dress is made of white quilting; and is just the thing for the sea-shore or country.

The body is close-fitting. The lappets very long. The top of the body is ornamented with a pelerine, the front corners of which are rounded off.

The edge of the pelerine, lappets and cuffs of the sleeves should be trimmed with lozenges formed by braid fastened at the corners by buttons. The edge is terminated by a band of jaconet embroidered in the English style and in satin stitch.

The skirt, which completes this toilet, is also made of white quilting and terminated at bottom just above the hem by two rows of braid lozenges with buttons, like the lappets.

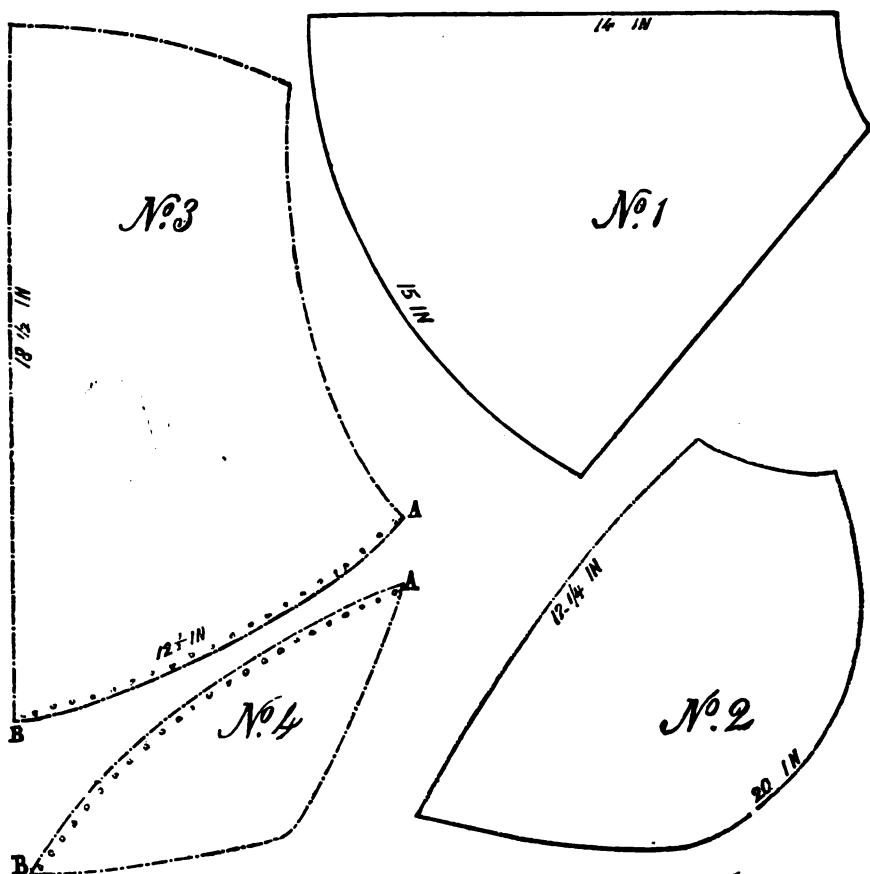
No. 1. Back of the pelerine.

No. 2. Forepart.

No. 3. Sleeve.

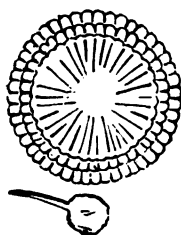
No. 4. Cuff turned up on the sleeve and ornamented with a band embroidered on the top only. Nothing on the under side of the cuff.

We think it quite unnecessary to give the pattern of the body of this garment, which presents nothing unusual, being an ordinary jacket.



DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A DAISY.*

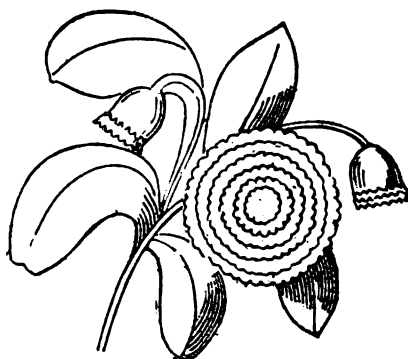
BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.

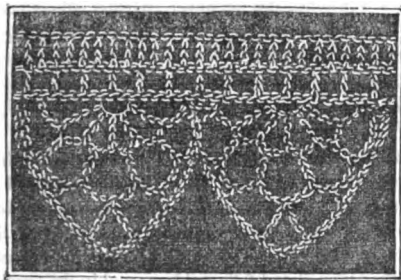


MATERIALS.—Three shades of pink tissue paper, Daisy hearts, leaves, wire, gum, &c.

Cut three sizes of petals, perfectly round, the first size about as large as a dime, the other two a little larger, the smallest size of the deep pink tissue paper,

the medium size next, and the lightest shade for the outside set of petals. Touch the Daisy button with gum arabic, and commence stringing on the different set of petals, four of each, the smallest first. Finish with a green calyx of thick





ch., tc. in the same, 8 ch., dc. in the same, 4 ch., miss 3 †; repeat.

4th row.—† 8 sc., on 3 sc., 4 ch., dc. on dc., 4 ch., dc. under the loop after the first tc., 4 ch., dc. under the next loop, 4 ch., dc. on dc., 4 ch. †; repeat.

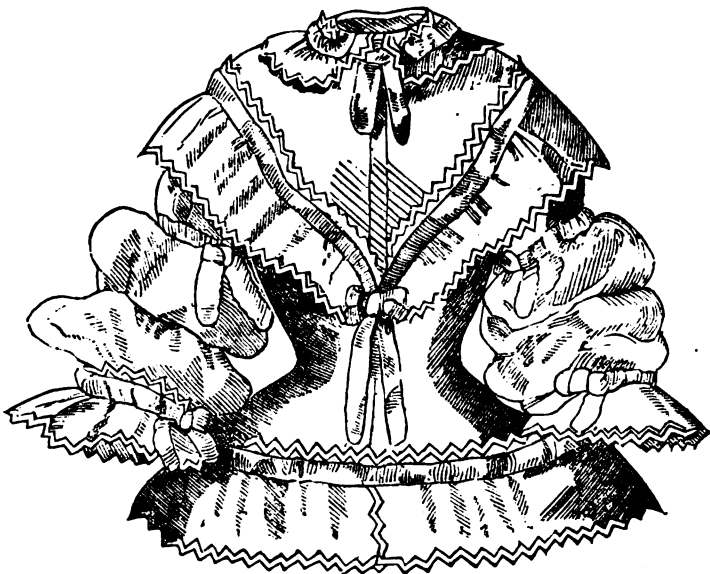
5th row.—† sc. on 2nd of 3 sc., 6 ch., dc. under the 2nd loop, 5 ch., dc. under the next, 10 ch., turn, sc. under the last loop, turn, slip stitch on 7 of the 10 ch., 8 ch., dc. under next loop, 6 ch. †; repeat.

PATTERNS IN COLORED BERLIN WORK.

Our extra plate, it will be seen, contains four separate patterns. The upper one is for the seat of a chair. The two middle ones are for borders, &c., &c. The lower is for a stripe for chair, or for other purposes. One of these

stripes, alternated with a stripe of velvet, would make a very beautiful back or seat for a chair. Nothing so beautiful as this plate has ever appeared, of its kind, in any other American Magazine.

PATTERN FOR MUSLIN BASQUE.



EMBROIDERY FOR NIGHT DRESS.



EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A TRUE HEROINE—CHARLOTTE BRONTË.—Two eminently heroic women are the product of this age, Florence Nightingale and the author of "Jane Eyre." Why the former is heroic everybody knows. It is not so, however, with the latter; for that has only been revealed lately. Few knew, for example, that, while tens of thousands were weeping over "Jane Eyre," "Shirley" and "Villette," the envied author, the daughter of a humble clergyman in Yorkshire, was performing the most menial services, because they lay in the path of her duty; for there was a half-blind and aged parent to tend, a brother, who was a confirmed inebriate, in the house, and two only surviving sisters dying. Her whole life, indeed, was one long self-denial.

Charlotte Brontë was born in 1816. In her fifth year, her father removed to Haworth, Yorkshire, of which he had been made curate, an obscure, lonely village, on the edge of bleak, wild, monotonous moors. The parsonage was surrounded, on three sides, by the grave-yard; and was a damp, gloomy house, with stone staircases and passages. In a little while, the wife and mother sickened and died, a victim, to some extent, of the ungenial climate. Soon two of her children followed her, of whom one was the eldest daughter, the Helen Burns whose sorrowful tale is told in "Jane Eyre." Charlotte Brontë, the oldest surviving child, had now to play the part of a mother to two younger daughters and an only son: and hence the look, "old before her years," which always characterized her. As she grew to womanhood, her only recreation was a walk over the moors, or the composition of little dramatic pieces, in which her sisters joined. Twice, she left home, the family means being small, to earn a livelihood as governess; and once she spent several months at a seminary in Brussels, to fit herself to open a school for girls, a project which failed for want of encouragement. In fact, all through her life, misfortune seemed to pursue her, so that it is no wonder she is described as having had "no hope."

Her sisters and herself had long looked to literature as a possible resource. In 1846, they published, at their own expense, a joint volume of poems, which made, however, no sensation. Soon after "Wuthering Heights," by Emily, and "Agnes Gray," by Anne, were accepted, by the booksellers to whom they were offered; but a novel, by Charlotte, called "The Professor," and still unpublished, was rejected. But "Jane Eyre," which followed, was more successful: in the words of Byron, Charlotte "woke one morning and found herself famous." But while two hemispheres were ringing with her fame, family afflictions were crowding upon her.

Her only brother, a brilliant young man, made shipwreck of the life from which all had expected so much, and came home to the old hearth, broken-hearted, to die, a few years after, a pitiable sot. Her sister Emily, within a few months after this brother's death, sickened and followed him: and in the ensuing spring, the other sister also was laid in her last home. Yet, amid all these griefs, Charlotte heroically bore up. "I have still some strength left," she wrote to a friend, "to fight the battle of life."

She came, in fact, of a heroic race. She lived, too, among a heroic people. For the inhabitants of the lonely moors of Yorkshire are the descendants of the ancient Scandinavians, and still inherit the sternness, courage and uncomplaining endurance of their Viking ancestry. As compared with the races dwelling in the south of England, they are rough and hard, yet strong, frank and honest. The novels of Charlotte Brontë not only breathe the atmosphere of the desolate, vast moors, but are vivid with the life of this rugged people. The London critics declared her books exaggerated; but the Yorkshire gentry asserted they were only simple truth; and the last knew best.

Miss Brontë received several offers of marriage. The last, to which she was disposed to accede, was from her father's curate; but Mr. Brontë opposed the match; and for a year the lovers were separated. At last her father relented, and they were married. A brief period of felicity, such as her clouded life had never dreamed possible, followed; and then, before a year had gone, all was over. In her last illness, waking from delirium, she heard her husband praying for her to be spared. "Oh! I am not going to die, am I?" she said, "He cannot mean to separate us, we have been so happy." A sadder, or more heroic life, the centuries hardly show.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS—BEAUTIFUL EDITION.—Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, are publishing a "Household Edition" of the Waverley Novels, which surpasses in elegance any edition ever issued on this side of the Atlantic. Three novels of the series have already appeared, viz:—"Waverley," "Guy Mannering" and "The Antiquary." Each is in two duodecimo volumes, handsomely illustrated with steel engravings, and bound in embossed cloth. As a specimen of superior typography the edition is unrivalled. The volumes, moreover, are the proper size for a reader to hold in the hand, the famous "Edinburgh Library Edition," which is the only one that can be compared to this, being in octavo, and therefore too heavy for such a purpose. We hear that the orders for this "Household Edition" are already enormous, and record the fact with pleasure, for the

taste and enterprise displayed by Ticknor & Fields ought not to go unrewarded. An edition of the *Waverley Novels* has become a necessity to every family of culture; and there is no edition now, nor is there likely ever to be one, more suitable to purchase than this. The volumes are very cheap, being only seventy-five cents each.

THE REST OF THE WAY ALONE.—He was an old man and unused to tears, but his lip quivered, and his eyes brimmed over with the liquid sorrow, as we passed him on the church steps and said, "How do you do?" And he answered, "Oh, pretty well—but I've got to go the rest of the way alone!"

It was the first time he had been at church, for some weeks, and when last he came it was in company with his wife. Now he came alone, and she who had travelled by his side in gentleness and faithfulness for so many years, had grown weary and lain down to rest beneath the cold snow. It was so sudden, so unexpected—the mother of his children, the soother and sharer of his joys and sorrows—he had not thought that she could die! And it sounded so strange for him! Alone—alone! That stout, strong, hale old man weeping because the frail reed at his side had been swept away! It was so eloquent, that voice in its sorrow! and we came home, wondering why we was not more thankful for the precious gift of a husband's love. Wondering why we do not love each other more, cling more, trust more. A weary, weary thing must it be to "go the rest of the way alone."

The world at the beginning looks bright, and life seems to us, not as it should be, simply a footway to heaven, but a joyous home, where we are to rest and enjoy, and we forget that those whom we love and on whom we lean will ever be taken from us—that life will ever look gloomy and the way to heaven (that hoped for meeting-place) long. Forget—oh, how much we forget! else would we not be more faithful, more loving? "Wives, be obedient to your husbands. Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them!"

Wives, careless, and yet loved and loving, stop a moment and think. And you too, husbands, noble, generous and kind, hundreds of you, are you not too faulty sometimes? Are you not forgetful?

PATTERNS IN COLORED EMBROIDERY.—We give, as an extra plate, four patterns in colored embroidery, executed by a process similar to that by which "The Twins" and "The Slipper Pattern," in former numbers of this year, were printed. The process is a very expensive one, and, as yet, only one other Magazine has attempted it; but we spare no money when anything new, useful and beautiful is to be had.

QUANTITY OF READING.—The Lynn (Mass.) News says truly:—"Peterson's Magazine contains more reading matter than any other Magazine of its kind and price in this country." Remember that!

TEA BEST IN THE EVENING.—Tea at morning when the breakfast is substantial, is much to be recommended; but when individuals eat little, coffee certainly supports them in a more decided manner; and, besides this, tea, without a certain quantity of solid aliment, is much more likely to influence the nervous system. Some persons, if they drink tea in the morning and coffee at night, suffer much in the animal spirits and in power of enjoyment of the pleasures of society; but if they reverse the system, and take coffee in the morning and tea at night, they reap benefit from the change; for the coffee, which to them in the morning is nutritious, becomes a stimulus at night: and the tea, which acts as a dilutant at night, gives nothing to support exertions during the day.

HOW TO FALL ASLEEP.—As many persons are troubled with wakefulness at night, we give the following directions, said to be certain to produce sleep. We copy from a writer in the *Mobile Advertiser*:—"I turn my eye-balls as far to the right or left, or upward, or downward as I can without pain, and then commence rolling them slowly, with that divergence from a direct line of vision around in their sockets, and continue doing this until I fall asleep; which occurs generally within three minutes, and always within five at most. The immediate effect of this procedure differs from that of any other of which I ever heard, to procure sleep. It not merely diverts thought into a new channel, but actually suspends it."

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW.—The *Madison (La.) Journal* says of this Magazine:—"There is one thing about its management which is truly commendable—every number witnesses some new improvements in its various departments. It is so cheap at two dollars per annum, that a copy should be had by every lady in the land."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Little Dorritt. By Charles Dickens. 2 vols., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—This, the latest novel by Dickens, is now complete, Mr. Peterson having received the advanced sheets. The two volumes before us are printed in duodecimo style, to match the "Pickwick," "Bleak House," and others of the beautiful illustrated edition of Dickens, which has been pronounced, everywhere, the handsomest issued on either side of the Atlantic. Not less than forty illustrations adorn these two volumes; while the type, paper, and binding are the *ne plus ultra* of their kind. Simultaneously with the publication of this elegant edition, Mr. Peterson issues various others, eighteen in all, at lower prices, and in different styles, so as to suit all tastes. There is a cheap, double column edition, for example, complete in one volume, with paper cover, at fifty cents; and the same edition, illustrated, at seventy-five cents.

There is also a double column octavo edition, on finer paper, with fifty illustrations, bound in cloth, at \$1.50. There is, likewise, the library edition, octavo, bound in cloth, in half turkey, or in half calf, at various prices. For a full catalogue of the editions, however, we refer to Mr. P.'s advertisement, on the cover of the present number. The illustrated duodecimo edition, as it lies on our table, in half calf gilt, is our favorite; and is worthy to take place in any library, no matter how choice or beautiful.

The Life of Charlotte Brontë. By Mrs. E. Gaskell. 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The author of "Ruth" and "Mary Barton," was, beyond all other women, the one most fitted to write the life of the author of "Jane Eyre." Even the London Athenæum, usually so captious, admits that this is the best biography of a woman ever written. It is a sad, yet deeply interesting story, naturally, yet eloquently told; and will command tens of thousands of readers. The publishers have issued it in a very neat style. A portrait of Charlotte Brontë, and a view of Haworth parsonage and church, adorn the volumes. In another place we have given a hurried sketch of Miss Brontë's life, for the facts of which we are indebted to the biography before us.

Illustrated School History of the United States. By G. P. Quackenbos, A. M. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—We often look back on our school days with sorrow when we see such superior school books as this. Mr. Quackenbos' work gives a full account of the aborigines, biographical notices of distinguished men, maps, plans of battlefields, &c., &c. The book is so pleasantly written, and illustrated with such merit, that it cannot fail, not only to impart a correct notion of our country's history, but to create a taste for general reading also.

Peace; or, The Stolen Will. By Mary W. Janvrin. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: James French & Co.—This is a capital novel, full of spirit, and teaching an excellent moral. With the general style of Miss Janvrin our readers are familiar, as she has long been one of the contributors to "Peterson;" but in this new novel she has excelled herself. The story abounds with scenes of thrilling interest, is diversified with wit and playfulness, has a skilfully developed plot, and ends happily, as all novels should. The publishers have issued it in very handsome style.

Characteristics of Women. By Mrs. Jameson. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—A charming edition, exactly suited for a lady's table, for it is neatly printed, and bound in blue cloth, gilt edged. The book, too, is one of the best in the language, and ought to form part of the collection of every woman of taste.

Poems. By Gerald Massey. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—An edition to match "Mrs. Jameson's Characteristics," type, paper and binding being precisely similar. For force and earnestness Massey stands high among modern poets, while some of his lyrics on domestic themes are very beautiful.

Rob Roy. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Since writing the notice, in another column, of the "Household Edition" of Scott's novels, just begun by Ticknor & Fields, we have received the fourth of the series. We can only say that "Rob Roy" is published in the same handsome style as its predecessor; and beyond this, commendation cannot go. The novel has always been one of the most popular of Scott's. In fact, Di Vernon, the heroine, is the best female character he has drawn; and Lockhart more than hints that one, whom the author loved, sat for the portrait.

Miss Hale's New Cook Book. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This work has a reputation long established. Its great merit is proved by the continual calls for new editions, of which this, the newest, is altogether the best. The work was formerly published by H. Long & Brothers, New York, but has since passed into the hands of T. B. Peterson, in whose extensive list of American books it takes no secondary place. The volume is handsomely bound in cloth gilt.

The Count of Monte-Cristo. By Alexander Dumas. 2 vols., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The most interesting of Dumas' novels, if we except "The Three Guardsmen," and by many preferred even to that. It is just the novel for a summer afternoon. Mr. Peterson has issued it in the cheap, double-column, octavo style.

Gaut Gurley; or, The Trappers of Umbagog. A Tale of Border Life. By D. P. Thompson. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.—A story full of action and generally well told. Those who are fond of the bold stirring life of the border will find "Gaut Gurley" agreeable summer reading.

Railway and Steam Navigation Guide for June. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—We have always found this work, which appears monthly, perfectly accurate, and therefore recommend it as a useful, if not indispensable companion, in a summer tour. Price, twenty-five cents.

The Heiress of Greenhurst. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: E. Stephens.—We acknowledge the receipt of an early copy of this new novel, and shall speak more at large of it next month. It is the story of the season.

The Mechanic's Bride; or, The Autobiography of Elwood Gordon. By W. G. Cambridge. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.—This story is said to be founded on fact. It has no literary merit, however.

Life And Beauties Of Fanny Fern. 2 vols., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A new and neat edition of a book that made some noise in its day.

The Dred Scott Case. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The official report of this decision, printed from the manuscripts of the judges.

Dynevor Terrace. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A very superior novel. Though not quite equal to either "The Heir of Redclyffe," or "Heartsease," it is better than anything written by other novelists lately, if we except "Little Dorrit." The excellent moral, quiet domestic pictures, and truthful characters of this author cannot, indeed, be overpraised. We always read her books with unmitigated pleasure. The volumes are neatly printed.

Poems. By William Cullen Bryant. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A new edition, bound in blue cloth, and with gilt edges, just the thing, in fact, for a lady's library or boudoir.

OUR DINING-TABLE.

ARRANGING FRUITS.—A pretty way of serving fruits, either for dessert, or at a fruit supper, is shown by the two engravings we annex. The first cut shows the apples dressed with their own leaves.



The next is a basket of grapes, apples, pears, &c., also arranged with their own foliage. One of these baskets at each corner of the table, with a pyramid of fruit like Fig. I. in the centre, and smaller plates of fruits with their leaves scattered about, will greatly beautify a supper-table.



In arranging the fruits have an eye to the effect of color.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

An Apple Charlotte.—Clean and cut in small quarters twenty-four apples; place them in a large stewpan, with four ounces of butter and four ounces of sugar, on which the rind of an orange or Seville orange has been rubbed; set the apples covered, over a slow fire, stirring them from time to time, that they may be equally done, but yet remain as whole as possible; mix with them a pot of fine cherries, drained from their syrup; during their boiling, cut the crumb of a loaf a day old, half an inch wide, dip these columns in four ounces of butter, simply melted, and range them in the pan or mould so as to cover the bottom and sides; pour the apples into the Charlotte, and cover the top with a slice of crumb dipped in butter; three-quarters of an hour before serving, put it in a quick oven, or else on some red cinders, surrounding it with small, live-burning coals; after half an hour's baking, observe if it be of a fine light brown color, and if so, turn it out on to the dish, if not, renew the fire; when done, take off the mould, and cover it slightly with a brush dipped in apricot jam, or apple or currant jelly, or with the syrup of the cherries; the mould must be well buttered before using: some glaze the mould with pounded sugar, but it is preferable without, as the Charlotte thus becomes sometimes of a deeper color in one place than another.

Stock from Vegetables.—Clean and blanch two bunches of carrots, the same of onions and turnips, a bunch of leeks, and six roots of celery; strain, and put them in a stock-pot with three quarts of dried peas whole, nearly ten quarts of water, salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, two cloves, and a little fresh butter; boil it two hours and a half, skim off the butter, remove it from the fire, let it settle, and strain it through a silk sieve. Use it to moisten soups and sauces.

An Apricot Charlotte.—Having twenty-four fine apricots, not too ripe; skin them as thin as possible, and cut each in eight pieces, pass them in a stewpan with four ounces of fine sugar, and two ounces of butter warmed over a moderate fire for ten minutes; sheet the Charlotte mould as for the apples, and pour in the apricots quite boiling; cover them, and bake as directed; when of a fine light color, turn it out on the dish; mask it lightly with apricot jam, and serve.

A Peach Charlotte.—Cut in halves twenty middle-sized peaches, nearly ripe, blanch them in a thin syrup; when drained, cut each half into three pieces of equal size, pass them afterward in a stewpan, with four ounces of pounded sugar, and two ounces of butter warmed, and finish as the preceding; when on the dish, mask them with the syrup which has been reduced thick, and by this process make a Charlotte of Mirabelle or other plums.

To Make Dampson Cheese.—Take eight pounds of dampsons, and bake them in a jar till they are tender. Then rub them through a cullender, and add to them one pound and a half of lump sugar, and let them boil to the thickness of marmalade.

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, &c.

WEARING AN OIL-SKIN CAP to prevent the hair and head from being wetted in sea-bathing is an injurious custom. It usually causes headache, and may lead to more serious consequences. Before going into the sea comb all your hair back, and tie it with a ribbon at the nape of the neck. By this means you will find the hair but little tangled, and it may be easily combed straight. It is well to wash the hair with fresh water after sea-bathing.

CURE FOR NEURALGIA IN THE HEAD.—A tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine, two tablespoonfuls of camphorated oil, and a quarter of a pint of rum. Shake the mixture well, and rub the part affected; while using this, let the patient be kept warm. This is also a cure for rheumatics, lumbago.

TO REMOVE MOLES FROM THE SKIN.—Lemon juice rubbed on the moles will greatly diminish, if not entirely efface them.

FRENCH POMADE.—White wax, half an ounce; lard, quarter of a pound; beef suet, two ounces; palm oil, half an ounce. Simmer these ingredients together in a water bath for a quarter of an hour, stirring them well together, and when cool, add a little of any agreeable scent.

ROSEMARY WASH FOR THE HAIR.—Boil 1 lb. of rosemary in 2 quarts of water, and add to the filtered liquor 1 oz. of spirit of lavender, and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of Naples soap or salt of tartar.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Draw a Cork.—According to Dr. Faraday, the philosophic traveller's mode of drawing a cork is as follows:—Of course supposing him *minus* a corkscrew: Cut off the smallest portion of the top of the cork that will leave it quite clean, and then, with sealing-wax, fasten another cork upon it, by this means obtaining a length that will allow the hand to take hold. Then draw. The attraction of the particles fasten the two corks together so firmly, that they will rather break in some other part than separate where they are thus adhering.

To Preserve Sea-Weeds, and the proper season for collecting them.—Sea-weeds may be collected at any time, but summer is the most agreeable season for this interesting work. Put each specimen in a plate full of water, it will then be easy to spread out and arrange the branches or fibres. Then introduce a sheet of paper under the sea-weed and carefully raise it out of the water, the specimen will be beautifully displayed upon the paper, and when dry will be found attached to the paper by means of the gluten in the sea-weed.

To take Spots of Composite Candles out of Horse-hair Chairs.—Take a piece of thick blotting-paper and lay over the spots; then take a warm iron and place over the blotting-paper that cover the spots; then get a small quantity of salts of tartar and put into a little soft water, and with a small, hard brush well rub over where the spots have been.

To take Grease out of Carpets.—Scrape and pound together in equal proportions, magnesia in the lump, and fuller's earth; having mixed these substances, pour on them a sufficient quantity of boiling water to make into a paste; lay this paste as hot as possible upon the grease spots in the carpet and let it dry. Next day, when the composition is quite dry, brush it off, and the grease spots will have disappeared.

Raised Berlin Work.—There are two ways of doing the raised Berlin work. One is by simply working over a mesh, without crossing the stitch; another, to work over the mesh and cross the stitch; in both cases the mesh should have a knife at the end, so that in drawing it through, the work is drawn tightly, and cut at the same time; it is afterward combed, and cut to the shape of the flowers.

ART RECREATIONS.

GRECIAN PAINTING, AND ANTIQUE PAINTING ON GLASS.—Mr. J. E. Tilton, Salem, Massachusetts, will furnish all materials and directions. He deals extensively in the artist's material line, and will fill orders promptly. We annex his

CIRCULAR.

The subscriber will furnish for \$3.00 a package of twelve mezzotint engravings, (suitable for practice) and full printed instructions for Grecian painting, and a new style originating with himself, and equal to the finest copper painting, called Antique Painting on Glass, with a bottle of preparation, receipt for varnish, &c. The directions are so explicit as to enable any one to learn fully without a teacher. He also includes at above price, directions for Oriental Style and the beautiful art called Potichomanie.

For \$2.00 more, or \$5.00, he will send with the above all paints, brushes, oils, varnishes, &c. &c., needed for these arts, (Grecian and Antique) and other oil painting.

For directions only, in the above arts, Grecian, Antique Painting, Oriental, Potichomanie, sent free, by mail, one dollar, they are so full and plain, that any one with no previous knowledge of drawing can be sure to acquire.

He has also published a new picture for Grecian and Antique Painting, called "Les Orphelines." The paper, printing and engraving are thoroughly fitted for it, and the effect and finish, when painted, are fine, and superior to canvass painting. Price with rules for painting it, colors, how to mix, &c., one dollar, sent free, by mail.

HIAWATHA'S MOVING.—Is a beautiful picture for Grecian Painting, size of plate 14 by 18. The publishers, Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Salem, Massachusetts, will send it, post-paid, on receipt of its price, \$1.50, together with directions for painting it in this style, colors used and how to mix. Address,

J. E. TILTON, Salem, Massachusetts.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—A MORNING DRESS OF WHITE CAMBRIC, trimmed in front in the apron style with insertions and heavy worked ruffings. The corsage is made with a basque and ornamented to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. II.—A DINNER DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN, trimmed with three flounces richly embroidered. Corsage high. A small mantle of white muslin, embroidered.

FIG. III.—THE TOPAZ SILK JACKET.—The bottom, the sleeves, and pelerine are trimmed with velvet application bordered by cordons of bugles and with a fringe having a head formed of bugles. Silk bonnet. The front is covered with ruches of black and white blonde. On the bonnet, are two rows of blonde, one black, the other white, arranged as a fanchon. The curtain is trimmed in the same style.

FIG. IV.—MID-SEASON BURNOUS SHAWL, silk, trimmed with bands of velvet, and tassels of silk and bugles. Bonnet, silk, puffings at the sides with blonde between them. Two silk points bordered with blonde hang down on the curtain.

FIG. V.—NEW STYLE OF BODY.—Plain and high, buttons straight down the front; the waist is round with a band of the same silk, having a bow and two long ends on one side. These ends have a narrow hem, and are, as well as the bow, bordered with a black lace nearly an inch wide and slightly gathered. On the body, sewed on flat, behind and before, are two black velvets forming a square. The lower one is trimmed with a black lace slightly drawn. The sleeve is long, narrow at top, wider at bottom with the seam inside. This sleeve is gathered into a very broad and tight wristband. The fullness of the sleeve is thrown to the side, so that it sits almost close along the seam, and presents a graceful puff outside. On the top of the sleeve are two jockeys cut square so that the corner forms a point at the side. These jockeys are bordered with a black velvet and terminated with a black lace. The skirt, long and full, as they are now worn, is trimmed at bottom with a very full flounce about sixteen inches deep, the top of which is covered by a smaller one of about four inches forming a head. The larger flounce has a hem an inch and a half wide. The smaller one a hem of about half an inch wide at bottom and a hem one-third narrower at top. The skirt comes just below the flounce.

FIG. VI.—MUSLIN BODY for a young lady's evening dress. The puffing of the bertha is accompanied by two festooned bands; a colored ribbon is run in the bottom of the waist lappets, and the sleeves are ornamented like the bertha.

BONNETS.—We give several engravings of new styles of bonnets, among them two, a *la Clarissa Harlowe*, for sun-hats or carriage hats. Up to the present time, shapes, in the ordinary bonnets, continue sloping. The fronts come rather forward at top, and stand off at the sides. Strings are wide, and curtains deep. Deep fringes are employed as trimming.

MANTELETS.—Quite half the mantelets, both of plain and watered silk, are made in the shawl form. The mantelets are richly decorated with black lace or guipure, and further ornamented by the addition of silk and jet tassels. Some of these have hoods. This style of trimming is in higher vogue than ever. For young ladies there are very pretty scarf mantelets, covered with four or five flounces cut out in large scollops and bordered with a fringe of a finger's breadth only; the flounces are placed one above the other at equal distances, and are sewed on almost plain. Double shawls of black lace and Marie-An-toinette mantelets with a very deep flounce will complete these elegant toilets.

FLOWERS.—The butter-cup has been introduced lately and its vogue is extraordinary. It is an especial favorite with all brunettes. We must here add that bridal wreaths are no longer made exclusively of orange flowers. These are only employed for a kind of small diadem in front, the other part being composed of clematis or white lilac. White roses may be added at the sides.

SLEEVES.—The new under-sleeves which have appeared for the spring and summer are very pretty. Several are composed of worked muslin and Valenciennes insertion. They are closed at the wrist, and consist of puffings separated one from another by other puffings, with runnings of colored ribbon. The wristband is formed of a similar puffing, and is fastened by a bow and flowing ends of ribbon. The ribbon employed in trimming under-sleeves should harmonize with the color of the dress. The sleeves of walking and in-door dresses are wide. Even in full evening dress, the short sleeves are occasionally made to bear some slight proportion to the full skirts now worn, by having appended to them a fall of lace a quarter of a yard deep.

COLLARS are being worn much smaller than heretofore. Instead of a collar a small ruff is now sometimes worn round the throat. A ruff just introduced in Paris is distinguished by the name of the *Fraise a la Gabrielle*. It is formed of a narrow slip of quilled muslin, edged at each side by a narrow row of Valenciennes. In the middle of the quilling there is a puffing of muslin, within which is run a colored ribbon, and the ruff is fixed in front of the throat by a bow of the same.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses with double skirts are gaining favor. The upper skirt should be a quarter of a yard shorter than the lower one, and three-quarters of a yard narrower. These skirts are sometimes tucked, edged with a quilling of ribbon, or only finished with a plain hem. Dresses with in-woven flounces are still in high favor, though those of the *climber* or *pyramid* style, that is, those ornamented at the sides are gaining popularity every day. Many bodies are made without basques, especially in these materials. Organdies and lawns are generally made with a low corsage and a pelerine cape. The basques that will be worn will probably be larger and fuller than those worn hitherto. Some



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of the new dresses have a double basque, the upper one being shorter than the under one. Others have a single basque vandyked at the edge, with tassel buttons suspended from the points. Embroidery is a favorite ornament for basques.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—SCOTCH DRESS.—Skirt and jacket of Tartan poplin: the latter trimmed with narrow bands of black velvet. Collar and sleeves of fine lawn. Cap

of black velvet, with a band of gold lace. Trousers of percale edged with scalloped needlework.

FIG. II.—LITTLE SAILOR DRESS.—Puffed shirt with embroidered insertions; sleeve and embroidered cuffs; embroidered collar; jacket with sleeves ending in cuffs with buttons; wide sash tied at the side.

FIG. III.—JEWEL DRESS.—Frock of white quilting, ornamented with braid and buttons, and trimmed with bands of English embroidery.

FIG. IV.—MARGARET DRESS.—Pearl-grey silk dress with a band of blue silk, and trimmed with blue fringe.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.—Everywhere, our June number was praised, as beautiful, instructive, entertaining, and generally unrivalled. The Real Estate (Mass.) Register says it "almost outdoes itself for elegance and taste." The Monongahela (Pa.) Republican says:—"Peterson for June, is on our table this morning, looking as fresh as the roses it brings with it. Besides being the cheapest it is the best Magazine published. That 'New Wagon' is good, and so is everything else in the June number." The Coal City (Pa.) Item says:—"The lady who don't get five times the worth of her money out of Peterson, must be very, very idle." If we had space we could quote scores of similar notices. Such encomiums, not less than the large additions to our subscription list, stimulate us to renewed efforts to excel all other Magazines.

WE WISH to call particular attention to the many numerous counterfeits of that really excellent article, the Balm of a Thousand Flowers. It has been counterfeited in all possible styles. Even the color of the wrapper, with the proprietor's name, has been counterfeited. We would caution all persons against purchasing any article not having the printed name of W. P. Pettridge & Co. on the face of the bottle, and Pettridge & Co. written on the side. We caution druggists and consumers against the injurious effects of all these counterfeits.

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

A NEW COOK-BOOK.—We will send "Mrs. Widdfield's Cook-Book," for a premium, instead of the "Garland of Art," if preferred. Say, when you remit for your clubs, which you desire.

WHEN TO BEGIN.—In subscribing always state with what number you wish to begin.

POSTAGE ON "PETERSON."—More than one new subscriber writes to us about difficulties with postmasters as to the postage on "Peterson." The law is so clear and explicit, that we do not see how any misconceptions can occur. The postage on periodicals is fixed, by Congress, at a cent, for numbers that weigh three ounces and under; at two cents for four ounces; and at three cents for five: with a deduction of one half if the postage is paid quarterly in advance. Now each number of "Peterson" weighs between four and five ounces, and consequently the postage, when not paid in advance, is three cents; but if paid in advance, a cent and a half. When back numbers are ordered, they pay full postage, because the postage on them cannot be paid in advance.

"WOODLAND CREAM."—A pomade for beautifying the hair. Highly perfumed, superior to any French article imported, and for half the price. For dressing ladies' hair it has no equal, giving it a bright, glossy appearance. It causes gentlemen's hair to curl in the most natural manner. It removes dandruff, always giving the hair the appearance of being fresh shampooed. Price only fifty cents. None genuine unless signed Pettridge & Co.

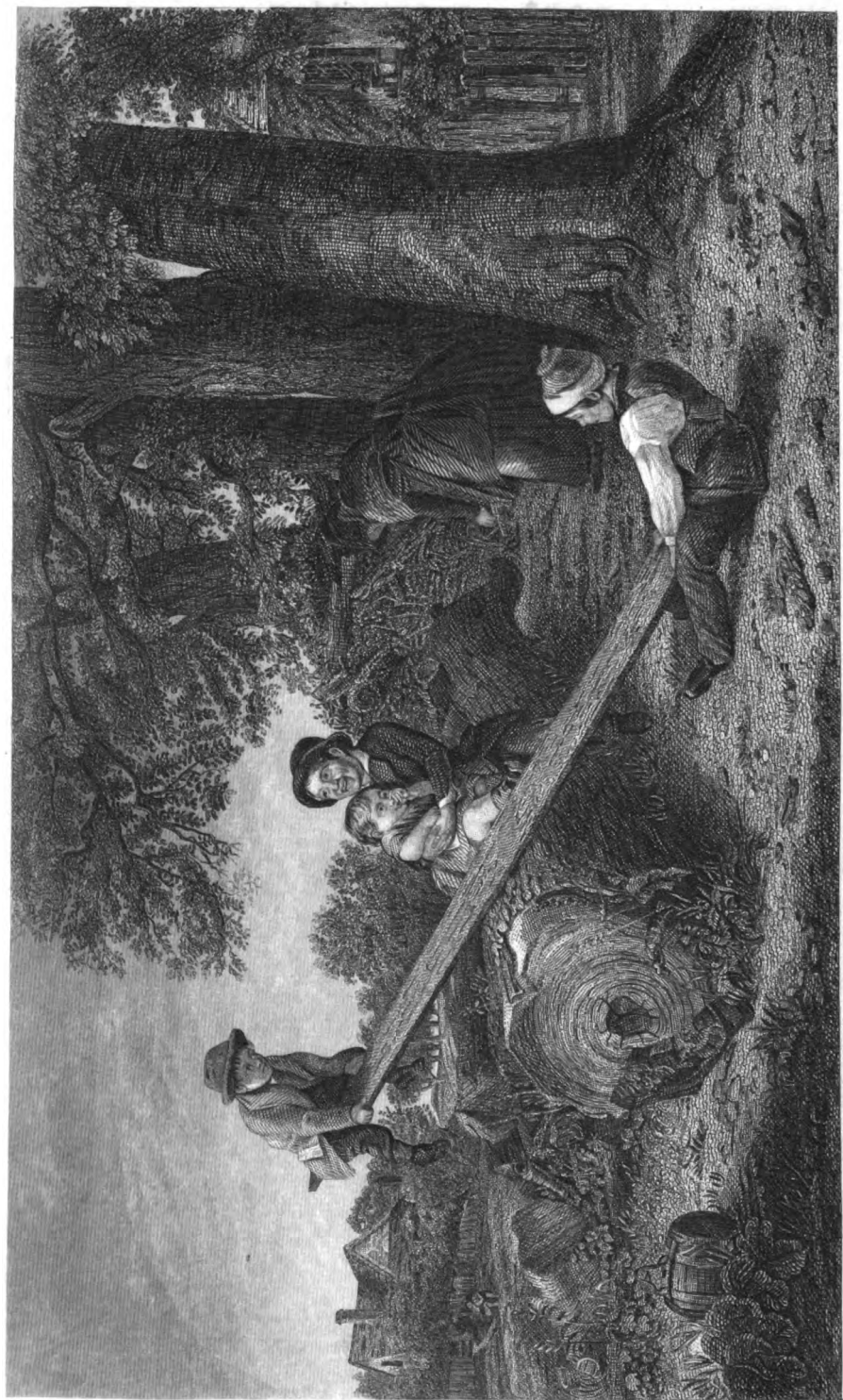
TWO DOLLARS.—In what way can you get as much for your money as by sending two dollars for "Peterson?" Spend two dollars in almost any other way, and the pleasure is over and past immediately; but two dollars spent for "Peterson" gives you pleasure every month of the year.

RECEIPTS FOR PRESERVES.—A fair correspondent writes:—"Your seasonable receipts for preserves, given in your June number, are worth the price of a year's subscription."

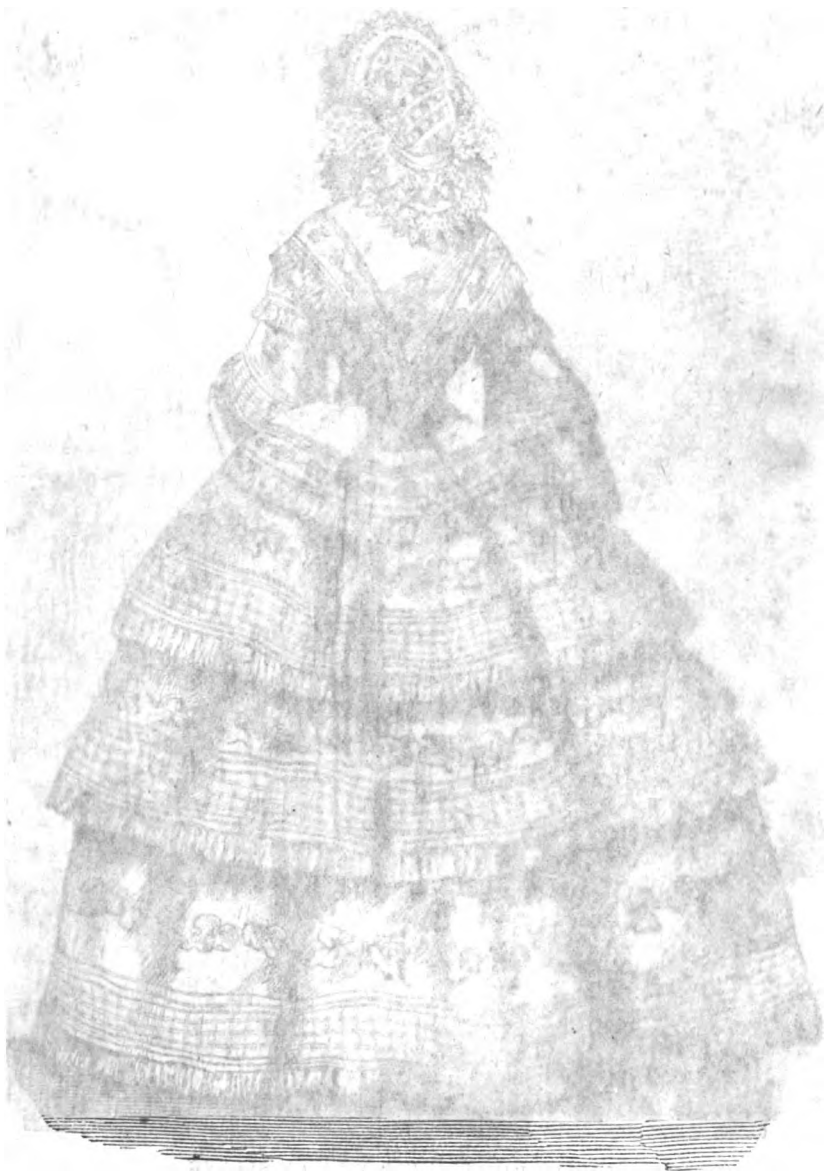
CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.—In this case, state the post-office where you lived, as well as that to which you have moved.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTION.—No subscription, at club rates, taken for less than a year.

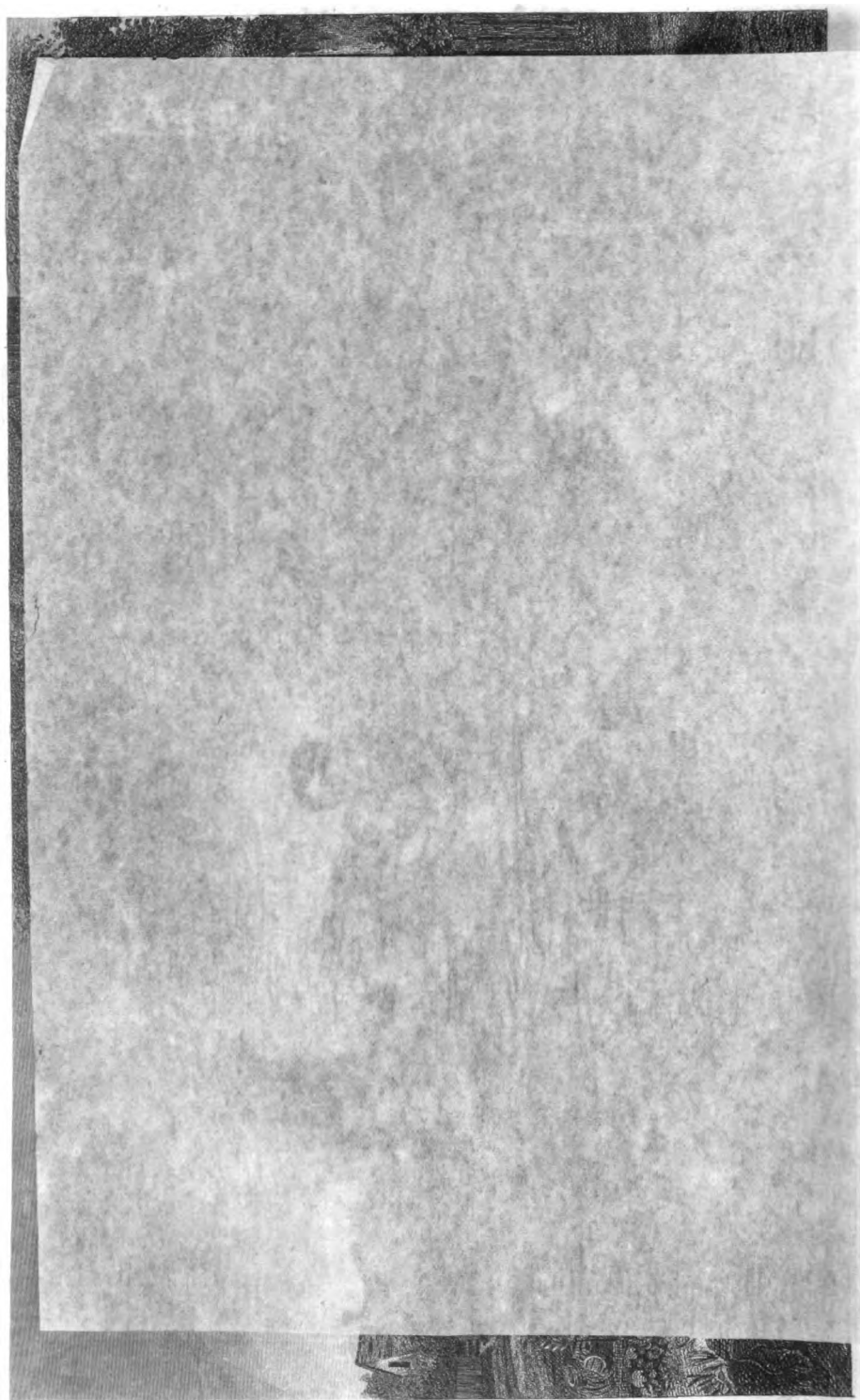




S E E . S A W .



SUMMER WALKING DRESS.





NAME FOR MARKING.



SUMMER WALKING DRESS.



LETTERS FOR MARKING.

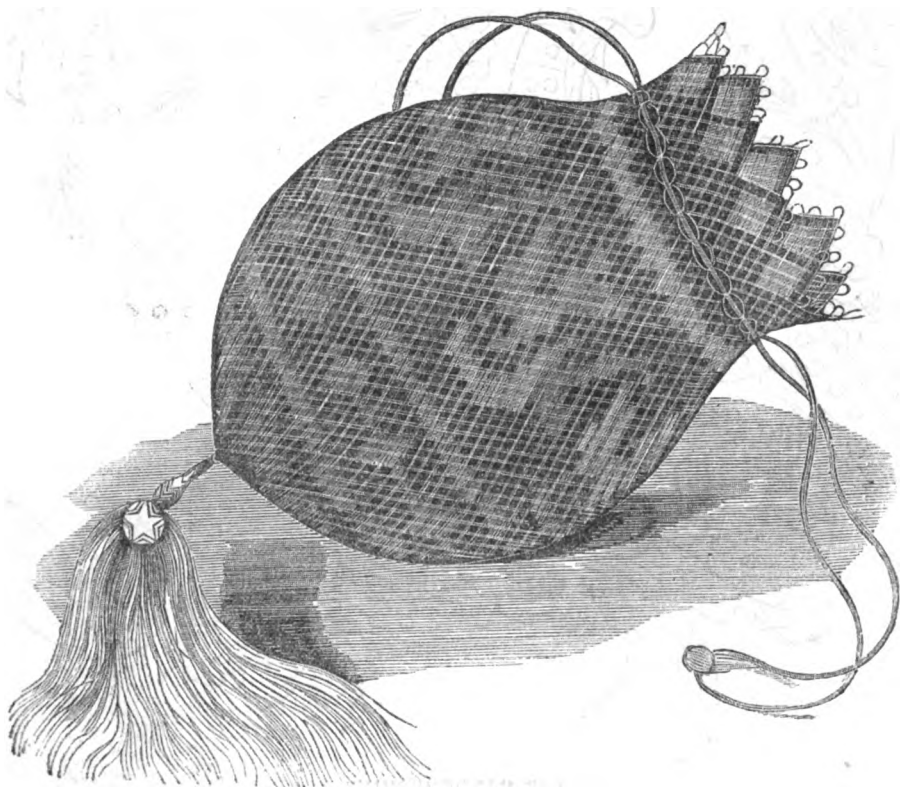
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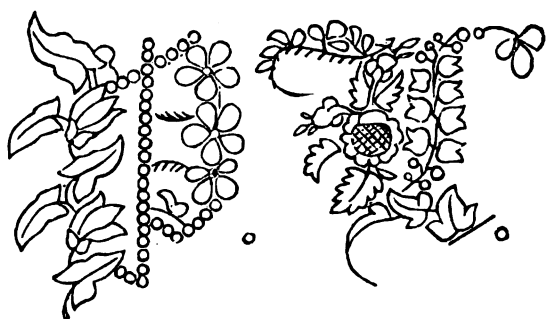
INDIAN PATTERN FOR VEIL OR SLEEVE.



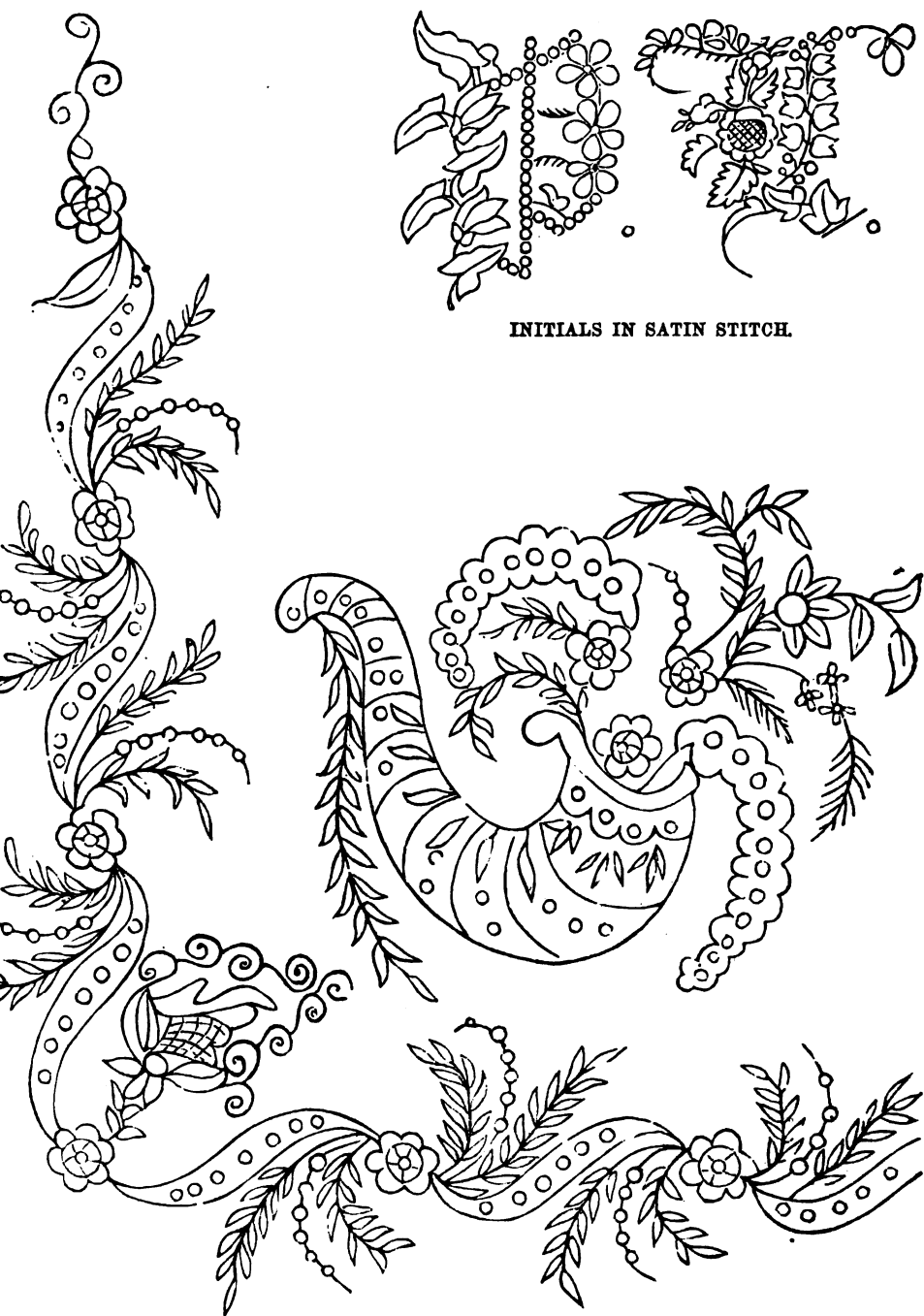
NAME FOR MARKING.



SHORT PURSE, IN NETTING.



INITIALS IN SATIN STITCH.



CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

rall.

be, Thy smile was like sunshine, it glitter'd so cheerly; Thy voice was like music, it rang out so clearly; We knew not till now that we loved you so dearly; Our

slower

home will be dark without thee.

a tempo

tf *cresc.* *p*

Stay! stay! loving and kindly heart!
 Stay! stay! joy is where'er thou art!
 Stay! stay! wherefore so soon depart,
 Leaving us here in our pain?
 Yet if, like the Spring, to new lands thou art going,
 To scatter thy smiles like sweet primroses growing,
 We'll hope that, with beauty and grace overflowing,
 Like Spring, thou wilt come back again.



THE NIAGARA.



THE SARATOGA.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1857.

No. 2.

PHILOPENA.

BY A. L. OTIS.

"THERE is more real fun in one week of country, than in a whole year of city life," was the declaration of every guest at Mrs. Bartol's country-seat, during the week I spent there last summer. Such sociable intercourse, such scope for improvement of each other's acquaintance, such chatty breakfasts, and long afternoons in the woods, and drives at sun-down or moon-rise, and evenings on the porch, facing the southern heavens, and catching the southern breeze, while we sang solos, duos and concertos!

There were half a dozen guests: three young ladies, and as many gentlemen. Mrs. Bartol and her son Clement completed the party.

There was Celia Linton, the beloved—much coveted as a daughter-in-law of Mrs. Bartol. There was Kate Upham, supposed to be very willing to be the daughter-in-law herself, but in reality a little, careless flirt, quite heart-whole. And there was myself, Celia's intimate friend.

Of the gentlemen—first Clement, loving Celia with all his heart; but so impulsive and demonstrative a lover, that he frightened the timid girl into absolute avoidance of him.

Then John and Arthur Clare, whom I shall not have occasion to mention again, I think. And then Jack Linton, Celia's brother, aged fourteen, a "mad-wag," general mischief, and great favorite. One day we were all sitting around the dinner-table, eating almonds.

"I have a philopena," said Clement, "who will take it? No one offers? Then, mother, be proxy for them all. Now, ladies, the one who can catch me, shall have the Psyche."

This was a small marble head of a beautiful Psyche, which Clement had bought that morning. I happened to know that he had intended it for Celia, but she had too strong a sense of propriety to accept so valuable a present. He hoped to make a play of giving it, and put her in such a position that she could not refuse it.

Mrs. Bartol saw through the plan, and highly approved it. So she ate the almond in behalf of us all, and proposed the German fashion of the philopena. We agreed; therefore if any one of us could make Clement take something from her, she won the forfeit.

As I knew Clement's wishes, I manœuvred to make Celia the successful offerer, and Mrs. Bartol also did so, but Kate was a host against us. She had a quick invention, with Jack Linton to spur it on, for he espoused her side warmly.

I wondered which would win the day, Clement or Kate—man's determination or woman's wit—for it was quite evident to me that Clement did not care to let Kate have the beautiful bust, which, however, she strongly desired to win from him.

Clement wished to offer Celia some apricots, but they had been removed to the other side of the table, and the waiter had gone to bring in the coffee. Kate jumped at the opportunity. She handed them to him, but her eyes twinkled too expectantly. Clement refused to take them with a merry nod.

Mrs. Bartol tried to make Celia pass his cup of coffee to him, but the shy girl avoided doing so. We soon saw that, unless by accident, she would not win the Psyche. She was as determined not to seek it, as Clement was to make her take it.

After dinner, Kate engaged Clement in conversation. She was sitting by the window, he, standing, leaning against the sash. She flatteringly motioned to a chair at her side, giving it a gentle push with her hand, which she did not withdraw. Clement gallantly affected haste to take the chair, but before he had done so he recollected.

"Ah, a trap, Miss Kate! But I am not the mole to be caught in it!"

"No, you are by no means blind! You see through all my nice little plans."

"I hope I may never be blind, when there is such a pretty hand to be seen. The snow of yours was in strong contrast with the crimson chair—too strong to be overlooked."

"There, there, have done your nonsense, and sit down, for my hand is on it no longer, and you can take it with impunity. But first, bring the chequer-board, I like games after dinner."

"Yes, *give away* games especially, I fancy, Miss Kate. But I am incapacitated, because the rules of the game oblige me to take, and that you can't expect of me."

"Oh," said Kate, laughingly, "I shall have earned your *Psyche* if ever I get it! You will tax my wit to the utmost, I see!"

Clement was asked to explain some French prints. We all stood around the table. In speaking of home hotel in Paris, he forgot the name. Kate suggested it, looking very unconscious.

He shook his head at her, and would not accept the given word.

"Well," said Kate, pouting, "I see that Mr. Bartol will not part with his *Psyche*!"

"I fight so stoutly, because there is one thing above all others I do not want you to give me, Miss Kate."

"What is that?"

"I must take care not to earn the name of a witless fool. It is necessary to my reputation for sense, that I should see through your devices."

"Well, you need not be afraid of me any longer. I have exhausted my resources."

"Tell a joke," whispered Jack Linton. "He couldn't help taking that for the life of him."

So, some time after, Kate told one that set the whole party in convulsions of laughter, she gave it so drolly. But Clement, having heard the whisper, looked as unconscious and blank as Touchstone's Audrey.

"Come now," said Kate, who was so roused she would dare anything, "come now! Won't you take a kiss, and give your *Psyche*?"

"Would you give one for it?" asked Clement, with affected horror.

"Yes!"

She had the sweetest mouth and smile I ever saw. Clement's eyes flashed, as he looked at her arch, blushing, impudent little face.

"My cruel circumstances forbid my taking—but not my giving!" said he, and the disconcerted girl had received three quick kisses without having had the presence of mind to return one!

"That was not fair!" she cried.

"Yes, yes. I meant it all fairly," he said, laughing. "Did I not let you have the opportunity you sought, and you wouldn't take it!"

We were all laughing unmercifully, and Kate joined in merrily, which was certainly the most politic course for her.

We saw from the window that Mrs. Bartol's farmer and his men were taking in hay. This was a novelty to some of us, so we went to see them load up the wagon. After that was done, we all followed it to the huge Pennsylvania barn, and after the men had thrown the hay into the mow, we climbed up, and sat about on the soft, fragrant clover, chatting. Swallows skimmed to and fro almost clipping us with their wings, and seeming in great excitement. We conjectured that they had young ones in the nests on the rafters, and proposed that the gentlemen should ascertain. There was, consequently, a scramble to see who should get there first, and then another in returning to be the soonest down.

Jack ran along a huge beam, and dropped off, a distance of at least twenty feet, alighting in the very midst of us. The others followed his example.

Whoever knows anything about a barn, will recollect the square hole in the flooring, down which fodder is thrown to the cattle. The hay was piled up on all sides of this hole, making a kind of huge, steep funnel, near the rim of which we were sitting. Clement, in jumping from the rafter, alit too near this funnel, and began to slip down it, catching at the hay, which, of course, pulled out with his weight. Celia sat nearest, and she eagerly extended her hand. He was about to seize it, when Jack mischievously cried out, "*Philopena!*" and Clement, startled, lost the chance. Down he went, plump into the ox-stable. We heard his fall, and then all was silent. We thought he was killed.

Poor Celia turned a white, piteous face to the gentlemen, mutely asking assistance for him, and leaned her head upon my shoulder, almost fainting. Kate came to her, and held her hand sympathizingly.

Before any one had time to get down there, Clement, who had alit upon his feet, and instantly gone out by the lower door, made his appearance in the midst of us. He looked in astonishment at the consternation which was just vanishing from our faces. He saw Celia's attitude and paleness. In one bound he was at her feet, as much moved, almost, as she was.

"I am grieved that I alarmed you," he began.

But Jack, that "*infant terrible*," interrupted.

"It is enough to make a girl feel badly, to offer her hand to a gentleman and have him refuse it, even at the risk of breaking his neck!"

"Indeed," said Clement, "it was a most compulsory delay, and no refusal. Now I am here

to claim the right of taking the kind hand that offered to save me a fall, and I am heartily glad to pay the forfeit to it."

He extended both of his hands, and Kate promptly placed Celia's within them, with a roguish laugh.

"There!" cried Jack, "now, Miss Celia, you have lost the *Psyche*! Bartol took your hand, to be sure, but he took it from Kate! Hurrah for Kate!"

"Yes," said Clement, after a pause, "Miss Kate has won it fairly. It is on the library table, and she may get it as soon as she likes."

"An obvious hint," whispered I, "let us go."

And so we did, upon one excuse and another, all of us, but Clement and Celia. Celia's stay

was compulsory, for she trembled so yet that she could not stand. When we were at the house, "Look here!" cried Jack, "you have only played half of this game. Bartol ought to have tried to make you take things from him, and so won *philopena* presents himself. This game always works both ways, you know."

"He is probably playing that part now," I whispered to Kate. "Offering his hand to Celia."

"Yes, and Celia will be sure to accept it, and give herself for the forfeit. But I outwitted him. That is a satisfaction! And I have won that beautiful bust."

"Yes," I said, "you did win his marble *Psyche*, but she—his living soul."

DREAM LAND.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

SCENES of beauty ever beaming

With a rare refulgence holy,
Full of life ethereal teeming,
With a golden radiance gleaming,
Pass before my vision slowly.

Free, the weary spirit ranges
Far from sublunary troubles,
Where, no longer prone to changes,
Soon the longing soul estranges
From pursuit of earthly troubles.

Palaces of pearly whiteness
Raise their dazzling towers in glory;
Shining with a silvery brightness,
Of a free and airy lightness,
Ne'er surpassed in fairy story.

Forms of grace and beauty flying

Round the wide and golden portals;
Some on joyful errands hieing,
Some with seraph voices crying,
"Come up hither, weary mortals."

Iris-hued, the bow is spanning
Skies illumed with sunlight golden;
Purple wings, soft clouds are fanning,
Beaming eyes, the fair scene scanning,
Forms, unrivalled by the olden.

Loveliest of angel faces,
Greet the sight, in rare confusion;
Radiant with untold graces—
Beaming sweet from Heavenly places,
Tresses flow in rich profusion.

WE MET.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

We met within the early Spring

When blooming were the flowers;
And happy birds were warbling sweet
To charm away the hours;
And when we met, she smiled with glee
At my admiring glance;
And sung me songs of love and faith,
And joined me in the dance.

Again we met—all wayward thoughts
From us were cast away;
And her young heart was open wide
To love's pervading ray;

And though I often strove to tell

The love within my breast;
Yet when she breathed a sad farewell,
That love was unexpress'd.

We met once more—and by her side
A manly figure stood;
To whom with honest faith she gave
The vows of maidenhood;
I saw her give her hand away;
And knew it all was o'er;
I wept—and when we parted then,
It was to meet no more.

THE FIRST SHADOW.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

IDA was a bride. Onward, through a whole year of patient waiting, had she moved toward this blessed estate, all her thoughts golden over, all her fancies radiant with love and beauty. And now she was a bride—a happy bride. He who had won her, was worthy to wear her as a crown. Kind, honorable and gifted—his praise was on the lips of all men.

Yes, Ida was a happy bride. It was the blooming, fragrant spring-time. Singing birds were in all the trees; musical waters gliding through the peaceful landscape; and a cloudless sky bending over all. The blessedness of this new life was greater than she had even imagined, in all the warmth of her maiden fancies.

A moon had waxed and waned since the lover became the husband; a moon, dropping the sweets of Mount Hybla. It was evening, and Ida stood by the window, looking out through the dusky air, waiting and wishing for the return of her husband, who was later than usual from his home. At last, her glad eyes caught a glimpse of his well known form, and starting back from the window, she went with springing steps to meet him at the door; opening it ere his hand could ring the bell.

"Dear Edward!" What a gushing love was in her voice! She raised her lips for a kiss, and a kiss was given. But, somehow, its warmth did not go down to her heart.

"Are you not well, dear?" she asked, very tenderly, as they entered their pleasant little parlor; and she looked up into his face and tried to read its expression. But the twilight was too deep.

"Quite as well as usual, love." The voice of her husband was low and gentle; but it had a new and changed sound for the young wife's ears—a sound that made her heart tremble. And yet, his arm was around her, and he held one of her hands, tightly compressing it within his own.

It grew dark in the room before the gas was lighted. When the strong rays fell suddenly upon the face of her husband, Ida saw a change there also. It was clouded. Not heavily clouded—but still in shadow. Steadily and earnestly she looked at him, until he turned his face partly away, to escape the searching scrutiny.

"You are not well, Edward." Ida looked serious—almost concerned.

"Don't trouble yourself. I'm very well."

He smiled, and patted her cheek, playfully—or, rather, with an attempt at playfulness. Ida was not deceived. A change had passed over her husband. Something was wrong. He was not as he had been.

In due time, tea was announced, and the little family party of two gathered around the table in the neat breakfast room.

"Burnt toast and dish-water tea, as usual!" These were the first words spoken by the young husband, after sitting down to the table; and the manner in which they were uttered, left Ida in no doubt as to his state of feeling. How suddenly was the fine gold dimmed.

A few hours earlier the young husband had called in to see his mother, an orderly, industrious woman, and a notable housekeeper. As usual, he was full of the praise of his beautiful young wife, in whom he had yet seen nothing to blame—nothing below perfection. But his mother had looked at her with different eyes. Living in the world was, with her, no holiday affair, and marriage no mere honeymoon. She was too serious in all her views and feelings, to have much patience with what she esteemed mere play-day life. A little jealous of her son's affection, she was, withal; and its going forth to another, with an ardor so different from what it had ever gone forth to herself, made her feel cold toward the dear little wife of Edward, who was its favored object.

"It is time," she said, with a distance of manner that surprised her son, "for you and Ida to be a little serious. The honeymoon is over, and the quicker you come down to sober realities the better. There is one thing about Ida that rather disappoints me."

Edward was too much surprised, at this unexpected annunciation, to speak. His mother went on,

"She's no housekeeper——"

"She's young, mother. She'll learn," he said, interrupting her.

"She had no right to marry until she knew how to make a cup of tea!" The old lady spoke with considerable asperity.

"Mother!"

"I say just what I mean. Not a single cup of tea have I yet tasted in your house, that was fit to drink! I don't know how you can put up with such stuff. You wouldn't have done it at my table, I'm very sure."

"Please, mother, don't talk so any more about Ida! I can't bear to hear it."

"You can bear to hear the truth, Edward. I speak for Ida's good and your own too. She's a wife now; not a mere sweetheart. And she's your housekeeper besides, with something more to do and to care for, than dress, music, party going and enjoyment. I must say, as I said a little while ago, that I am disappointed in her. What are girls thinking about, now-a-days, when they get married? Surely, not of their husband's household comforts."

"If you please, mother, we will change the subject," said the young man, who was exceedingly pained by the strong language he had heard. He spoke so firmly that the matter was dropped, and not again alluded to at the time.

We have, now, an explanation of the change in the young husband's state of mind. There were some truths in what his mother had said, and this made it so much the harder to bear. The first shadow had fallen, that dimmed the brightness of his new and happy life.

Still the defects in Ida—very small to his eyes, even after they were pointed out by his mother—were things of no moment. He had not intended her for a household drudge. Was she not loving-hearted, accomplished and beautiful? What more could he ask? True, he had intended her for the presiding genius of his home; and there were sober, matter-of-fact things to be done in all homes. But her devotion to these would come in good time.

How Edward came to speak as he did about the tea and toast, was, almost on the instant he had given utterance to his words, a mystery to himself. He started with the start he gave his young wife, and trembled for the effect of his unkindly uttered words. He would have given much could he have recalled them. But they were said beyond any power of unsaying.

The reference of his mother to the indifferent tea with which she had been served at his table, had not only mortified him, but made some things distinct in his memory, which, before, were only seen dimly, and as matters of indifference. Where all was so bright, why should he turn his eyes upon a few fragments of clouds skirting the far horizon? He would not have done so if left to himself. The clouds might have spread until ery much larger than a man's hand, before their

murky aspect would have drawn his happy vision from the all-pervading brightness.

Ida's hand, which was raising a cup to her lips, fell almost as suddenly as if palsied; a paleness overspread her countenance; her lips had a motion between a quiver and a spasm. From her eyes, which seemed bound, as by a spell, to her husband's face, tears rolled out and fell in large drops over her cheeks.

Never before, since Edward had looked upon that dear young face, had he seen its brightness so veiled. Never before, had word of his been answered by anything but smiles and love responses.

"I'm sorry, Edward." How the sad, tremulous voice of Ida rebuked the young husband's unkindness. "It shall not be so again."

And she kept her word. Suddenly he had awakened her from a bright, dreamy illusion. She had been in a kind of fairy-land. The hard, every-day working world, with its common working-day wants, by an unlooked-for shifting of scenery, had struck with an unlovely aspect upon her startled vision; the jagged edges of the real wounding painfully her soft ideal. But, once awakened, she never slept again. It was the first shadow that fell dimly and coldly upon her married heart—the first, and to the life-experienced, we need not say the last.

Burnt toast and bad tea! To think that common things like these should have power to shadow a young heart basking in the sunlight of love! Ida had thought of her husband as almost indifferent to the vulgar wants his words made manifest. She saw clearer now. He was but flesh and blood like the rest.

Very—very tenderly spoken were all the words of Edward to his young wife, during the shadowed evening that followed this first dimming of their home-light. And Ida, who felt the kindness of his heart, tried to smile and to seem as of old. But, somehow, she could not force into existence the smiles she wished to send out as tokens of forgiveness. Thoughts of the bad tea and burnt toast, the "usual"—ah! there lay the smart!—evening entertainment she had provided; or, rather, suffered to be provided by unskilful hands—were her own any more skilful? for her returning husband haunted her all the while.

"It shall not be so again!" Not idly uttered were these words. All the evening she kept repeating them to herself, with a steadily increasing purpose and a clearer vision. "Edward shall never have another occasion for rebuke."

Several times during the evening, the young husband was tempted to refer to the conversation held with his mother, in explanation of his own

conduct, but he wisely kept his own counsel. Of all things, he dreaded an estrangement between his wife and mother.

On the next morning, Edward noticed that his young wife left their chamber earlier than usual, and went down stairs. Not, however, to fill their home with music, as she had often done. Her *matinee* was the singing tea-kettle, not the stringed piano. She had a heightened color, when she took her place at the breakfast-table, and poured for her husband the fragrant coffee, made with her own hands, because she had discovered that her indifferent cook was ignorant of her art. How did she know the art? It was almost accidental; the recollection of some good housewife's talk had served her in the right time. The warm praise bestowed by Edward on the coffee was ample reward.

Ida bought a cook book during the day. That sounds unromantic. But it was even so; and she studied it for hours. During the afternoon her mother-in-law came in; and Ida urged her to stay to tea. The old lady accepted the invitation; not, we are sorry to say, in the very best spirit. She had opened the war on Edward's "butterfly" young wife, and she meant to follow it up. When Edward came home and found that his mother was there his spirits fell. He saw, by the corners of her mouth, that she had not forgotten their interview of the preceding day; and that her state of mind was not a whit more charitable. Ida's face was a little shadowed; but she was cheerful, and very attentive to his mother—and, happily, ignorant of her true feelings. She came and went from the breakfast room to the parlor, frequently, evidently with household cares upon her mind.

Tea was at length announced. Edward's heart trembled. His mother arose, and with rather a gold air, accompanied her children to the room where the evening meal awaited them. The table had an attractive look, new to the eyes of both Edward and his mother. It was plain that another hand besides the servant's had been there. Ida poured the tea, and Edward served the hot biscuit and cream toast. The eyes of

the latter were on his mother, as she lifted, with an air which he understood to say, "Poor stuff!" the cup of tea to her lips. She tasted the fragrant beverage—set the cup down—lifted and tasted again. The infusion was faultless! Yes, even to her critical taste. Next the biscuit, and next the toast were tried. Mrs. Goodfellow herself could not have surpassed them.

"Have you changed your cook?" The old lady looked across the table, curiously, at Ida.

"No, mother," answered the young wife, smiling. "Only, the cook has found a mistress."

"Is all this your work, Ida?" The old lady spoke in a half incredulous tone.

"Yes, it is all my work. Don't you think, if I try hard, I'll make a housekeeper in time?"

This was so unexpected, that the husband's mother was delighted. Ida had gone right home to her matter-of-fact, every-day heart.

"Why yes, you precious little darling!" she answered, with an enthusiasm almost foreign to her character. "I couldn't have done better myself."

The shadow passed from the heart of Ida, as her eyes rested on the pleased countenance of her husband. It was the first shadow that had fallen since their happy wedding day, and moved on quickly; but its memory was left behind. It was like the drawing of a veil, which partly conceals, yet beautifies a countenance, revealing the enchanted expression.

Ida's husband was a man, like the rest, with man's common wants and weaknesses; and her married world one in which hands must take hold of common duties. But she soon learned that, in the real world, were real delights, substantial and abiding.

Bravely she did walk in the new path that lay at her feet. She had her reward. Tea and toast but expressed her household duties, none of which were rightly performed during that delicious honeymoon. But, she failed in nothing afterward; and soon learned that the ground in which true happiness takes deepest root, and from which it springs up with strongest branches is the ground of common, homely duties.

I SHALL EVER—EVER LOVE THEE.

I SHALL ever—over love thee

Whatever may betide,

And though dark may be to-morrow,

I shall still be at thy side;

For my heart first learn'd to love thee

In the gloom of sorrow's shade;

And the sun that shone above thee

First, my pathway joyous made.

I long have loved and sought thee

In each gay and brilliant throng;

And their praises only taught me

More to cherish the loved song;

For well I knew its gentle tones

Were sung alone for me;

And my smile of inward pleasure

Was a sweet reward for thee.

F. J.

THE RAIN IN THE AFTERNOON.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes,
And in the 'hereafter' angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away."

How the wind blows, and the rain beats, and the clouds of a dull, dark-blue grey, fold themselves low and heavy over the skies. I do not usually love rain, at least not those long, heavy, hopeless November rains, that weave themselves up into the shroud of December. But this afternoon the rain chimes in strangely with my tone and feelings, seeming to say outside, "The beauty is all gone!" And something away down in my heart seems to echo mournfully, "The beauty is all gone!"

What ails me, I wonder? And why do the tears come crowding heavily over my eyelashes? I ought to be very thankful and very happy too. Have I not one of the most elegant houses on Chesnut street, filled with every luxury which wealth can purchase, furnished with all that exquisite taste which my sensuous, æsthetic temperament so luxuriates in?

Sitting here in this little alcove, I look up the vistas of my long, magnificent parlors. Soft velvet carpets make the summers of tropical climes on their floors, delicate lace curtains roll out like folds of silver clouds from gilded cornices, the walls are flushed with paintings that have kindled the eyes of many an artist, graceful statues occupy the niches, filling the spirit with old poetic visions of Grecian mythology; and yet I, Alice James, with all this beauty and luxury about me, the wife of a proud, indulgent husband, the mother of two fair, sweet children, am not this afternoon a happy woman.

My thoughts are going off into the past, and I am so glad the rain will save me from any visitors this afternoon, that from now until nightfall I can talk to myself.

It was such a strange coincidence that we should have met together yesterday afternoon in the old museum. It was such a beautiful day, fragrant, tender, loving, the last of the Indian summer, and it woke up in my heart its old loving for the woods and the birds. I always had such a passion for these latter, I wonder if he thought of it too: and if it was not some half unacknowledged memory of this kind which

drew him there also. I love to go through that long gallery with its cases of stuffed birds, and fancy myself in a tropical forest, with golden orioles, and crimson-breasted birds of Paradise flashing all about me. The old heart of my childhood comes back, and I quite forget myself. I did yesterday, and called out to my little girl, who enjoys the birds almost as much as her mamma, "Isn't it enchanting, Rena, my darling?"

"Mamma, the gentleman behind is looking straight at you," she whispered, pressing her fair, little face against my side. I turned round and confronted him, Leonard Stone. For seven years we had not looked in each other's faces.

He was courteous and self-possessed: so was I, I believe, but his hand trembled as it touched mine, and there was something of curiosity and sadness in the eyes that searched with their old earnest gaze my face, the face that he said yesterday was so little changed, that he said seven years ago was the fairest among women.

He talked a little on ordinary subjects in an ordinary tone: of the weather, the birds, &c. Then he said, "This is your little daughter, I conclude, Mrs. James. She is very like you. Won't you come and kiss me, darling?"

And Rena went to him at once, my sweet child! and put up her little arms around his neck, and said, "I like you," with that pretty grace of hers at once so child like and so charming.

He dropped his proud head down to her face, his chesnut curls mingled with her golden locks, but his lip quivered as he kissed her. Oh, how the sight struck through my heart!

Just then, however, a party of my acquaintances came along; and in a moment Leonard left. I invited him to call on us, but he said he had only been in the city a few hours, and he had given all his leisure moments to the museum. He must leave that night. So we parted—who expected to be through life together.

How noble he looked—what an air of strength, refinement and manliness there is about him,

and he was once a poor farm boy! He is thoroughly a self-made man, the only true men I sometimes think.

I see the old, yellow-brown house now, with the moss growing thick along the damp eaves, where my life rounded into its womanhood.

My uncle Timothy Leeds was an old bachelor. I was the daughter of his only sister, and after my father died, and his young girl wife followed him, he took me to the old homestead, and it was not his fault if the loss of both parents was not made up to me. He was dogmatic, irritable, eccentric, but a heart warm and tender as a woman's, beat under the old-fashioned snuff-colored broad-cloth, that for ten consecutive years he wore to the brick meeting-house on the Green.

He was not a rich man. I do not believe that during his life he ever owned more than five thousand dollars. But his farm yielded an income sufficient for all the comforts of life. We kept only one domestic, but our family was very small, never comprising more than four or five permanent members.

I was a wild, romping, light-hearted, and half spoiled school girl of just fourteen, when Leonard Stone came to the house to help my uncle in harvest time. How well I remember that first supper we took together in the great, old-fashioned kitchen.

Leonard was an orphan, three years my senior. He was very bashful, and colored like a girl every time my uncle spoke to him, or looking up he caught my eyes, for we sat directly opposite each other.

He came, expecting to remain with us about two months, instead of which he stayed five years. During the winters he attended school, and in the summers he assisted my uncle on the farm, who, I believe, loved him dearly as if he had been his own son.

Leonard Stone's nature is not an accessible one. You would know that by the whole physiognomy of his face, by the clear, searching eyes, by the thin, strong, not handsome, but fine features, by the firm, self-reliant mouth.

It was a long time before we two grew thoroughly acquainted, for he was very shy: and I, who was accustomed to having every one bend to my will, stood strangely in awe of the boy, though I liked him from the first.

But when the evenings began to grow long, and we gathered about the birch fire in the old sitting-room, our reserve somehow gradually disappeared.

Then our studies formed a strong bond of sympathy between us, for Leonard had resolved

to go to the Academy in the adjoining village, and shutting my eyes on all the splendor around me, my heart warms to the twin piles of old school-books I see on the little pine table under the mirror.

Before the earth throbbed again with the pulses of spring, I believe that Leonard and I loved each other better than we did anything on earth. He understood me—he sympathized with the new æsthetic life that was beginning to waken within me, even then I felt what I did not understand, that the chords of our natures were strung in harmony.

I must hurry over the record of these years, though their fragrant gales blow softly over my memory now. The long winters that we studied together—the springs that we planted flowers, the summer twilights, when we rode in the old wagon around the meadows, and the autumns that we gathered nuts, dwell brightly in that country, through which, this afternoon, I am travelling.

The last day that Leonard was to be with us, the closing up of those four years, was a bright one in the early May. He was to enter college.

During those four years I had grown from a child almost to a woman, and I had begun to know, what it is so dangerous for any woman to learn, that God had made me beautiful! We, Leonard and I, went into the front yard after supper. It was greatly changed since he came to us. Deep hedges of buckthorn ran along the low fence, and graceful larches and clumps of dark cedars, and mounds blushing over every June with red roses, made a picture, of what before had only been a green sheet of grass, with a great apple tree sweeping heavy shadows all over it. My heart was full of that night, and full of something else deeper than tears.

"Oh, Leonard," the cry broke up suddenly, for I had not learned to control my feelings, "if you weren't going away! It will be such a lonely summer without you." We stood by the old garden gate, and I leaned my head down on the railing, not much caring if he saw the tears that were raining down my cheeks.

I felt his hand softly on my hair. "Look up in my eyes, Alice," he whispered, very tenderly. And I looked up. I knew then what he would say before his lips asked it.

And so, when we walked again through the amber twilight to the grey old house, Leonard and I had spoken those solemn words, which, alas! alas! how often and how lightly, men and women speak to each other!

Five years had passed before Leonard and I looked again into each other's faces. During

all this time we had been very true to each other.

But my life was greatly changed from the old way. Uncle Timothy slept with his father and his mother, under the green old ash trees of the country burying-ground, and the old farm house had taken into its ample breast a great family of strangers. My home had been for nearly two years in the heart of a great city, with a distant cousin of my uncle's, a wealthy, fashionable woman, who visited us about a year before his death, and who took at that time a great fancy to me.

She was a widow, and childless, and loved me as well as it was possible for one of her half selfish, half superficial, and thoroughly worldly nature to do.

Of course, I enjoyed with the relish of youth and health, and high spirits, the luxurious, elegant life to which I was suddenly introduced.

My aunt was very anxious I should create a sensation in the fashionable circles where she moved; and it was not her fault certainly if I did not learn the full extent and power of the beauty, which I honestly believe I valued then, mostly, as a true woman should, for the sake of the man, before whose very memory all other men seemed dwarfed and insignificant.

Leonard had, by dint of teaching, and the practice of stringent economy, paid his own expenses through college. I had acquainted my cousin with our engagement. Of course it met with her entire disapproval, for she had very ambitious views for my future, and Leonard had two unpardonable defects in her eyes—he was poor and without social position.

But as I said, five years had elapsed, and then—well, the story shall tell itself.

"Alice, my love, won't you look out and see if there's any prospect of the rain's ever closing," and aunt Myra, as I usually called her, because she was some thirty years my senior, looked up from the novel which had kept her rather restless self quiet for a half hour.

I swept aside the crimson curtains and looked out on the sky. The thick clouds were breaking up all around the horizon, and through their silver edges looked the soft blue sky of the late summer, doubly welcome because of the twenty-four hours rain that had shut it from us.

"Isn't it delicious, aunt Myra? How I do wish we could have a ride this afternoon." At that moment, there was a loud ring of the bell, and a few moments later a domestic brought me a message that Mr. James' horses were at the door, and himself in the parlor.

My aunt sprang up with alacrity. "Run for

her new riding-dress, Jane," to the servant. "How very fortunate it is, my dear, that poor Tim made such a fine equestrian of you!

"You will go round the Park, and be quite the envy of all the city. Mr. James, too, the son of an English colonel, handsome, wealthy, and from such a family——"

"Aunt Myra," I interrupted, "you forget that now I can have no possible interest in his adjuncts or antecedents. Please don't talk to me, after this fashion, or I shall feel that I have no right to accept the invitation."

She had a woman's tact; and a much better knowledge of the world than I had. "You surely would not be guilty of so great a rudeness, Alice, with the horses at the door? Come, loop up your curls—what a beauty of a riding-cap that is."

I remember the ride that afternoon, as though it happened but yesterday. The fresh, fragrant beauty of the earth, the thick shadows of the elms and maples, under which we paced our coal-black steeds, and the admiring glances of my chivalric companion, as he talked to me of his English home, and the fair meadow lands over which he had dashed with his golden-haired sisters in the days of his boyhood.

I was very happy, or rather in one of my wild, mirthful moods—ah, me! if just then I could have turned over the pages and read the handwriting of the "Beyond!"

It was deepening into sunset when we drew up again before my home. My aunt came to her door, and by her side stood a young gentleman, tall, slender, looking eagerly into my face.

One glance, long, eager, breathless, and I knew him. What a tide of warmth and gladness broke over my heart! It was a terrible breach of etiquette, and I knew my aunt would never forgive me for it, but I was a country wild flower, after all, and my city transplantation had not been a long one. I forgot everything but Leonard as I bounded from my horse, just as I had done many a time from the back of uncle Tim's old "Dobbin," not waiting for Mr. James to assist me to alight, and I sprang up the marble steps with a mist in my eyes, and a cry on my lips, "Leonard, I am so glad to see you!"

A week had passed. It had been a very bright one to me, for the "beloved" was there.

Leonard's early manhood was fulfilling all the promise of his youth. He had chosen the law for his profession. "In two years," he said, "my studies will be completed, and then——" I looked up into those clear, loving eyes, and read all the rest: the little cottage set down like a cup among vines, and trees, and mosses; and

thinking of this, I never, for a moment, envied my haughty relative her stately home, her servants, or her carriage. Was I not the richer of the two with Leonard's love?

Aunt Myra treated Leonard with the courtesy which his manner compelled from others; yet I am almost certain he felt she disapproved of his attentions.

He met Mr. James one evening at our house. I thought he was strangely cold and taciturn that night: but I understood it all. When he asked abruptly, just as he was leaving, "Alice, I have one promise to ask of you. Will you give it me?"

"Of course, Leonard."

"That you will never ride out with Mr. James again. Certainly, as your affianced husband, I have a right to ask this."

"I do not dispute it, Leonard," smiling away the sudden sternness of his face, for with a woman's insight I looked down into his soul, and saw that small cloud of distrust and jealousy rising over it. "I will never ride with him again."

He drew me to his strong heart after the old, tender fashion. "My bride," he said, "I shall not be quite contented until I have you save in my own nest."

I was not wise with that wisdom of experience which only life teaches, or these things would have been a key to certain traits of Leonard's character.

Like most fine, sensitive natures, he was exclusive and exacting, demanding an almost entire monopoly of the thought and affections of those he loved. It is true the measure he asked, he meted out in return; but he was proud, hasty, and could be unjust.

And dearly as I loved him, I was a petted, willful, half spoiled child. If we had only understood each other better! It was such a very little matter too. And, after all, these little things are the Alphas and Omegas of the joys and sorrows of this life. But it so happened that after the sunshine the cloud came.

Leonard was intending to leave the city for a few days on business, and he passed the last evening before his departure with me. Mr. James called at the same time. He was expecting his only sister by the next steamer from England, and its arrival was somewhat anticipated the next day.

"I wonder if she will be in to-morrow, Miss Weston?" He turned to me, "You Yankees have always a peculiar gift at guessing. What do you think of the chances of my seeing Nellie's blue eyes to-morrow."

"Well, I guess that you will see her before to-morrow night," I thoughtlessly answered, knowing how anxious he was to do this.

"What if we should make a small bet on the matter, with your aunt and Mr. Stone for witnesses?"

They both bowed assent.

"Well, Mr. James, if the steamer isn't in before seven to-morrow evening, I'll make you a new crimson velvet smoking-cap, just the prettiest bit of needlework inspiration in the world."

"And if the steamer does arrive before day after to-morrow, I will give you—no matter. Will you promise to wear it at the soiree my uncle gives, a night or two after Nellie's coming?"

"Of course I will," I answered, regarding the whole thing as little more than a jest. Mr. James had been informed of my engagement to Leonard by my aunt, and knowing this, I felt under less social restraint with him.

At this juncture a message came for Leonard. I have since thought there was a little shade of coolness in his leave-taking, but if I observed this, at the time, I attributed it to the presence of strangers.

Two days had passed. Aunt Myra was despatching the interval between breakfast and "calling hours," in chatting through the gilded bars of their cages to her canaries, or admiring a pair of most exquisite Sevres china vases, which she had received from a friend recently returned from Europe.

For me, I was placing the finishing touches of a painting of a little country cottage closeted among shrubberies, with a small river in the distance, winding like a tangled ribbon among hills and meadows, and there was a thought in my heart, which gave a flutter to my fingers, as I bent lovingly over my work.

Just then a small white package was brought me. Aunt Myra left her canaries and her vases, and leaned curiously over my chair as I unrolled the paper to find a delicate little jewel-case, and a note with these words:

"MY DEAR MISS WESTON—You were right in the guessing, thus sustaining your Yankee prerogative and winning the bet. The steamer arrived last evening, and in accordance with your promise, I trust you will accept and wear the enclosed this evening, when you welcome my sister to her adopted home, and oblige your friend,
HOWARD JAMES."

I touched the spring of the case, it flew back, and there, lying on its cushion of snowy velvet, was a ring, whose cluster of diamonds seemed to

leap up suddenly and catch down the morning sunlight into their clear hearts, as bewildered I gazed upon them.

Aunt Myra clapped her hands in admiration and delight. "What a magnificent gift, Alice! Mr. James has really outdone himself."

"But, aunt, I cannot, I ought not to accept this. I am sure Leonard would disapprove of it."

"What an absurd child you are. It would be so impolite too, after you promised to accept and wear it. What would Mr. James think of you?"

"But the wishes of the man I am to marry are to me a mightier law than any conventional ones, aunt Myra."

"What a pity cousin Tim had the bringing up of you," pettishly ejaculated my aunt. "These squeamish notions of yours positively mortify me very much, Alice. For my sake, if not for your own, I hope you'll not be so rude as to break your promise of wearing the ring to-night. I'm happy to say you're the first woman I ever knew who was content to be a slave to any man."

My pride was roused at this. "I assure you, aunt Myra, it is from no fear of Leonard that I refuse to wear the gift: but under the circumstances I have no right to accept it."

"But you have done so already, and can only make yourself very absurd now by refusing it."

This was true, and influenced by her arguments and her greater knowledge of social rules, I reflected somewhat after this fashion, "It might be, it really did seem impolite, unkind, to return the ring at once. I had viewed the matter as a jest, but Mr. James, it appeared, had not. Would it not be best to avoid any unpleasant feeling on his part, by wearing the ring that evening, and returning it at the same time, candidly telling him my reasons for doing so?" At last I resolved upon this plan.

"Did you think I would never come, aunt? Jane has been so long arranging my hair. But I am quite ready now, and—why, Leonard Stone, is it possible?"

It was evening, and just dressed for the soiree, I hurried into the parlor, where aunt Myra had been awaiting me several minutes. I had caught up my gloves and my shawl, as it was growing late, and the carriage was at the door, so with these in my hands I confronted Leonard, whom I did not expect until the next day.

He did not come forward and reach out his hands to welcome me. He stood there by the mantel, white and still and stern, his lips pressed together with that expression of indomitable pride and will, which struck out all the tenderness from his face, and left nothing but the hard sternness there.

My aunt was nervously pacing up and down the room, evidently excited and angry. "Alice," said the low, firm voice of Leonard, "I have heard from your aunt the history of that diamond ring on your finger. It is my wish that you should remove it this instant."

The tone itself, to say nothing of the words themselves, was a command. If it had been more a request, or an entreaty, I should probably have complied with it. But Leonard's manner was certainly irritating, and my education and my natural temperament had never taught me submission. It was the first time the pride of both our natures had been brought into collision.

"I should like to know first your reasons for such a mandate as this, Leonard?" I answered, haughtily, almost defiantly, while my aunt interposed,

"I hope you won't be such a simpleton, Alice."

"My reasons for asking this you know already, so there is no necessity for repeating them. The woman who is to be my wife, shall never receive such a gift as that from any man. I would not have believed it of you, Alice."

"And I would not have believed what I have just witnessed of you, Leonard." (Oh, it is a terrible thing when pride gets the mystery of two loving hearts!)

"Alice, we will not waste words. Once for all, will you remove that ring from your finger, and in my presence enclose it to the gentleman who had the audacity to send it to you?"

If he had known I intended to give it to Mr. James that very evening, it would have softened his words, but I had concluded to do this before informing my aunt, as I dreaded her expostulations. I was too proud to disclose my intention now, and in her presence. "And what if I should prefer to choose my own time and manner for doing this, Leonard?" was my not very compromising response.

"That is, you may not do it at all. I shall make no further requests: but if you do not comply with this one on the spot, you dissolve our engagement."

He meant it then, I saw it in the flashing of his eyes, in the still, settled purpose written on his lips.

And I, God forgive me! for have I not repented in sorrow of years and bitterness of heart for those words, but youth and spirit and anger at his injustice were high within me as I answered, "Very well! Be it so then, Leonard!"

He turned and walked with his firm, slow tread into the hall, stopping only once to say "good night" to my aunt and me. Then when I saw

his white face, I believe I should have called him back if it had not been for my aunt's presence. But he went out, and returned no more.

Well, I was the gayest of the company who welcomed the fair-haired English girl to our shores that night. They told me afterward that my laugh broke out the merriest, and my songs rang forth the loudest. But oh, if they could have looked down into my heart—if they could have looked there!

The next day Leonard left the city. His pride and his will, those great defects of his noble nature, prevented his making any overtures toward a reconciliation. We were both to blame, with the blame of rashness and misapprehension and youth. It is the fault of such strong natures that they defy control.

It is woman's duty to submit, and here I failed. I pray God "forgive us both." I was ill all that autumn—oh, the sickness of the heart is very hard to bear!

Mr. James continued to visit at our house. My aunt encouraged him in doing this—indeed I learned afterward she had told him that the engagement was a mere childish affair, entered into thoughtlessly on my part, and one which met with no approval from my friends.

I could not help seeing his many good qualities of character. He was much attached to me, and he was a man of whose personal appearance any woman might be proud.

Well, there is no use talking of the courtship. In the next spring we were married. Oh, how the words of that song of Alice Cary's, which I used to read under the apple trees at home, have been fluttering all day like sweet, mournful echoes up and down my soul—

"But when my cheek beneath his lip
Blushed not, nor turned aside,
I thought how once a lighter kiss
Had left it crimson dyed."

He is a kind husband, and very proud of the wife to whom he never spoke a cross word, and of the two fair children she has brought him: and there is no luxury, no happiness which his wealth can procure, that is not ours.

But he is not a tender, demonstrative man—there is not a single golden thread of romance in his being. He does not dream how my woman's nature thirsts and pants for the deep waters of love, aches for the sweet balm of sympathy, and yet he gives me all he has—why should I ask more?

Last week, when he brought me home that beautiful gold watch for a birth-day present, my heart sprang out to him very eagerly, and looking up through my tears, I said, "Oh,

Howard, you do love me, don't you? Put your arms round me now and say so."

He smiled very much as one would do at the vagaries of a little child. "Of course I love you, dear. But I think you're growing rather nervous, aren't you, Alice? You must ride out to-day, and I'll call at the doctor's and see if he hasn't something for general debility—that's sure to bring on low spirits."

Seven years since Leonard and I parted. Our meeting at the old museum has opened a gate which I have long kept locked, and I have gone down this wild, November afternoon into the romance of my youth. Leonard is married now. They say his wife is a young, gentle, girlish creature, who makes bright the home to which he has taken her. But I know his heart by my own, and that is an instrument half broken. It would have been better if we had not met yesterday, for the key has turned in the rusted lock, the door in my heart has opened again, and I have gone into that solitary room which I had no right to enter—I, the wife of Howard James!

Does the rain thicken, or is it the tears in my eyes that blur the window-panes? Oh, it is a terrible thing for a woman to take upon herself the vows of wifehood without her heart seals them—a terrible thing for her to carry all through the days of her life the loneliness and heart-ache! Oh, Leonard! Leonard! if I could only lay my head on your shoulder and weep one hour! Hark! how sweetly that sounded! Rena and Harry are having a high frolic up in the nursery, and their outbreaks of merry laughter tangle themselves up together and roll down the stairs, and stir up my heart as the birds songs never did in the days it may be sin to dwell on. My precious children! What a joy and a comfort they are to me! There again those ringing shouts. How happy the darlings are!

And God speaks to my heart through them, and I grow stronger again. Oh, I shall not be alone with them to walk by me through life! I will do my duty. "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be."

The cloud is lifting up from my soul. Not here but hereafter shall we see clearly, and taking up the broken threads of my life, I will weave them into what brightness I may.

I will, God helping me, be a true and faithful wife, a loving, tender, prayerful mother, and when the night comes, be it sooner or later, perchance the angels leaning over my death-bed will murmur softly, "She hath done what she could."

There! that is Howard's ring at the door, and the children are bounding out to meet him. How

they shout and clap their hands, and he is kissing them. Our children! how mighty is this bond between us.

So, Leonard Stone, the sweet song of our youth can never be taken up by our hearts again, but there are other harmonies left for

both of us, and life is very short—oh, in the still watches of the night I will pray the Father that both the “far apart” roads we walk, may lead up to the meadow lands whose dews are the balsams of eternity!

THE WANDERER'S SONG.

BY CLARENCE MELVIN.

We have wandered far away, Katie,
Where the sky is bright and blue,
But our joys still mingle into one,
And our hearts are tried and true.
The blush is fair upon your cheek,
And the love-beams light your eye,
As when we left our sunny home,
Life's darker waves to try.

You know you spoke of the past, Katie,
How sunny its skies had been;
And then you turned to the future hours
To usher their visions in;
And your heart was sad as the moments passed,
And you pressed your hand in mine,
Then sought to hide the blinding tears
In love's unfading twine.

And when we knelt at eve, Katie,
Where our darling lies asleep,
We watched the shadows from the West
Come thronging dark and deep;
We thought how the Autumn hours would come,
And the dead leaves white and sere,
With another scene to meet our eyes,
But our hearts still lingering here.

We plucked upon her grave, Katie,
When the twilight filled the sky,
A single flower to cheer our hearts
When time should wander by;
And said, that when the Autumn came
With sunshine in its train,
The memories of the golden hours
Would bring her smile again.

'Tis Autumn on the hills, Katie,
With the bright fruit blushing red,
And the leaves are falling thick and fast,
Like tear-drops for the dead;
And the sunshine hovers on her grave,
As in the olden hours,
Ere absence shut our longing gaze
From home's inviting bowers.

I know your heart is sad, Katie,
For the hopes forever fled,
And your eyes are dimmed with blinding tears,
As memory brings the dead;
But love is left our trusting hearts
While life and hope remain,
And time will bring above the clouds
Its sunny smiles again.

FORSAKEN.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

Forget thee! would that I might taste
Of cold Oblivion's wave,
My heart is but a barren waste,
A sadless, sunken grave.

No flowers bloom by its desert springs,
No leaves come from the mould,
But wild Despair doth ever sing,
By its waters deep and cold.

It was not thus ere darkly stole,
Thy voice so sweet and low,
Within my heart's most secret folds,
And bade the waters flow.

And flowers to bloom in brightness there,
Affection's own to be,

Ah! life was sweet and very fair
Ere the spoiler came to me.

Fair was the earth with sunny light,
And birds and leaves and flowers,
Now the deep blackness of the night
O'er every sweet thing lowers.

Memory! Oh, could I dash
Thy leaves with the cold wave,
A blank should be the unlovely past,
Naught could its darkness save.

But it must not be, I still must feel,
Within my bosom deep,
The rankle of the poisoned steel,
The love that will not sleep.

THE MORNING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

THE morning did its best for the Grovers. It came with its blessings of light, dew, aroma, with its music, its renewed strength for the hands, its swiftness for the feet, its wings for the spirit, with its gifts of thanksgiving, of patience and heroism for life, of faith in the good and love for the beautiful; but the Grovers, living in their large, substantial house, in the midst of green fields and orchards filled now with bloom, close by the row of elms and the glittering meadow land, were not ready for it. There was the trouble. They were ready for its light. Its light was a help to them as they worked; that was all. Mr. Grover hurried from one out-building to another, and had his head down over the chains, yokes, and harrows with which, the moment breakfast was over, field operations were to be commenced. He sent the hired boy, Jim, "upon the run," to carry this and bring that. He pointed out to the carpenters at work upon the new, big barn, what piles of boards and planks they were to use that day; it made Mr. Fletcher "fairly dizzy," he said so after Mr. Grover turned his back, seeing how much was expected of him, that one day.

Within doors, Mrs. Grover took her rapid steps, to the pantry, to the cellar, to the stove—to fill it anew with wood, to look into the oven—to the cupboard, opening and shutting doors, bringing single dishes and piles of dishes, telling Clarissa that she wished she would try to do more; without her telling her everything she was to do, every step she was to take; telling Robert that she wished he wouldn't tease her; she wished he would keep away from her and from Clarissa, until they could get breakfast ready. Robert was vexed at last and went away. But soon, upon going to the pantry, Mrs. Grover called out, "Robert Grover! there, you've spilled it all! over your clean apron, too; and now what will mother do for milk for her coffee? You're a naughty boy!"

"Ain't naughty boy!" said Robert, really ashamed, really sorry for what he had done. "Ain't naughty boy. If you say I'm naughty boy, I'll say you're naughty mother."

"Robert, be still! Clarissa, I do wish you would see to him a little sometimes. I can't do everything."

Clarissa asked if she might go out and take a little walk with him. He was always a good boy out-doors; and she wanted to see if she could hear the gold robins; father said they had come. Might she go?

"No, you can't. I must have you help about breakfast. Three men-folks besides our own; five hearty men-folks to get breakfast for; I shouldn't think you would ask me. Robert must be a good boy here where he is, or I must punish him; that is all."

"Shan't!" Robert said. "Shan't! if you do I'll call you a naughty mother."

"Robert? Oh, Robert, to trouble mother, when she has so much to do! Clarissa, why don't you set the table? You can see that it is time, by looking at the clock. Don't wait for me to tell you everything. Look into the stove-oven."

"Oh, dear!" Clarissa said, giving her hands a little wring, putting her sleeves back from her wrists, her hair back from her forehead. "Oh, it's so hot! I hate a kitchen, it's so hot always. Oh, dear, I wish folks didn't have to be always cooking and eating, cooking and eating. It puts all the comfort out of a body's life. Five of the men, you, Miss Haines, Bob and I—nine of us; nine plates I want."

"Yes, nine plates you want; and be spry. Put on the dish of cold beans and the doughnuts; the vinegar and the pepper; don't wait for me to tell you; you know that, with the beans, we must have vinegar and pepper; that, with the doughnuts we must have——"

"Cheese and apple-sauce," Clarissa interrupted, going to bring them.

"Yes, and bring out the salt. I'm going to fry some of this veal. Your father will want some; he'll expect to see some, I know; he'll be disappointed if he sees nothing but the beans that he ate of yesterday noon and last night. Try the potatoes. I expect they are done. And then look to the Johnny cake—don't wait to be told. Where's Robert?"

Clarissa did not know; and, with a lower voice, she did not care. She was all out of patience with being ordered about, with the heat and discomfort of the whole business. She was the more out of patience, remembering so

well how different her aunt Clarissa's breakfasts were at Portsmouth; looking too at the first story in "Peterson's Magazine," which, as it was brought home late last night, she had not had time to read, or hardly look at. She took it up now, but her mother coming out with the white bread and the brown she had been slicing, told her to put that book down, and not take it up again; not, at any rate, until the work was "done up" after breakfast and the beds made; told her to look at the table and see if she had got everything. She believed they generally used knives and forks at breakfast, she said, bending over her frying veal to turn it.

Miss Haines, the dress-maker, and a gentle, pleasant, sensible-looking little body, here came leisurely out of her room, sewing as she came, and as she stood not far from Mrs. Grover, close by the table, leaning against a window. She looked at Mrs. Grover, at her confusedly spread table, and said, setting some of her dainty stitches, "What makes you do so much for breakfast, Mrs. Grover? I wouldn't. I wouldn't have anything but bread and butter and coffee. I would have Johnny-cake, if I wanted it, and cold bread and nothing else. It would be play comparatively, to get this."

"I guess it would be play," sighed Mrs. Grover, hurriedly cutting her light corn-cake into squares. "But I can't do so. My husband must have his meat every morning. I always get it, always cook potatoes as much as I get bread. Clarissa, put the chairs round. Now my sister at Portsmouth never has anything but cold bread and butter and tea, or coffee, in the morning; never. You haven't got your spoons for the beans and meat, Clarissa. Clarissa, where are you? I never saw such a girl! bewitched to get out-doors, bewitched to get hold of a book or a paper; work she just about hates." Miss Haines saw the spoons in the cupboard, and brought them while Mrs. Grover was talking and seeing to her coffee. "She—my sister, I mean," resumed Mrs. Grover, "is two years older than I am; but you would think she was ten years, at least, younger. And it is all the difference in our lives; for when we were girls, I was the healthiest, and altogether the most lively dispositioned, as your mother could tell you. She has four children; four delicate appearing, well-bred children. She never speaks to them as I do to my children; never." Here the poor woman paused for a little settlement with self-reproach. Self-reproach took mutinous hold of her, as to be sure it often did, in the confused sort of life she was living. "But she would, my sister would," she

added, at length, "if she had my hard work. I know she would; for she hadn't half the patience that I had, when we were girls, and at home together."

"Your sister would hardly go through, then, with all that you do now?"

"She? No, I guess she wouldn't. She says she wouldn't."

"Well, perhaps she would be right," gently said Miss Haines. "Perhaps it would be better not to have patience; but to break away from the hard work, by a simpler way of living."

Mrs. Grover did not know, she was sure; but she wished that, some way, her life could be made easier to her.

There was Clarissa coming in, with light enough in her features to alter all the place. She begged her mother and Miss Haines to come to the door to see how beautiful it was.

Where was Robert? Mrs. Grover asked, seeing to her meat. He was out there happier than a king; happy as a bird, Clarissa said. "Come, mother, just one minute! come, Miss Haines!" She was again on her way to the outer door, which was separated only by a small "entry" from the kitchen where Mrs. Grover was at work. "Oh, hear the birds!" turning her face up toward the sky. "Oh, I wish I was a bird!" The face drooped, a shade came upon it; but she came out of it in a moment. With a sigh, to be sure, with tears in her eyes and longing in all the young, pretty face. "Mother, I wish you would come."

Mrs. Grover did not hear. The sounds of the veal frying prevented it.

"Mother?"

"What?"

"I do wish you would come. Miss Haines thinks it's beautiful. Bobby thinks it's beautiful, the darling. Let me see to it, mother, then you can go. This is all, isn't it, mother? all the rest is ready, isn't it?"

"Yes, I hope so. I'm tired enough to have it ready."

"Too bad to be so tired, all of cooking." She took the knife and fork away from her mother and bent over the meat to watch it. She called out to Miss Haines "that mother was coming;" called out again in a moment to ask her mother if it wasn't beautiful. "Let me get one more peep," she said, running to put her face out between them. She laughingly smelled the air, as she would have smelled a flower; and well she might, for the perfume of ten thousand apple-blossoms was on it. But she must run back to see to her meat, she said. She ran back singing,

"And merrily now singing of Spring-time and May, Merry May, merry May."

But she stopped all at once, was very still a moment, and then she cried, "Oh, too bad, too bad; I'm so sorry, mother, I've burned the meat."

"You have? let me see. Spoilt, as true as the world. Your father will never eat veal cooked like that. He is very fond of veal and very particular how it is cooked. I ought not to have gone to the door. I ought never to go to the door, in fact."

"Oh, yes, you ought, Mrs. Grover," gently dissented Miss Haines, walking in slowly with her sewing, sewing as she walked. "You ought to go to the door every day that you live, if the meat does get burned. Meat isn't, after all, the only, or the most important thing in the world. Fresh air and sunshine are more important than meat, since no one can be healthy, or, of course, really comfortable and happy without them. And one can be without meat, if one has such bread as yours."

"Yes, mother, good!" said Clarissa, who had been standing by with eyes large and panic-stricken. She was not a little relieved, not a little enlightened, all at once, by Miss Haines' idea of the subject.

"But just look at this," Mrs. Grover said to them both, holding a slice of the meat up on her fork to show it to them.

"Yes; but no matter if it is scorched a little," said Miss Haines, with her smile that was always a bright, agreeable one to see. "No matter if it isn't perfect. Few of the works that we do in this world, are perfect. Let cooking take at least an equal share in the neglect. At least, this is what I think."

"So, mother," said Clarissa, coming close to Mrs. Grover, "I'm glad you went into the air and smelled how good it was and heard the birds. Only, 'tis too bad you should have this job at scraping and cutting away. Let me do it, mother."

No, it was all right now, Mrs. Grover said, pouring her hot gravy over it. "I guess your father won't notice it. But 'tis too bad to have so much wasted. See there."

Miss Haines looked at it without concern. She smiled as she said, turning her eyes to the overloaded table, "That is by no means the greatest waste, or the worst, that you will see this morning, Mrs. Grover."

"The greatest waste?" looking into Miss Haines' face. "Oh, I know. You think the men will eat more than they need."

"Yes, and there is no waste so bad as this; for this is not only a waste for the purse, but a waste for the body and for the mind; a three-fold waste."

"A four-fold waste she should think," Clarissa said, "it wasted all one's time. One couldn't go to school, nor hardly look into a book, or a newspaper; one must always be cooking, always. Good; she liked that opinion about cooking so many things. She had always disliked it; but she had always supposed that it was because she was lazier than other folks. Now, after this, she would know that it was right, disliking it, since it was such a big, four-fold waste." And Clarissa went and began to look "Peterson's Magazine" over, while Mrs. Grover thoughtfully remarked that, "Yes, true; but, after all, she always felt bad if anybody ate as though they didn't relish it."

"Certainly; you do, of course. But what you want is the high relish of a man, not the voracity of an animal."

"Of the hog," interposed Mrs. Grover, "yes, there is a difference. Mr. Fletcher, now—Clarissa, call Robert in; give one sound of the horn; that will be enough. What I was going to say of Mr. Fletcher, was, you watch a little and see how he eats. He actually shovels his victuals down, knifeful after knifeful."

"Does he know much?"

"He's rather stupid, for that matter."

"Is he a strong, well man?"

"Always complaining; has as much as one day of nervous sick-headache every week he lives, when his head almost splits."

"Yes," said Miss Haines, with a grave face, "this is what I mean when I say that over-eating is a three-fold waste. I think it very wicked; for we have no right to waste the vigor and cleanliness which can make our lives the blessing God meant them to be."

That was true, no doubt, Mrs. Grover said. She bade her lay down her work and take her place at the table. The "men-folks" were working; they would be in, in a minute. Come, Clarissa, come and help Bobby up. Did Bobby have a good time out-doors?

"I guess I did, mother. I saw a gold wobbler, heard 'im sing. He sung like a good one."

What else did Bobby see? Clarissa asked.

"Saw a wren and he was a fool. I pitched a chip into him."

They all laughed. Then Miss Haines asked him if he didn't suppose the wren behaved as well as he knew how to.

Robert, dropping his eyes and running his spoon through his hand, didn't know. But he

thought he needn't have stuck his tail up quite so smart; needn't have sung so loud that they couldn't hear the rest of the birds, till he could sing better than he did that time.

It was the wren's way. He didn't know any better, Miss Haines told him.

"I'll go and see 'im," Bobby said, beginning to slide down from his high chair. But his mother stopped him. He might go after breakfast; but then—hush; she wanted to hear what Mr. Hazeltine, one of the carpenters, said, wiping his hands.

"I told Deacon Colby that I wouldn't pay one cent more this year than I've been paying all along. And I won't."

"Nor I," said Mr. Fletcher, who had wiped his hands, who was putting his locks a little in order with his fingers, laying the locks one way and another. "The fact is, Mr. Stearns may work some for his living; I have to. And it's no worse for him than 'tis for me, as far as I can see. He's a healthier man than I am, any day. Never sick. You don't hear of anything ailing him, from one year's end to another. And there ain't a week, and I don't believe there has been for the last ten or fifteen years, that I ha'n't had as much as one day of bein' sick as a hoss, other with one of my headaches, or one of my spells of diarrhe. I think, in that case, that, if there's goin' to be any alteration, any way, he must pay me somethin' this year. Ha, ha—what do you say, Miss Grover?" Mr. Fletcher was always the first to get in where the table was. He did not look at Mrs. Grover in proposing his question. His eyes were traveling from dish to dish over the breakfast-table. He threw himself into his chair, crouchingly, his greedy eyes still going over the table.

"How does your wife do?" asked Mrs. Grover, passing his coffee round.

"Oh, well, I do know. Ruther shifless. She does as much work as ever, though." He smiled complacently now. He was boasting of his wife. "You know what a worker she has always been, Miss Grover."

Yes. Mrs. Grover knew. Did she ever get out? Mrs. Grover asked. She hadn't seen her for months.

"No, she didn't get out at all. She couldn't spend time." He smiled again, trying to suppress it. He was a little ashamed to have it seen how proud he was of his wife. "I tell 'er she don't go often enough to be sociable. But she thinks she can't spend time, and so I let 'er have 'er way. And her way is to work."

"Some beans with your meat and potato?" asked Mr. Grover.

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He would take a few; or, he didn't care if he did, Mr. Fletcher said. Mr. Grover took out the second large spoonful, before Mr. Fletcher drew his plate back, saying, "Plenty—great plenty, Mr. Grover."

"Brown bread, Mr. Fletcher?"

Mr. Fletcher dragged out a large slice, dragged it as if he hardly had strength for it.

"Vinegar and pepper? ketchup?"

Yes. Mr. Fletcher would. Beans were wholesomer, he said, for bein' pretty well seasoned up. So he flooded his beans with the sharp, home-made vinegar and ketchup, and made them black with the pepper. He praised the ketchup. They all did. They should send their wives down, they said, to find how Mrs. Grover made such ketchup. Mrs. Grover was pleased; and, especially Mr. Grover was pleased, and happy to be passing the bottle round again. "Let me help you to some more of this meat, Mr. Fletcher? Have another potato. More beans?" Mr. Fletcher was ashamed to say yes. But he held his plate; and once more it was filled full. Once more it was "shoveled down," to use Mrs. Grover's phrase; and, while his knife was already on its way to his mouth, he looked the table over, to see what dishes were yet to come.

Now, truth to tell, were Mr. Grover and the rest far behind him. Mr. Hazeltine, who had the widest forehead of the set, was the soonest done. He was away from the table, getting his pipe out for a smoke, when Mr. Fletcher began upon his third doughnut, his second spoonful of apple-sauce, his second slice of cheese; when Mr. Bradley was gulping up the wind after his second square of corn-cake, his cheese, sauce and coffee in proportion; when Mr. Grover was extending his cup for his fourth dish of coffee, partly because he rather wanted it, partly because he believed it a necessary piece of good-breeding, to eat and drink as long as his men did.

"You don't look as though you felt very smart, Miss Grover," Mr. Fletcher said, as he was preparing to leave the table.

Mrs. Grover replied that she did not, very. She had a great deal of the headache.

"I do," he answered, with a shudder of nausea, and flattening his palm on his forehead. "My head feels bad to-day. There ain't a day, except when I have another difficulty," waving that same difficulty out of presence, "that my head don't feel somehow as if there was ten pounds of lead in it, to say the least."

Mrs. Grover thought that it was bad! he ought to take something.

Take something? he had taken a quart, yes,

two quarts, and more too, of pills, in the last five years. He didn't see as they had done him one bit of good. "Only for the time. They were a little relief, perhaps."

Miss Haines, looking at him, at his good features, his well-shaped head, wondering at him, disgusted and pained with what she had seen; said inwardly, "You miserable gourmand! you don't deserve to be well. You can't expect to be well," adding the next moment, this thought, "But then, poor man, he don't know what he

is doing." For Miss Haines had the broadest charity to go along with her clear discernment of right and wrong, "They know not what they do"—her mind often verted in this saying of Christ's, counting it one of the most precious to us who err so often, so often see error. When she went back to her room, and through her open windows, the open doors, saw and heard anew what perfection the morning had, the tears came, her heart ached for "the poor, little lot of man."

"YES, BROTHER, I WILL PRAY FOR THEE."

BY CLARENCE MAY.

Oh, brother, when the night steals on,
And silence reigns around our home,
I gaze upon the pale, sweet stars,
And wonder where thy footsteps roam.
And in those calm and holy hours,
When all the world is naught to me,
I breathe my simple, maiden prayer,
And, brother, then remember thee!

I mind me of the Summer days,
When you and I together strayed,
With hearts as light and free from care,
As joy and youth have ever made.
Those sunny hours have passed, and brought
Full many a change to you and me—
Yet 'mid life's sunshine, or its shade,
Loved brother, I will pray for thee!

You left our fair and sunny home,
To wander in a distant land;
And now we feel how sad it is
To break a happy household band.
And oh! when Spring-time brings it flowers,
To gem the hill-side and the lea,
And gaily pass the laughing hours—
'Tis then I most remember thee!

The world may seek to win from us
Our purity and holy truth,
But memory will bring again
Our trusting love, and guileless youth.
And let time pluck life's flowers away,
Or hush each tone of mirth and glee,
It cannot rob my dearest boon—
Yes, brother, I will pray for thee!

VISIONS.

BY IDA ALTON.

Visions of two sleeping cherubs,
Sleeping 'neath one coffin lid,
Ever 'round my pillow coming,
That the narrow grave hath hid;
Little brows of snowy whiteness
Shaded each with curling hair;
Little dimpled fingers holding
Half-blown rose-buds, fresh and fair,
Then my angels meets me nightly,
Ever watching o'er me lightly.

Visions of deep, blue eyes gazing
Into mine in days of old,
Now are shaded with soft eyelids,
That the hand of death hath closed;
Little forms of angel beauty,

Cannot answer my caress,
While the snowy arms lie folded
On such cold and silent breasts—
Yet these angels guarding, praying,
Keep my wand'ring feet from straying.

Many years have slowly flitted
On their dim and noiseless way,
Since I saw these little cherubs,
Gently, sweetly pass away;
Many days have brightly glided,
Many hours have smoothly sped,
Yet my heart hath ever cherished
Sweetest memories of the dead;
Angels mine! how sweetly given
To guide a weary one to Heaven.

LOVE'S LABOR WON.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," &C.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

"You, sir! I want to see you! Come hither!" said Mrs. Houston, as she stood upon the back piazza, early the next morning, and beckoned Forrest to her presence.

The old man bowed in his deferential manner, advanced and stood hat in hand before the little lady.

"Where did you go last night after we had all retired?"

Forrest bowed again, humbly and deprecatingly, but remained silent.

"Did you hear me speak to you?" inquired Mrs. Houston, impatiently.

The old man bowed once more very meekly, and answered,

"I went after no harm, mistess."

"Nor after any good, I'll venture to say!—but that is not the point, sir. I ask you where you went! and I intend to have an answer."

"I begs your pardon sincere, mistess, but mus' cline for to 'form you."

"You old villain! Do you dare to defy me here on my own premises? I'll see about this!" exclaimed the lady, in a voice more shrill than lady-like, as with a flushed face and excited air she turned into the house to summon Col. Houston.

But she was intercepted by Margaret, who had heard the voices, and now came from her own apartment and stood before her.

"Stay, Mrs. Houston, I sent Forrest away on an errand, last night, and if he declined to inform you whither he went, it was from no disrespect to you; but from fidelity to me. I had enjoined him not to speak to any one of his errand," she said, in a voice and manner so respectful as to take away everything offensive from her words.

"You did! Now then where did you send him, Margaret? I am your guardian, and I have a right to know."

"You must forgive me, Mrs. Houston, if I decline to inform you," replied the maiden, firmly, though still very respectfully.

"I know, however. It was to mail that letter."

"You must draw your own conclusions, dear madam."

"I know it was to mail that letter! And I will put on my bonnet and ride over to the post-office, and demand of the post-master to whom the letter mailed last night by the negro Forrest, was directed! There's not so many letters go to that little office, but what he will be able to re-collect!" exclaimed Mrs. Houston, angrily.

"Oh, God!"

The words breathed forth possessed so much of prayerful woe that the little lady half started, and turned back to see Margaret grow pale and sink upon the corner of the hall settee.

Mrs. Houston hesitated between her curiosity and anger on the one hand, and her pity on the other. Finally she made a compromise. Coming to Margaret's side, she said,

"Maggie, I am treated abominably, standing as I do in your mother's place, toward you, and being as I am your guardian—abominably! Now I am sure I do not wish to pry into your correspondence, unless it is an improper one."

"Mrs. Houston, my mother's daughter could not have an improper correspondence, as you should be the first to feel assured."

"Yet, Margaret, as it appears to me, if this correspondence were proper, you would not be so solicitous to conceal it from me."

It occurred to Margaret to reply, "Mrs. Houston, suppose that I were writing sentimental letters to a female friend, which might not be really wrong, yet which I should not like to expose to your ridicule, would I not, in such a case, even though it were a proper correspondence, be solicitous to conceal it from you?"—but her exact truthfulness prevented her from putting this supposititious case, and as she did not in any other manner reply, Mrs. Houston continued,

"So you see, Margaret, that you force me to investigate this matter, and I shall, therefore, immediately after breakfast, proceed to the village to make inquiries at the post-office." And

having announced this resolution, the lady still struggling with her feelings of displeasure, left the hall.

Margaret withdrew to her own sitting-room, and threw herself upon her knees to pray. Soon rising she touched the bell and summoned Forrest.

The old man came in looking very sorrowful.

"How did it become known that you left the premises last night, Forrest?"

"Somebody must o' spicioned me chile, an' been on de watch."

"Yes! yes! I see now! that was it; but, Forrest, this is what I called you to say, in future, whenever Mrs. Houston asks you a question, about your services to your mistress, refer her to me."

"Yes, Miss Mar'get."

"You may go now."

"Pardon, Miss Margaret; I wants to say somefin as 'll set your min' at ease 'bout dat letter."

"Ah! yes, you mailed it?"

"True for you, Miss Margaret; but listen, de pos'-office was shet up. So I jes drap de letter inter de letter-box. Same minit der was two colored boys an' a white man drap as many as five or six letter in long o' mine. So even ef de pos'-masser could o' see me t'rough de winder, which he couldn't, how he gwine know which letter 'mong de half dozen I drap in?"

"True! true! true! Oh, that was very Providential! Oh, thank heaven!" exclaimed Margaret, fervently clasping her hands.

The old man bowed and retired.

After breakfast, Mrs. Houston, without explaining the motive of her journey to any one, ordered her carriage, and drove to the village as upon a shopping excursion.

Now you have not known Mrs. Nelie Houston thus long without discovering that with some good qualities, she was, in some respects, a very silly woman. She drove up to the post-office, and by her indiscreet questions respecting "a certain letter mailed the night before by Forrest, the messenger of her ward, Miss Helmstedt," set the weak-headed young post-master to wondering, conjecturing, and speculating. And when she found that he could give her no satisfaction in respect of the letter, she made matters worse by directing him to detain any letters sent there by her ward, Miss Helmstedt, unless such letters happened to be directed to a Helmstedt or a Houston, who were the only correspondents of Miss Helmstedt recognized by her family.

The post-master thereupon informed Mrs. Houston, that if she wished to interfere with the correspondence of her ward, she must do so

at her own discretion, and necessarily before they should be sent to his office, as he had no authority to detain letters sent thither to be mailed, and might even be subjected to prosecution for so doing.

Mrs. Houston went away baffled and angered, and also totally unconscious of the serious mischief she had set on foot.

To an idle and shallow young man, she had spoken indiscreetly of the young maiden, whose orphanage she had promised to cherish and defend, exposing her actions to suspicion and her character to speculation. She had left the spotless name of Margaret Helmstedt, a theme of low village gossip.

And thus having done as much evil as any foolish woman could well do in an hour, she entered her carriage, and with the solemn conviction of having discharged her duty, drove home to the Bluff.

"God defend me, only, from my friends, for of my enemies I can myself take care," prayed one who seemed to have known this world right well.

From that day, Margaret Helmstedt, whenever she had occasion to write a letter, took care to turn the key of her room door; and whenever she had occasion to mail one, took equal precaution to give it, unperceived, into the hands of Forrest, with directions that he should drop it into the letter-box at a moment when he should see other letters, from other sources, going in. Poor girl! she was slowly acquiring an art hateful to her soul. And one also that did not avail her greatly. For notwithstanding all her precautions, the report crept about that Miss Helmstedt had a secret correspondent, very much disapproved of by her friends. And in course of time also, the name of this correspondent transpired. And this is the manner in which it happened. Young Simpson, the post-master, to whom Mrs. Houston had so imprudently given a portion of her confidence, found his curiosity piqued to discover who this forbidden correspondent might be. And after weeks of patient watching, convinced himself that the letters addressed in a fair Italian hand to a certain person, were those dropped into the box by Miss Helmstedt's messenger, old Forrest. A few more observations confirmed this conviction. Then wishing to gain consequence in the eyes of Mrs. Houston, he availed himself of the first opportunity presented by the presence of that lady at the office, to inform her of the discovery he had made.

"You are sure that is the name?" inquired the lady, in surprise.

"Yes, madam, that is the name, in a regular, slanting hand. I always find a letter bearing that name, in the box, the moment after that old man has been seen about here, and never at any other time."

"Very well! I thank you for your information; but mind! pray do not speak of this matter to any one but myself; for I would not like to have this subject discussed in town," said Mrs. Houston.

"Oh! certainly not, madam! You may rely on me," replied the young man, who in half an hour afterward laughed over the whole affair with a companion, both making very merry over the idea that the wealthy heiress, Miss Helmstedt, should be engaged to one lover, and in private correspondence with another.

And so the ball set in motion by Nelie's indiscretion rolled finely, never wanting a helping hand to propel it on its course, and gathered as it rolled. The rumor changed its form, the gossip became slander. And every one in the county, with the exception of Miss Helmstedt and her friends, "knew" that young lady was in "secret" correspondence with a low, disreputable sailor, whose acquaintance she had formed in some inexplicable manner, and the discovery of whose surreptitious visits to the Island, had been the proximate cause of her mother's death.

Could Mrs. Houston have imagined half the evil that must accrue from her own imprudent conversation, she would have been touched with compunction; as it was, hearing nothing whatever of this injurious calumny, the guilt revelled in the rewards of "an approving conscience." She kept her discovery of the mysterious name to herself—hinting to no one, least of all to Margaret, the extent of her knowledge upon this subject. And in order to throw the girl off her guard, she was careful never to resume the subject of the letters.

And the plan succeeded so far that Margaret continued, at intervals of three or four weeks, to send off those mysterious letters, and thus the scandal grew and strengthened. That upon such slight grounds the good name of an innocent girl should have been assailed, may astonish those unacquainted with the peculiar character of a neighborhood, where the conduct of woman is governed by the most stringent conventionalism, and where such stringency is made necessary by the existing fact, that the slightest eccentricity of conduct, however innocent or even meritorious it may be, is made the ground of the gravest animadversions.

Mrs. Houston, unconscious, as I said, of the

rumors abroad, and biding her time for farther discoveries, treated Margaret with great kindness. Nelie had always, of all things, desired a daughter of her own. In her attached step-child, Franky, she felt that she had quite a son of her own, and in Margaret she would have been pleased to possess the coveted daughter. As well as her capricious temper would allow her to do so, she sought to conduct herself as a mother toward the orphan girl; at times overwhelming her with flippant caresses and puerile attentions, which she might have mistaken for "the sweet, small courtesies of life," but which were very distasteful and unwelcome to one of Margaret Helmstedt's profound, earnest, impassioned soul, and mournful life experiences.

The malaria of slander that filled all the air without, must necessarily at last penetrate the precincts of home.

One day, a miserable, dark, drizzling day, near the last of November, Mr. Wellworth presented himself at the Bluff, and requested to see Mrs. Houston alone.

Nelie obeyed the summons, and went to receive the pastoral call in the front parlor, across the hall from Margaret's wing.

On entering the room, she was struck at once by the unusually grave and even troubled look of the minister.

He arose and greeted her, handed a chair, and when she was seated resumed his own.

And then, after a little conversation, opened the subject of his visit.

"Mrs. Houston, it is my very painful duty to advise you of the existence of certain rumors in regard to your amiable ward, that I know to be false as they are injurious, but with which I am equally certain you should be made acquainted."

Nelie was really amazed—so unconscious was she of the effect of her own mischief-making. She drew out her perfumed pocket-handkerchief to have it ready, and then inquired,

"To what purpose should I be informed of false, injurious rumors, sir? I know nothing of the rumors to which you refer."

"I verily believe you, madam. But you should be made acquainted with them; as, in the event of their having been occasioned by any little act of thoughtlessness on the part of Miss Helmstedt, you may counsel that young lady and put a stop to this gossiping."

"I do entreat you, sir, to speak plainly."

"You must pardon me then, madam, if I take you at your word. It is currently reported then, that Miss Helmstedt is in secret correspondence, 'secret' no longer, with a person of low and disreputable character, a waterman, skipper, or

something of the sort, whose acquaintance she formed in her mother's life-time and during her father's absence, while she lived almost alone on her native Island. Now, of course, I know this rumor to be essentially false and calumnious; but I know also how delicate is the bloom on a young girl's fair name, and how easily a careless handling will smirch it. Some thoughtless, perhaps some praiseworthy act on the part of this young creature—such as the sending of charitable donations through the post-office, or something of the sort—may have given rise to this rumor, which should at once be met and put down by her friends. But I advise you, my dear madam, to speak to Miss Helmstedt and ascertain what ground, if any ground, however slight, there may be for this injurious rumor."

For all answer, Mrs. Houston put her handkerchief to her face and began to weep.

"No, no, my dear Mrs. Houston, don't take this too much at heart! these things must be firmly confronted and dealt with—not wept over."

"Oh, sir! good sir! you don't know! you don't know! it is too true! Margaret gives me a world of anxiety."

"Madam! you shock me! What is it you say?"

"Oh! sir, I am glad you came this morning! I have been wanting to ask your advice for a long time; but I did not like to. It is too true! Margaret is very imprudent!"

"Dear heaven, madam! do you tell me that you knew of this report, and that it is not unfounded?"

"Oh! no, sir, I knew nothing of the report, as I told you before! I knew that Margaret was very, very imprudent, and gave me excessive uneasiness, but I did not dream that she had compromised herself to such an extent! Oh, never!" exclaimed Nelie, still and always unsuspecting of her own great share in creating the evil.

"You said that you had thought of asking my counsel. If you please to explain, my dear Mrs. Houston, you shall have the benefit of the best counsel my poor ability will furnish."

"Oh! heavens, sir! girls are not what they used to be when I was young—though I am scarcely middle-aged now—but they are not."

"And Miss Helmstedt?"

"Oh, sir! Margaret is indeed in correspondence with some unknown man, whose very name I never heard in all my life before! She does all she can to keep the affair secret, and she thinks she keeps it so; but poor thing, having very little art, she cannot succeed in concealing

the fact that she sends off these mysterious letters about once a month."

"And do you not expostulate with her?" inquired the deeply shocked minister.

"Oh! I did at first, sir, but I made no more impression upon her than if she had been a marble statue of Firmness. She would not tell me who her correspondent was, where he was, what he was, what was the nature of the acquaintance between them—in short, she would tell me nothing about him."

"And can neither Col. nor Mrs. Compton, nor your husband, impress her with the impropriety of this proceeding?"

"Oh, sir, they know nothing about it. No one in this house knows anything about Margaret's conduct but myself. And the rumor you have just brought me has never reached them, I am sure."

"Suppose you let me talk with my young friend. She means well, I am sure."

"Well, sir. You shall have the opportunity you desire. But—excuse me for quoting for your benefit a homely adage—'Trot sire, trot dam, and the colt will never pace!' Margaret Helmstedt takes stubbornness from both parents, and may be supposed to have a double allowance," said Mrs. Houston, putting her hand to the bell cord.

A servant appeared.

"Let Miss Helmstedt know that Mr. Wellworth desires to see her," said Mrs. Houston.

The messenger withdrew, and soon returned with the answer that Miss Helmstedt would be glad to receive Mr. Wellworth in her own sitting-room.

"Will you accompany me thither then, Mrs. Houston?"

"No, I think not, sir! I fancy Miss Helmstedt prefers a private interview with her pastor. And I believe also that such an one would afford the best opportunity for your counselling Margaret."

"Then you will excuse me, madam?"

"Certainly—and await here the issue of your visit," said Mrs. Houston.

With a bow the clergyman left the room, crossed the hall and rapped at the door of Miss Helmstedt's parlor.

It was opened by Hildreth, who stood in her starched puritanical costume, curtsying while the pastor entered the pretty boudoir.

Margaret, still clothed in deep mourning, with her black hair plainly banded each side of her pale, clear, thoughtful face, sat in her low sewing-chair, engaged in plain needlework. She quietly laid it aside, and with a warm smile of welcome arose to meet her minister.

"You are looking better than when I saw you last, my child," said the good pastor, pressing her hand, and mistaking the transient glow of pleasure for the permanent bloom of health.

"I am quite well, thank you, dear Mr. Wellworth! and you?"

"Always well, my child, thank heaven."

"And dearest Grace? I have not seen her so long."

"Ah! she has even too good health, if possible! it makes her wild. We have to keep her at home to tame her."

"But see—I am housekeeping here to myself, almost. My dear father has placed my maintenance upon the most lavish footing, and Mrs. Houston has given to his requests in regard to me the most liberal interpretation. See! I have like a little princess, an establishment of my own. This wing of the house, a maid and messenger, a boat and horse; and my dear father has even written to have the carriage brought from the Island, for my use, so that I may be able to visit or send for my friends at pleasure," said Margaret, with a transient feeling of girlish delight in her independence.

"Yes, my child, I see; and I know that in addition to this—you have an ample income. These are all great and unusual privileges for a young girl like yourself not past childhood," said Mr. Wellworth, very gravely.

"Oh! I know they are. I know too that these favors are lavished upon me in compassion for—to console me for—as if anything could make me cease to regret——" here faltering, and finding herself on the verge of tears, Margaret paused, made an effort, controlled herself and resumed, "It is done in kindness toward her child; and I accept it all in the same spirit."

"It is accorded in consideration of your grave and important position, my dear girl—do you never think of it? Young as you are, you are the affianced wife of the heir of this house."

Again a transient flush of bashful joy chased the melancholy from Margaret's face. Blushing she dropped her eyes and remained silent.

"You think sometimes of your position, Margaret?" asked the clergyman, who for his purpose, wished to lead and fix her mind upon this subject—"you remember sometimes that you are Ralph Houston's promised wife?"

For an instant she lifted her dark eye-lashes, darting one swift, shy, but most eloquent glance deep into his face, then dropping them crimsoned even to the edges of her black hair, and still continued silent.

"Ah! I see you do. I see you do. But do you know, my dear, that something of the same

discreet exclusiveness, reserve, circumspection, is demanded of a betrothed maiden as of a wife?" inquired the clergyman, solemnly.

Again her beautiful dark eyes were raised in that quick, and quickly withdrawn, penetrating, earnest, fervid, impassioned glance, that said more eloquently than words would have spoken, "All that you demand for him, and more—a million-fold—will my own heart daily, hourly yield!" and then the blush deepened on her cheek and she remained dumb.

"She—the promised wife, I mean, must not hold free conversation with gentlemen who are not her own near relatives; she must not correspond with them—she must not, in a word, do many things, which, though they might be perfectly innocent in a disengaged woman, would be very reprehensible in a betrothed maiden."

Margaret's color visibly fluctuated—her bosom perceptibly fluttered.

"Well, Margaret! what do you think of that which I have been telling you?"

"Oh! I know—I know you speak truly. I hope I know my duty and love to do it," she said, in an agitated, confused manner—"but let us talk of something else, dear Mr. Wellworth—let us talk of my little, independent establishment here. When I spoke of the pleasant nature of my surroundings, it was to win your consent that dear Grace might come and be my guest for a week; she would be such a sweet comfort to me, and I could make her so happy here; if you will consent I will send Forrest with the carriage for her to-morrow. Say, will you, dear Mr. Wellworth?"

"Perhaps—we will talk about that by-and-by, Margaret," he said, suddenly lowering his voice; "dismiss your woman, I wish to speak, alone, with you, my child."

"Hildreth, go, but remain in sound of my bell," said Miss Helmstedt.

As soon as Hildreth had left the room, Mr. Wellworth drew his chair beside the low seat of Margaret, took her hand, and would have held it while he spoke; but that, she who always shrank even from the fatherly familiarity of her pastor, very gently withdrew it and respectfully inquired,

"What was it you wished to say to me, dear Mr. Wellworth?"

"A very serious matter, my dear child. Margaret, I have no art in circumnavigating a subject—I have been trying to approach gradually the subject of my visit to you, this morning, and I have not succeeded. I am no nearer than when I first entered. I know not how to 'break' bad news——"

"In a word, sir, has misfortune happened to any of my friends?" inquired Margaret, with a pale cheek, but with a strange, calm voice.

"No—that were more easily told than what I have to tell," said the minister, solemnly.

"Please go on then, sir, and let me know the worst at once."

"Then, my dear Margaret, I have been informed that you, a betrothed wife, had an intimate male correspondent, who is neither your father nor your affianced husband, and whose name and character and relations with yourself you decline to divulge."

Margaret grew ashen pale, clasped her hands, compressed her lips, and remained silent.

"What have you to say to this charge, Margaret?"

There was a pause, while Mr. Wellworth gazed upon the maiden's steadfast, thoughtful face. She reasoned with herself; she struggled with herself; it occurred to her to say, "My correspondent is a grey-haired man whom I have never set eyes upon;" but immediately she reflected, "No, this may put suspicion upon the true scent. I must say nothing."

"Well, Margaret, what have you to answer to this charge?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing."

"You admit it then?"

"I neither admit nor deny it."

"Margaret! this well never do! Are you aware that you seriously imperil—nay, more, that you gravely compromise your good name?"

Her pale cheek grew paler than before, the tightly clasped fingers trembled, the compressed lips sprang quivering apart, and then closed more firmly than ever. It had occurred to her to say, "But this correspondence is solely a business affair with one, of whom I have no personal knowledge whatever"—but then came the reflection, "If I give them this explanation—this ever so slight clue, these worldly-wise people will follow it up until they unravel the whole mystery, and I shall have proved myself a cowardly traitor to her confidence! No, I must be dumb before my accusers!"

"You do not speak, Margaret."

"I have nothing to say, sir."

"Ah, dear heaven! I see that I must not 'prophesy smooth things' to you, my girl. I must not spare the truth! Listen then, Miss Helmsstedt, your name has become a by-word in the village shops. What now will you do?"

It was on her pallid lips to say, "I will trust in God"—but she said it only in her heart,

adding, "I must not even insist upon my innocence; for if they believe me, they will be forced to find the right track to this scent."

"Margaret Helmsstedt, why do you not answer me?"

"Because, sir, I have nothing to say."

"Nothing to say?"

"Nothing—nothing to say!"

"Listen to me then. You seem to have some regard for your betrothed husband. You seem even to understand the duty you owe him! Think, I beg you, what must be the feelings of a proud and honorable man like Ralph Houston, on returning to this neighborhood and finding the name and fame of his affianced bride lightly canvassed?"

It was piteous to see how dark with woe her face became—her hands were clenched until it seemed as though the blood must start from her finger nails—but not one word escaped her painfully compressed lips.

"I ask you, Miss Helmsstedt, when Ralph Houston returns to this neighborhood and hears what I and others hear—what do you suppose he will do?"

"He will do his own good pleasure; and I—I shall submit," said the maiden, meekly bowing her head.

But then in an instant—even as though she had heard Ralph's voice in her ear, there was a change—her beautiful head was raised, her color flushed brightly back, her dark eyes kindled—flashed, and she replied,

"He may hear as you and others do, incredible things said of me; but he will not as you and others do—believe them! And I only dread to think what his reply would be to any who should, in his presence, speak with levity of any woman he respects."

"Margaret, pause—bethink you! this is no idle gossip! it is slander, do you hear? It is the venomous serpent slander that has fixed its fangs upon your maiden name. I believe, of course, unjustly! but nothing except an open explanation will enable your friends to exculpate you and silence your calumniators. Will you not give them such a weapon?"

"I cannot," she breathed in a low tone of returning despair.

"Reflect, girl. Ralph Houston, when he arrives, will surely hear these reports; for in the country nothing is forgotten. He may stand by you—I doubt not with his unbounded faith and chivalrous generosity that he will; but—will you, loving and honoring him as I am sure you do, will you, with a blemished name, give your hand to him a man of stainless honor?"

"No, no! oh, never, no!" came like a wail of woe from her as her lips, as her head sank down upon her bosom.

"Then, Margaret, give your friends the right to explain and clear your conduct."

She was incapable of reply, and so remained silent.

"You will not?"

She mournfully shook her head.

"Good-bye, Margaret, God give you a better spirit. I must leave you now," said the old pastor. And he arose, laid his hand in silent prayer upon the stricken young head bent beneath him, then took up his broad-brimmed hat, and quietly left the room.

As he came out, Mrs. Houston opened the front parlor door and invited him in there.

"Well, sir? what success?" she inquired, anxiously, as soon as they were both seated.

The good old man slowly shook his head.

"None whatever, madam."

"She still refuses to explain?"

"Ah, yes, madam."

"In fact it is just what I expected. I am not surprised. There never was such contumacious obstinacy! Dear me, what shall I do? What would you advise me to do?"

"Be patient, Mrs. Houston, and above all things avoid betraying to any others out of your own immediate family the anxiety that you reveal to me. 'It is written that a man's foes shall be those of his own household.' Unnatural and horrible as it sounds, every one who has lived, observed and reflected to any purpose, must have discovered that still more frequently a woman's foes are of such."

"Really and truly, Mr. Wellworth, that is a very strange speech of yours. I hope you do not suppose that any one in this house is the enemy of Margaret Helmstedt?"

"Assuredly not—I merely wished to entreat that you will not again speak of this correspondence in the village post-office."

"But dear me, what then am I to do?"

"Leave matters just where they are for the present. There is nothing wrong in this farther than that it has unfortunately been made the occasion of gossip—therefore of course it must be perfectly cleared up for Margaret's own sake; but our interference at present evidently will not tend to precipitate a satisfactory denouement."

"Oh! how I wish her father or Ralph were home. I have a great mind to write to them!" exclaimed Nelie, who certainly was governed by an unconscious attraction toward mischief-making.

"My good lady, do nothing of the sort; it would be both useless and harmful."

"What then shall I do?" questioned Nelie, impatiently.

"Consult your husband."

"Consult Col. Houston! You certainly can't know Col. Houston. Why, well as he likes me, he would—bite my head off if I came to him with any tale of scandal," said Nelie, querulously.

"Then leave the matter to me for the present," said the minister, rising and taking his leave.

Meanwhile Margaret Helmstedt had remained where the pastor had left her, with clenched hands and sunken head in the same attitude of fixed despair. Then suddenly rising, with a low, long wail of woe, she threw herself on her knees before her mother's portrait, and raising both arms with open hands, as though offering up some oblation to that image, she cried,

"Oh, mother! mother! here is the first gift, a spotless name! freely renounced for thy sake! freely offered up to thee! Only look on me! love me, my mother! for I have loved thee more than all things—even than him, mother mine!"

Mrs. Houston in her excited state of feeling could not keep quiet. Even at the risk of being "flouted" or ridiculed, she went into the colonel's little study, which was the small room in the second story immediately over the front entrance, and sitting down beside him, solemnly entered upon the all-engrossing subject of her thoughts. The colonel listened, going through the successive stages of being surprised, amused and bored, and finally when she ceased and waited for his comments, he just when on tickling his ear with the feathered end of his pen and smiled in silence.

"Now then, colonel, what do you think of all this?"

"Why, that it must be all perfectly correct, my dear, and need not give you the slightest uneasiness. That our fair little daughter-in-law regularly writes and receives letters from a certain person, is of course a sufficient proof of the correctness of both correspondence and correspondent," said the colonel, gallantly.

"All that may be very true, and at the same time very indiscreet—think of what they say."

"Tah—tah, my love! never mind 'they say!' the only practical part of it is, that in the absence of Ralph, if I should happen to meet with 'they say' in man's form, I shall be at the trouble of chastising him, that's all!"

"Now, colonel! of all things, I do hope that you will not, at your age, do anything rash."

"Then, my pretty one, pray do not trouble me

or yourself, and far less little Margaret, with this ridiculous wickedness," he said, drawing her head down to give her a parting kiss, and then good-humoredly putting her out of the study.

Col. Houston, in his contempt of gossip, had unhappily treated the subject with more levity than it deserved. In such a neighborhood as this of which I write, calumny is not to be despised or lived down—it must be met and strangled; or it will be pampered and cherished until it grows a very "fire-mouthed dragon horrible and bright."

In such a place events and sensations do not rapidly succeed each other, and a choice piece of scandal is long "rolled as a sweet morsel under the tongue." Margaret either ceased to write obnoxious letters, or else she changed her post-office, but that circumstance did not change the subject of village gossip—it only furnished a new cause of conjecture. And this continued until near Christmas, when Frank Houston was expected home to spend the holidays, and a large party was invited to dinner and for the evening to meet him.

Frank arrived on Christmas Eve, at night. He involuntarily betrayed some little agitation on first meeting Margaret; his emotion, slight as it was, and soon as it was conquered, was perceived by his fond step-mother, upon whom it produced the effect of reviving all her former feelings of suspicion and resentment toward Margaret, for having, as she supposed, trifled with his affections, and abandoned him in favor of his elder brother. And this resuscitated hostility was unconsciously increased by Frank, who being alone with his step-mother later in the evening, said with a rueful attempt at smiling,

"So Ralph and my little Margo—mine no longer! are to be married. Well, when I went away I charged him with the care of my little love; and he has taken excellent care of her, that is all."

"You have been treated villainously, Franky! villainously, my poor boy! And I am grieved to death to think I had anything to do with it! only—what could I do at such a time as that, when her mother, my poor, dear Marguerite, was dying?" said Nelie, half crying from the mixed motives of revived grief for the loss of her friend, and indignation at what she persisted in regarding as the wrongs of her favorite step-son.

"However, Franky, dear, I can tell you, if that will be any comfort to you, that I don't think you have lost a treasure in Margaret, for I doubt if she will be any more faithful to Ralph than she has been to you!"

"Fair little mamma, that is not generous or even just," said Frank, in a tone of rebuke tempered by affectionate playfulness. "Don't let's imitate the philosophical fox in the fable—nor call sour these most luscious of grapes hung far above my reach. Margaret owed me no faith. My aspiration gave me no claim upon her consideration. She is a noble girl, and 'blistered be my tongue' if ever it say otherwise. Henceforth for me, she is my brother's wife, no more, nor less," said the young man, swallowing the sob that had risen in his throat and nearly choked him.

"Oh, my dear Franky! my very heart bleeds for you," said Nelie, with the tears streaming down her face; for if the little lady had one deep, sincere affection in the world, it was for her "pretty boy," as to the young man's ludicrous annoyance she still called him.

But Frank wiped her tears away, and kissed her. And the next moment Nelie was talking gayly of the party she had invited to do honor to his return home.

This festival fixed for Christmas was intended to come off the next afternoon. There was to be a dinner followed by an evening party. As the family were still in mourning for Mrs. Helmsstedt, dancing was prohibited; but the evening was laid off to be employed in tea drinking, parlor games, cards and conversation.

Mrs. Houston, as far as the contradictory nature of her sentiments would permit, took some pride in the beauty, wealth and social importance of her "daughter" Margaret; and experienced quite a fashionable, mamma-like solicitude for her favorable appearance upon the evening in question. Therefore without ever having had any altercation with the pensive and unwilling girl upon the subject of her toilet, Nelie, on the morning of Christmas day, entered Margaret's little boudoir, accompanied by Jessie Bell, bringing a packet.

Margaret, who sat by the fire quietly reading, looked up, smiled, and invited her visitor to be seated.

"I have not time to set down, Maggie! all those cakes are to be frosted yet; the jellies are waiting to be poured into the moulds; the cream has yet to be seasoned and put in the freezers; flowers cut in the green-house for the vases—and I know not what else besides—here Christmas day, of all days in the year, that I should be working harder than any slave," said the little lady.

"I had no idea that you were so busy. Pray let me and Hildreth assist you. We are both skilful, you know. Please always let me know

when I, or my servants can be of any use to you, Mrs. Houston," said Miss Helmstedt, laying aside her book and rising.

"Nonsense, my dear, I don't really need your services, or I should call upon you. I came in to bring you a Christmas gift. Your foolish little mother-in-law, whom you refuse to call 'mamma,' has not forgotten you. Jessie, open that box."

The waiting-maid obeyed, and drew from it a rich black velvet evening dress, made with a low corsage and short sleeves, and both neck and sleevelets trimmed with point lace.

"There! there is your dress for this evening, my dear. How do you like it?" asked the little lady, holding up the dress in triumph.

"It is very beautiful, and I am very grateful to you, Mrs. Houston."

"Mrs. Houston! there it is again. You will not say 'mamma.' By-and-by, I suppose, you will expect me also to say 'Mrs. Houston,' and we, a mother and daughter-in-law, shall be formally 'Mrs. Houston-ing' each other. Well, let that pass—'sufficient unto the day,' etc. Now about this dress! You do not, after all, look as if you half liked it. It is true, I know that velvet is rather matronly wear for a girl of fifteen; but then when one is in mourning the choice of material is not very extensive, and besides for Christmas, velvet may not be very much out of place even on a young person. But I am sorry you don't like it," concluded Nelie, regretfully dropping the dress that she had been holding up to exhibition.

"Oh, I do like it, very much indeed. I should be very tasteless not to like it—and very thankful not to feel your kindness. The dress is as beautiful as can be; only too fine for me," said Margaret.

"Not the least so, my dear girl! Consider," replied the little lady, launching out into a strain of good-humored compliment upon her "daughter's" face and figure, riches, position, prospects, etc., etc.

Margaret arrested the flow of flattery by quietly and gratefully accepting the dress. She would have preferred to wear, even upon the coming festive evening, the nun-like, black bombazine that, ever since her mother's death, had been her costume; but in very truth, her mind was now too heavily oppressed with a private and unshared responsibility, to admit of her giving much thought to the subject of her toilet. Her neatness was habitual, mechanical; beyond the necessity of being neat, dress was to her a matter of indifference.

Nelie next took out a small morocco case.

"And here," she said, "is Col. Houston's Christmas offering to his little daughter-in-law."

Margaret opened the casket, and found a beautiful necklace and bracelet of jet, set in gold.

"I will wear them to-night, and thank the kind donor in person," said Miss Helmstedt, putting it beside her book on the stand.

Mrs. Houston then bustled out of the room, leaving the young girl to her coveted quiet.

Late in the afternoon, the Christmas party began to assemble—a mixed company of about forty individuals, comprising old, middle-aged, and young persons of both sexes. The evening was spent according to programme, in tea drinking, parlor games, tableaux, cards and conversation, *id est*, gossip, i e, scandal.

Among all the gayly attired young persons present, Margaret Helmstedt in her mourning dress, with her black hair plainly braided around her fair, broad forehead, was pronounced not only the most beautiful, but by far the most interesting; her beauty, her orphanage, her heiress-ship, her extreme youth, and her singular position as a betrothed bride in the house of her father-in-law, all invested with a prestige of strange interest this fair young creature.

But ah! her very pre-eminence among her companions, instigated the envious to seize upon and use against her any circumstance that might be turned to her disadvantage. Whispers went around. Sidelong glances were cast upon her.

As a daughter of the house, she shook off her melancholy pre-occupation, and exerted herself to entertain the visitors.

But matrons, whose daughters she had thrown into the shade, could not forgive her for being 'talked of,' and received all her hospitable attentions with coldness. And the maidens who had been thus overshadowed, took their revenge in curling their lips and tossing their heads as she passed or smiled upon them.

Now Margaret Helmstedt was neither insensible, cold, nor dull—on the contrary, she was intelligent to perceive, sensitive to feel, and reflective to refer this persecution back to its cause. And though no one could have judged from her appearance how much she suffered under the infliction—for through all the trying evening she exhibited the same quiet courtesy and lady-like demeanor—the iron entered her soul.

Only when the festival was over, the guests departed, the lights put out, and she found herself at liberty to seek the privacy of her own chamber, she dropped exhausted beside her bed, and burying her face in the coverlid, sighed forth,

"Oh, mother! mother! Oh, mother! mother!"

The Christmas party had the effect of giving rest and impetus to the village gossip, of which Margaret was the favorite theme. It was scarcely in fallen human nature to have seen a girl of fifteen so exalted beyond what was considered common and proper to one of her age, and not to recollect and repeat all that could justly or unjustly be said to her disadvantage.

This newly augmented slander resulted in an event very humiliating to the family at the Bluff.

Near the end of the Christmas holidays, Frank happened to be in the village upon some unimportant business. While loitering near a group of young men in one of the shops, he started on hearing the name of Margaret Helmstedt coupled with a light laugh. Frank's eyes flashed as he advanced toward the group. He listened for a moment, to ascertain which of their number had thus taken the name of Miss Helmstedt upon irreverent lips—and when the culprit discovered himself by again opening his mouth upon the same forbidden theme—without another word spoken on any side, Frank silently and coolly walked up, collared, and drew him struggling out from the group, and using the riding wand he held in his hand, proceeded to inflict upon him summary chastisement. When he considered the young man sufficiently punished, he spurned him away, threw his own card in the midst of the group, inviting whomsoever should list to take it up, (with the quarrel) mounted his horse and rode home.

He said nothing of what had occurred to any member of the family.

But about the middle of the afternoon, he received a visit from the deputy sheriff of the county, who bore a pressing invitation from a justice of the peace, that "Franklin Pembroke Houston, of said county," should appear before him to answer certain charges.

"Why, what is this?" inquired Col. Houston, who was present when the warrant was served.

"Oh, nothing, nothing; only I heard a certain Craven Jenkins taking a lady's name in vain, and gave him a lesson on reverence; and now, I

suppose, I shall have to pay for the luxury, that is all," replied Frank. And then being farther pressed, he explained the whole matter to his father.

"You did well, my boy; and just what I should have done in your place. Come! we will go to the village and settle up for this matter," said the colonel, as he prepared to accompany his son.

The affair ended, with Frank, in his being fined one hundred dollars, which he declared to be cheap for the good done.

But not so unimportant was the result to the hapless girl, whom every event, whether festive or otherwise, seemed to plunge more deeply into trouble.

When after New Year Franky went away, Mrs. Houston accompanied him to Belleview, whence he took the packet. And after parting with him on her return through the village, she chanced to hear, for the first time, the affair of the horse-whipping, for which her Franky had been fined. Upon inquiry, she farther learned the occasion of that chastisement. And her indignation against Margaret, as the cause, knew no bounds.

Happily it was a long, cold ride back to the Bluff, and the sedative effect of time and frost had somewhat lowered the temperature of little Mrs. Houston's blood before she reached home.

Nevertheless, she went straight to Margaret's sanctum, and laying off her bonnet there, reproached her bitterly.

Margaret bore this injustice with "a great patience."

That had, however, but little power to disarm the lady, whose resentment continued for weeks.

Drearly passed the time to the hapless girl!—the long, desolate months brightened by the rare days when she would receive a visit from one of her two friends, Grace or Clare, or else get letters from her father or Ralph Houston.

Toward the spring, the news from camp held out the prospect of Mr. Houston's possible return home. And to Ralph's arrival poor Margaret looked forward with more of dread than hope.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LINES DEDICATORY FOR AN ALBUM.

SWEET as the Summer morning song
Of sky-larks singing at the gate of Heaven—
Of South winds kissing all day long
Flower-chaliced sweets to scent the breath of even;
Or murmur of the laughing brook,
Winding its gleesome way through forest shade
To linger in some sunny nook,
Or babble to some merry Indian maid.

So sweet to thee be every flower
By gentle spirits kindly gathered here—
Mementos of a by-gone hour,
Blossoming still for many a future year!
And thus by these thy spirit stirred
To noble doings on life's ocean-brim,
May win from every gladdening word
The lingering echoes of some angel hymn! *x. x. o.*

LEARNING FRENCH.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

MONSIEUR DE VILLECOURS came to Wheatwold—just from Paris—and hired the hall over Deacon Grant's store, for the purpose of receiving those individuals who wished to become acquainted with the language of Napoleon Le Grand.

As a matter of course, everybody must visit monsieur, and among the rest went old uncle Jonathan Kimball, the oracle and weather-wise of Wheatwold. "The French language would help him an amazing sight in prognosticating the weather, and he for one didn't mind paying out four dollars to know it." Uncle Jonathan was a great talker, and if he only knew two languages, he thought he could talk just twice as much as he did now.

So early, one morning, he presented himself at the door of monsieur's *atelier*, and was met by the little Frenchman with a torrent of very bad English mixed up with suspicious French.

"*Bon jour, monsieur!* I am very delight for to see you. You want to get *connaissance* with *la belle Francais*?"

"What?" ejaculated uncle Jonathan, opening his eyes as if he doubted the sanity of the little being before him.

"*Oui, monsieur!* but that is just so. You are an *gentilhomme*—you not live happy unless you can speak—*parle*—the French. In the *beaux arts*—in the *affaires de cœur* we have need of this beautiful language. Say now, monsieur, can you tell me one little *jeu d'esprit* in the fine language?"

"Tell you of Jo Dezspreel! who is he? I don't know him that I know of!" returned uncle Jonathan, meditatingly, "what's he to do with it?"

"Ah, *vulgaire!* Vat you mean, monsieur? *Je ne vous comprends pas!* Why you not speak ze English?"

"Speak English! Who dares say I don't?" vociferated uncle Jonathan, getting excited.

"Pardon, *votre pardon!* I meant no offence. Not one little mite of a bit! You want to learn the French—well then—*commençons!* You see that chair?"

"See it? to be sure. I ain't nigh sighted, that I know of!" returned uncle Jonathan.

"Vell, den, you see it; now vat you call it?"

"Call it? why I call it a chair! Do you take me for a fool?"

"*Un fou?* oh, monsieur! Vell, what you call it if you vos, be, in France?"

"Call it a chair just the same—a chair is a chair let it be where it will, ain't it?"

"*Vous—avez raison;* but you *juste* call it *our* name *la chaise*—c-h-a-i-s-e."

"That spells chaise—a thing to ride in—don't you know how to spell? You'd better go back home and learn afore you come here dictating folks!" Uncle Jonathan was warming up.

"To spell, eh?" consulting his dictionary, "that means *eppelor*. *Je vous comprend!* Vell, den, chair is *chaise*, you know the name of it—now call it out loud, so—*tshare!*"

Uncle Jonathan attempted it, but it terminated in a sneeze, which was not so far out of the way as it might have been.

"Vell, dat is very good!—now try again, and say *un jolie chaird*—a pretty chair!"

"It ain't a pretty chair!" Uncle Jonathan eyed it closely, "one of the rounds is broke out, and there's a peacock painted on it, and peacocks are my abomination! I ain't a-gwine to lie about the chair for the sake of knowing French or Irish."

"*Eh bien, vat* does dat mean? Sare, is you in your sense?"

"In my cents? No, nor my dollars either. Do you want your pay for telling me the name of a chair? If you do, jest get it! I'm willing."

"*Mon Dieu!* the man is crazy! Vat will I do to make him *savoir?*"

The little Frenchman was in a dreadful quandary.

"Vell, den, if you not want for to say *la jolie chaise*, say *la mauvaise chaise*, the bad chair."

"Say Moses Chase? how come you to know Moses? He's the biggest skin-flint in town!"

"Skin-flint! vat you mean by that strange word? Oh, the *vilain Anglais!*" (aside.)

"I mean a man so stingy that he'd take the hide off from a sixpence and then pass it for half a dollar."

"Oh, *ciel!* whoever heard tell of it? Ah, mon sieur, you say *singulier parles!* Vell, now you have learned about the chair, suppose you ask me if I have black eyes—*yeux noir*, or blue eyes, *yeux bleu!*"

"Lord! there ain't any need of my asking

that! anybody can tell, as far as they can see you, that your eyes are green! Where's the need of asking anything that I know?"

"Give me patience! *La patience est un vertu.*"

"Do for heaven's sake stop your jibbering and talk as you ought to. Now let me ask you a question—you've had all the say so far. 'Spose'n I wanted to say this sentence to anybody in French—how should I say it? 'And she went into the garden to cut a cabbage to make an apple pie, and a she bear, walking up the street, pops his head into the shop—what! no soap? and he died—and she, very imprudently, married the barber, and at the wedding were the Hobilillins and the Joblillins, and the great Panganderan, with the little button at the top, and they all danced and danced till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots!'"

"Sa-c-r-r-re! you ask onpossible things. Fy, it would take a man *un jour, et un an*, to *comprend* such long mixed words. Let us go on with the *lecon*. Ven a man gets cold, how does he feel?"

"As if he was in the middle of an iceberg, with a volcano inside of him!" explained uncle Jonathan.

"Ah, monsieur, very much mistake! Ven a man has a cold, vat else does he have with it?"

"The shivers and a running nose!"

"Ah, monsieur, not right yet! He have, when he gets the cold, the *mal des dents*! My very intimate friend, Louis Napoleon, is troubled very bad!"

"Wall, now, I swan!" exclaimed uncle Jonathan, losing all patience, "if you ain't the biggest impostor that ever I seed! You deserve a good kicking! I've had as many bad colds as ever you did, but I never had anything like what you tell of. It's a lie altogether."

"You call me one liar, sars! by the beard of Charlemagne, I have one great mind to chastise your insolence."

"You chastise me! you look like it! A little, dried up, sniveled up critter like you would do a powerful sight at that business. Keep off, or I may do you some damage."

"Eh, by gare! I teach you *manieres*!—talking to a shentilman like me in sich a bad way. Sars, you needn't come any more for to learn the French—I don't teach *hogs*!"

This was too much for uncle Jonathan. (It was said that before uncle Jonathan came to Wheatwold, he had borne the euphonious name of Jonathan Hogg, and through petitioning the courts of his county he had converted it into Kimball; so no doubt the aimless insinuation of the Frenchman touched him in a tender place.)

Uncle Jonathan considered a moment, and then

advancing toward the little Frenchman he seized him by the waist, and opening the window he threw him out, as one would dispose of a spoiled apple-dumpling.

Luckily, however, for poor Frenchy, Deacon Grant had been having some carpenter's work done in the back part of his store, and the shavings were piled up in a heap just under the hall window, waiting to be transported away. Into this heap Villecours descended, and the momentum given him by uncle Jonathan's powerful "fling" sent him down, down, down through the elastic pile, until he was fairly in the neighborhood of *terra firma*.

People in the store heard the racket, and came running out in dismay, some thinking the tall factory chimney had fallen down, and others that the deacon's salt-petre barrel had exploded.

Cries of, "What is it? Where is it? Who is it?" were heard on every side; and eyes were strained vainly to satisfy the queries.

"Here, here, in ze shavings! oh, *la belle France*! Ze beautiful cuntry where zere be no shavings, and no big, bad men who want for to learn to speak ze French! Oh, *mon tete, mon tete*, ze brains is crushed whole in two!"

The voice was a little smothered, coming from such a depth, and the people, being slightly superstitious, fled from the place in terror.

Poor Monsieur de Villecours screamed until one would have imagined the shavings covered an extensive frog-pond, and he was about to give up in despair, when a friendly wood-sawyer—not troubled with superstition of any kind—came to the rescue.

Half an hour's vigorous labor with a long-handled pitch-fork, served to exhumate the remains of the unfortunate Frenchman, and a pitiful sight he presented. In the struggle for freedom, his tight pantaloons, which were strapped down, had become fractured to a ruinous extent, and a pair of yellow flannel drawers were almost too conspicuous for elegance.

Monsieur de Villecours' pride could not withstand the jokes and jeers of the boys, on his unlucky descent from the window of his studio, and he left town the next morning without even taking leave of his landlord, to whom he was indebted for a fortnight's board and lodging.

Probably he is now sojourning with his very intimate friend, Louis Napoleon.

As for uncle Jonathan, he cannot bear to hear the name of France mentioned. He threatened to horsewhip his oldest son the other day for reading him an account of the proceedings of the Allied Armies, in which France was, of course, included.

GARROTING AND MARRYING.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

Mrs. LEAVITT sat for some time, her face buried in her hand, evidently lost in thought, then turning to her companion, a young man who boarded in the same house with herself, she asked,

"Do you know how I could get a couple of young ladies gently garroted?"

"Madam!" exclaimed the gentleman addressed, "what did you say?"

"I inquired," replied Mrs. Leavitt, with the utmost coolness, "if you could tell me how to have two young ladies, friends of mine, slightly garroted."

Mr. Danville fixed upon his companion a scrutinizing gaze, he had always regarded her as being very peculiar and original, but he was not prepared for anything like this even from her; when she first uttered the sentence he thought he must have misunderstood her words, but when a repetition of it convinced him that he was not mistaken, he began to regard her as an escaped lunatic, and thought of calling her husband to her aid, when she proceeded to explain herself.

"I see that you are astonished, Mr. Danville, and well you might be, for I know that my proposition is a very strange one; but the reason I asked is this—I have two orphan nieces who are very lonely, and their only comfort seems to be in going to church—not content with attending regularly on the Sabbath, they insist upon going to all the evening meetings. As they are the only members of the family now living, they of course have no brother to accompany them, and are usually obliged to go alone. They are boarding with some friends of theirs, who reside quite a number of squares from their church, and some of the streets through which they pass are dark and very lonely."

"I should consider that exceedingly unsafe," remarked Mr. Danville.

"It is," replied Mrs. Leavitt, "and I have told them so, but their courage never seems to fail, they only laugh at my fears and reply, 'Oh! we are not afraid.' What makes it still more dangerous is, that they are both of them very pretty, and I live in daily fear of hearing that they have been carried off; or now that garroting is so fashionable, perhaps they will experience the pleasure of that."

"But you have become impatient at finding that your fears are not verified, and wish to hasten matters yourself," remarked her companion, laughing, as her meaning broke upon him.

"Yes, I think I would be likely to have it done rather more pleasantly than a stranger would."

"Or less disagreeably, I should think," remarked the gentleman, smiling.

"Well, at any rate," continued Mrs. Leavitt, "I think if they are once garroted it will cure them of all desire ever again to expose themselves to the same danger; and now I should like to have you recommend some intelligent person who would be willing, for the sake of a remuneration, to do what I desire; one who is rather ferocious-looking, and whose appearance would add to their terror would do best."

"But what do you propose that he shall do with himself after he has accomplished the laudable work of terrifying two unprotected ladies—be seized by the crowd who are always ready to gather upon the slightest shriek, tried and condemned to the state prison?"

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Leavitt, "you must find some one who will be bright enough to escape. I will tell you my whole plan, for it is pretty deeply laid. The shorter of these two young ladies is to be attacked, for she is younger than her sister, and not quite so courageous. Constance, I know, will stand by her and defend her if she loses her life in the attempt. They will not scream if they can possibly avoid it, for they shrink from publicity, and before they recover from their surprise sufficiently to call for aid, even if they wish to do so, the man might become alarmed at some sound and run away. My nieces then would doubtless return as quickly as possible to their home, and never again leave it after dark unaccompanied by a gentleman. I think a man who is not very stupid might easily effect his escape."

"Very likely he could, and I know of a person who, I think, will do up the business nicely. I will have him around here to-morrow evening, that you may see whether you think him sufficiently 'ferocious-looking,'" said Mr. Danville, who had now become very much interested in the two orphans.

"Thank you, it will certainly take a great load off my mind to know that Constance and Flora have been frightened into behaving themselves."

The next evening, when our two friends were sitting together in the drawing room, Mr. Danville arose, and saying that he would bring in his highwayman, left the room. Mrs. Leavitt turned to her husband and inquired how he liked her plan?

"Are you not afraid the fright may injure them?"

"Oh, no, indeed! they have too much courage for that."

"I don't think Flora has very much," replied Mr. Leavitt, "she is urged on by Constance, who, I believe, would not shrink from a whole regiment of armed soldiers. How should you like to be faced by a savage-looking man, with no means of defending yourself?"

"It certainly would not be very pleasant; but if these evening rambles of theirs are not stopped in some way, I feel sure that they will be garroted in earnest, and this——"

Her sentence was ended in a shriek, as the apparition of a fierce-looking individual enveloped in a cloak, suddenly presented itself before her.

"Is this Mrs. Leavitt?" was uttered in a deep, harsh voice by the stranger.

"Yes," replied the lady; "are you sent by Mr. Danville?"

The answer was in the affirmative. Mrs. Leavitt gazed for a moment on his thick, black locks, partially concealed by a slouched hat; his massive whiskers, and what little of his dark, mottled skin was visible, not being covered with hair; his shaggy eyebrows gave a sinister expression to a pair of large, black eyes; and the long hair of his moustache almost concealed his lips; his person was tall and rather stout, and in his hand he carried a pistol and an instrument for garroting.

"You will answer very well," said Mrs. Leavitt. "Has Mr. Danville given you instructions?"

"Do you think I am 'ferocious-looking?'" was laughingly asked, as the stranger proceeded to disrobe himself of his cloak, hat, wig, moustache, eyebrows, and a portion of his whiskers, and then with his handkerchief wiped away the charcoal with which he had besmeared his face.

"Why, Mr. Danville! I am sure I never should have recognized you—you make a most excellent highwayman."

Mr. Leavitt also looked up in surprise as he exclaimed, "Quite a metamorphosis. I never should discover your chesnut curls and neatly

trimmed whiskers through that mass of straight black hair."

"Well, madam, when shall I start on my errand of darkness?"

"You had better go now," she replied, looking at her watch, "this is their evening. Station yourself in B—— street, that is the darkest and loneliest through which they pass. You will know them by their being dressed in black, and going arm-in-arm."

Our hero again donned his disguise, and taking up his weapons he remarked, "I carry a pistol—not loaded—with which to frighten the crowd, should one gather," and he left the house, it must be confessed, with a heavy heart, for although he thought it necessary for the preservation of the lives of these young ladies, that something should be done to stop their evening walks, yet he did not at all relish the idea of acting the part which he had chosen; however, he was not one to give up anything he undertook, and he therefore proceeded toward the spot indicated by his friend.

Let us now turn to the young ladies who are to take a prominent part in our story.

"Oh, Constance, how I do wish we had a brother," said Flora; "here we come to this dark street again."

"I don't think there is any reason for fear," replied her sister, "when people are attacked it is usually from a hope of gain, and I am sure no one would ever imagine that two young girls, walking alone in the evening, had anything very valuable with them."

"Did you notice that dark-looking man in a cloak?" whispered Flora, drawing still closer to her sister, and trembling violently.

"Yes," replied Constance, slightly alarmed, "we had better hurry home, I think it is rather later than usual."

"And besides," added Flora, "there is not another person in sight. I am——" a choking sensation prevented her from finishing what she was going to say.

Constance looked up and encountered the gaze of a pair of dark eyes, and as she felt the cold muzzle of a pistol placed upon her forehead the color forsook her cheeks, and a shudder passed over her.

"Leave her, and fly for your life," said the stranger, as he removed the pistol, and again turned to Flora, who was now motionless with terror.

"Never!" exclaimed Constance, suddenly inspired with new energy as she saw her sister's helpless situation; and before the enemy had time to notice what was passing, she had seized

the pistol which he held loosely in his hand, and pointing it toward him, exclaimed with a degree of courage which astonished herself,

"Leave us, or I'll shoot!"

One moment passed in silence—it seemed to our two heroines an hour, so great was their terror. The darkness of the night lent an additional horror to the appearance of this stranger; a glance of those eyes held them in bondage, so that could flight have saved them, they would have been unable to take one step forward. It was a scene for a painter—there was Flora's slight, girlish figure clinging almost despairingly to her sister; the delicate, white lids drooped over those soft blue eyes, for she dared not trust herself to look at the stranger, while the long lashes rested on her pale cheeks. Beside her, proud and erect, stood Constance; excitement had added fire to her dark, lustrous eyes; and her compressed lips bespoke a spirit of determination which it would not be easy to subdue, while she steadily regarded the face of her enemy.

Beneath the stern disguise of that dark-looking man there beat a heart which was throbbing violently under the weight of the harsh task he was now performing. How he longed to catch that noble girl in his arms and press her to his bosom, but he must finish the work he had undertaken in the same apparently unfeeling manner in which he had commenced it. He felt that he had now carried it far enough to effect his purpose, and suddenly, as if startled by some noise, he ran away, carrying with him his garroting instrument.

Constance drew a long breath as she exclaimed, "He is gone! Come, Flora, let us hurry, we are almost home now."

But Flora did not answer, she could scarcely move; Constance drew her arm around her sister and half carried, half dragged her on. Had she known that he who had caused her all this alarm was stealthily following her at some little distance, and that he watched until he saw them safely home, it might have had the effect of considerably impeding her progress.

"How very late you are this evening," remarked one of the family, who met them as they were passing up to their own apartment.

"Yes, the services were longer than usual," replied Constance, in an agitated tone.

"You are not well to-night, are you?" continued her friend, as she noticed her pale cheeks.

"I don't feel very well," she replied, in as cheerful a tone as she could assume, "but a night's rest will cure me up," and entering her room, she closed and locked the door.

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Flora, who had all this time striven to keep up her energy, now fainted away in her sister's arms. Constance laid her on the bed and bathed her temples with cold water. Presently she opened her eyes and inquired,

"Where am I? Oh, Constance! I have had such a dreadful dream"—then as she gazed at the pale face bending over her, memory returned, and she added, "No, it was not a dream, it was all real."

"Yes, indeed," replied Constance, "it was fearfully real, but, Flora, let us say nothing about this to any one, it would make us so conspicuous, but we will give up going out alone in the evening."

Flora agreed, and with her sister's aid she undressed herself, and was soon fast asleep. But not so with Constance, for although she had kept up her courage while it was needed, her excitement had been the greater, and now came the re-action. She lay in a feverish, restless state all night, and in the morning she was delirious. Flora sent for the doctor, and despatched a note to her aunt, and then sat down by her sister's bedside, trying, with the aid of ice, to relieve the pain in her head.

"Well, Mrs. Leavitt," said Mr. Danville, as the two met in the drawing-room after breakfast, "I have obeyed your orders, and I think I have succeeded in frightening your nieces into staying at home; although, I can assure you, I found it a most severe task to sustain the character which I had assumed when I saw the terror of the young ladies, the sight was enough to melt a murderer's heart, and I felt vastly like revealing to them my true character and motive."

"Well, I am sure I am very much indebted to you," replied Mrs. Leavitt; "they appeared to be very much alarmed then?" she added.

"Miss Flora did, but Miss Constance acted her part nobly; her sister could not have found a better protector as far as courage was concerned. She must be a very superior young lady, and I should think you would feel proud of her."

"Yes," replied her aunt, "Constance is certainly a very fine girl, and whoever gets her will have a treasure."

"May I not have an introduction to her?" asked Mr. Danville.

"Yes, I will invite them here to tea some evening, and introduce you, and you can escort them home," and with a smile she added, "to protect them from being garroted."

Just then the waiter entered and handed her a note, which she opened and read aloud—

"Come, my dear aunt, to see Constance, she is very ill—in haste,
FLORA."

Mr. Danville's cheek blanched as he heard these words. "What if she should die," thought he, "and I shall have been the cause of her death!" He would have been willing to have laid down his life could this undo the business of the preceding evening.

Mrs. Leavitt also trembled as she went up stairs to put on her bonnet. When she came down our hero met her in the hall, and in a husky voice asked if he might go with her to the door. They passed rapidly through the streets, and when they came to the house the doctor's gig was standing in front of it. Mrs. Leavitt went in, leaving her companion outside. It seemed to him an age before the doctor made his appearance. He paced hurriedly up and down the walk; at one time he seemed to see Constance dying, while her sister hung in agony over her death-bed; and then he imagined those dark eyes closed with the relentless grasp of death, while his conscience whispered, "murderer!" While these scenes were passing rapidly through his mind, the doctor, with a solemn tread, descended the steps.

Mr. Danville approached and inquired if his patient was in danger?

Dr. Summers was one of those physicians who always make out that their patients are in an almost dying condition, when they are called in to them, in order that the cure may seem the more marvelous, and he now replied with an ominous shake of the head, "A pretty bad case, sir—a pretty bad case."

A dizziness came over the young man, and his brain seemed on fire, but he continued, "What is the nature of her illness?"

"A high fever, brought on, probably, by excitement, for her sister tells me that she has been very much excited lately, and I am afraid the fever may go to her brain."

Again a shudder passed through Mr. Danville's frame. The physician fixed his gaze keenly upon him, and as he drove off he remarked,

"It strikes me, sir, that you look about as sick as my patient up there, and I would advise you to go home and doctor yourself up!"

The young man now proceeded to his place of business, but the hint he had received about brain fever was continually ringing in his ears, and his excitement made him so absent-minded and so strange, that his clerks could scarcely understand him; and when he ordered one of them to bring him "the brain fever," they began to suspect that he had it already. He apologized by saying that he was not very well, and then

went home to see if Mrs. Leavitt had yet returned. He met her at the door as she was going in, and anxiously inquired after her niece.

"Oh, she is doing finely now," said Mrs. Leavitt. "She has been quite ill all day, but when I left her she was very comfortable."

"Is she out of danger yet?" he asked, eagerly. "She never was in any danger that I know of."

Mr. Danville could scarcely control himself so great was his joy. "Why Dr. Summers acted as if it were very doubtful whether she would ever recover."

"Oh, he is an old croaker! the poor child was very much excited and fatigued with her last night's adventure, but she will soon get over it. I expect to have them both around here to tea next week."

Mr. Danville's face quite brightened upon receiving this information. The next morning he gave Mrs. Leavitt a handsome bouquet, with the request that she would hand it to Miss Constance as a gift from herself. The lady smiled as, day after day, flowers or fruit were sent to her niece in the same way, and it became very evident to her that her young friend was acting the part of a lover.

Impatiently he counted the days ere he should meet her who was ever in his thoughts. At length the wished-for evening arrived. Mr. Danville was introduced to the young ladies as they were going in to tea, and their aunt contrived to seat Constance next to him at the table. The peculiar circumstances under which they had first met, and the anxiety on his part which had followed, had so wrought upon our hero that he now found himself passionately in love; his agitation became apparent to the young lady, although, of course, she was utterly ignorant of its cause. She noticed that his hand trembled whenever he helped her to anything, and she glanced at him in considerable astonishment when he invited her to have some salt for her egg, as there were no eggs on the table, but he did not notice his mistake, and by degrees he recovered his self-possession.

In the course of the evening, Mrs. Leavitt inquired, "Do you still continue your evening promenades?"

"No," replied Constance, coloring slightly.

"Why not?" said her aunt.

"We came to the conclusion that it was not quite safe."

"A very wise conclusion, certainly," replied her aunt, then turning to Mr. Danville, she inquired, "What do you think of these two children going out alone in the evening?"

"I should think it very unsafe indeed," was the reply; "are you not afraid, ladies, that you will meet with rough treatment?"

Flora glanced at Constance as she replied, "We are not going any more, I do not suppose it is quite safe!"

"What was the means of bringing you to reason?" inquired their aunt, with pretended innocence.

"Oh, we heard so much about garroting, we were rather afraid it might be tried on us."

Mrs. Leavitt and Mr. Danville exchanged meaning glances.

When it came time for Constance and Flora to return home, our young gentleman offered his services. As they approached the spot where the little tragedy already recorded took place, he felt Flora's hand tremble, while she unconsciously clasped his arm more tightly. How ardently he hoped that the time might come when he could call her sister; and when he could always render to her the protection of a brother.

He cordially accepted their invitation to call as he left them at their door, and shortly after he did call. Each time that he saw Miss Constance he admired her the more. One day, when the two young ladies were sitting alone together, Flora mischievously remarked,

"Constance, I think Mr. Danville is a very fine young man, don't you?"

"Yes," said Constance, blushing, "I suppose he is."

"How much I should like him for a brother," continued her sister, slyly.

"Why, what impertinence! I intend taking him for a brother myself."

"Oh, I don't think he would be willing to have you for a sister."

"Why, it was only the other evening, before you came down, that he told me he thought any man who got you would have a little treasure—what do you think of that?—to me it certainly looks very suspicious."

"I hope he does not wish to get rid of me, for I have a real nice home all planned out in my imagination, where you and brother Danville are to preside, and I am to come and live with you."

Again Constance blushed, and requested her sister to stop talking nonsense, but Flora was not to be put down so easily, and she continued, "This is one of his favorite evenings, I believe, I really must answer that letter to night, it has been on my mind for the last three months, so if that gentleman should call, you ask him to please excuse me as I am very busy writing a letter, will you?"

"Now, Flora, don't be so perfectly ridiculous,

if Mr. Danville didn't wish to see you he would not ask for 'the young ladies.'"

"Oh, yes! he would do that out of politeness."

"Well, then, you had better be equally polite."

"But, Constance, just think of that letter, it is three months since I received it."

"You could not possibly put down your book and answer it now, I suppose?"

"No, indeed! that would not suit my purpose at all."

"I do really think, Flora, you might behave yourself, it would be preposterous for you to stay out of the room, it would look so strangely; if you don't come in the room I won't, so now! I can write a letter too."

"Oh, well then! I will come in if that will satisfy you, but I hate to be in the way."

In the evening Mr. Danville called; after the three had been sitting together for a few minutes, Flora arose and remarked,

"Will you excuse me this evening, Mr. Danville, I have a letter to answer which I received three months ago, and I am very anxious to get it off my mind?"

"Certainly," he replied.

The young lady cast a mischievously triumphant glance at her sister, and left the room.

It was quite late in the evening when Constance came up, and Flora saw that she had been very much excited, she easily guessed the truth, and quietly slipping her arm around her neck she kissed her, Constance drew her down and embraced her fondly, as she playfully whispered,

"Don't tell my secret, Flora, dear, and you shall have Mr. Danville for a brother."

"May I?" said she, "and will you go to housekeeping, and shall we all live there together, and have a home of our own?"

"Perhaps you will have a home of your own soon, for Mr. Danville has a brother to whom, I believe, he intends making you a present."

"I won't be made a present to him, I like your Mr. Danville a great deal the best, and I am going to be an old maid, it is so nice and respectable to have one old maid in the family; what does he wish to get rid of me for, just as he is going to be my brother?"

"He doesn't wish to get rid of you, he wishes to secure you and prevent any one else from running away with you; but no matter, this Mr. Henry Danville is probably coming to live with us, and then you can judge for yourself; he is travelling in Europe now."

Time sped on rapid wings and brought the wedding day around. All looked bright and happy—Flora shed a few tears, but they were tears of joy, for she knew that she could trust

the happiness of her beloved sister to one who was every way worthy; and she promised to have everything ready, and to be at her new home to receive her sister and brother on their return from their wedding tour. Henry, who had returned from Europe in time for the wedding, and had readily agreed to his brother's proposition about taking up his abode with them, also promised to be there.

It was a snug little family—those four—and they had merry times together. One evening Mr. Danville remarked,

"Constance, I am going to send in an old friend of yours and Flora's to see you, I will leave Henry to introduce him," and he left the room.

Presently the door opened, and that same dark-looking figure, which had once before so excited their terror, entered—there was that same large cloak and slouched hat—the same shaggy eyebrows and queer-looking moustache, the scattered whiskers and dark skin, but there was at that moment too much mischief in those black eyes to allow of their looking ferocious.

The ladies uttered an exclamation of surprise, and running toward him, cried, "Oh, you horror!"

Mr. Danville pointed his pistol toward Constance as he remarked, "I followed to see that you arrived safely home that evening, and when you dropped this pistol in your fright, I picked it up," at the same time he threatened to garrote Flora over again.

"But what in the world possessed you to commence our acquaintance in that way?" asked Constance.

And then her husband related to her the whole

story, not omitting to mention how she had paid him back the next day, by the anxiety which she had caused him.

Henry and Flora evidently thought themselves in the way, and they walked out upon the piazza where the moon beamed upon them in full beauty, and then Henry sought and obtained from Flora permission to protect her, in future, from all garroters. They found it so inviting outside, that for a long time they forgot to return to their companions, and when at last they entered the house again, Mr. Danville and his wife had retired to their own apartment.

Flora sought hers, and when she found herself alone she burst into tears. Soon Constance glided noiselessly in, and taking her sister in her arms, she pressed her cheek fondly to her own, as she whispered, "Flora, dear, have you agreed to make Mr. Danville doubly your brother?"

The snug little family of which Mr. Danville used to boast has divided itself; but, living next door to him, he has a brother and sister. There is a gate between the two gardens, so that the separation is only in name.

Notwithstanding Flora's intention of being a respectable old maid, she allows Henry to call her his wife. He says that her bright face and sunny temper are enough to turn everything into joy; while in return, Flora thinks she has nothing to make her otherwise than bright and sunny.

Mrs. Leavitt frequently looks in upon both families, and with considerable satisfaction she claims to herself the merit of having been the means of bringing together two happy couples, and wishes that all nightly attacks might have the same pleasant issue. And here we will drop the curtain.

THE BROKEN TIE.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

THEY bear thee hence! and I can see
The passing of thy funeral train;
I may not clasp thy hand again,
This side the great eternity!

And when thou gav'st thy parting kiss,
I knew it was the last, and yet,
Thy words seemed unto music set,
So fraught with faith, and Heavenly bliss.

And then I wept not; that farewell
Was bright with an undying trust;
Thy brow, now turning back to dust—
Grew brighter when Death's shadows fell.

But when I saw thee lying dead,
Deaf to my words, and dimmed thy sight,
I wept, and wondered if the night
Of thy low grave, had ought to dread!

And then I said I would not weep,
That God had hushed the wild unrest
That wounded oft thy weary breast,
And gave his loved one peaceful sleep.

And so I gather up again
The scattered fragments of my love,
And think of thee as safe above,
Freed from life's fierce unrest, and pain.

THE COUNTRY WOMAN IN PARIS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

PART FIRST.

ATTACK the country! Ridicule country folks! Preserve me from such an absurd idea! Whence come our greatest orators? our most celebrated writers? our most inspired poets? our most beautiful and most spirited women? From the country, surely! Paris is a large stage, for which the country furnishes great actors; but amid these sublime personages are to be found buffoons, caricatures, and comical people. Why not then depict such also; why refuse to smile at an epigram, or to be amused by an innocent satire? After this prelude, I commence my recital without fear. I address myself to country gentlemen and ladies of understanding: those resembling my heroes will not read this story.

About two months since, as I was seated in my study, busily engaged in writing, I heard a loud knock on the outer door; it was opened, and the following dialogue occurred between my servant and the person demanding entrance.

"Will you please give me your name, ma'am?"

"My name? And why should I give my name? Stand aside! Your mistress knows me well; I am one of her earliest friends; open the door, and you will quickly see how eagerly she will embrace me!"

Not recognizing the voice of the speaker, I did not hasten to receive her, and my domestic seemed to hesitate as to admitting her.

"You will please to tell me your name."

"Well, if you must know, tell your mistress I am Madame Bonneau—Lise de Garidel that was."

The first name was altogether unknown to me—the second one recalled a family in Provence, of whom I had but an indistinct recollection. But the new arrival did not allow me even time to turn to the past for further souvenirs; hardly had the door opened, than she precipitated herself into my study, threw her arms about my neck, and obliged me to salute her upon her full moon face. She was a young woman, tall and large; framed as if to last a hundred years. She had large hands, large feet, and plump, red arms, a portion of which appeared between the unbuttoned glove and a short under-sleeve.

She had a fat, white neck; her color was exceedingly florid, and her mouth was large and always simpering, disclosing handsome teeth; her nose was broad and flat, her eyes round, small, and of a china blue, very soft and clear. As to eyebrows, they were not strongly defined; but to make up for it, a quantity of light brown hair shaded her bright glowing cheeks. We have said nothing of her forehead; it appeared to have been left out, there was so short a distance between the arch of the eye and the roots of the hair.

She was altogether a pleasant creature, with a frank, open countenance, who would have made a fresh, good humored dairy-maid; but under the costume she wore, she was really grotesque. Although this was one of those dirty, muddy Parisian days which Alfieri rails against so energetically in his memoirs, this country girl wore open-worked white stockings and green slippers; a celestial blue dress with a tight body à la Marie Stuart, which clearly defined her figure; her short skirt was ornamented with three rows of flounces, placed one above the other, reaching to her waist; around her neck was a small scarf of red cashmere—the same shade as her gloves—which was tied over a superb collar loaded with lace and embroidery, and fastened to the dress by a square pin of imitation mosaic, where, on a black ground, a fat, tortoise-shell cat lay curled up in a round. A wide talma of grey cloth, spotted and bound with red, and ornamented with enormous acorns of the same color, still more augmented the rotundity of her figure, which was enlarged by hoops of three yards in circumference. The smallest possible hat of rose-colored satin, ornamented inside and outside with immense bunches of bright-colored holyhocks, completed this brilliant costume. I omitted to say, that she held in her hand a cabot of black laquer ware, covered with tulips and peonies—out of which hung a cambric pocket-handkerchief, on which was embroidered in red all Carter's menagery. I restrained my great inclination to laugh whilst examining this toilet; for the lady appeared so fully satisfied with herself, that it would have been a pity to dispel the illusion.

"Dear friend," said she, with an expression at once ridiculous and touching, "do you not remember Lise de Garidel? We were at school together under the charge of Mademoiselle Arsene; in the classes, and at recess we were always beside each other. Do you not now recollect me?"

"Yes—I remember," said I, making an effort to do so; (for really I had no recollection of anything of the kind) "but I remained so short a time with Mademoiselle Arsene, and I was so young——"

"It is a great while since then; we have not seen each other since we were ten years old. But as for me, I never forget, and when, on marrying M. Bonneau, he promised to take me to Paris, I rejoiced in thinking I should meet with you again."

"Are you but recently married?"

"Yes—my dear friend—two months ago: it had to be done at last. Notwithstanding my beautiful name—Garidel—and a pretty large dowry, I attained the age of twenty four years, and no offers came. At length, M. Bonneau presented himself. He is amiable, handsome, rich enough, and notwithstanding the country aristocracy thought I was entering into an alliance beneath me, I married him and am happy."

"Did he not accompany you this morning?" said I.

"He is coming," replied she. "He did not like to present himself before you with torn gloves, and stopped at a store to purchase another pair."

I was embarrassed to know how to sustain a conversation with this excellent woman, whom I did not know at all, and who treated me as if I was her dearest friend. I was about falling back upon country reminiscences, when a second loud knock indicated the arrival of M. Bonneau. Like his wife, he would not suffer himself to be announced.

"I am the husband of the lady who has just come here," said he to the servant; and opening the door himself, he entered.

He was, in height, about six feet, and as strongly and largely built as his better half, and I immediately understood why she thought him as handsome as he did her. He had an air of self-complacency and satisfaction, which at once proclaimed the quiet of a good conscience, and of an excellent constitution; his large frame was surmounted by a small head, which did not appear to be overstocked with brains, but, as if in compensation, it was covered with an abundance of brown hair, meeting huge whiskers, which augmented the circumference of his chin,

and made it resemble a reversed pear. His complexion was of a brownish tint, highly colored; he had a laughing face, large, watchful eyes, and he appeared to be a very honest man. His dress was as singular as that of his wife. His apple green coat was much too narrow and too short, both in the skirts and sleeves. His pantaloons were also wanting in amplitude and length, and displayed an uncovered foot, encased in a white stocking and a tight black shoe adorned with a small gold buckle, the *ne plus ultra* of country elegance. He sported a red under-waistcoat with gilt buttons; also a white muslin cravat with embroidered ends, fastened to the embroidered shirt, being scrupulously flaired and confined by a large and brilliant pin. Despite his desire to appear before me well gloved, the straw-colored gloves which M. Bonneau had bought, had split upon his large and widely spread—but this slight accident did not disconcert him in the least: he had—like all Southerners—perfect self-possession and fluency of speech.

"Ah, here are the two good friends, happy to be together," said he, with a broad smile, after saluting me. "If you but knew, my dear lady, how much dear Lise loves you! Of all the pleasures I promised her in Paris, that of seeing you was the one which most charmed her, and she spoke of you during the whole journey."

So much affection quite embarrassed me, and I tried to speak of such things as would most likely interest them whilst in Paris.

"We only arrived yesterday, and as yet have seen nothing; we wander about like lost children—and to speak truth, we have somewhat counted upon your becoming our *cicerone*," said the husband, who half understood the word, having heard it in Italy, where he had been a commercial traveller.

The prospect of such a job put me completely in despair; yet politeness obliged me to say, "And what would you like to see?"

"First, the theatres," said Madame Bonneau, "and the celebrities; oh! above all—the celebrities! You surely know them all; we will meet then at your house, will we not, my dear friend? And you will procure from them verses and drawings for my album?"

"But——"

"Oh! I know you will do it," said she, quickly, preventing my making any objections.

What a plague! thought I. The album mania has reached the country, and even this good woman is tainted with it!

"I have purchased a superb album for my wife," said the husband; "I had it sent from the

capital among the marriage gifts; she required it of me, because she remembered that you formerly possessed one."

"Formerly! Is it possible, but I have forgotten all about it. Besides, it is not the fashion at present," added I, thinking this phrase would serve as an irresistible argument—as, it is the fashion, or, it is not the fashion—had become quite a law in the country.

"It is perhaps thus here," said Madame Bonneau, "but in the country, all the ladies will expire with jealousy when I show them, in my album, drawings by some of our greatest artists, and the writings of famous authors; and first—as you cannot refuse me—you must commence by writing on the first page some verses on our friendship."

"We will speak of this some other time," said I, not well knowing how to combat this fearful wish.

"Well, have you any pleasant project in view for this evening?"

"Certainly," boldly replied M. Bonneau, "if you will assist us."

"We want to see some great tragedian," said his wife. "We suppose you often have the use of a box."

"Scarcely ever; it is very difficult to procure one."

"In this case, my dear Lise," said M. Bonneau, "as I want you to see everything that will amuse you, our money shall take us to the theatre, and if your friend will do us the favor to accompany us, I will even procure her a seat."

"Thank you; but it is impossible for me to go this evening."

"What do you say!" exclaimed the impetuous Lise—"what, not pass the evening with us! Well, well, but you must—if you will or no! First, we invite ourselves to dine with you to-day—and then we will take you with us to the theatre this evening. It is all arranged and agreed upon; and now adieu; we will, in the meantime, arrange our toilet to do you honor."

Embracing me boisterously, she disappeared without giving me time to reply.

For some moments I remained overwhelmed by the force of this contretemps; and I really felt tempted to order the servant not to admit again this happy couple, who were, after all, nearly strangers to me. One feeling restrained me. There was so much honest frankness and real good-nature under their ridiculous exterior, that I feared to wound them. It is wrong to appear unkind even to fools.

At five o'clock my country acquaintances returned; I did not expect them before six, and

they trespassed upon an hour of solitude upon which I had counted.

"We have come early," said Madame Bonneau, with boisterous good-humor—"we wished to be among the first, in order to become acquainted with your guests."

"My guests—but I have none! You will have a dull dinner with me alone."

"That is charming," said M. Bonneau, gallantly; "that is quite sociable."

"I thought," added Madame Bonneau, "that every day you collected some of the celebrities around your table."

"I am constantly at work, and therefore have but little time to go abroad or receive my friends."

"That is a pity; but I know you are so amiable that you will go out now in order to introduce us; for you must understand that we cannot leave Paris without having entered some of its brilliant saloons."

"That's right! that's right, Lise," said M. Bonneau, with a discreet air—"but perhaps we have arrived too early, and prevent your friend from having her toilet."

"I have no toilet to make."

"What! Are you going to the play dressed in that way?" exclaimed the surprised lady, casting a discontented glance upon my simple black silk gown. "Do you always dress thus?"

"Yes—nearly always—except for the first representation of a play, when I have the use of a box."

"Then," replied the lady, regarding herself complacently, "perhaps I look too fine."

"You are charming. Of course it becomes a bride to display all her charms."

"Doubtless," said M. Bonneau, smiling triumphantly; "my dear lady, this dress was my choice, and was among the wedding gifts; is it not very tasty?"

"Perfectly so," said I, with half a smile. Madame Bonneau's dazzling dress was composed of a violet silk, covered with large orange and green branches; around her neck was fastened a thick gold chain, from which hung a cross of brilliants; long ear-rings, also of brilliants, shone through the streamers of a black head-dress, encircled by an enormous garland of moss-roses. Madame Bonneau had, on entering, drawn off her gloves in order to shake hands with me—and I perceived that upon each finger were rings more or less splendid. The happy lady appeared very complaisant and well satisfied with herself.

We placed ourselves at the table; my unassuming dinner but half satisfied M. Bonneau's hearty appetite. (Unoccupied country people

spend a long time at their meals, and eat largely.) As to Madame Bonneau, she was so tightly laced that she could scarcely eat, breathe, or remain seated: she arose up every few moments in order to consult the clock.

"We will miss the hour," she said, impatiently; "I lose all the pleasure of the play if I do not see the curtain rise. Come, Nini, you will never finish," said she, pushing her husband, who devoured, with redoubled zeal, a formidable piece of plum pudding.

When M. Bonneau had ended his meal, I sent for a carriage, and we set off. Regarding this evening's play-going as a labor—not a pleasure—I had not inquired what places had been chosen for us; it was only when entering that M. Bonneau said to us,

"Now, ladies, take your seats in the nice, handsome box, for which this is the order. As for me, I will modestly take my place in the pit, from whence I will admire you."

"What, do you not accompany us? but that is not proper," said I.

"Come, come," said M. Bonneau, with a sort of pretended mischievous look, "you have too much good sense to submit to such prejudices. As for my dear Lise, I place her under your protection and to your guidance."

I had taken a step with a view to retiring, but Madame Bonneau understood my intention, and whispering to me, said entreatingly,

"Oh! I pray you, do not deprive me of this pleasure. M. Bonneau is somewhat miserly; this mistake has been caused by his economy; another time I will direct him better."

I yielded to this persuasion, and decided, for this evening, to accept this ridiculous and trying situation; therefore, gayly assumed my part, offered my arm to Madame Bonneau—having become her cavalier—and we ascended to our places in the third tier of boxes.

Thanks to the impatience of my country friend, we arrived among the first, and could therefore place ourselves on the front bench; then, under the pretext that the lights hurt my eyes, I pulled my veil half over my face, and could thus see distinctly without being seen. I first perceived in the centre of the pit M. Bonneau, who turned his opera-glass toward us, and saluted us both by motions and with his head. I turned my eyes away: happily Madame Bonneau imitated me; she was a little offended with her husband, and wished to make him feel it by not looking at him. She looked upon everything else, and plied me with questions with regard to the persons she saw.

"Who is that decorated gentleman, with a

light moustache, carrying a cane with a gold head?"

"I do not know him."

"And those two young ladies in that front box?"

"Two fashionable women——"

"But their names?"

"Baroness M—— and the Countess of V——"

Madame Bonneau immediately opened her note-book, and traced with a pencil the names of these ladies. "Why do you do so?" said I.

"Because you see I can say, when I return to Aix, I have seen the Baroness M—— and the Countess of V——, two of the most elegant women in Paris. But continue to give me information," added she. "Who are those gentlemen who enter so noisily and gesticulate whilst speaking?"

"I do not know them."

"And that other group below there?"

"I cannot tell."

During some moments I replied thus to her reiterated questions, hoping to thus end them; but she was not discouraged, and did not understand my weariness.

"In truth, you drive me to despair," said she; "I had counted upon your making me acquainted with Parisian society. Now do make an effort; look by turns at all the galleries, and endeavor to discover some author—some deputy—some minister, or the least sort of a celebrity!"

I could not refrain from laughing at this singular entreaty; and in order to satisfy her, I was tempted to invent a great man—when chance came to my aid.

"Do you wish to see one of our most celebrated novelists?"

"Oh! who is it?" replied she, eagerly. "Is it the author of 'The Dead Ass,' or of 'Atargull'?"

"Try again."

"Is it the author of 'Indiana'?"

"No. The author of 'Indiana' is a woman; and I am speaking of a man."

"But are you quite sure that the author of Indiana is a woman? I was certainly told that he had a beard and moustache."

"I can assure you that she has only the most beautiful black hair. Try now if you cannot discover the author to whom I refer."

"I am trying to recollect the names of the romances I have read, but cannot remember them. Do aid my memory—or, better still, tell me the name of your novelist."

"He is the author of '*La Peau de Chagrin*.'"

"The author of '*La Peau de Chagrin*!'" replied Madame Bonneau, with a voice loud enough to fill the theatre. "Oh! I remember this book

very well; I read it secretly a short time before my marriage. It is by Monsieur de Balzac. Then that is Balzac!"

She spoke so loud that we attracted attention on all sides. M. de Balzac himself, who was in a box beneath ours, and who I had imprudently designated to Madame Bonneau by a gesture, raised his head, and with his sharp, bantering air looked at the fair country dame, who was leaning with half her body across the edge of the box.

"Oh! I see him perfectly," replied she; "he turns toward us; he raises his glass. That is then M. de Balzac!"

These exclamations which I could not moderate, embarrassed me exceedingly, for they rendered us for some moments the centre of observation. I enveloped myself with my shawl and veil, and hid behind Madame Bonneau to avoid being seen. At length the curtain rose, and this ridiculous scene gave way to the general attention directed to the play of *Andromaque*. While *Hermione* appeared so noble, so proud, so poetically inspired in her sorrowful anger, I hoped that the intense silence which reigned around us, would enchain the loquacious Madame Bonneau. But in vain; habit is stronger than example.

"What! is that our great tragedian?" said she, with a loud voice, in the midst of one of the most beautiful parts. "I do not admire her—I do not admire her at all. She is thin and dark; she has a cross countenance and a screaming voice. Oh! She is nothing wonderful."

"Do be quiet," said I, slightly irritated. "If you do not comprehend the beautiful, allow me to enjoy it."

"Do not be so vexed!" replied Madame Bonneau. "Tastes differ, my dear. As for me, I like the good-humored *Andromaque* much better than the angry *Hermione*."

"I comprehend," said I, in a low voice. "But for the present do be so kind as to remain silent: I desire to listen."

Madame Bonneau slightly pouted and resigned herself to silence. When the play was ended we lost ourselves amid the crowd. M. Bonneau, who wished to witness the ovation bestowed upon the great actress, did not leave his seat until after the second descent of the curtain; he then wandered about the lobbies and endeavored to discover us on one side, whilst we were seeking him on the other. Suddenly, having recognized Madame Bonneau by the wreath of roses which surmounted her head dress, he called her loudly by name, pushed through the crowd, by his athletic arms thrust the most obstinate aside,

and came to us with red face and his forehead covered with perspiration. I hastened to liberate myself from this country couple. Hardly were we outside the theatre when I threw myself into a coach.

"Adieu," said I. "I cannot return with you, for a headache obliges me to hasten home, and to go to bed as quickly as possible."

"To-morrow then," replied Madame Bonneau, "I will call for you at an early hour to go shopping with me."

"To-morrow! Impossible! I will be engaged all day upon business."

"I can accompany you in your rounds," said she, "and have a chance of seeing Paris without incommoding you."

"It will be impossible," replied I, rather shortly. "Good night! I am dying with fatigue." And in order to end this conversation, I signed to the coachman to proceed.

PART SECOND.

THE next day Madame Bonneau did not present herself; but the succeeding day, as early as eight o'clock, I heard a ring, and soon recognized her voice. "Mrs. B——'s not up yet," said the servant.

"Never mind, she will receive me in her chamber."

"But she is still asleep," said the maid.

"Nevertheless, I will come in. It is bad for her to be so lazy; it is this makes her look so pale;" and noisily opening my door, she peeped in between the curtains of my bed. "You don't escape me to day," said she; "you must take me to all the handsomest stores—in truth, into all the brilliant bazaars of which your paper gives so charming an account, and that we all know by name."

"Have you many purchases to make?"

"Oh, yes. M. Bonneau gave me a hundred francs this morning, and I wish to spend even the last cent."

"That can easily be done; a simple dress, a pretty piece of bijoutry, or a china jar will exhaust it."

"One can see everything, price many articles, and buy but a few," said she, laughing.

"Doubtless; but in order to do this you have no need of me; therefore, take a carriage, go to these places, and you will thus gain your object."

But this did not please her, and by her obstinacy she forced me to accompany her. At eleven o'clock we commenced our excursion. She did not allow me to escape a single fashionable store: she entered all of them, pricing and touching

everything with an imperturbable assurance. I was obliged—for four or five hours—to undergo her awkwardness, loud voice, and a thousand tyrannies involuntarily exercised by her—and, above all, the silly questions she addressed to the storekeepers, and to which they replied by rude jokes or bantering words. At last, harassed by fatigue and overcome with weariness, I abruptly left her toward four o'clock, pretending to have to make my toilet for a dinner in the city and an evening party—anything that would rid me of her. On arriving at home, I gave strict orders not to admit the family Bonneau.

For a week I was left in repose, or rather, I escaped from receiving their daily visit. But the following week I could not entirely avoid them; each time I went out, I tremblingly traversed the Boulevards and the least frequented quarters; but I was sure to stumble upon this wandering couple. Thus passed a month of their stay in Paris. Nearly fifteen days had elapsed since I last held intercourse with the happy couple, who overwhelmed me with visiting cards and tender notes, to which I seldom replied—when one evening I saw them, like an avalanche, rush into my parlor. Once, each week, I collected together some friends, a small number of literary persons and artists. They conversed unceremoniously, drew, or were musical, as it pleased them. I had taken great pains to prevent the Bonneaus from knowing anything about this reserved evening. The awkwardness of my porter informed them of it, however.

When they arrived, their unexpected appearance almost made me faint. I could scarcely salute them: the wife embraced me, and the husband pressed my hand, whilst all the company questioned me with their looks as to who these people were.

Recovering from my surprise, I comprehended that I must at least carry on my part with good-humor. In a low voice I related the history of these country folks to several persons, others having been previously initiated.

"Oh! you are a traitress," said Madame Bonneau, with her strong voice; "you did not tell me that on this evening you collect together your celebrities. There is a musician! There is a painter! I have at least seen them, and have spoken to them; they behave quite amiably to me, and I hope to become better acquainted with them."

Then calling her husband, she whispered some words to him in a low voice, and M. Bonneau left the room. A quarter of an hour afterward he returned with the air of a conqueror, carrying

in his hand his wife's album, bound in morocco and gold.

"Here it is, my dear," said he, as he presented it.

"Ah! that is well," replied she; "now, my dear," turning to me, "you can no longer escape; you must ask these gentlemen—painters, musicians and poets—to add, each of them, something to my album; I will beg it of them also, and they cannot resist me." Then forcing me to rise, she took my arm, and made me take the range of the apartment, obliging me to second the request which she made to each one. I was really suffering! One of my old friends, an artist, came to my relief. "Patience," said he, "we will soon be rid of them; I will undertake the task, but you must aid me. Whilst I draw in her album, and occupy the attention of the lady and her husband, you must pass into your cabinet, whither the company—having been forwarded—will follow you by turns. You must then pretend to take leave of them, opening and shutting the doors; then all must become silent, and you must alone re-enter the saloon, whilst, in reality, the company remain quietly in your cabinet."

"I understand," replied I; "let us now put your plan in execution."

He then approached Madame Bonneau.

"Madame," said he, "I venture to solicit the honor of being the first to trace a sketch in your album—and as I cannot imagine anything more agreeable than your own features, I demand permission to portray your portrait on the first page."

"What, my portrait, sir?" said the happy Madame Bonneau.

"Yes, I ask you to grant me this favor; a few minutes will suffice me, if you will deign to seat yourself near this table, opposite me."

Madame arranged herself, made faces for a moment, then being certain of the effect, she remained motionless: the husband then placed himself behind the painter's shoulder and over-looked the sketch.

Whilst they were thus absorbed, several ladies made their adieux to me, and I rose as if to conduct them out of the room. Several gentlemen followed, and by degrees the saloon became empty before the Bonneaus perceived it.

When the lady glanced around her, she exclaimed, "Where then are all the company?"

"Gone."

"Gone!—that cannot be possible!"

"Yes, they have left, notwithstanding my entreaties.

"Oh! that is not kind," said she; "and my album remains empty."

"Do not be troubled, my dear Lise, we will come at an earlier hour next Thursday," said M. Bonneau.

I trembled beneath this threat.

For the present here is a fair commencement; behold! the gentleman has succeeded marvelously; and he presented her the album wherein the painter had sketched Madame Bonneau's portrait, which was a most comical likeness.

"Permit me to conduct you to your carriage," immediately interposed the painter; then turning toward me, "we regret to leave you," said he, "but you are not well, and need repose." Then, taking Madame Bonneau under his arm, he passed out, followed by her husband.

Scarcely had the door closed upon them, when the entire company escaped, like a swarm, from my cabinet, and returned to the saloon, repressing a faint laugh; some moments after the old painter came back, and was saluted by all the company as their liberator. Counsel was then taken as to what was necessary to be done, in order to avoid the entrance of the country couple on succeeding Thursdays. Each one was of the opinion that my porter had best say I had gone to the country for a month.

But one morning, whilst I was in the false quiet of a security so dearly bought, a letter was handed me from M. Bonneau, who entreated me to receive him an instant during the day.

"We leave Paris in two days," added he; "Lise gives me much anxiety; she is too handsome, too attractive for me to live quietly in your Babylon."

I replied that he could come immediately. The hope advanced that they would soon leave Paris made me let them in; besides, I confess I was very curious to know what danger had befallen him by reason of Lise's beauty. When M. Bonneau arrived, I asked the cause of his sudden departure.

"Oh, madame! can you believe it," said he, with a sigh, "Lise has scarcely been three weeks in Paris, and she has already turned the head of a lawyer's clerk, a fashionable fellow—as they say here—who resides in the same hotel with ourselves: he has written charming verses for her—charming—I cannot deny."

"Is this really so?" said I.

"Nothing truer! Hold, here they are; I have happily confiscated them. Only think! This little upstart had the cunning to hide them in my wife's shoes.

"Why, how so?" I exclaimed.

"Nothing more easy. The waiter of the hotel

every morning places before our room door my own boots and my wife's shoes, when he has cleaned them—and this lawyer's clerk inserted his declaration within my wife's slipper."

"A singular idea!"

"An infernal one," said M. Bonneau, severely.

"Now look at these verses."

He handed me a sheet of rose-colored paper, surrounded by a wreath of forget-me-nots, and I read the following:—

"Little shoe, charming nook,
That my beauty's foot forsook!
Be my page—instead of boys—
Tell her, without any noise,
For her, all the day and night,
In a flame my heart burns bright."

"Are they not excellent?" continued M. Bonneau, whilst I was reading them: "I am really jealous of them: I wish I had composed them for Lise."

"The first part especially is full of delicacy," said I.

The "little shoe"—the "charming nook"—appeared to me—when I remembered Madame Bonneau's large foot—the highest sort of hyperbole. "And have these verses decided you upon leaving Paris?"

"Doubtless. I at first desired to fight a duel with the Lovelace. But Lise, deluged with tears, begged me to leave this place immediately. I have found her advice to be the wisest, and our places are taken in the coach for the day after to-morrow."

"You have decided most prudently, sir," said I. "This wicked clerk would soon have put an end to your conjugal felicity. In Provence you will not find the same degree of villainy."

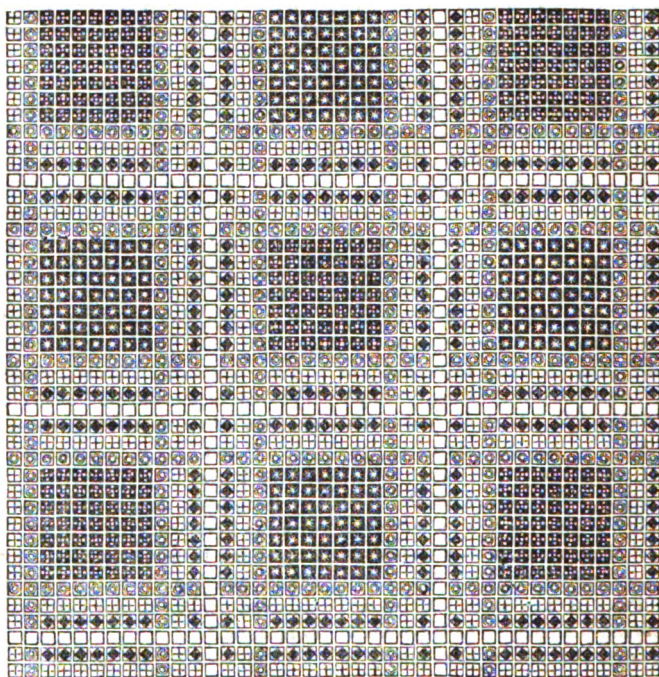
"Oh! never, madame! You know that with us everybody is frank and loyal. For the present adieu. Lise begs you will favor her with a short visit to-morrow. She is afraid to go out for fear of meeting the monster who has caused us so much uneasiness; but she cannot bear to leave Paris without embracing you?"

The next day I said adieu to Lise. "What an adventure!" said she. "My husband wished to fight him, but I preferred leaving. Thus we majestically sacrifice ourselves to duty," added she, majestically.

She made me promise to write to her, and inform her if her departure had caused any catastrophe, and if the clerk's heart was not broken by sorrow. I promised all she asked; but I acknowledge to my shame, that since her departure, I have only remembered her—to write this article.

DESIGN FOR A CHESS-TABLE.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



Rich Emerald Green.
Bright Imperial Blue.

Claret.
Maize.

Dark Crimson.
Light Crimson.

MATERIALS.—Filoselle of the above colors, vass, of the very best quality. A square sufficiently large for a table must be chosen, as a beauty of the work depends. Plain square can-
border must be added to the above.

SHORT PURSE, IN NETTING.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

MATERIALS.—Very fine crimson netting silk, and gold thread. Two steel meshes are required, one about No. 15, and one No. 11. Eagle card-board gauge. To be done in the ordinary netting stitch. For the illustration, see front of the number.

Make a piece of foundation of nine stitches, and join your silk in the first.

1st round (small mesh.) 1 stitch in every stitch of the foundation. 2nd: The same.

3rd: 2 stitches in every one of the previous round. 4th: A stitch in every one of the last round.

5th: † 2 stitches in the first, and one in the second, † 8 times.

6th: A stitch in every stitch.

7th: Increase eight stitches in the round, by doing two in one eight times, taking care that the stitch increased is the one which precedes the increased stitch of the last augmented round.

8th: Like 6th. 9th: Like 7th. 10th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, like 6th.

The intermediate rounds like the 7th. There ought now to be 88 stitches in the round.

Do 44 more rounds, without any increase. Then take the large mesh, and do another round.

Take the small mesh, † miss one stitch, take a stitch in the second, then one in the stitch that was missed. † repeat this all round.

Do four rounds of plain netting with the small mesh, then begin to make the points.

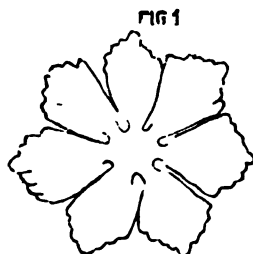
1st point: 7 stitches; draw out the mesh, † turn the work, and make a stitch on every one but the last; † repeat till you come to a point.

2nd and following points like the first, so that there are 11 in the round.

The pattern is then to be darned with the gold thread, according to the design we have given.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING COREOPSIS.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



MATERIALS.—Thick yellow paper, carmine ditto, brown zephyr hearts, gum, &c.

Cut as many of Fig. 1 as desired of thick yellow paper, the same number of Fig. 2, out of carmine paper. Gum the red cut on to the yellow: finish with the dark heart, which should be made of dark brown zephyr worsted, the edge dipped in yellow chrome or seeding. For buds use large brown pips. Branch like Fig. 3. This makes a beautiful flower.

*** MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 32 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

AN INDIAN PATTERN FOR A VEIL OR SLEEVE IN APPLIQUE WORK.

BY MRS. WARREN.

MATERIALS.—A Chinese grass linen handkerchief, or a piece of thin loose French cambric; a piece of fine Brussels Net. No. 100 cotton. For illustration see front of number.

First work the sprigs and border on the linen, exactly as if it were not to be transferred to net, working round the outside in very small button-hole stitch, securely but neatly, with the finest

thread, running round first with the same thread; seam the centres which surround the bars, but first cutting out the cambric where the bars are, and spot these centres very thickly; make the eyelet-holes very distinct; work the bars in the centre, as in engraving. Now cut the muslin round the button hole stitch, tack it on to the cambric, turn it on reverse side, and sew every twist of the net on to the edge of muslin; sew also round the outer circle of the centre herries; there will then be scarcely any difficulty in cutting out the net in the centre of the sprigs so as to leave the bars perfectly clear. It must be understood that all the outsides of the cambric must be worked in button-hole stitch fine and thick.

NEW STYLE SILK JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THIS jacket is trimmed with narrow black velvet and black guipure.

No. 1. Front.

No. 2. Side-piece of front.

No. 3. Side-piece of back.

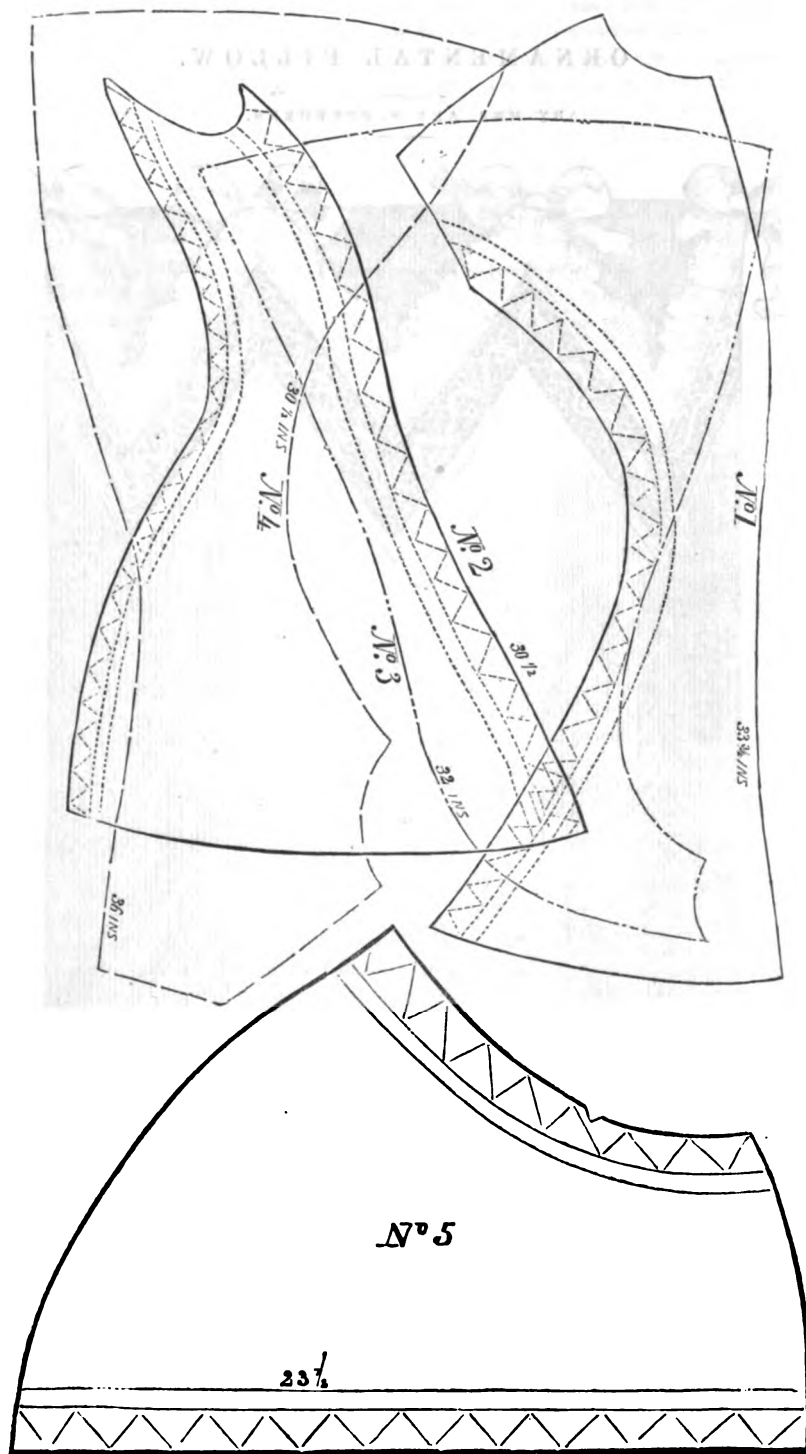
No. 4. Back.

The four parts being put together, next lay along each joining an ornament composed of two rows of velvet about two inches apart. In this space, make a chequer-work with the same black

velvet as indicated in the figure. Then surround the band with a row of black lace. The front of the jacket, as well as the bottom, is trimmed with a row of narrow black guipure similar to that which accompanies the black velvet ornaments.

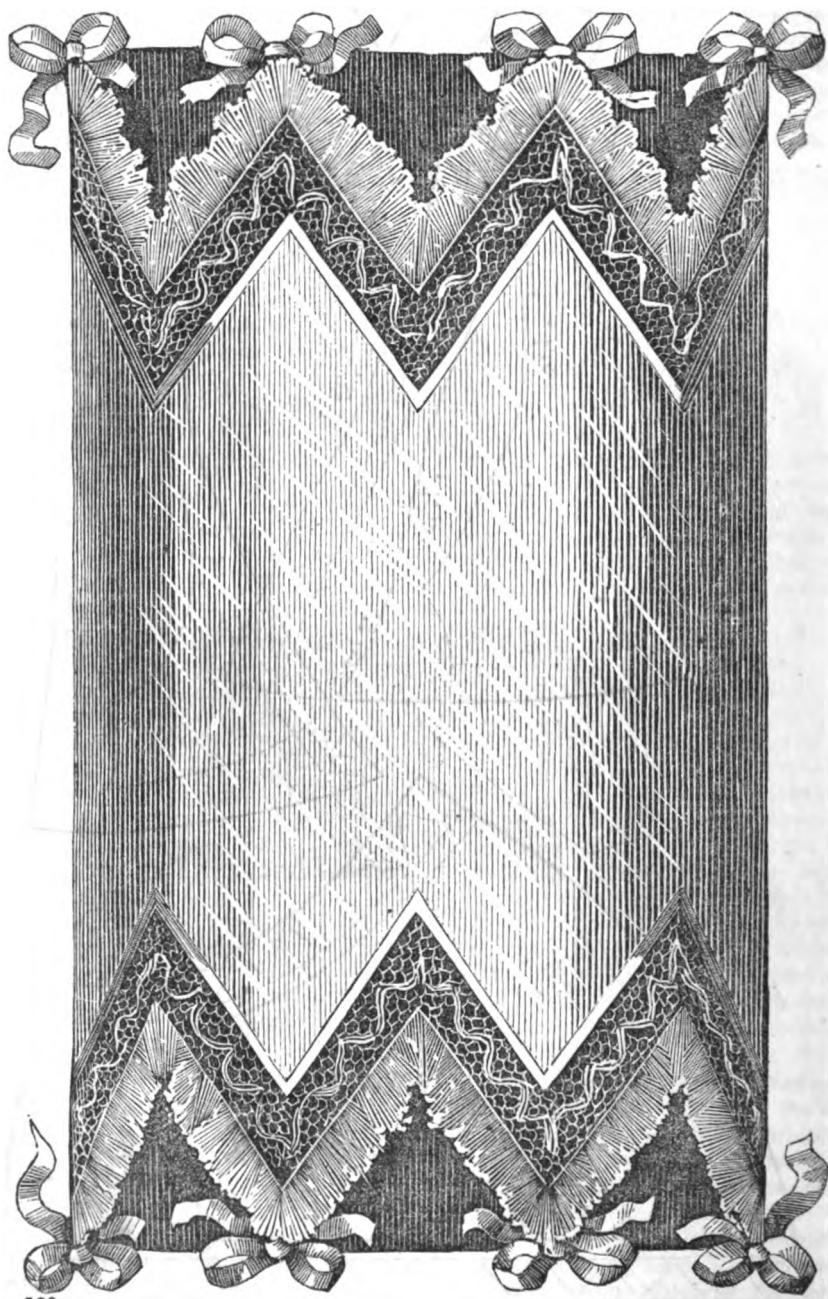
No. 5. Sleeve of the jacket (half.)

This sleeve, very wide, is closed only to the dash, the rest being left open. On the seam put an ornament similar to those on the body; and repeat same down middle of sleeve.



ORNAMENTAL PILLOW.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.



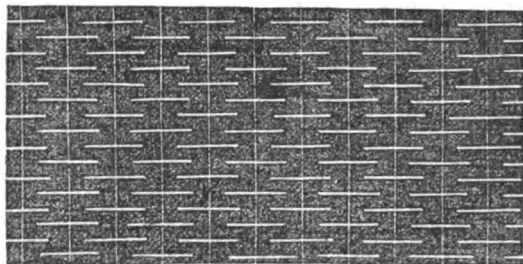
THERE are few objects more beautiful than a baby asleep in its tasteful cot, and many elegant labors of the Work-Table are often with much pride expended on it, in the shape of worked curtains, coverlids, &c., &c. The pillow which we give in our illustration is among the most ornamental of these articles. Its form will easily be understood. It is made of fine muslin, each side being cut into points, round which must be sewn a pretty open insertion of either lace or embroidery, and round the edge of this insertion must be added a narrow lace. The pillow must be covered with a colored lining of whatever delicate color may be preferred, and this very pretty cover placed over it, the points of each diamond being fastened with a small bow of narrow ribbon to match the lining, or a pearl button. The lining showing through between each point, gives it a very tasteful appearance. It is very easy to make, and, opening into a flat surface, is also most convenient for the laundress to iron, both of which are recommendations. Although the choice of color is an open question, yet we must say for this article pink and blue, which rival each other, can have no other rivals. None else partake so much of infantile beauty or suit its companionship so well. This pillow is also very elegant for a sofa invalid.

FIRE-VEIL.

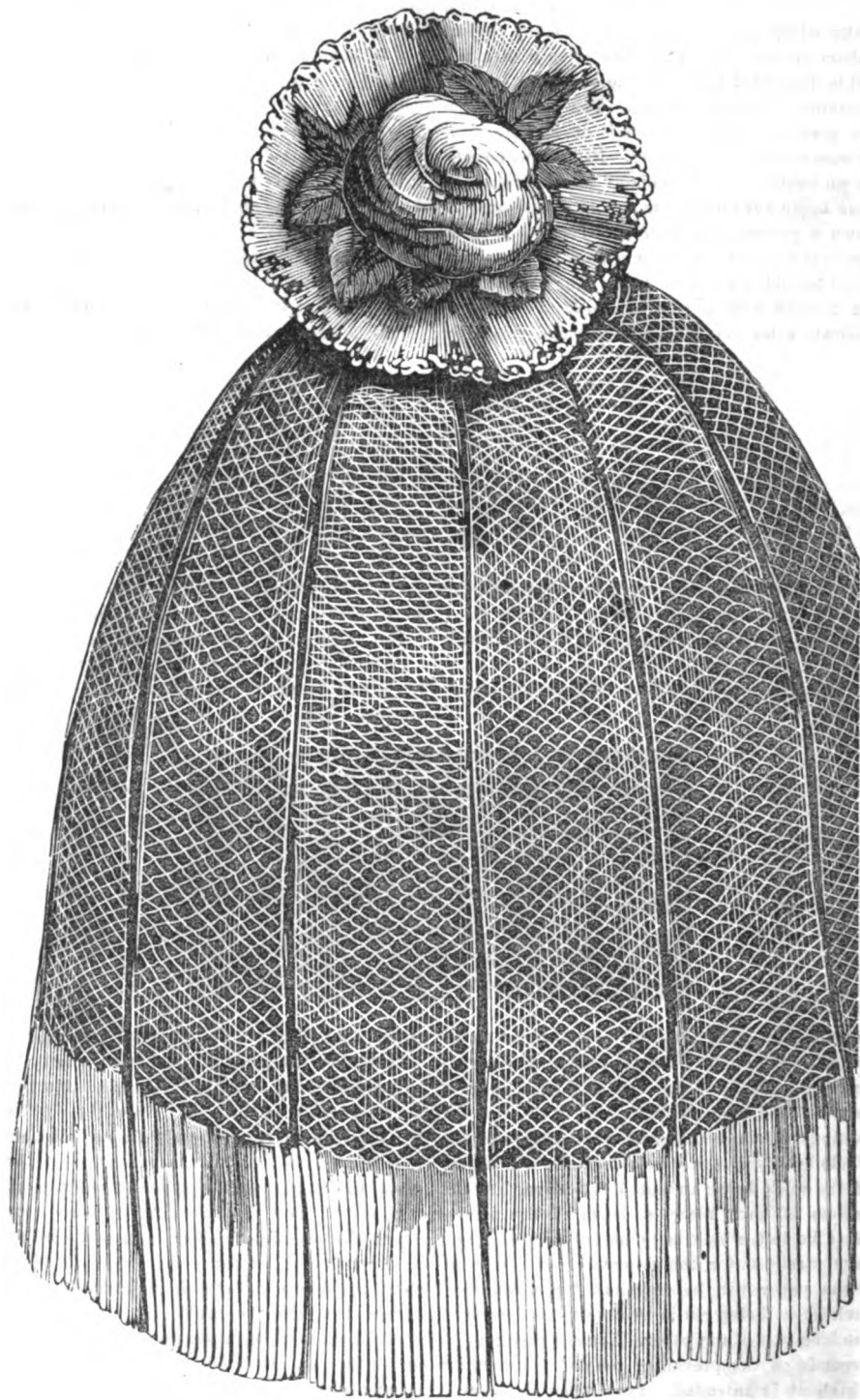
BY MRS. PULLAN.

OUR object is to give, every month, something appropriate to the particular period of the year. Thus, in winter, we give patterns for warm knit gauntlets, cuffs, hoods, shawls, &c.; and in summer other seasonable affairs. The present month reminds us that fires are no longer needed, even in the coldest portions of the United States, and that consequently fire-places are everywhere bare.

But as empty grates look comfortless, we give a pretty pattern for a paper Fire-Veil, which, we hope, will be easily understood from our illustration. The annexed cut will show in what



manner and what size the paper ought to be folded and cut. The sheets of tissue paper must be very carefully folded over and over, so as to form a band about half an inch wide, and the cuttings made with great regularity, as the whole beauty of the article depends on this part of the work being executed with care. At the bottom of each piece, a depth of five inches must be left, which is to be cut very fine and very straight, for the fringe. Five sheets of tissue paper will be sufficient for a full veil, each sheet being cut in two the whole length of the long way of the paper. The color, of course, depends on the prevailing tone of the room for which it is intended. Pure white looks well with every color, but a blue tinge in the paper spoils the effect. Two colors alternated, well chosen to contrast, look very pretty, or white and pink, or white and maize color, are very agreeable to the eye. When the eight or ten portions are cut and carefully unfolded, and the fringe at the end of each neatly cut, they must all be gathered together at the top, and fastened on to a circular piece of card-board, about the size of a tumbler. An embossed and perforated bouquet-paper must then be placed over the piece of round card board, rather gathered up in the centre, in which a piece about the size of half-a-crown should be cut out, and either an artificial rose with a few leaves, or any other pretty flower, must be inserted, as a finish to this very tasteful Fire Veil.



LA BELLE LIEGOISE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a small building of marble, with columns sculptured over with foliage encircling a single room, in which were some of those rare specimens of art that so often surprise the visitor in the neighborhood of Versailles. The ceiling and pretty dome were like an illuminated poem, so exquisitely was each panel frescoed with a rare idea in which the sweet passion of love seemed to breathe its life away. The floor was also gemmed with mosaic blossoms, and over it, after the Moorish fashion, was heaped a pile of crimson cushions, spotted and fringed with gold. From the dome fell an alabaster lamp linked to the centre picture by chains of various colored enamel. Plate-glass windows divided the empaneling of the room, but they were muffled with draperies of rich silk.

As the lady glided cautiously through the door, Therese would have boldly followed her, but that instant a footstep fell upon her ear, that made her start back, and conceal herself among the rose thickets, that screened the pavilion with a lattice-work of flowers.

Therese held her breath, and looked through this blossoming screen, as the man whose foot steps she had recognized came to the door she had just left, and opening it softly looked in. The light fell directly on his face, and Therese saw a look of disappointment sweep over it; after an instant's hesitation, he closed the door and moved away, muttering some discontented words to himself.

Directly a curtain was swept aside from one of the plate-glass windows, and a fair, young face looked anxiously out: and Therese could well understand that the young creature within had also recognized the footsteps, and was wondering why they had not continued to advance. After a moment the girl had evidently caught a glimpse of some one in the rose thicket, for she opened the sash softly, and leaning out, still half shrouded by the crimson drapery, whispered eagerly, "Come in, come in, come in, the pavilion is empty, I am alone."

Therese, impelled by that ardent passion which always prompted her actions, left her shelter at this invitation, which she well knew was intended for another, and walked boldly into the pavilion.

The young lady had dropped the window drapery at the sound of her movements, and stood in the centre of the room, looking with eager blushes toward the door.

When Therese Merincourt presented herself, the young patrician uttered a faint shriek, and stealing back to the window attempted to conceal herself again: but Therese walked quickly across the room and drew the curtain from her grasp.

"You are waiting for Count Alfred De Maury," she said, with haughty self-possession, "but he will not come."

The young creature stood up, pale and distressed. Her eyes grew large with affright, but after a moment the meaning of what Therese had said impressed her, and a flood of burning crimson swept over her neck and face.

"Who are you? Who told you that I waited for any one?" she faltered, regarding the proud beauty of her visitor with a sort of fascination.

"I knew that he was coming here to meet some one, but it evidently was not you: for the person with whom he made the appointment was taller and of more commanding presence; and when he came to the door, a moment since, and saw you within, there was disappointment on his face, and he stole away again."

"Stole away again!" burst from the young girl, and the color retreated from her face.

"But he did not recognize my face. You are mistaken, I had made no appointment with any one: as for the Count Alfred, he has but just returned to court, I have not seen him. It was by accident that I heard of his arrival. I tell you again—for you look incredulous—there was no rendezvous between us!"

"I am not incredulous, for I believe every word you say. Still you came here hoping to meet your lover—for in this place you have conversed often!"

"Who told you, a stranger, these things, which if true or false, are not subjects for idle gossip? You are not attached to the court, I have never seen that face before: yet the most secret of my affairs fall scoffingly from your lips."

"No matter who I am, Clemence De Gouvion can have nothing in common with me."

"You know my name then," cried the young girl, turning pale; "you will, perhaps, betray me to—the queen!"

Therese laughed. "Betray you, why are you not betrothed to Count Alfred?"

"No, no, not openly, not with her consent; he fears to ask it. I beseech you keep our secret! How it fell into your hands I cannot guess, for till this hour I thought it confined to his bosom and mine."

Therese looked at the eager young girl, who, quite thrown off her guard, seemed ready to confide even in a stranger with a feeling almost of compassion. She felt confidently, as if she had received some positive proof, that the young girl was no more beloved by the count than herself.

"I will keep your secret," she said. "But why fear to inform the queen of an engagement that she can find no just cause to complain of?"

"I do not know, it is his wish, and yet it must be: without the royal consent no man would dare take me for a wife."

"I will know," muttered Therese to herself. "This young creature only moves me to compassion, it is not her whom I seek. This other woman perhaps—at her voice my heart leaped as if to spring on an enemy. She is the person. His accents were timid as he addressed her; his manner humble as it never was to me, even in those days when love tamed his pride so much. As for this poor child, she is but a flower that he will uproot and trample on."

These thoughts were unspoken, and Clemence De Gouvion only knew what was passing in that strong heart by the shadows that swept over the face of her strange visitor.

"I will go," she said, in sweet, disappointed accents. "Of course he could not guess that I would come here, though somehow he always seemed to know, even if my thoughts turned this way, before he went into the country. To-morrow he will present himself at the palace, and all will be well again."

She moved hesitatingly toward the door, casting anxious glances at Therese, as if hesitating to say something.

"You wish me to go also?" said the Liegoise.

"Yes, though I did not like to say it. No one

but the queen and myself have keys to this pavilion, and I dare not leave it unlocked."

"No one but the queen and yourself—oh, I comprehend. Well, young lady, I will go. Lead the way, and I will follow."

Clemence slipped out of the door and turned, waiting for Therese to follow. The Liegoise seemed revolving some rapid thought in her mind, but she followed the girl with a sudden movement that made the young creature start, and her hand trembled nervously as she attempted to turn the key in its lock.

"Let me—you are frightened!" said Therese, putting her aside, and placing her own hand on the lock, but instead of shooting the bolt she turned it back, leaving the door unfastened.

Clemence took the key from her hand, whispered another appeal for secrecy and stole away.

Therese lingered among the thickets, till the young lady disappeared; then stealing softly back to the pavilion, she threw a cushion into the recess of a window, and placing herself upon it allowed the silken drapery to fall downward, tenting herself behind its lustrous folds. The silk had scarcely settled together, when the sound of a key turning in the lock, a trial of the latch, and a second impatient turn, betrayed the approach of another person to the pavilion.

Therese softly parted the drapery before her, and saw the door open and close hurriedly, shutting in a woman so beautiful that she fairly caught her breath with surprise. "It is the lady I saw him talking with," thought the Liegoise, fixing her burning eyes on the lovely vision. "The same, but oh! how much more resplendent. In this full light, the very pride of her presence awes even me. Oh! how my heart struggles. This is the woman before whom he grows humble as a child. How I hate her! how I hate my own senses that they must admit her to be beautiful."

Unmindful of these burning thoughts or of the dangerous presence, the lady seated herself on a pile of cushions heaped on the mosaic floor, and breathing unequally, like one in painful suspense, sat listening.

As if fascinated by the gorgeous colors of a serpent, lured to admiration spite of the loathing hate which struggled against it, Therese crouched down in her silken concealment, and gazed breathlessly upon her enemy, for such she felt, in every pulse of her being, that this lady must be. The rippling glitter of gold that damasked the white silk of her robe, the diamonds that trembled like drops of dew amid the moss roses in her hair; the very drifts of lace that fluttered, like snow-flakes, around those exquisite arms and bosom, filled the imagination

of that wayward girl, while her soul rose up in bitter rebellion against the wearer.

There was a slight noise at the door, and the lady changed the graceful repose of her position, rising slowly upright. The little silken-clad foot, which had rested in fine relief against the crimson cushions, sunk gently to the mosaic pavement. Thus, with a queenly lift of the head, Maria Antoinette sat watching the door, almost as anxious as the spy who watched her so closely, but with a power of concealment which left her lovely face in smiling tranquillity.

At last the door softly opened, and the Count De Maury came in. His eyes were full of excitement, and his face looked paler than usual, as the shaded light fell upon it.

"My queen, this is very kind. I hardly hoped to find you at the rendezvous, for it was only a half promise that you would vouchsafe," he said, dropping upon one knee by her side, and looking down upon the fair hand, which lay among the folds of her robe, as if he wished yet feared to touch it.

"Trust me, Monsieur De Maury, I had other reasons for granting this interview than you may imagine. It was not to renew a dream that has past, almost in the dawning, that I have consented to come here."

"Madam, you speak coldly—nay, cruelly," answered the young man. "It was not with freezing tones and averted glances that you parted with me only a few weeks ago."

"No," answered Maria Antoinette, with a smile that had a dash of sarcasm in it, "I have almost forgotten how long ago it was that you went into despair, at the necessity that dragged you from the court. The king has just informed me of the double cause that existed for this despondency. It was contagious, too, for Mademoiselle De Gouvion has pined, like a broken lily, since you left the court, monsieur."

The young man arose slowly from his knees, and a flush stole around his eyes, as they drooped under the haughty glances that seemed to rain scorn upon him.

"My father has been premature, madam. If he has made the proposals you hint at, it was without my sanction."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the queen, "and was it your father's wooing that caused my young maid of honor to droop so pitifully? Was it the marquis who met her so often in this pavilion, the queen's pavilion, monsieur?"

"It was my evil destiny, most beautiful of women; it was the mad love which made any sacrifice easy, any connection enduring, which promised to keep me in your presence; it was

to be near the Queen of France that I forced myself to listen and tacitly approve my father's wishes regarding Mademoiselle De Gouvion. Remember, I am dependant on the marquis, who gives me only a choice between retirement to his estate at Liege, or this marriage. The one banishes me from your feet, the other gives me freedom, for it ensures wealth and liberty of action."

The queen bent her eyes to the floor, and seemed to reflect. The indignant blood, that fired her cheek for a moment, faded gradually away; and when she lifted her eyes—those large, blueish-grey eyes that changed so eloquently with every feeling—the anger had disappeared.

"You desired this meeting, perhaps, that I might be informed of this projected alliance?"

"No," said the young man, with deep feeling, "I had not the audacity to speak. It is an inexpressible relief, that the task is spared me. Oh! madam, if you knew how deeply I love you, how this insane passion has swept away all the ephemeral fancies of my youth, you would hardly condemn the madness which seizes on any hope that promises to keep me at your feet."

"Then you have wooed Clemence De Gouvion without loving her?"

"I love only you, my queen. You, of all the earth!"

Maria Antoinette smiled, and lifting her small white hands, wove the fingers softly together, falling into a pretty habit of thought, that was so full of art, that it seemed only the natural grace of a young girl.

"De Maury," she said, at length, "how long is it since you learned to flatter the queen with words like these? The novelty of a boyish fancy should have lost its bloom before this, especially where an idle fancy has met with but cold encouragement."

"Alas! lady, you need not remind me of that. From the first day when I saw you, a fair young girl, fresh from your mother's arms, pining under the indifference of a man who never yet has known how to value the treasure bestowed upon him; from that hour I have loved—nay, worshipped you, as man never worshipped woman."

The color rose into Maria Antoinette's face, and her eyes filled with tears. She arose from her seat and stood upright, leaning one hand on a small marble table, veined with rosy streaks, that occupied a place beneath the lamp.

"And with so little encouragement—nay, against everything, has this fancy, remember I believe it nothing more, kept its place in your heart?"

"Lady, I would perish—nay! more than that, I would live without you forever could the sacrifice give you an hour's happiness, and assure me that my great sacrifice had won that hour out of your life!"

The tears, that had stood in Maria Antoinette's eyes, began to tremble, and dropped one by one on her cheek. She reached forth her hand, which quivered as he received it in his.

"I believe this—to all others you are light of speech, graceful, careless. It is only true feeling that so transfigures a man. If I have been capricious hitherto, that is over now. Such feelings are too deep and sacred for trifling."

"Oh! madam!"

"One moment. Understand me quite. The Queen of France can never accept love. But devotion, such as warm hearts feel for a woman, when she is endowed with sovereignty, that you can give, and I honorably receive. Remember, De Maury, when you speak to me again, that I am the wife of Louis the Sixteenth, the mother of his children, the first lady of France."

"But had you not been so—had fate placed you a little lower," pleaded the young man, retaining the hand which she made a faint effort to withdraw from his clasp.

"It is useless, always, to ask what might have been. Even now I scarcely know what I am. A little while ago, De Maury, I could not have talked with you on this forbidden subject so earnestly. As heretofore, I might have half encouraged, half evaded a passion, which failed to impress me with its entire sincerity. But now I am ill at ease, and desire friends, not adorers. There is, at all times, a presentiment of evil in my heart—the wild struggle of a bird to find shelter before a storm—I am weary of excitements. All this tumult of pleasure oppresses me. Do not speak of love, De Maury; but oh! be a friend to a reckless, but true-hearted woman, who wishes to act rightly, but cannot always see how."

"I will be anything—your friend, your slave!" said the young man, passionately. "Point out any sacrifice, or exertion, and see if I fail in the proof."

"The first and most difficult—be a friend to the king."

"That is difficult! you try me promptly and to the utmost," said the young man, dropping her hand, but resuming it the next instant with a firmer grasp. "For once, lady, you have been sincere and earnest with me. I, in turn, will be submissive and faithful."

"More," said the queen, gently, and with that graceful air of persuasion that rendered her

irresistable beyond all women of her time. "I must have all the dross burned out of this passion; it must be friendship, only friendship; and that, when once rendered unselfish, may endure forever. It is but right that I should set the example. If, at any time, feelings deeper than becomes a wife and queen have been excited in this heart by your homage, I have resolutely smothered them from the moment they became known to me—more, I have learned to wish the homage, which might have been too precious, transferred to another. Be my friend, De Maury. That is honorably allowed to us, but as for love that belongs to Clemence De Gouvion!"

De Maury made a quick gesture of dissent. But the queen went on, only answering this interruption with an impatient movement of the head, slight but very expressive.

"She loves you devotedly—this fair girl. I have seen it in a thousand ways. She has wealth, and in her native province the name has great power with the people, a power worthless in the feeble hands of a girl, but of moment when wielded by a judicious, manly will. Marry this young lady, and you bring strength to the king; and win from Maria Antoinette a gratitude that shall prove more lasting and more true than the love, which would have perished without yielding a single unembittered joy."

De Maury seemed deeply touched. The color came and went over his forehead; and his eyes dwelt upon the queen with a look of mournful admiration. For the first time, in his life, he saw that singular woman in her true character. Earnest, sincere, and full of mental energy, the caprice of her sex was flung aside. He felt truly that the friendship of this woman was worth a thousand fold the love he had so eagerly sought from the coquettish creature which she had hitherto appeared to him. How inestimable then must her gratitude prove!

"My queen," he said, with a tremor of deep feeling in his voice, "you shame the impulses with which I entered your presence. In granting my own wishes you humble me to the earth—I was ready to form any ties that promised to keep me near your presence—to endure any thing rather than banishment. In resolving to follow my father's commands you alone filled my thoughts. Now my very wishes are your slaves. You reject me as a lover, and I almost rejoice at it. You claim instead friendship, and that tie seems now the dearest on earth. Dispose of me as you will, in life, or death—you will find me loyal to the end."

Maria Antoinette smiled, and a look of the sweetest gratitude stole over her face.

"You will be very happy," she said, with a sigh that was too faint for his perception, "and she—oh! you will learn to love Clemence De Gouvion, she is all tenderness and truth."

"She is the person you have selected for my wife, and that is enough," answered the young man, with a gentle wave of the hand. "As for love, you have this night crushed the first and last passion that I ever have felt, or ever can feel. Maddened by your coldness, I have sought to allay the cravings of my heart by other fancies, and have been too successful in awaking the love, which, in a brief time, became repulsive as the dead flowers after a festival. I have many regrets, madam, and some memories which must sadden all my future life; but wild, passionate, reckless as he may have been, the man whom Maria Antoinette receives as her friend, never has known and never can know love for any other woman!"

The queen brushed a white hand across her eyes, and as it fell downward again, tear-drops trembled on it, brighter than the diamonds that glowed there.

"Adieu!" she said, extending the tear-stained hand, with an exquisite grace, which half invited him to press his lips upon it. "Henceforth we understand each other."

"We do," he answered, in a low, hoarse whisper, looking wistfully at the little hand in his, but dropping it at last with a deep sigh, "we do, indeed."

"Now leave me, De Maury. This interview has taxed my strength to the utmost. I must rest awhile before I put on the gay mask which befits the scene outside. To-morrow we meet again. After that your engagement to Mademoiselle De Gouvion will be openly proclaimed."

"As you will!" said the young man, sadly, "as you will," and De Maury hurried from the pavilion, that she might not know how deeply he was moved.

When she was alone, Maria Antoinette threw herself upon the pile of cushions, buried her face in the curve of her arm, and burst into a wild passion of tears. Her whole form shook and quivered under the force of this emotion, till the lamp-light seemed to ripple over her garments, and the tiara of brilliants scintillated like fragments of a rainbow among her tresses. She had just risen from her recumbent position, and was wiping the tears from her eyes with both hands, just as a child might have done, when the drape was swept back from one of the windows, and Therese Merincourt advanced from under its crimson shadows. The queen drew herself upright, haughtily regarding the intruder; but

there was in the black eyes and in the audacious self-possession of the girl, a pride and energy equal to her own. Thus, for half a minute, these two women, this queen of the court and this queen of the people, remained, breathless and still as death, looking at each other.

Therese was the first to speak.

"So, madam, you love this man also!"

The queen arose slowly to her feet. The haughty grace of a thousand kings broke forth in her gesture, as she said, "Young woman, you have intruded on the Queen of France."

"Madam," was the equally haughty reply, "you have intruded on the rights of a human soul."

The fire that struck from those black eyes, the passion that swayed each movement of her person, was so imperial, that Maria Antoinette, though born to command, regarded the strange girl with momentary awe.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion, young woman?" she said at last. "How came the guards to admit you into the grounds? But that I fear to bring a heavier punishment than your sex and youth can endure, they should be summoned to drive you forth!"

"But that you fear to bring punishment on me heavier than I can endure," answered Therese, with a touch of feeling in her voice.

"Madam, do you know how much a young creature like me can endure? You are the Queen of France, and have great power, but it has been already exhausted here. That which I have suffered is so much worse than death, which is the most cruel of your sovereign prerogatives, that severity would be merciful to me now. When a blow strikes the centre of life, all others fall away harmless. Lady, do not despise me, for this moment I am more powerful than you. Many hopes are yours, and many fears too, the fears more certain than the hopes. I hope nothing, fear nothing, yet this once will I struggle."

"Poor girl! This must be insanity. Yet it is so like reason that it chills me," said the queen, on whom the air and words of Therese had made a painful impression.

"No, I am not insane, unless to seek justice at court is a proof," answered Therese to these words, which the queen had uttered in soliloquy, for she really believed the young girl mad. "I am not insane, a few moments since perhaps it was so, for what else froze me into marble while he laid that false heart bare at your feet?"

"He? Of whom do you speak?"

"Of Alfred, the Count De Maury, who left the Queen of France a moment since."

"You were here then?"

"I was here, concealed behind that drapery yonder."

"For what purpose?"

"I heard him make the rendezvous, suspected that you were the queen, and determined to appeal against him here, and in your presence."

"Appeal against him, girl? What wrong can you have sustained from Count Alfred De Maury?"

"The greatest wrong. He has lured the soul from my bosom with a falsehood, and trampled it beneath his feet."

"How, girl? Remember, you speak of a noble of France—you, a woman of the people."

"Hush! madam, there is a sovereignty in the people of France, which you must not revile."

Maria Antoinette looked toward the door, as if she intended to call assistance; but Therese stood before her, and she shrank back, turning very pale, for the girl's voice had a power of prophecy that thrilled her to the soul.

"You speak of Count Alfred," said the queen at length, "and of wrongs to be redressed. I cannot understand a charge so vague."

"Madam, Count Alfred was my promised husband. More than that he has been my fate—yet you plead with him to marry another—a woman whom he does not love, who has not the strength to love him."

"The Count Alfred can love no one more than—"

"Hush, lady, hush. Do not repeat his protestations, do not believe them, for I tell you they are false, he has loved others—he did love me, me, a woman of the people."

The queen drew back, and for one instant a scornful smile curved her lip; but more confirmed than ever in the insanity of the creature before her, she checked the haughty impulse, and spoke with a feeling of compassion, more in accordance with her loveliness.

"And where did this engagement take place?" she inquired, willing to humor the fantasy of what she believed to be a confirmed lunatic.

"At my father's house, on the Outhé, a mile or two out of Liege."

The prompt answer surprised the queen.

"And did your father consent to it?"

"No, madam, my father is a proud man in his way, and would have refused his daughter to a patrician of the court; for to the whole class he is an enemy."

"Indeed!"

"Aye, indeed. Had the Count Alfred been a king, so much the more would my father have refused him!"

"And the marquis, how did he take the matter?"

"He sneered at it pleasantly. With him it was too absurd for anger. The happiness of a plebeian had no significance to him."

"And did Count Alfred ask his father's consent to this strange union?"

"No, madam, he did not—but I did—not consent, but justice."

"And with what success?"

"He offered me money."

There was a sting and bitterness in the utterance of these few words, that made the queen start; but she muttered, as if to herself,

"What else could a noble of France do?"

"Much!" said Therese, in a hoarse whisper, overhearing her, "much. He can atone for the insult with his blood."

Maria Antoinette looked steadily into the glowing eyes bent upon her. "This is not madness, but hate," she said to herself, glancing around for some means of escape.

"The Marquis De Maury repulsed me with an insult—his son with a sneer. I fled from it all and came to Paris, thinking perhaps to find some mercy from my own sex. As one woman, wronged and suffering, may appeal to another in the plenitude of her beauty and power, I bring my case to Maria Antoinette of France, and ask her, on my knees, not to fling me into the horrid dreams that have driven me from the shelter of my father's roof. See, lady, have pity on me, have pity on yourself; for I say most solemnly that your fate and mine are more closely linked together than any mortal has yet dreamed of."

The queen shuddered and grew pale to the lips.

"See," continued the Liegoise, with terrible earnestness, "I am a woman like yourself. My heart is swelling, like yours, with deep, human feeling. Now, every throb is a pang, for I know of a certainty that he has ceased to love me, and has given his soul to you. I know this, and yet grovel at your feet, asking but the husks of the golden fruit that was once all mine. Take his love, it is yours, and I do not wonder, for God help me! you are very beautiful. Keep his love then, call it friendship, anything that may content a dainty conscience, but do not ask him to wed another."

"But this lady is of his own class, and she loves him."

"Loves him. Away with the word, madam—a thousand such natures could not give him one tithe of the worship, that even now outlives all my wrongs, and struggles with the hate that lies festering here."

"Did the Count Alfred seek this love? True, there is enough of wild beauty in your face to justify any sacrifice of pride; but——"

"Did he seek my love, madam? Do not fancy that the unblushing effrontery, which distinguishes the ladies of a court, has yet reached the people? Had Count Alfred been a king, he must have wooed the heart of Therese Merincourt, or it had never been his."

"But you ask impossibilities of me. I have no power over the affections of Count Alfred, or his actions," said the queen, beginning to grow impatient of the interview.

"I ask nothing from his affections. Mine have been too ruthlessly trampled on for that. But I appeal, and to you, Queen of France, for that justice, which is my right. I ask Count Alfred De Maury to redeem his pledge, and make Therese Merincourt his wife—I ask nothing but his name to carry back to my father. At the altar, lady, I will give him up forever. Let him remain at court, the slave of his own pride, a serf at the foot of royalty. I ask but to redeem an honest name—I ask only to be saved from a future of revenge and death, that will overwhelm us all in one common ruin. I ask——"

"Revenge and death!" repeated the queen, turning white, either with fear or anger. "Is this a threat, mademoiselle?"

"A threat?" cried Therese, uplifting her clasped hands, and wringing them passionately, as she spoke. "A threat? No! no! I plead, I implore; but do not threaten. Save me—save yourself—save him from the terrible doom which awaits us. Look on me. I am passionate, wild, mad, if you please; a creature of the people, but I am human still. This heart is capable of great joy and terrible suffering. It has known both. I am proud, too, for in our way we of the masses can be haughty as queens. This noble has tor-

tured and degraded me. To hide it, I fled from under my father's roof, an outcast, forced upon a destiny that I abhor. Look upon me, lady. I am young, full of life, beautiful. I think it must be so, or he had never sought my poor home. At this moment, you can save me from a life of turmoil, and give back to an old man the daughter he has lost. Count Alfred does not love me. But you have double power over him. It is but a word from those lips, and the shame spot is swept from my forehead—I will return quietly to my home, broken-hearted it may be; but not writhing under this brand of shame. Lady, I implore you, speak the word that I may bless you forever!"

The queen bent her gaze to the floor. There was a severe struggle going on, between the womanly sympathy aroused by the eloquence of Therese, and the imperial pride of caste that was a part of her nature. The Liegoise stood, pale, and trembling, with her eyes full of passionate pleading bent upon her face. At last Maria Antoinette lifted her head, and the wretched girl saw that there was nothing for her to hope.

"I pity you from my soul," said the queen, "heaven knows how gladly I would help you, were it in my power, but this thing is impossible!"

Therese started forward, her hands clasped, her face pale with despair. But the queen repulsed her with gentle firmness.

"It is impossible. Spare me the pain of entreaties that can avail nothing. Stand aside and let me pass. The interview is ended."

Therese Merincourt drew back, white and rigid as marble: and like marble she stood long after the queen's footsteps had died in the distance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INSERTION.



EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

LETTER FROM A FRENCH GIRL.—MONSIEUR PETERSON—I am a French girl, not pretty, but very lively, very dark, very good-natured except when people annoy me. "Ah! mam'selle," said an old gentleman, this morning, "why don't you put your thoughts on paper?"

"Provided you'll be my dictionary," I answered.

"With my heart, mam'selle," he replied, bowing very low.

"No, with your head, because it's a very good size; and dictionaries to wear well must be bound in calf."

I don't know how to account for it, but the old gentleman hasn't spoken to me since, and we meet every day. I cried my eyes out and in again to think I should have made him an enemy, but it did no good. Alas! I am the child of misfortune. Think! two years ago we had an elegant house, mamma, papa and I in dear Paris. When I speak of house, I mean, of course, the *beletage*, a whole *suite*; the paper was blue and crimson and gilt, and the furniture red velvet. Oh! such spacious rooms! such elegant mirrors! and papa had a grand library too. My *bonne*, the good creature! I left her in Paris sobbing herself to death for me. I see her now; her grey cloak and short dress. I did love her dearly; consider, she was with me from the time of my birth. We all sobbed when she opened her arms to let me go, and for myself, I wept an ocean of tears.

This was why we left.

Papa is a *litterateur*; he published a letter—very *brusque*, they said; I don't believe it, for papa is a gentleman, but I think it was something about the government—perhaps against it—and that nasty emperor sent officers after him; but some friends told us, and we left Paris, *sans ceremonie*. That odious Louis Napoleon! oh, so ugly, you can't think. With a nose just like a radish, and a mouth as big as the Seine. The wicked, wicked fellow! he wears his ugly soul outside. Such a passage as I had, and how I did miss my *bonne*. Dear mamma, pale as a white water lily laid so helpless, and all I could do was just to lean out of my narrow bed perched up in the state-room and look at her once in awhile. The horrid waves came every few moments peeping into the window, and striking it with their great leaden hands as if they were angry because they couldn't get in. Papa was sick, too, but very brave. He kept it to himself and waited upon us all the time—mostly on mamma.

We landed in New York; I saw nothing for my tears; it didn't look at all like Paris, after we had driven some ways, but the day was gloomy. I was cold, and mamma shivered; they called it an East wind. First we lived in a hotel—not the *beletage*,
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but in the third story, and only three little rooms. I tried to bear up for mamma's sake. I overheard papa say that his money would last a year perhaps; every thing, you see, had been forfeited by that odious Louis Napoleon, and I understood that papa must work very hard now to live in tolerable style. He wrote before only for pleasure, now he must write for money. Fortunately he was an English scholar, very perfect, (we all studied English) and so learned. His lips trembled when he talked of his library once, then he forbade us to speak of it, of anything about Paris.

Well, a year went, and we must move from the hotel; it cost too much. Papa's brow was growing very pale; the blue veins stretched across; and his hair, so beautiful and silky, already I had pulled from it some silver threads that curled over his temples; and mamma looked more like a white lily than ever. The publishers did not pay very well—one of them did, but he failed, and so papa's beautiful *belle-lettres* brought us no compensation. Our boarding-house was fashionable, our rooms *comme il faut*—but think! only bed-chambers after all. Still, nobody suspected that we were very poor; we wore good gloves, neat gaiters, and as to the dresses, we made them over. I became almost proud when very fashionable *demoiselles* envied us the "beautiful taste," so they were pleased to say, of mamma's toilet and my own. They threw away their old clothes, we made new ones of ours. But *sans doute* I shall tire your patience; we are not even in that fine boarding-house to-day. Alas! we live wretchedly. Not with each other, but mamma has a cough, and papa's forehead begins to look care-worn, and we get no hope from Paris. Ah! why will not that cruel Louis Napoleon die?

When the old gentleman said, "Why don't you put your thoughts on paper?" I trembled with emotion, though I jested with him. I am sixteen, and a burden to my parents. I must do something. Mamma and I have both tried embroidery; it is very dull work, and nobody will buy such fine collars. I have many little sketches—I can write—papa says I have genius, of a certain sort. Ah! Monsieur Peterson, will you accept my little contributions? I saw you once—you did not know it, but you looked so kind! so gentle! At least I know you will feel sorry if you cannot, and tell me so. I will try and not use many French words, but ah! my beloved language! it is so sweet to write it—you cannot tell! My style may seem strange, but I have not so much experience as I may. Do as you please about this letter—you may publish it if it is anything worth. If you do, I shall be wild with joy, for my father will lose his care-worn look for a little while, and my mother will hold me to her heart and bless

me. Not of course on account of this poor letter, for probably they will never see it—at least for a long time, till I am famous, as I mean to be, but because I shall try so hard, so long, and so secretly to help them. I have a little sketch in preparation that if encouraged I shall send. It is about a beautiful French girl whom I knew in Paris.

Adieu,

LUCILLE.

"IT'S ONLY A TRIFLE."—What a common phrase. Yet there are no such things as trifles. A father comes home at night, worn out by a day's labor, and irritable in consequence; his children, unintentionally, annoy him, and he speaks angrily to them. The tears come into the little ones eyes and their lips quiver as they turn away; but he dismisses his remorse, saying to himself, "It is only a trifle." Alas! many a child has been alienated from a parent—many a father has lost his influence over his offspring—by trifles like these. Or a husband, peevish with his wife, little by little wears out her affection. Or a wife, selfishly thinking of her own cares only, and making no allowance for the irritability of a husband, tired and jaded by a day's exhausting toil, answers sharply at the first impatient word, and so either drives him to the tavern or causes a matrimonial quarrel. Or friends, in moments of spleen, listen to malicious tale-bearers, and think each other false. Or jealous lovers, offended by "trifles light as air," break off their engagements in a pet. In truth, it is oftener small things that breed dissension than great. In a matter of affection there is no such thing as a trifle.

THE LAST WORD is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more strive to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell. Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look after the weak parts of the ice, in order to keep off them. Ladies who marry for love should remember, that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the flood. The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies, like husbands, from flying off into space. The wife who would properly discharge her duties must never have a soul "above buttons." Don't trust too much to good temper when you get into an argument. Sugar is the substance most universally diffused through all natural products! Let married people take the hint from this provision of nature.

CHANGE OF NUMBER.—It will be seen, from our cover, that the number of our office is now 306 Chestnut street, instead of 102. The city government has directed the houses and stores of Philadelphia to be re-numbered, according to a new plan, and hence the change. We are still at the same place as before, therefore; where we should be happy to see all our friends.

A WOMAN'S OPINION.—Says the Gowanda (N. Y.) Phoenix:—"Peterson's July number was on our table, but Julie has taken it off, and she says it is 'better than any other Magazine that is published.' So there you have an opinion, Messrs. Publishers, and had you seen the air of decision, the tone, and the snap of her black eye as she said it, you would have esteemed it 'decidedly' a compliment of some little weight in your favor." And we do.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.—Is a beautiful picture for Grecian Painting, size of plate 14 by 18. The publishers, Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Salem, Massachusetts, will send it, post-paid, on receipt of its price, \$1.50, together with directions for painting it in this style, colors used and how to mix.

RE-PRINTING.—We are constantly re-printing back numbers, for subscribers continue to pour in, and nearly all wish the whole of "La Belle Liegeoise" and "Love's Labor Won."

THE SEE-SAW.—We have a capital illustration, this month, full of quiet humor.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Heiress of Greenhurst. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: E. Stephens.—We always think the last novel of our co-editor the best, which is the highest proof, as was said lately of Dickens, that we can give of her genius. Nevertheless, as "The Heiress of Greenhurst" is written in the autobiographical form, which affords a better play to the delineation of high passion than any other style, as the story alternates between the romantic hills of Granada and the rural districts of England, and as there is more humor in the book than there is generally in her writings, we believe we shall always remain of the opinion that it is the best of the novels Mrs. Stephens has yet published. She will probably excel it hereafter; indeed there are bits of "La Belle Liegeoise" which do excel it; but it certainly is superior to "Fashion and Famine," itself one of the most popular American fictions ever printed. We really cannot praise, too highly, the faithfulness and force with which the characters are delineated, the absorbing interest of the plot, the exquisite descriptions of natural scenery, or the tragic power with which some of the incidents are narrated. The murder of the heroine's mother, who, innocent of any real crime, is stoned to death by her gipsy tribe, on the hills near Granada, is described with a force, yet delicacy, which no other of our female writers has equalled. It would be unfair, however, for us to anticipate the interest of those who have not read the book, by any further allusion to its contents. We will add that the volume is handsomely printed; that it is one of the cheapest books of the season; and that we hear it is selling, as it deserves, by tens of thousands.

Explorations and Adventures in Honduras. Comprising Sketches of Travel in the Gold Regions of Olancho, and a Review of the History and General Resources of Central America. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. By William V. Wells. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a work of great value, especially at the present time, when so much interest exists as to Central America, a region destined to become the highway for half the commerce of the world, if not to be entirely re-peopled by the Anglo-Saxon race. Mr. Wells seems to be an honest, capable and accurate observer. He has not merely hurried through the country for the sake of writing a book, but has lived in it for months, has traversed it in many directions, and has sought to glean all the facts he could respecting it, social, political, industrial, geographical, and otherwise. To us it has been the most satisfactory work which has yet appeared on the subject. The illustrations are numerous, and are artistically executed. The maps have every appearance of being accurate.

Sisters of Charity, Catholic and Protestant. And the Communion of Labor. By Mrs. Jameson. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—We wish we had more space to devote to this book. It is worthy, indeed, of a separate article, and perhaps, some day soon, we may be able to give it one. The great idea of the work is that modern society needs women, properly trained, to act as "ministering angels," in all offices connected with the sick, the indigent, the fallen and the ignorant. Fortunately, it is only necessary to state the problem, in this way, to secure for it the assent of every intelligent, right-minded person. There is no social need, in fact, so imperative. A large demand for this little treatise would speak well for the moral culture and noble aspirations of our fair countrywomen.

Nothing New. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A collection of stories, which, having appeared before, in a more fugitive shape, are here aptly named. To most American readers, however, the tales will be new. The best of the series, we think, is "Lord Erlis-toun," which we would recommend as a model in its way. Like all Miss Muloch's fictions, it is full of noble truths, and holds up a lofty ideal, which is a perpetual incentive to the reader to strive after a higher and better life. Published in cheap style, paper covers, at fifty cents.

The Student's Gibbon. By W. Smith, L.L. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is an admirable abridgment of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." As far as possible, Dr. Smith has retained Gibbon's own words, securing the condensation necessary to his plan, by treating briefly events of inferior importance. Not the least valuable part of this edition are the illustrations, representing ancient Roman temples, coins, statues, &c. &c.

Common Sense Applied to Religion; or, The Bible and the People. By Catharine E. Beecher. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have very little faith in metaphysical books of this class. The Bible is its own best expounder. Those who read the Sacred volume, in a humble, reverent spirit, need no argument to convince them of its divine origin; and those who will not read it, or will not read it in such a spirit, are hopelessly beyond argument. The work is characterized, however, by a deeply religious feeling, as well as by the ability which marks everything written by Miss Beecher.

School Days at Rugby. By an Old Boy. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—A book of a thousand. We should call it a perfect daguerreotype of a school boy's life, but that it is better than a daguerreotype, for it is full of color. Not the least merit of the volume is its hearty, honest spirit. The writer is above all narrow conventionalism, hates a sham, and is full of sympathy with man as man. The work is dedicated to Mrs. Arnold, the widow of the lamented Dr. Arnold, of whom it speaks, throughout, in terms the most exalted and just.

The Diary of an Ennuyee. By Mrs. Jameson. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Another of the beautiful, blue and gold volumes, which Ticknor & Fields have inaugurated, and which are fast winning a place on every lady's centre-table. This "Diary," like the "Characteristics of Women," has long been a standard work, and is even preferred, by some persons, to the "Characteristica." A capitally executed engraving of Beatrice Cenci, after Guido's famous picture, embellishes the volume.

Tent Life in the Holy Land. By William C. Prime. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—From the same pen as "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia," and characterized accordingly by sterling ability. Mr. Prime controverts many of Dr. Robinson's positions, in reference to localities in Palestine; and his work is valuable for this, and not only for its sketches of customs, scenery and personal adventure. The volume is handsomely printed, and is embellished with spirited wood-cuts.

Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia. By William C. Prime. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—In knowledge of Egyptian history and antiquities, Mr. Prime surpasses former American travellers, so that this work excels, not only as a picture of modern life in Egypt and Nubia, but as a reliable authority on the monuments and hieroglyphics of those countries. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

The Satires of Juvenal and Persius. With English Notes, Critical and Explanatory, from the best Commentators. By Charles Anthon, L.L. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The name of the editor of these satires is a sufficient guarantee of the merit of this book, which is neatly printed and bound handsomely in sheep.

Dombey & Son. Illustrated Edition. By Charles Dickens. 2 vols., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Another novel of the unequalled illustrated duodecimo edition of Dickens, which the author himself considers the handsomest ever issued on either side of the Atlantic. The whole series is now rapidly drawing to a close. The undertaking has been one of the most expensive ever undertaken in this country, and we are glad to hear that the publisher is being nobly reimbursed, by the large and increasing demand. In fact, no family should be without this edition, for Dickens is one of those standard novelists, who will be read while the language lasts, and whose novels ought, therefore, to be heir-looms.

Appleton's Illustrated Hand-Book of American Travel. A full and reliable Guide by Railway, Steamboat and Stage, in the United States and British Provinces. By T. Addison Richards. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is something more than an ordinary traveller's guide. It is, in fact, more like one of Murray's Hand-Books. There are descriptions of noted places, notices of historical localities, advice as to good hotels, &c., &c. The maps are numerous and accurate. Engravings of famous scenes and places beautify the book. The book is bound with pliable cloth sides, so as to be convenient for the traveller.

Random Sketches and Notes of European Travel in 1856. By Rev. J. C. Edwards, A. M. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The subject of European travel is so hackneyed that only first-rate ability is competent to make a new book on the subject interesting. Mr. Edwards, therefore, while he has made a readable volume, has not produced one of any mark. His "Random Sketches" are neither an "Eothen," nor a "Howadji."

The Fortunes of Glencore. By Charles Lever. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A new novel, by the author of "O'Malley," is always sure of readers. The present one is issued in double column, octavo style, price fifty cents; and is just the thing to take to the country or sea-shore, or on a summer tour.

The Professor. By the author of "Jane Eyre." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is the novel which was written prior to "Jane Eyre," and for which no publisher could be found at that time. Without being equal to either of the three, which were published during the author's life-time, it is yet possessed of considerable merit, having passages, here and there, of great power. Everybody will be curious to read it, or we mistake the public.

The Romany Rye. A Sequel to "Lavengro." By George Borrow. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The London Quarterly Review pronounces this the best description of English common life ever penned, and adds that Borrow is one of the most idiomatic and graphic writers in the language. This is high praise; but does not exceed the truth. The volume is published in cheap style, price fifty cents.

The Oration of Demosthenes. Translated, with Notes, &c. By Charles R. Kennedy. 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Two more volumes of that very excellent series, "Harper's Classical Library." The oration on the Crown, which is capitally translated, alone entitles the work to a place in the library.

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, &c.

RESTORATIVE BROTH.—Put in an earthen pot, sufficiently large, four pounds of beef sliced, a good knuckle of veal, and a fowl half-roasted, add nearly three quarts of cold water, and set it at the side of the fire, to skim it gently; add salt, two carrots, a turnip, three leeks, and half a head of celery tied in a bundle, and a clove stuck in an onion, and let it boil slowly for five hours without ceasing; then take up the roots and trim them neatly; taste the broth, using but little salt to flavor the soup; skim, and add the roots to it, and serve; this is a healthy soup, and good in families where the nourishment of children is to be attended to.

CHICKEN BROTH FOR THE LUNGS.—Is the same as the above; adding, when putting the fowl on, two spoonfuls of pearl barley, and when passed through a sieve add two ounces of barley-sugar, when this is dissolved, use it lukewarm and perfectly skimmed. Capons are prepared for broths and teas as chickens, but they have more nutrition, though equally restorative, and are more proper for men than for women and children. Broth and tea of veal are also thus prepared, using one pound of lean veal from the fillet.

CHICKEN BROTH.—Put a young fowl, cut up as usual, into a small well-tinned stewpan, with two spoonfuls of rice, and two quarts of water; having skimmed it, add some coriander seed and two pinches of poppy grains; boil it gently for two hours; cover it, and take the pan from the fire to infuse for a quarter of an hour, pass it through a silk sieve, and serve it lukewarm, two hours before, and the same space after dinner. It is good to soften the blood.

ARROWROOT JELLY.—It is very necessary to be careful not to get the counterfeit sort; if genuine, it is very nourishing, especially for persons with weak bowels. Put into a saucepan half a pint of water, a glass of sherry, or spoonful of brandy, grated nutmeg, and fine sugar; boil up once, then mix it by degrees into a dessert-spoonful of arrowroot, previously rubbed smooth with two spoonfuls of cold water.

DRINKS.—A soft and fine draught for those who are weak and have a cough may be made thus:—Beat a fresh-laid egg, and mix it with quarter pint of new milk warmed, a large spoonful of rose-water, and a little nutmeg. Do not warm it after the egg is put in. Take it the first and last thing. Tamarinds, currants, fresh or in jelly, or scalded currants or cranberries, make excellent drinks, with a little sugar or not as may be agreeable.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Clean the Gilding of Glasses.—Take a small quantity of soft soap, about as much as you could put on a shilling, and mix it gradually with a pint of water that has been boiled, and allowed to get cold; put this mixture into a bottle, and shake them well together. Add two tablespoonfuls of hartshorn, and again shake the bottle well. The gilding must then be brushed over with a very soft camel's-hair brush which has been dipped in this liquid. After the detergent has been on the gilt a minute or so, using a slight brushing to the dirtiest and most intricate portion of the work, it must be freely washed off with plenty of soft water, and then left to dry of its own accord. To dry it you would do well to place it in the draught or where the sun may shine on it. Next day it must be slightly rubbed with a new washleather, which will enhance its brilliancy.

To Revive Black Lace.—Steep the lace in porter which has stood long enough to become slightly stale; rub it about in a basin until perfectly soaked, then press out the liquid by squeezing, carefully avoiding wringing, which would tear or fray the lace. After stretching it to its proper width, pin it out to dry. This will be found preferable to the use of gum water, for imparting to the lace the requisite degree of stiffening or dressing, and will make it appear as beautiful as when new.

To Dye Kid Gloves, Brown, Yellow, or Tan Color.—Steep saffron in boiling soft water for twelve hours, then having sewed up the tops of the gloves, to prevent the dye from staining the insides, wet them over with a sponge dipped into the liquor. The quantity of saffron, as well as water depends on how much dye may be required, and their relative proportion on the depth of color wanted. A common teacup will contain sufficient quantity for a pair of gloves.

Remedy for Low Spirits.—Take one teaspoonful of spirits of lavender and ten drops spirits of hartshorn in half a wine-glassful of cold water. Or.—Take of ipecacuanha, in powder, twenty grains; Castile soap, one drachm; extract of chamomile, one drachm. Mix, and divide into forty pills. Take two, twice or thrice a-day. The above, Dr. Graham vouches to be an eminently useful tonic, which has proved effective in most cases of hypochondriasis.

To Clean Silk.—Pare and slice thin three washed Irish potatoes. Pour on them a half pint of boiling water, and let it stand till cold. Strain the water, and add an equal quantity of pure alcohol. Sponge the silk on the right side, and when half dry iron it on the wrong side. The lightest colored silk may be cleansed and brightened by this process; also, cloth, velvet, or crape.

Perfume of Jasmine.—Dip portions of cotton wool in pure, clear olive oil, lay them in a tall glass vessel alternately with layers of jasmine flowers. In a few days the cotton wool will have imbibed the perfume of the flowers; the wool must then be squeezed to discharge the superfluous oil, when it will be found to retain a most agreeable scent.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Turkish Custards.—Wash in several lukewarm waters one pound and a half of Carolina rice, and set it on with cold water to blanch; as soon as it boils strain it on a sieve, turn it afterward into a large stewpan, with three quarts of milk, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, on which the rind of an orange or lemon has been rasped, and a grain of salt; put the pan over a moderate fire, that the rice may swell by degrees, but yet be kept whole; stir it a little, and add one pound of currants, washed and dried, adding twelve yolks of eggs, and some spoonful of whipt cream, until the preparation becomes somewhat soft; if not, add a little more cream, after which, mix the twelve whites of eggs whipped with it; turn the whole into a crust already prepared, put it into a moderate oven, and give it two hours and a half baking: when ready to serve, brown it with a salamander, and serve immediately; it may be made without the currants.

Stock from Fowls.—Roast two well-fed fowls, coloring them before a clear fire; put them in a stewpan with two quarts of water; skim it, and add a carrot, a turnip, a clove stuck in an onion, two leeks, half a head of celery, and a lettuce, the whole having been minced and sweated in clarified butter; add a little salt, and simmer it nearly three hours; skim off the fat carefully, and pass it through a silk sieve. Use this stock for soups, *a sante* (healthy) as it is without beef, it is light and nourishing. A turkey may thus be used, giving it double the quantities of water and seasoning, and boiling it for five hours.

Pear Marmalade.—Take six pounds of small pears and four pounds of lump sugar. Put the pears into a saucepan, with a little water, and set it on the fire. When the pears are soft, take them out; pare, quarter, and core them. As you do this, throw each piece into cold water, in another saucepan; and when all are done, set them on the fire. As soon as they are sufficiently soft, rub them through a sieve; and, having in the meantime clarified the sugar, pour the syrup to the pulp, set it on the fire, and stir the whole together until the marmalade is of the proper consistence. Then take it off, and put it into pots; when cold tie them down.

Hot Cross Buns.—Rub four ounces of butter into two pounds of flour, four ounces of sugar, and one ounce and a half of spice, consisting of ground allspice, cinnamon, and mace, mixed together; put a spoonful or two of cream into a cup of yeast, add as much milk as will make the above into a light paste, and set it by the fire to rise. They will bake quickly on tins. When half done, press the form of a cross with a tin mould in the centre.

Greengage Jam.—Rub ripe greengages through a coarse hair sieve; put the pulp into a preserving-pan along with an equal weight of lump sugar, pounded and sifted. Boil the whole to a proper thickness, and put it into pots.

Indian Curry Soup.—Take three quarts of water, which may be added some beef stock, put half of it into a stewpan, with two small chickens, surrounded with slices of fat bacon, a bunch of parsley, two bay-leaves, four cloves, a pinch of mace, the same of cayenne pepper and allspice, pepper, thyme, and and basil; let them boil slowly three-quarters of an hour, then take up the chickens; skim the liquid, and strain it through a very fine sieve into a stewpan containing ten ounces of rice washed and blanched; add a slight infusion of saffron to color it of a fine yellow; after boiling nearly an hour, pour the rice into the tureen containing the fowls cut in pieces; add the remaining liquid quite boiling, and serve. This soup should taste of the herbs and spices, and triflingly of the cayenne pepper.

THE TOILET.

WHITE TEETH, Perfumed Breath and beautiful Complexion can be acquired by using the Balm of a Thousand Flowers. What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when using the Balm of a Thousand Flowers as a dentifrice would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth as white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate that their friends will never mention it. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure each bottle is signed Fetridge & Co., N. Y. For sale by all druggists.

"WOODLAND CREAM."—A pomade for beautifying the hair. Highly perfumed, superior to any French article imported, and for half the price. For dressing ladies' hair it has no equal, giving it a bright, glossy appearance. It causes gentlemen's hair to curl in the most natural manner. It removes dandruff, always giving the hair the appearance of being fresh shampooed. Price only fifty cents. None genuine unless signed Fetridge & Co.

ART RECREATIONS.

GRECIAN PAINTING, AND ANTIQUE PAINTING ON GLASS.—Mr. J. E. Tilton, Salem, Massachusetts, will furnish all materials and directions. He deals extensively in the artist's material line, and will fill orders promptly. We annex his

CIRCULAR.

The subscriber will furnish for \$3.00 a package of twelve mezzotint engravings, (suitable for practice) and full printed instructions for Grecian painting, and a new style originating with himself, and equal to the finest copper painting, called Antique Painting on Glass, with a bottle of preparation, receipt for varnish, &c. The directions are so explicit as to enable any one to learn fully without a teacher. He also includes at above price, directions for Oriental Style and the beautiful art called Potichomanie.

For \$2.00 more, or \$5.00, he will send with the above all paints, brushes, oils, varnishes, &c. &c., needed for these arts, (Grecian and Antique) and other oil painting.

For directions only, in the above arts, Grecian, Antique Painting, Oriental, Potichomanie, sent free, by mail, one dollar, they are so full and plain, that any one with no previous knowledge of drawing can be sure to acquire.

He has also published a new picture for Grecian and Antique Painting, called "Les Orphelines." The paper, printing and engraving are thoroughly fitted for it, and the effect and finish, when painted, are fine, and superior to canvass painting. Price with rules for painting it, colors, how to mix, &c., one dollar, sent free, by mail.

Address,
J. E. TILTON, Salem, Massachusetts.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS OF BLACK BAREGE.—The skirt has three deep flounces, each edged with a row of lace, and ornamented with three strips of black satin, woven in the material. The corsage is made with a basque and lace berthe. Bonnet of black lace trimmed on each side with violets.

FIG. II.—A FAWN COLORED SILK DRESS, WITH THREE SKIRTS.—The two upper ones are trimmed with deep fringe, with a richly ornamented heading. The corsage is made without a basque, but has a pointed berthe trimmed with fringe. Bonnet of grey straw, ornamented with black lace and bunches of pink roses.

FIG. III.—A CARRIAGE DRESS OF WHITE GRENA-DINE.—The skirt has three flounces. Each flounce is ornamented with chequered bands of satin and wreaths of grape-leaves. A fringe finishes the flounces. The corsage is made with a basque, and braces pointed at the back. These, as well as the double pagoda sleeves, correspond with the skirt. Bonnet of white crape, blonde and flowers.

FIG. IV.—THE NIAGARA.—We give this principally for its new style of sleeve, which is exceedingly graceful. It is cut straight-ways of the stuff, and put in at the arm-hole plain. It is slit open to the top, and confined in three places by bows of ribbon. Some of these sleeves which we have seen, are left unfastened by the bows of ribbon, and they hang very gracefully, and more off of the arm than in the pattern.

FIG. V.—THE SARATOGA, a dress of dark mallow silk ornamented with black fringes. Body high, and round at the waist. The front of the body is covered on each side by three drawn parts not very full, and separated only by the seam which forms the string-case. The outside parts of the drawings are wider than those in the middle, and are terminated by two narrow black fringes which fall like a very small jockey over the top of the sleeve. The two drawings in front are not at all full, and end at the shoulder seam. The drawing at the side is alone continued down the back as a brace. On the skirt, there is at each side an ornament composed of two drawings rather fuller than those on the body, and both sides are edged with a fringe. The sleeve is long, wide



HEAD-DRESSES.

from top to bottom, and, from the arm-hole to the wristband which is tight, it is gathered in ribs about one and a half inches wide all the way.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Grenadines, organdies, and all the light summer tissues are at their height at present. We can scarcely say what the style is. Most ladies now have the good sense not to follow the fashions too rigorously, but modify the mode as suits their particular style or caprice. Thus we have flounces, double skirts, plain full skirts, and skirts ornamented at the sides. The same diversity of taste makes basques, round waists, berthes, "high necks" and "low necks," all fashionable. For watering-places, some of the ribbon berthes are very appropriate and beautiful. A very pretty one is made of very

wide pink ribbon. This ribbon is set off by a white blonde about four inches wide and a narrower black blonde above it. Behind, it resembles a fichu and reaches down to the waist, where there is a bow and long ends. In front, the ribbon is crossed as in the Louis XIII. fichu, and the ends also are long. A bow of pink ribbon with short ends is placed on the middle of the body. There were also some very pretty embroidered sleeves having mousquetaire cuffs edged with Valenciennes; and also another model, of plain tulle with a wristband. A broad trimming, surrounded by a puffing with a head in which runs a pink ribbon, turns up on the arm. This trimming, which forms a cuff, is cut down the middle lengthwise. In the opening a large bow of ribbon is placed.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

OUR JULY NUMBER.—Our July number is pronounced, by the press, even better than usual. Says the Kanawha (Va.) Valley Star:—"It is a splendid number. Every month we notice some improvement in this valuable monthly. For the price, it is the best Magazine in the country." The Penfield (Ga.) Crusader says:—"It is on our table, with a most inviting list of contributions. This is one of the most punctual, and among the best Magazines, of the kind, in the United States. Terms only two dollars a-year. Every lady can and should afford to pay that small amount for a Magazine so richly worth ten times the money." The Tallapoosa (Ala.) Times says:—"Its fashion-plates are splendid, and upon the whole we consider it the best Ladies' Magazine now extant." The N. W. (Mo.) Democrat says:—"It is the most complete 'Ladies' Magazine' published." The Shelby (Ky.) News says:—"The original tales published in 'Peterson' are undoubtedly the best in the country. Its colored fashion-plates are alone worth the price of subscription." The Union (N. Y.) News says:—"This Magazine is better

and better as the volume advances, and our 'better half' pronounces it unrivalled. She cannot possibly do without it." Scores of similar notices testify that our labors to make this, "the best and cheapest" of the Ladies' Magazines, are not unappreciated by a discriminating press.

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.—In this case, state the post-office where you lived, as well as that to which you have moved.

WHEN TO BEGIN.—In subscribing always state with what number you wish to begin.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTION.—No subscription, at club rates, taken for less than a year.



Museo de Arte

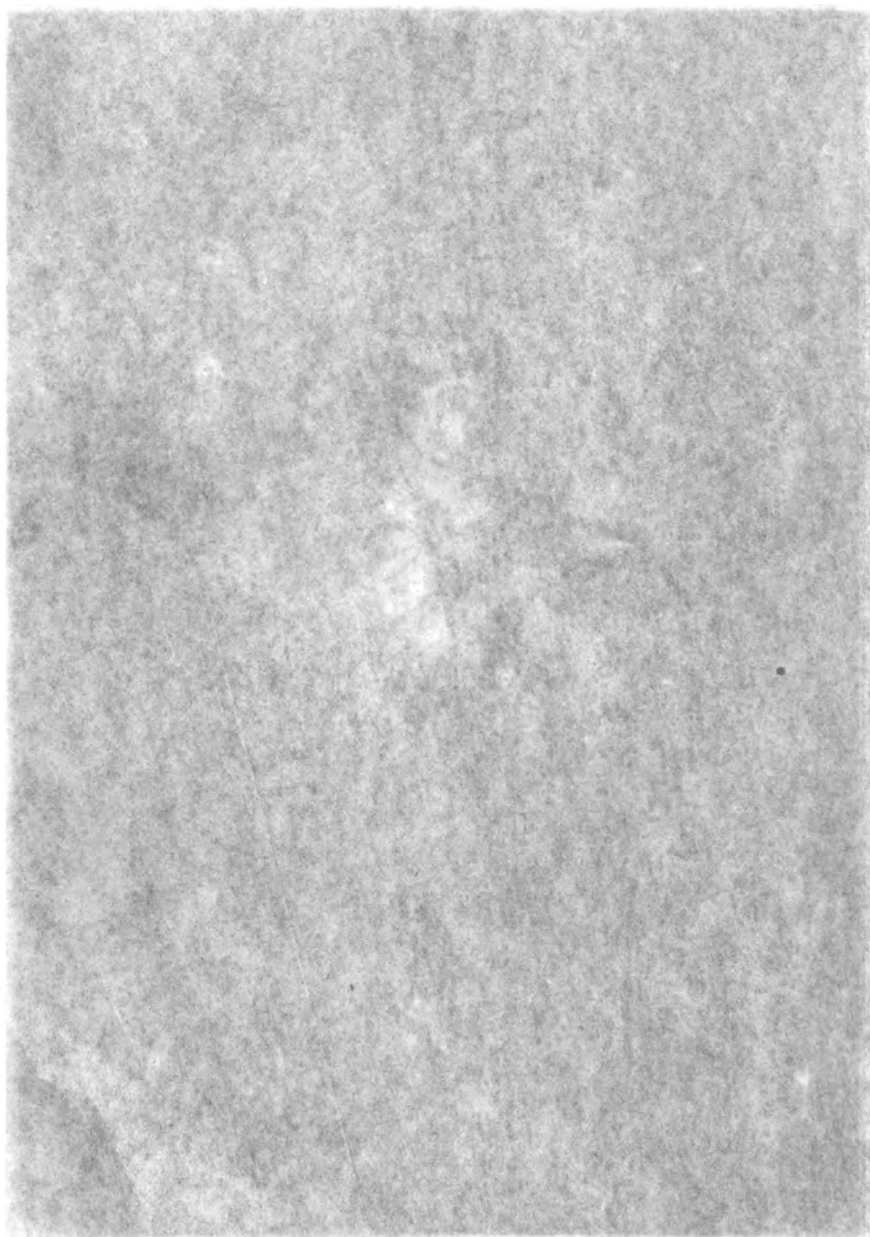


THE LITTLE GIRL WITH THE BOWL OF WATER.

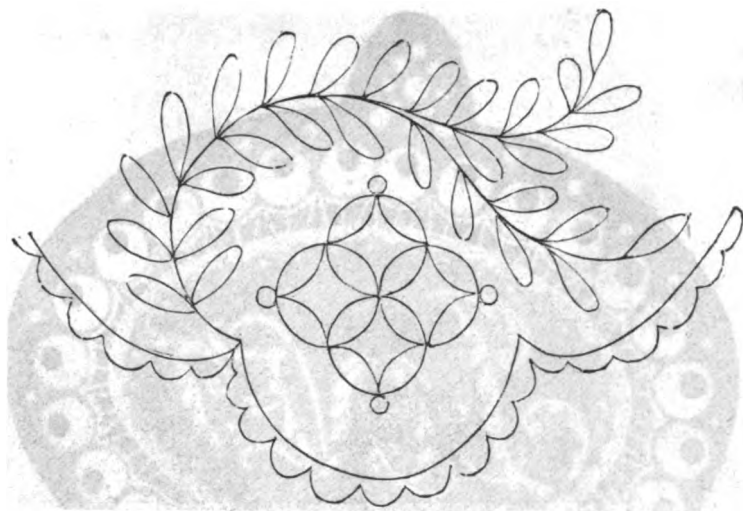
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THE SUPERIOR.



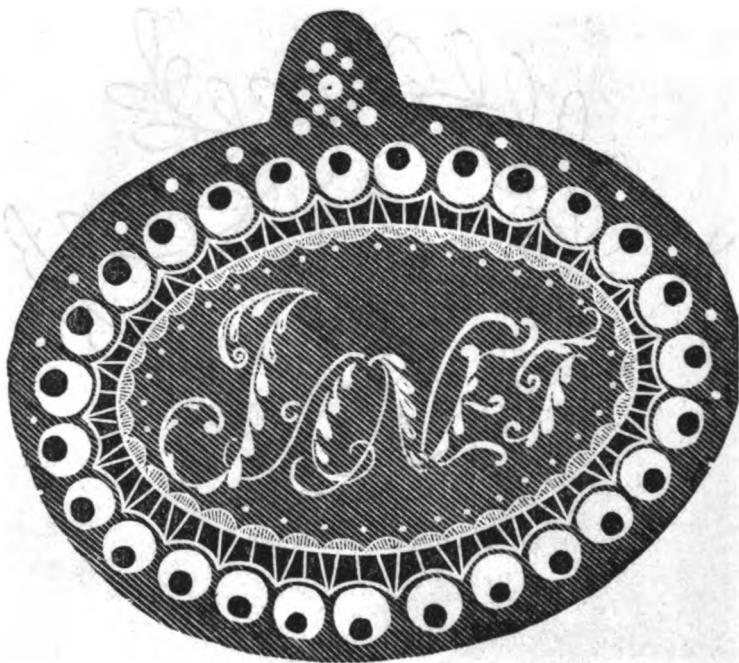
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BOTTOM OF PETTICOAT.



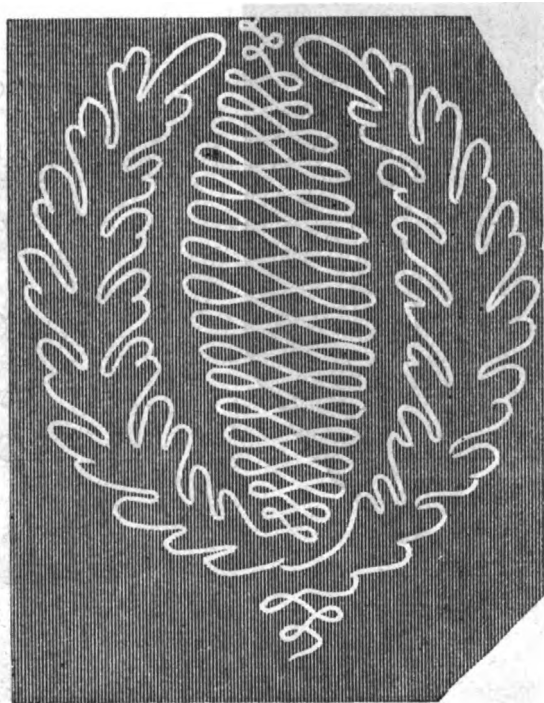
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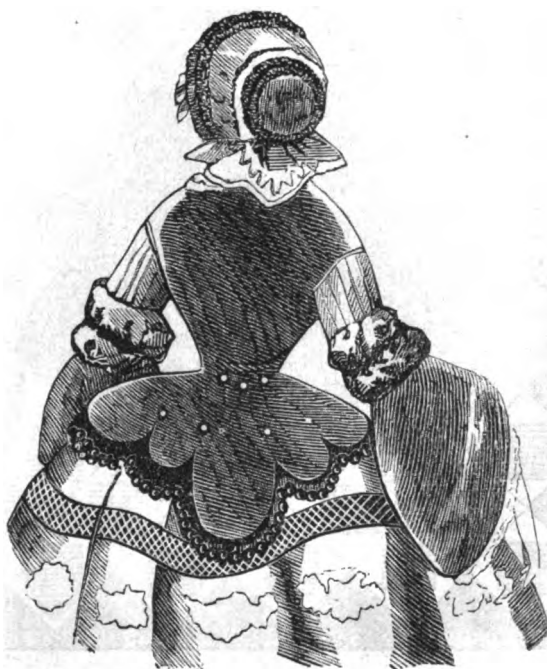
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BLACK SILK PAR-DESSUS.



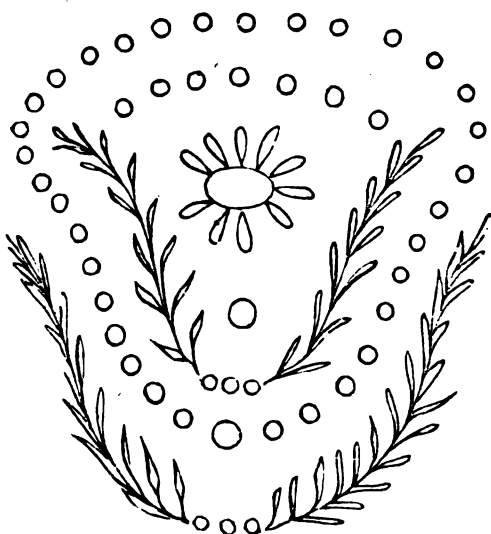
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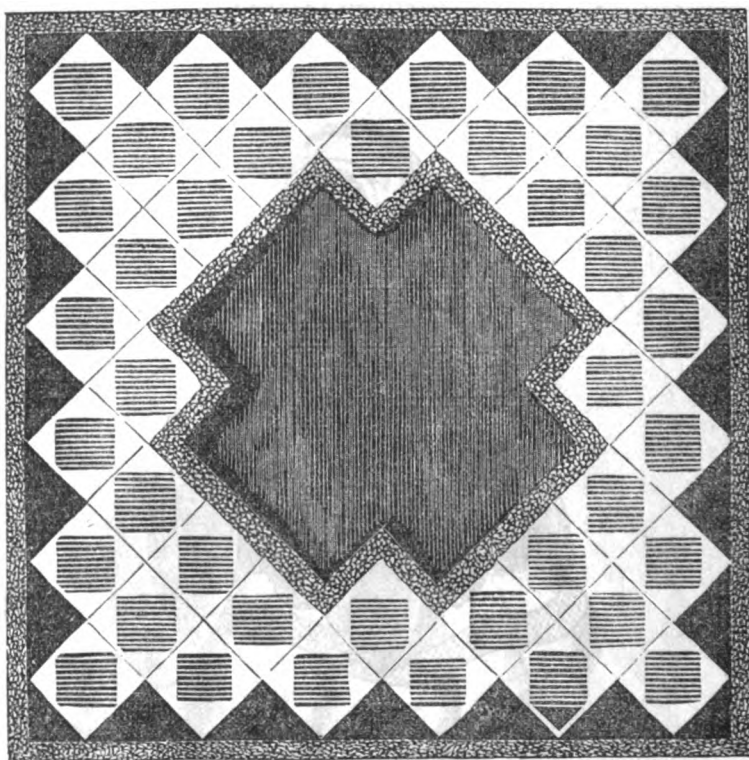
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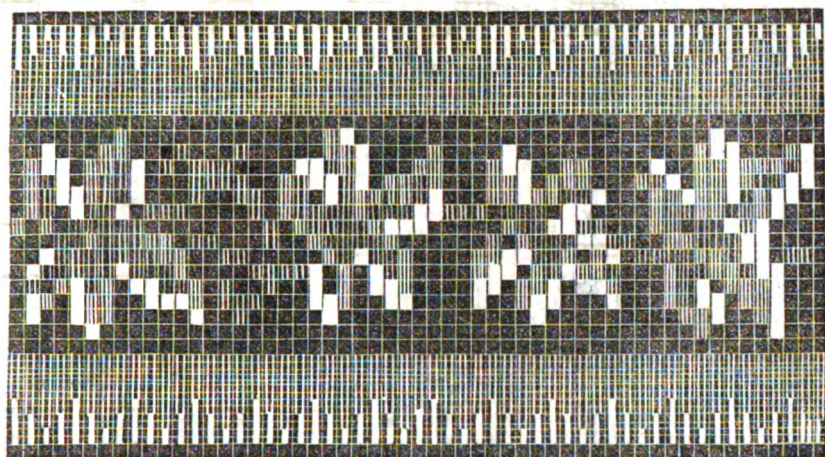
BOTTOM OF SLEEVE.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.



MAT.



DESIGN IN BERLIN WOOL WORK.



EMBROIDERED BLOTTING-CASE.

MY MOTHER DEAR.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

SAMUEL LOVER.

Tenderly.

There was a place, in

p *mf* *p* *mf* *dim.* *rall.*

This system of the musical score is for the first system of the song. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a grand staff (treble and bass), and a bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the grand and bass staves. The lyrics 'There was a place, in' are written below the treble staff. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *dim.* (diminuendo). The tempo marking *rall.* (rallentando) is also present.

child - hood, That I re - mem - ber well, And there a voice of sweet - est tone Bright fai - ry tales did tell; And gen - tle words and

p *mf* *p* *mf* *dim.* *rall.*

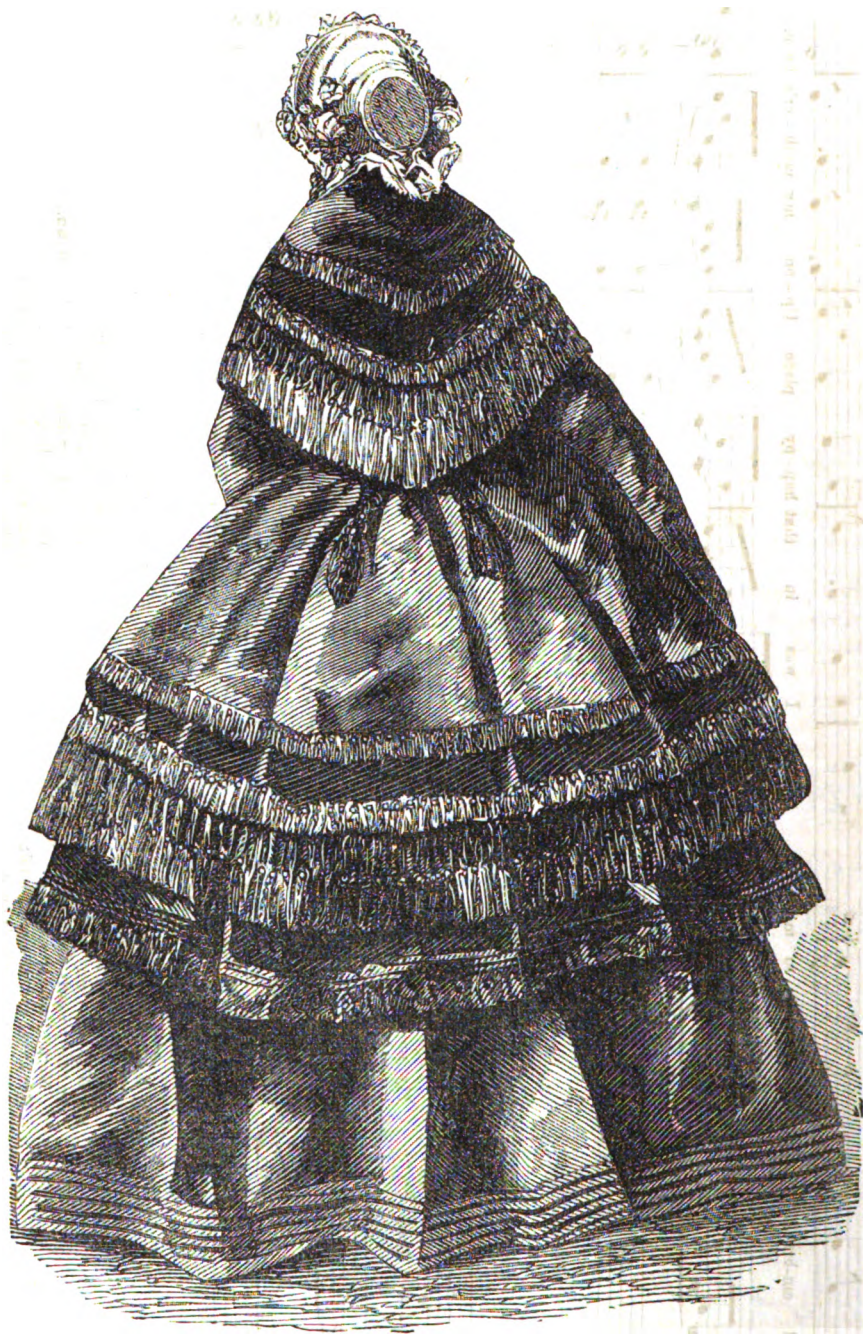
This system of the musical score is for the second system of the song. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a grand staff (treble and bass), and a bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the grand and bass staves. The lyrics 'child - hood, That I re - mem - ber well, And there a voice of sweet - est tone Bright fai - ry tales did tell; And gen - tle words and' are written below the treble staff. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *dim.* (diminuendo). The tempo marking *rall.* (rallentando) is also present.

Musical score for the first system of the song. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are: "fond em-brace Were given with joy to me, When I was in that hap-py place Up-on my moth-er's knee. My". The piano part includes a *cresc.* marking and a *p* marking.

Musical score for the second system of the song. It continues the three-staff format. The lyrics are: "moth-er dear, My moth-er dear, My gen-tle, gen-tle moth-er!". The piano part continues with various musical notations.

When fairy tales were ended,
 "Good night," she softly said,
 And kissed and laid me down to sleep
 Within my tiny bed;
 And holy words she taught me there;
 Methinks I yet can see
 Her angel eye, as close I knelt
 Beside my mother's knee.
 My mother dear, &c.

In the sickness of my childhood,
 The perils of my prime,
 The sorrows of my riper years,
 The cares of every time,
 When doubt or danger weighed me down.
 Then, pleading all for me,
 It was a fervent prayer to Heaven
 That bent my mother's knee.
 My mother dear, &c.



THE GOLCONDA.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1857.

No. 3.

THE LITTLE MILK-MAID.

BY ANNIE ARNOLD.

Mrs. AUSTIN was, with her son, taking her afternoon drive. The day was very cold. But wrapped closely in furs, the occupants of the luxurious carriage felt not the chilling blast, and cared not for the light cover of snow upon the ground. They were returning from the city, after making purchases, to their own home. It was growing dark, but before them was the prospect of the large dining-room awaiting them, supper spread, and a fire ready to comfort them for the long ride.

"Mamma!" said Harry, suddenly, "I heard somebody calling. Stop, John," and he gave the check-string a violent pull, "listen."

Above the noise of the wind came the cry, "Help, for the love of heaven."

Mrs. Austin and Harry left the carriage and followed the voice. They had not gone far before they found the speaker. It was a woman, young and pretty, but meanly dressed, who, now senseless, lay stretched out on the road. By her side stood a little girl, some two or three years of age, sobbing and wringing her baby hands, crying, "Mamma, open your eyes, mamma."

There was no time for hesitation. John, by his mistress' directions, placed the woman in the carriage, the others followed, and they were driven rapidly home.

Reader, would you like a description of our characters? We will step into the chamber of Mrs. Austin's house, where the woman was carried, and there we find:

First, Mrs. Austin, a wealthy widow of about thirty. Married at sixteen, she was at nineteen left a widow with a large fortune and a son two years old, the same lad who is now beside her. Still young, she is very handsome. Her figure is tall and stately, her eyes large and dark, her black hair glossy and abundant, and her features delicately cut and regular. She is bending over the stranger found on the road, and trying to

restore animation. Harry, now eleven years old, strongly resembles his mother. Kneeling now beside her he is trying to comfort the child, who still weeps bitterly. The little one is beautiful. Her rich, dark curls cluster in pretty rings round a small, well-shaped head, her eyes are large and of a dark, hazel-color, her complexion is slightly tanned by the sun, but the round, white shoulders show how fair it naturally is. She is dressed in a print frock, has coarse, clumsy shoes, and no stockings; and for a mantle this cold day in early winter, has only a coarse apron of her mother's, while a cape-bonnet covers the pretty curls.

Mrs. Austin tried in vain to recall the poor woman to life. The doctor was sent for, and pronounced the cause of her death to be disease of the heart, added to exposure to the cold and extreme fatigue. Her feet, blistered by walking, showed the distance she had travelled.

Mrs. Austin paid the expenses of a decent funeral, and then turned her attention to the child. Neatly and warmly clothed by her care, the little stranger, who gave her name as "Kate," was a pretty picture, and in the two days before the funeral so won Mrs. Austin's kind heart that she concluded to adopt her, much to Harry's delight.

As time passed on, little Kate won her way so completely to her benefactress' heart, that she seemed to divide it equally with Harry. Aunt Lizzie, Mrs. Austin allowed her to call her: and the three were united as if of one blood. As Kate became old enough, aunt Lizzie herself undertook her education, and was well repaid for her trouble by the quickness and intelligence of her little pupil.

When Kate was but ten years old, Mrs. Austin's health became very feeble, and being advised by the physicians to travel, she concluded to spend a year or two in Europe. Her

little protegee now gave her some uneasiness. She had concluded to take Harry, now a fine lad of nineteen, as a protector in her travels, but it was not convenient to add Katy to the party. At length she determined to leave the little girl in the care of Harry's old nurse, Dame Carey, and providing a suitable sum for her maintenance during her own absence, she placed it in the hands of Dr. Porter, a true friend of the child's, and then left her home for her travels. Poor little Katy suffered dreadfully in this parting from her best friend. It was her first sorrow since her mother died, and she felt it keenly. The little cottage of Dame Carey was not nearly so pretty, to her eye, as the fine house of Mrs. Austin, the pride of the little country village of M——, in the heart of Massachusetts. Dame Carey, an old but energetic woman, was disposed to be kind to the little girl; but her ideas of education were somewhat different from Mrs. Austin's. Kate was now obliged to rise very early, make her own bed, sweep her room, and assist in getting breakfast. In the many household duties required from her by her new protectress, she found little time for the studies Mrs. Austin had left her. Dr. Porter, grieved by the complaining tone Katy took whenever she spoke to him, tried, and succeeded in making her more contented. His commands to Dame Carey were sufficient to obtain some hours for Kate's studies every day, and anxious to please aunt Lizzie, the child eagerly availed herself of them. In three months after Mrs. Austin left her, her blithe voice sang as gay songs in the little cottage as they had ever sung in the "great house."

"You mustn't, you mustn't. Aunt Lizzie never told you to."

Was that Kate's sweet voice, raised to such a harsh pitch by passion?

Dr. Porter paused on the landing, and then loud sobs, and Dame Carey's voice in stern remonstrance, were heard.

"I am your mamma now, remember that. Stand still!"

Dr. Porter went into the little parlor. No one there. The dining-room. No one there. Then into the chamber above. There stood Katy, weeping as if her heart would break, and all her rich, dark curls lying on the floor beside her, while Dame Carey, armed with a large pair of scissors, was severing the last one from her head.

"Oh, Dr. Porter," said Katy, springing toward him, "she's cut them all off. I don't care, but aunt Lizzie did love my curls."

The doctor saw that in the child's excited state, it would not do to countenance her in any opposition to Dame Carey. So he soothed her

and finally gave her permission to take a little ride in his gig with the driver, while he spoke to the dame. Katy forgot her curls, and flew down stairs delighted with the prospect of a ride.

"Why did you cut her hair, dame?" asked the doctor.

"'Cause she's allers saying she has the headache, and it's poking over her books, and the weight of them curls, gave it to her, so I cut 'em."

There was reason in this, and the doctor said no more about it.

Katy came back, charmed with her ride, forgetful of her cropped hair, and ready to forgive Dame Carey. The dame was sometimes stern and quiet with Katy, but she was her true friend, and the child knew it; and when the dame's rheumatism was bad, there could not be found a handier little nurse and housekeeper than Katy.

Dr. Porter left the little cottage in good health and spirits, and was carried home a corpse. His horse, frightened by some object in the road, ran away, broke the gig, and the doctor was thrown violently on a pile of stones, receiving a blow in the temple, which killed him instantly. The coachman was much injured, but eventually recovered. There was now a great change in little Kate's fortune. Mrs. Austin, confiding in the doctor's honor, had, on placing the money for Kate's support in his hands, made only a verbal agreement with him, and now this money went, with the doctor's fortune, to his heirs, Katy having no means of proving it hers. Although she received letters from Mrs. Austin, she, owing to the uncertainty of that lady's movements, was unable to answer them.

Dame Carey, with the best intentions, was not able to support the child, and Katy accepted an offer as assistant in a large dairy near Mrs. Austin's. Her duty was that of little milk-maid, to carry the milk in pans from the cows to the dairy, and during the day to assist in skimming it. The little hands, which had learnt pretty airs on Mrs. Austin's piano, now lifted heavy tin pans of milk; the pretty feet, so often tripping through dances with Harry for a partner, to aunt Lizzie's gay music, now trudged without shoe or stocking over the fields to and from the dairy; the rich curls were gone, and the dark hair was the only protection to the head; but somehow Katy's old spirit of complaining had left her. Happy in her free life in the open air, happy in a certainty that she was useful, proud of her wages, as her own earnings, the little milk-maid wore as smiling a face, as the petted child of Mrs. Austin ever had done.

Month after month passed; Mrs. Austin had

been three years abroad. One day Katy saw the shutters of the great house opened, and preparations for the lady's return being made. Her questions were, however, not answered by the new servants now at work, and she did not know when they would arrive. Mrs. Austin's last letter to her said soon, but that was all. Coming home! Katy thought of the sun-burned face, short hair, shabby clothes, and bare feet, and wondered if aunt Lizzie would know her.

She was crossing the little hill with a pan of milk, just at sunset, one fine summer evening, when she heard the roll of a carriage on the road. It stopped. She stopped too, and milk in hand watched it. A face in the window made the little girl start, drop her milk, pan and all, and run down the hill to the road. The carriage still stood there, and Harry Austin sprang out to ask the little girl some question.

"Little girl!" he said, "can you tell us exactly where the dairy of Mr. — is?" He stopped; then cried suddenly, "Katy!"

"Katy!" said Mrs. Austin, from the carriage, "where?"

"Here, aunt Lizzie!"

Her first surprise over, Mrs. Austin found no difficulty in recognizing her adopted niece. It was indeed Katy, who, alternately laughing and crying, was seated beside her. Mrs. Austin, with re-established health, had now come home to stay; but Harry was to return in a month to Europe. Katy was, of course, to go back to Mrs. Austin's to resume her studies, and restore, aunt Lizzie hoped, her beauty.

Five years have passed. We quote from a letter of Harry Austin's to his mother:

"Yes, darling mother, in a few days I shall sail for home. Home! mother! and Katy! I ring the changes on those three words from morning till night. Dear little Katy! kiss her for me, mother, and tell her I shall soon be at home to perform that brotherly duty myself. You say she has been a great comfort to you in these five long years. God bless her for that. Good-bye, darling mother, till I see you.

HARRY."

Is this the same Katy, reader? Her clear complexion is only what it was before the sun burned it; her dark clustering curls have had five years to grow in since you saw her; her tall, graceful figure but fulfils the promise of her childhood; and her tiny hands and feet have only resumed their natural shape. A bright blush was the sole answer she made on hearing Harry's message.

Katy and Mrs. Austin are on a visit to Boston, and Mrs. Austin's niece is decidedly one of the belles this winter. The evening after they received the letter from Harry, they were at a large party given by one of Mrs. Austin's friends. During their absence the traveller returned. To give them a pleasant surprise, he doffed his travelling dress, arrayed his manly figure in the choicest Parisian dress in his trunk, and followed them. Mrs. Austin was in the parlor when he arrived, but came into the hall to meet him. After the first greeting was over, Harry inquired for Kate.

"There she is!" said Mrs. Austin, pointing into the parlor. "Is she not lovely?"

"Lovely indeed! Is that Katy? How beautiful she is!"

She was standing under the chandelier, surrounded by ladies and gentlemen. Her rich dress of claret-colored silk, trimmed with black lace, set off her snowy arms and neck to the greatest advantage; while a coronet of pearls, her birth-day gift from Mrs. Austin, made her hair look richer and darker by the contrast. Was that Kate? And going back in thought to the little milk-maid on the hill, no wonder Harry asked the question.

"Oh, mother," said Harry, the next morning, as they were all seated around the breakfast-table, "I lost my heart on the ship coming over."

"To whose care did you confide that valuable article?" inquired Mrs. Austin, laughing.

"To Miss Huntingdon, whose pa has taken the new house you wrote to me they were building near here. I received an invitation to call, and the blue eyes and fair curls of the hostess were so irresistible that I shall accept the invitation."

What ailed Kate that morning? She could not sew, read nor practise. She said her head ached from last night's excitement, and received kind orders to lie down from Mrs. Austin. She went to her own room, and fastening the door, took out all Harry's letters written to her while he was abroad. They were full of affection, in some places he even called her his little wife, but of course he was joking. She, a dependant on Mrs. Austin's charity, his wife! and a low, bitter laugh broke from the young girl's lips. Yet she had cherished these letters, and had—yes, she had loved the writer. Poor Katy.

Several months passed away. Harry was very kind to her, took long rides with her, brought her books and flowers, learned duets with her, escorted her to all the parties she attended: and if it had not been for his frequent visits to Miss

Huntingdon, Kate would have thought he loved her—more than an adopted cousin.

One day, at dinner, Harry made, for Kate, the following startling announcement:

"Mother, Mr. Rogers and Miss Huntingdon are to be married, next week, and we have a verbal invitation to the wedding. Miss Huntingdon wants to be introduced to Kate."

"Married?" said Mrs. Austin.

"Yes! Didn't I tell you they were engaged? They came over together in the same vessel with me, and he lost his heart in a very short time: I said I lost mine, but it was only a jest."

"Kate! Kate! You are crimson. How silly to care! There, that is better," and having thus scolded herself, Kate drew up her figure, raised her drooping head, and flattered herself that nobody knew she cared. But Harry's eyes were quick. He saw the quick blood rush to her cheeks, the sudden light in her eyes, and the nervous trembling of her fingers, and he was very, very glad. There had been to him an in-

explicable reserve in Kate's manner ever since his return from Europe. Here was the explanation. She had believed he loved another.

Mrs. Austin was sitting on the porch that pleasant evening doing nothing, when Harry and Kate came up the walk and stood before her. Harry erect and manly, beaming with joy; Kate, pale and drooping, her eyes fastened to the ground as if she feared to raise them.

"Mother," said Harry, "I love Kate, and she says she loves me, but she fears my mother will not receive her for a daughter."

Mrs. Austin took Kate's hand.

"Why, Kate?" she asked, kindly, "because you are not rich, and because you are an orphan and of unknown origin? No, darling. Thank God I have no such false pride. My only wish is to see my two children happy. If they can make each other so, they will make me happy too. My child," and she drew Kate to her bosom, "my child, this has been my foudest wish for years."

IN THE NIGHT.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

ALL day I list for voices
That do not come to me,
And vainly think I hear them
Along the evening sea:
They come not in the day-time,
But every night it seems
That I can hear them speaking low
Around me, in my dreams.
All day I think of faces,
And through the open door
I look to see them enter,
As in the days of yore;

They come not in the day-time,
But every night it seems
As if I saw them smiling down
Upon me, in my dreams.
All day my soul remembers,
While fast before my eyes
The forms that I have loved so
In other days arise;
'Tis sorrow in the day-time,
But every night it seems
As if their souls were with me still,
And loved me, in my dreams.

THE CRESTED WAVES ARE FOLDED CLOSE.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

THE crested waves are folded close,
The restless wind has sigh'd its last,
And silence, like an angel fair,
Throughout the lovely earth hath passed.
And they who wept, and they who smiled,
Have drank alike the oblivious cup,
Only one sad, unsleeping thing
Heavens' azure stairway mounteth up.

Only one sad, unsleeping thing,
While rest enfoldeth beasts and men;
The moon, like soul that suffered here,
And nightly feels its woes again.
Oh! moon, I love thy mournful light,
When cold it falls on hill and shore;
'Tis like the memory of the loved,
Of the beloved we trust no more.

DEACONS' SONS AND DOMINIES' DAUGHTERS.

BY MISS CARRIE E. FAIRFIELD.

Who ever thought that grave, sober, solemn, puritanical New England, was the place of all others for the perpetration of practical jokes? And yet everybody knows that the Yankees are just the shrewdest, 'cutest race upon the face of the earth: so there is nothing very paradoxical, after all, in their keen appreciation of the ridiculous. One thing I must say to their credit: I never knew a true Yankee to allow his amiability to be ruffled by any laugh extorted at his expense. He will see the fun, enjoy it heartily—remember the joker. And his, "I owe you one for that," is as good a promissory note as was ever put in black and white. Pay-time may be long in coming—but it is sure, nevertheless.

Allan came in from the post-office, the other day, with the joyful exclamation, "What do you think, girls; Carrie Murray has come home from boarding-school. Now there will be fun going on."

"That there will," said Kate, "and I warn you, young man, that you had better be on the look-out, for, you know, she owes you one for the joke you played on her last summer. Carrie isn't the girl to forget obligations of that sort."

"Oh! I'll risk her," said Allan. "Carrie always had a soft place in her heart for me; and she won't be too hard on an old friend, I know. At any rate, I shall pay my respects to her next Sunday night."

"All right," said Kate; "only remember, I have warned you."

"Carrie is a nice girl," said Kate, "and I believe Allan likes her better than any one else he ever saw; they have been friends off and on quite since they were children; and I believe are almost as good as engaged. But they both like fun, and neither is willing, in a joke, to be outwitted by the other. I can't remember the time, these five years, when there hasn't been some unsettled score between them. Last summer, Al wrote her a long series of letters purporting to come from an unknown admirer; a gentleman who had seen her frequently at Madam A——'s school, and had followed her home in the cars; she took no notice of the first two or three; but at last he wrote one so saucy, that she sat down and gave him a real castigation. She is spunky when she is aroused; and she did let herself out that time,

and no mistake. That was all Al wanted, and maybe he didn't laugh at her, when he got the letter. She didn't hear the last of it, for one six weeks. I'm going to keep close watch over Al's manœuvres while she is around; for if he does get paid off, it will be too good to lose."

I don't know as I have ever told you that Al is studying medicine with Dr. Haylitt, at the village; and sometimes accompanies his teacher on his rounds of visits. Occasionally, in extreme cases, he is even out all night, sitting up with the patient, while the doctor lies down.

On the Saturday afternoon succeeding the above conversation, Al came hurriedly into our room, and announced that he should have to attend the doctor that night. Of course, the next day, he was sleepy enough. At breakfast, he looked as if he hadn't slept an hour; and at church could hardly keep himself awake.

"I reckon Carrie will be minus her beau to-night," said I, as Kate and I went to our room after tea.

"I don't know," was the reply. "Al is pretty resolute, and I noticed that he drank three cups of strong green tea. I think he'll go: at any rate, we'll watch."

The minister's house was in sight from our windows, and it was not long till we saw Allan wending his way thither. "I thought so," said Kate; "and now, just for fun's sake, let's know what time he comes home. You are such a light sleeper we can easily place a trap in the hall for him to stumble over, the noise of which will waken you."

I entered into the joke, and just before we went to bed, placed two of the heavy old-fashioned chairs against each other, directly in the path from the staircase to Al's chamber door; and in such a position that the lightest touch would tumble them heavily upon the floor. Then placing a lamp and matches together with my watch on a chair at the head of the bed, I was tolerably sure of my victim.

"I declare," said Kate, as she watched my preparations, "you are getting real 'cute, Lil: I do believe if you were to remain in Yankeedom for another year or two, you could almost pass yourself off for one of us."

The night was warm, and we did not sleep

soundly till after twelve o'clock. "Al hasn't come yet," said Kate. "What can make him stay so long? I do think he must be popping the question."

After that we went to sleep. Suddenly I was startled from the midst of a delightful dream by the most terrible racket. Kate, too, was aroused, and forgetting in her fright the man-trap in the hall, sprang out of bed, and running to the door, exclaimed,

"Mercy me! Allan, is it you? You frightened me almost to death."

"Who put these chairs here?" was the only response, as Al stalked sulkily to his room.

I had looked at my watch in the meantime, and it was four o'clock. "Pretty well," said Kate, as we turned over to our morning's nap.

Al looked rather sleepy at breakfast: but we forbore to joke him in the presence of the family; and as soon as he left the table, he went to his own room "to study," he said. Perhaps he did study, but if so, he must have been more deeply absorbed than usual, for the dinner bell was rung for him three times before he heard it; and when he came down, I thought I had never seen a person look more as if he had just started up from a sound sleep.

"There's some mystery about this," said Kate. "He don't say anything about the chairs. I expected he would make a terrible fuss. Depend on it, Carrie has been playing him some trick, or he wouldn't be so quiet about the occurrences of last night."

On Wednesday, Mrs. Murray and Carrie came over to spend the afternoon and take tea with us. "Now watch," said Kate, in a whisper to me, "keep your eyes wide open; and we'll unravel this riddle yet."

Al did not make his appearance in the parlor till about tea-time. He greeted the guests with his usual frankness and cordiality; but as he shook hands with Carrie, a tall, stately, arch-looking brunette, I noticed a peculiar tremble in his eyes; whilst a most comically demure expression settled itself over her face; a look of innocence and simplicity quite foreign to the usual language of her dark, bewitching eye. I watched Allan narrowly, but his spirits were so unusually good, and his attentions to Miss Carrie were offered with such perfect ease and politeness, that I presently said to Kate, aside,

"I think we were mistaken in our conjectures; they seem to be on the most friendly terms imaginable."

"Ah! you don't understand," said Kate, "the depth of Yankee wit; and the strength of control which accompanies it. Do you suppose he is

going to let her know that she has succeeded in vexing and mortifying him half to death? No, no. Al is too shrewd to enhance her triumph by any such exhibitions. The more I watch their manœuvres, the more I am convinced that we are right."

We were all sitting on the front piazza after tea, enjoying a pleasant chat, and the coming coolness of the evening, when, somehow or other, I have forgotten how, the conversation turned upon spiritualism.

"Well," said Mrs. Murray, "I don't believe in spirits, of course; but a strange thing happened at our house last Sunday night, which I should like to have explained."

Kate glanced at me with a wary but significant glance. Al colored slightly, and Carrie blushed to the roots of her hair, and looked comical.

"What was it?" asked aunt Hap, with open eyes. "Land o' mercy! if the spirits has got to comin' to minister's houses. I'm sure it is time they was seen to."

"Oh! I don't really think it was spirits," said Mrs. Murray, who was evidently serious in the matter; "but I can't think what it was. Last Monday morning Bridget got up early, intending to churn before breakfast. We always keep the churn down cellar, and Sunday night, the last thing before I went to bed, I went down stairs to the cake jar, to put away a plate of cake, and I distinctly remember seeing the churn standing in its usual place just under the window. What fixes it more particularly in my mind is the fact, that as I passed it I stumbled over a potato which had rolled out of the bin, and caught hold of the dasher to support myself. Well, of course, when Biddy got up, she went directly down cellar for the churn; but behold it wasn't there. There was no one else up in the house yet, but she came to my door and asked me where the churn was. 'Down cellar,' said I. 'Shure it isn't there, madam,' said Biddy, 'for it is meself that has hunted the cellar over for it.' I rose instantly and dressed myself, scolding all the time about the carelessness of Irish servants; and went down stairs as certain of finding the missing implement as I was of reaching the cellar. But surely enough it wasn't there; nor did fifteen minutes thorough and patient search bring it to light. At last we concluded it must have been stolen; and I told Biddy to go into the milk-room and bring out the pail of cream, and we would hang it down the well awhile, and then perhaps we could bring the butter by stirring it in a crock. We have only one cow, you know; so there isn't a great deal of it, any way. Biddy went; but

presently a cry startled me, and she exclaimed, 'Holy St. Patrick and all his angels; but here is the very churn itself, marm, sittin' right foreinast the door.' I ran to the buttery, and there sure enough it was. Now, if anybody can explain to me how that churn got there, I'd thank them to do it, for I am sure I can't."

Al had been listening to the narration with the deepest interest. "I think," said he, at its conclusion, "you must have a somnambulist in your family, Mrs. Murray. It looks very much to me like the feat of a sleep-walker."

"I agree with you perfectly," said Carrie, mischievously. "People get into strange predicaments in their sleep sometimes."

Al blushed and looked a little conscious, and I think he was not very sorry that just then his father called him away.

"Carrie," said aunt Hap, "wasn't Allen at your house, Sunday night? I ain't inquisitive about young folks secrets, I never was; but nothin' never went cris-cross in this ere house, but he had somethin' to do with it; and I'll bet now he's been up to some o' his capers with that ere churn. It's just like him; I don't think it's bein' in the minister's house would make the least bit of difference. That boy hain't got a single grain o' respect for his betters; he hain't. I don't know what can be the reason; I'm sure I have done my duty by him. As to these ere sperits, I don't believe nothin' at all inter 'em, and never did; I think it's all a device o' the enemy, and anybody that's a mind to listen to 'em may; but I won't. I'll warrant ye now, that Al Wildfire has had more to do with that ere churn than any o' the sperits."

Carrie was evidently just ready to explode with merriment, but with a strong effort she succeeded in drawing her face down to a grave length; Kate and I, however, were now fairly on the scent; and had no notion of being throw off till the game was fairly bagged.

"Al," cried Kate, "come here and defend yourself; aunt Hap is assailing your character."

"You must be mistaken, Kate," said Allan, who had just come back; "aunt Hap knows that I never do anything wrong."

"She says," continued Kate, "that you put Mrs. Murray's churn in the milk-room. Now I want to know if it is so?"

Al blushed and looked amused. "I am sure Mrs. Murray doesn't believe me capable of introducing any disorder among her household utensils," said he, appealing to that lady.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Murray, slowly, as if a new suspicion had crossed her mind. "It seems to me I did leave a young gentleman in

the parlor, when I went to bed; and now that your aunt mentions it, I do remember to have heard that same young man accused of playing pranks upon his neighbors; though what could have induced him to meddle with my poor inoffensive churn, I can't conceive."

"Well, to set your minds quite at rest," said Al, "I can confidently assure you, that I did not bring the churn out of the cellar; nor do I know at this moment, whether the aforesaid implement is red, white, or blue."

But Kate wasn't to be set at rest so easily. "But didn't you know something about the churn? I'm sure you did, for I see it in your eye; and I know there was something funny about that Sunday night too."

"He is so oblivious in regard to its color," said Carrie, mischievously, "maybe he could tell something of its form more readily."

Confident now of being in the right, Kate persevered with her inquiries. "Come now, Allan, do confess," said she. "I am perfectly certain that there is a joke at the bottom of all this; and you know well enough that I never shall rest till I get at the truth: so you may as well own up, right away."

"Couldn't think of it, sis," said Al, merrily; "you must puzzle your wits over it awhile longer; besides," he added, glancing at Carrie, "there was a lady in the scrape; and under such circumstances I never turn informer. But you must excuse me, ladies; father is calling me again, and I must leave you."

"Carrie," said Kate, suddenly changing her tactics, "I have a charge to prefer against you. I want to know for what earthly reason you kept my brother up so late, last Sunday night. He didn't get home until four o'clock. I can pardon a slight indiscretion in old friends who meet after a long parting: but it seems to me that is stretching too long a point."

Carrie looked a little embarrassed at this sudden attack. "I am sure I was not to blame for his late hours; for I was in bed long before the time you mention."

"Nevertheless," said Kate, "as Mrs. Murray admits that he was staying with you, I shall hold you responsible for his whereabouts."

Carrie hesitated a moment, and then with a blush and a comical smile, she replied, "I think it very probable that the strongest reason Allan had for refusing to gratify your curiosity was, that the story would involve the confession that I was sitting in his lap; but we are old friends, you know; and had many things to talk over. It was just getting time for him to go; but I had a long story to tell him about some of our

boarding-school frolics, which I suppose, after all, was naturally a good deal more interesting to me than to him, when looking up into his face, I discovered that he was fast asleep! At first I came near laughing out loudly enough to waken him; but the next instant, remembering that I owed him a joke, I slipped quietly down from his lap, and ran down cellar and got the churn, and laid it nicely in his arms. Then, leaving a candle burning on the mantle-piece, I hurried off to my own room. When the churn came up missing, I confidently expected to find it in the parlor; but it seems the gentleman was a little too 'cute to leave it there; and not knowing precisely where it belonged, he put it in the place which seemed to him most likely to be the right one. I looked for the candle the next morning, fancying that I could judge by that how long his nap lasted; but there too he was too many for me; he had taken it with him."

"What a lucky thing," said Kate, "that we thought of fixing the trap. If it hadn't been for that, we never should have known when he woke."

"There!" exclaimed aunt Hap, "I told you so; I knew, just as soon as I heard about that churn, that Al had had some hand in it. He's always up to just such things. I'm glad to hear that he's got come up with for once; though I must say, I don't approve o' no such goin's on, amongst people that ought to know better than to give way to such levity. Only think what an example for a deacon's son and a minister's

daughter to set. I only hope it never'll be told on; I wouldn't have it get out for nothin'. There's no knowin' the harm it might do."

"Well, I'm thankful it happened. I do love a good laugh, and a laugh at Al's expense is especially glorious," said Kate. "Won't he catch it though when he comes back."

"Here he is now," said Carrie, just as they were rising to leave.

"Just in time to see you home, ladies," was the polite reply. "I am sorry you are going so soon."

"Don't stay to hug the churn to-night," said Kate; "because I don't want to be frightened to death again, by your coming in at four o'clock in the morning."

"No," said I, "we would rather carry a churn to your room, Al, for you to practise upon at home."

Al turned the conversation. "What an elegant shawl you have, Carrie," said he, glancing at her crimson stella with a gold border. "I don't know why, but I have a great fancy for bright colors."

"Yes, yes," said Kate, "I just begin to see why you like Carrie so well. It is because she is *such a dasher!*"

Al and Carrie have concluded that it is "diamond cut diamond" between them. Accordingly, they have entered into a treaty of permanent amity, which, when Al has finished his profession, is to be further cemented by a still closer alliance.

REVERIES.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

SUMMER's sun is shining o'er me,
Summer's flowers are round me now,
And a bright bird swinging o'er me,
Warbles soft a song to cheer me,
From the maple's hanging bough;
Soft the winds creep through the leaves,
Singing with their voices low,
Songs that angel minstrels weave
Up above the clouds of snow,
Where the brightness of an Eden,
Lies upon the changeless Heaven.

Blue is all the sky this morning,
Bright and green the earth's fair hills,
And the yellow light is streaming
On a thousand leaping rills,
That with voices of sweet laughter,
On their waves of silver water,
Glide down by the rumbling mills.

Nature with her thousand voices,
Whispers in my list'ning ear,
And my spirit glad rejoices,
In the breathings soft and clear.
And this morning as I wander,
O'er the green old hills, and ponder
On the blessings all so dear,
That our God hath kindly given,
I think of what must be in Heaven,
With its fadeless leaves and flowers,
All its glorious vine-wreathed bowers,
And the calm and perfect rest,
That shall make our spirits blest,
Ah, if earth is bright to-day,
Brighter far is Heaven:
Why do we fear to flee away,
Where such joys are given,
When angel hands weave love's bright chain,
Whose links shall ne'er unloose again?

ADRIENNE MARSHALL.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

FIVE years ago, I was settled as pastor over a large and exacting congregation, in the village of Rembrandt, one of the most delightful of many charming New England villages.

The people of Rembrandt had taken me fresh from the Theological Seminary, and although my education, as well as my nature, eminently fitted me for the responsibility I had assumed, still I lacked that long experience and ready adaptation to circumstances, which is essential to the success of a country clergyman. As I was without family I boarded, and a home was found for me in the abode of Mrs. Greenough, a widow lady, who became in time like a kind mother to me. My own mother had long slept the painless sleep of death, and in Mrs. Greenough I had a ready and judicious adviser—a warm, firm friend. I visited much among my people, and have every reason to believe that for the first year of my ministrations they were perfectly satisfied with me.

I formed many agreeable acquaintances, and became much attached to Rembrandt and its associations. Among my best friends I reckoned Dr. and Mrs. Harstein, a worthy couple residing in a pretty freestone mansion at the bottom of the village. They were without children, very wealthy, and the doctor followed his profession more from a love of it than from absolute necessity.

Mrs. Harstein possessed for me a sister's regard, and the good physician treated me with the most sincere kindness.

I had not been long in Rembrandt before the fame of a lady, residing in a neighboring town, reached my ears. She was the theme of conversation almost everywhere I visited; and as a natural consequence, from listening so much to remarks upon Adrienne Marshall's face, form, dress, and strange, mysterious manners, I grew interested. In reply to my curious inquiries, I learned that Adrienne was the only surviving remnant of a family of great wealth and power, who had emigrated from England to America, during the troublesome times preceding the reign of pacific Victoria. Adrienne was the sole heiress of the wealth of the Marshalls, and she lived, with a dozen old servants, by herself, in a fine old home somewhere amid the mountains of Confluens.

"Adrienne," said Mrs. Harstein, "is related to my husband very slightly, and in consequence she often comes here visiting. I know not if you would like her, Mr. Halferston; she is a strange sort of a creature. The charms of our Rembrandt girls have entirely failed in inducing you to give up those Greek and Latin tomes which you are so deep in love with! It's really too bad, Mr. Halferston!"

Mrs. Harstein was evidently a little piqued, that I had paid so little attention to the fascinations of her fair townswomen, and I smiled as I said, "You would not have me forget my calling and play the flirt, surely, Mrs. Harstein?"

"Play the flirt? Assuredly not! but, my dear sir—begging you pardon for the freedom—if you would only marry I think it would increase your happiness as well as usefulness. A minister's wife has a great—almost unbounded—sphere of influence."

"Very true," I said, indifferently, and the conversation dropped.

Toward the autumn of my first year in Rembrandt, as I was walking along the principal street of the village—whither I had been attracted by the unusual splendor of a moonlit night—I met upon the narrow sidewalk two ladies, one of whom I recognized at a glance was Mrs. Harstein, the other was a stranger.

She was clad in plain black silk, and a heavy velvet mantle of the same sombre hue, veiled her shoulders. Mrs. Harstein stopped, and held out her hand.

"Ah, I am pleased to see you! Rev. Cranfield Halferston, my dear Adrienne—Miss Marshall, Mr. Halferston," she said, presenting me to the lady. On the impulse of the moment I extended my hand to the stately Miss Marshall, but without noticing the movement, she turned toward me and bowed coldly, icily.

My eyes were riveted upon her face. The white rays of the moon fell full upon her brow, which was broad and regal, and folded about with bands of hair which gleamed in the light like threads of spun jet. The features were faultless as the carved thought of a sculptor; but her eyes, alone, drew my attention. Deep, dark, and passionless when they rested on my face, but as she turned partially away to allow Mrs. Harstein a moment's conversation with me

regarding church matters, I saw that lifting them to the eternal blue of the heavens, lit up by the spangles of golden stars, they glowed and dilated until it seemed the boundless fields of azure had not the wherewith to satisfy the wild, fathomless yearning of their gaze!

The reader will pardon me if I seem enthusiastic, but in that fifteen minutes interview in the cold moonlight of September, my whole being, heart, life, and soul, went forth and made the election of its everlasting love, and the chosen was Adrienne Marshall.

I had reached the mature age of six and twenty, and, strange to say, I had never loved. In my youth I had no little girl cousins to claim my boyish love, and in the earlier years of my manhood, I had been too much absorbed in studying the divine inspiration which I was to pour out upon the needy world, to heed the attractions of the fair beings who flitted around me. But the time that comes once in the life of every mature person, came to me when my eyes looked into the face of Adrienne Marshall. With my whole strength I resisted, but my will, hitherto invulnerable in the conquest of self, availed naught.

I saw Miss Marshall the following evening at the house of Mrs. Harstein, but we made no progress toward acquaintanceship. She was politely distant, and wrapping myself in the impenetrable armor of that reserve which has ever been the stumbling block of my life, I directed my conversation to any but Miss Marshall.

She went away, and I saw her no more for ten months, and then under what dreadful circumstances!

The summer of 18— was unusually hot and dry, and by the close of July a terrible drought withered and burnt up the earth. Rain fell not, and vegetation drooped down and died. The unnatural state of the weather brought on much sickness in many places, and Rembrandt was visited with a malignant fever which swept scores into the grave. Families took their leave of each member when they retired at night to their couches, for maybe the light of morning would find some one of their number struggling in the grasp of the fatal destroyer.

As my office demanded, I went about among my horror-stricken people, striving to administer consolation to breaking hearts, and infuse hope into despairing souls. Even though danger threatened me, I could not leave my flock in such dire distress, and I clung to them to the last. In four weeks after the breaking out of the disease, the little village was almost entirely

deserted—all, who were untainted with the infection, having fled to temporary dwellings among the mountains.

In a half dozen houses the destroyer still raged, and from being night and day with the sufferers, without repose, or sufficient food, my strength gave way, and one burning morning in August I found myself prostrate upon a bed in a deserted home, with the terrible fever fastened upon me. There for four days I tossed upon my couch in an agony! No hand to bathe my scorching forehead, and hold the refreshing cordial to my lips! My body was racked with the intensest pain, and my mind suffered indescribable tortures.

The morning of the fifth day, as I was lying weak and exhausted from a violent spasm of pain, the room door swung slowly open, and the form of a woman appeared on the threshold. I lifted up my eyes, and immediately recognized Adrienne Marshall!

With a sharp cry of terror, for I forgot every thing but the danger to which she was exposed, I besought her to leave me.

"In heaven's name, madam, go! You will die here with the terrible infection if you persist! You so young, so beautiful, so beloved, go! go, I entreat you!" I was almost frantic.

She waved me back authoritatively.

"I shall remain, Mr. Halferston. You had better be quiet—excitement is unfavorable to your disease."

"But you surely will not dare to remain here alone, with me, where death is liable to overtake me at any moment? You——"

"I dare to do my duty!" she returned, firmly, "and I shall stay here even at the risk of being unwelcome."

"Unwelcome! Oh, Miss Marshall, did you but know——"

She cut me short by an impatient gesture, and then she went about arranging the disorder into which the apartment had fallen. She brought fresh flowers—so very fresh and odoriferous that I knew they must have grown amid the cool mountain shadows—and placed them in clear vases filled with pure, sweet water. Then she came to my bedside, and gave me refreshing drinks, and put cooling baths on my throbbing head; and the rich perfume of the flowers, the blessedness of her presence, and the sweet peace of being near her, stole like a balm over my senses, and I lost all consciousness.

Long, long days passed wearily before I knew anything again.

When I awoke to consciousness, Dr. Harstein and Miss Marshall were bending over me with

intense anxiety depicted upon their countenances. I essayed to speak, but the doctor forbade.

"Quietude, my dear friend, is all that can restore you—on it your life depends!"

Again I would have spoken, but Adrienne's soft hand was laid across my lips.

"Mr. Halferston, I ask it," she said, gently.

It was enough—I said no more. Afterward when I grew stronger, they told me very cautiously of what had transpired in the village during my illness. Of the death of my dearly loved friend, Mrs. Greenough, and the dark midnight which had seen her laid away in the grave. I grieved for her very deeply, for she was to me much as my mother had been. Mrs. Harstein was safe with her friends in a retired country place, some hundred miles from Rembrandt, and the doctor throughout the whole season of terror had stood unshaken at his post.

At the first news of my danger, Adrienne had left her home and come to my relief. To all his entreaties to flee from the contagion, Dr. Harstein said, she had turned a deaf ear, refusing to leave what she considered the field of duty.

Oh, those days of convalescence—they were the happiest of my life! In close communion with the gifted soul of Adrienne Marshall, my own spirit enlarged and bathed in a purer light! My soul rose up, as it were, on the wings of inspiration, and I felt equal to do all things—dare all things! Yes, do all things but ask for the love which alone could satisfy me! Therein, I was powerless. I feared if I should say aught to her of love she would flee away and leave me in darkness, lacking the sunlight of her presence.

So from day to day I procrastinated—and put the future far away from me.

One evening, about a fortnight after my return to life, I missed Adrienne from my room. Just as I was about endeavoring to go in search of her, Dr. Harstein came in, and in reply to my anxious looks, he said, "Adrienne has gone home—duty calls her in other places!"

By the middle of autumn health was once more restored to the village, and I resumed my ministerial duties. For a time, all went well as usual in my church, but many of the old pillars—the grey-headed men—had died during the contagion, and disaffection crept in among my people. I strove hard to prevent things from reaching a crisis, but in vain. There was a party—composed mostly of the younger people in the place—who wished to tear down the old temple of worship and build one of modern style—to sacrifice the sacred altar of their fathers upon the shrine of fashionable splendor.

With my whole strength I opposed this mea-

sure, but they cast aside my words as nought, and with the deepest regret I heard the appointment of a meeting to act upon the proposed plan of dividing the church. By custom, as well as inclination, was I excluded from the assemblage, for I could not bear to listen to the words which would sever the bonds of love and unity existing between that people, who, from the regard they professed to bear to their Divine Master, should be as the members of one family.

Trembling and alone; with many prayers and much weeping I remained in my room awaiting the result. Time passed slowly on—the clock struck ten—then eleven streamed out on the cold January air, and with its last dying reverberation, Dr. Harstein sprang into the room and caught me in his arms. "Saved! saved!" was all he could for some time articulate.

When his joy was a little subdued, I learned all. The meeting had convened, and the prospects for a separation in my little congregation were very flattering to the disaffected party. In the midst of the discussion, Adrienne Marshall, in all her regal beauty, accompanied by two grey-haired elders from the upper conference—men of long experience and unblemished piety—came into the room.

What they said, the arguments they used to convince the people of their folly, the doctor said it was impossible to tell. Then, when the elders had finished, Adrienne herself had arisen, and such a resistless speech, the doctor said, had never been uttered in Rembrandt. She called upon them for the regard they had borne to their forefathers, who now reposed in the shadow of the old church—who had been buried from its holy altar—to preserve it from the hands of desecration! To cherish the building where their mothers had been married, and the font where they had given their infants to God in baptism! To look with a fostering care on the consolidated church which Jehovah had blessed so abundantly, and beware of rending in pieces the foundation of Zion!

Enough to say that she conquered—the people came forth in a mass and asked forgiveness one of another, and then of the God whom they had grieved by their perversity.

I went to rest that night perfectly happy, and my dreams were of Paradisian fields in the land where all is peace.

I continued my ministrations to my thrice beloved people, and though not permitted to see and express my obligations to her who had been my good angel, yet I lived in the humble trust that some time her strange reserve toward me would wear away.

Riding one day far into the country to visit a sick man, who had sent for me, a sudden shower overtook me, and I reined my horse into the court-yard of a beautiful country home, on the high swell of land beyond Confluens.

The hall door of the house opened, and a servant came out, and taking my horse to the stable motioned me into the house.

Adrienne Marshall met me in the door. Singularly I had been thus sent to meet my fate. She welcomed me most kindly, and took me into her private sitting-room. I tried to thank her for the many kindnesses I had received at her hands, but my voice choked, and almost before I knew it I had poured out the story of my love! She took my hand kindly, while a flush of crimson swept across her brow.

"I owe you an apology, my friend," she said,

"for my coldness and reserve toward you, but I had heard much of Mr. Halferston's indifference to my sex, and I wished not to crowd my acquaintance upon him."

Before I left Marshall House, I had won from Adrienne—my Adrienne—a consent to an early wedding day, and what I prized most highly, the confession of a love dating from the night when I had given her my own heart.

I am an old man now, but I am still with my beloved people at Rembrandt. I have married their young men and maidens—christened their children, and buried their dead.

My wife—Adrienne—has been the one great blessing of my life, and hand-in-hand we walk trustfully on, fearing nothing—but hoping much in the Everlasting Future!

MY LOVE IS DEAD.

BY E. JOHNSON.

On! gather in the flowers,
Fresh from their humble bed,
And drop them lightly round her—
For my love is dead!

And let the bells ring softly,
Sadly, and ling'ring slow;
Ling'ring over her sweetness—
For my love lies low!

And let the sunbeams kiss her
As she lies on her bed,
Their brightness will not wake her—
For my love is dead!

And let the green earth take her
To its cool, quiet breast,
And soft leaves grow above her—
My love is at rest!

Oh! little birds keep singing
Ever above her head,
Your softest, sweetest music—
For my love is dead!

Oh! holy shining angels
For her pure spirit come,
And up the dazzling pathway,
Bear my loved one home!

EPITHALAMIUM.

BY E. SUMMERS DANA.

How sweetly Limerick's golden bells
Ring out their evening chime;
Borne from Italia's classic dells
To Erin's mellow clime.
How softly from their molten cells,
With redolence of tone,
The notes of these sweet vesper-bells
Seem blended into one.

How dearly, when two kindred hearts,
In Love's oblivious dream,
Moor in a fragile shell, their bark,
Upon Affliction's stream.

The golden wings of fairies beat
Sweet chimes upon that shore,
Till all their loves in music meet
And mingle evermore.

Thus two young hearts of noble mould
Have twined about the hours
Of future bliss bright hues of gold
That deck the fairest flowers.
Ah! may no griefs those hours beguile
That swell their coming years,
Or, such their fate, make breaking smiles
Seem sweeter for the tears.

WHY I WENT TO IRVINGTON.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

DEAR EDITOR—Don't you want a mouthful of fresh air? Genuine country air that has been playing with the long grass, listening to the birds in the tree-tops, been down by the brook-side where the cows lie in the shade? If I could put you up some in this letter, how like laughing gas it would come to you in hot and crowded Chesnut street! Don't tell me about the necessity of being brought up with Nature in order to love her! I long, as no constant votary could, to kiss the clover, embrace the mullen-stalks, tell my secrets to every wild flower. Why, even that dusty road winding away through the hot sunshine, is dear to me because it is in the country. I love every rail of the fence by its side. I'd ask nothing better than to sit on the topmost one all day, in the shade of an oak, and think of nothing—only feel. Do you know that intense longing that comes to the dweller in cities in the very early spring days, when first the south wind blows softly, and you hear the continual drip through the leaders of the melting snow on the roofs—those days when you impatiently shut the register and throw up the sash? A breath of violets is on the air from the open windows of hot-houses, and you love to imagine it comes from the country, and in fancy you go out on the thaw-flooded hills, through the bare but budding forests, you lay a thick blanket shawl for a cushion in some dry, sunny nook, to listen to the stir of coming vegetation, the murmur of the thousand busy gnomes beneath the ground. Their "spring opening" takes place soon. Their fashions are the newest and yet the oldest. Talk of the fickleness of woman! Did one ever tell you that she would not sorrow if the grass, the ferns were differently arrayed from what they were when Hope and she first walked among them, if the violet on which her blue eyes linger were not an unchanging sweet reminder of by-gone comparisons?

When the shade-trees along the sidewalks have fully reared their sparkling green domes, and the promenades are bright with gayly dressed ladies, no longer holding their garments ankle high from the black mud of the crossings, the desire for the country is not half so deep. It comes again when July's furnace-breath is on your cheek. Then it is a panting, a sick longing, a necessity—half physical.

A celebrated preacher says that for the first few weeks of a new farm he thought the principal use of it was "to lie down upon." Can any one, "long in city pent," not sympathize with that? Then come, dear Editor.

Here is a spreading chesnut, I'll give you my shawl for a pillow, so that you need not dread ear-wigs, and you can stretch yourself at length under the loving, boundless heavens. Don't think—don't tell yourself what you ought to be feeling. Is it irreverent to say that Nature, like her Great Creator, whispers, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it?"

Let me tell you how I came here to Irvington. On my way to Lake Mahopac, I saw a little boy in the cars, eating taffy. Now if there is any thing I love, it is taffy. Rose and banana drops are good, comfits are nice, but they can't compare with taffy. Caeana is the old Albany name for it. I've heard it termed hardbake. I believe the English call it lollipops. Is it as close to their hearts and as plentifully daubed over their faces as ours? If so, it might form a better bond of union than any treaties, or even the Atlantic telegraph. If they offer us their hands we'll stick to theirs. (In these days of divorces wouldn't it be a good plan for those who join hands in matrimony to partake freely of taffy, previous to the ceremony?)

I looked and longed, and after awhile took an orange out of my bag, and held it up to the urchin with a significant gesture, whereat he grinned outrageously, and did not stir. Soon I perceived a great increase in his rate of devouring the taffy. He had no mind for a reciprocity treaty. His great soul aspired to tread in the steps of Napoleon, Alexander the Great and Tamerlane. He would take all and give nothing. But I shook my head. No taffy; no orange. He was a good physiognomist, that boy. A single look convinced him that I was immovable, and he dived to the bottom of his pocket, and brought up a dear, three-cornered piece of taffy. The exchange was made. In a second I saw him with a round hole in the orange, engaged in the romantic process of sucking it. It was the last thing I did see, for I drew down my veil, and making a congratulatory curtsy to myself, was soon deeply engaged.

A hand came upon my shoulder so suddenly

that I started, and, luckless being that I am! threw back my veil. My uncle's voice behind me, "Allow me to introduce," &c. I beheld before me a young gentleman whose *tout ensemble* was of the first water. Like most American exquisites, his travelling costume would have almost answered for a ball-room. He looked at me fixedly, and muttered something about their being "some mistake." "Mistake!" said my uncle, "why, what mistake should there be? I am introducing you to my niece, Miss F——. Why, confound it! what—what have you been doing to your face?" My face! part was flannel-color, I felt, and part was large, brown smears of taffy, I also felt. And this was the most *recherche* of my uncle's *habitudes*. I had often heard of him. By this time he had accomplished a profound bow, and turned away.

"Buyley, has molasses riz?" was a question I heard under my window early the next morning.

"How should I know? why?"

"It will soon, any way," returned Mr. Rugles' voice, and then followed a description of myself and the scene in the rail-car, so ludicrous that I laughed myself. It was really very well done, that sketch, with two or three little witty turns of expression that I felt sure would become by-words with the roaring group of auditors.

When I descended to the breakfast-table, there was a general titter among a long row of young men opposite to me, and the molasses cup was officiously passed to me. At dinner time I found a large package of taffy laid on my plate. Before night every creature in the house had heard the story. Corn cakes, eaten with molasses, were a favorite dish for breakfast, and also for tea, as parties often returned from fishing, &c., very hungry; and the fashion, introduced the first morning of my coming, never waned. The molasses cup was urged upon me by the young gentlemen, pressed upon me by the old, handed to me with a sweet smile by the ladies. The romantic-looking Southerner, at the other end of the table, never failed to inquire if I was "thure I wouldn't have thome more molatheth?" It was a favorite amusement with two or three very young gentlemen to run into the dining-room before the gong sounded, and collect all the molasses cups on the table before my plate.

Ten days of this was enough. I beat a retreat, and came hither, where I delight in affirming that the murmur of the fields is more rejoicing, the breeze more scented, the people more original than at any other summer refuge.

Yours most truly,

ALICE GRAY.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

SEE yon poplar how it rises
Graceful, grand and tall;
Whilst yon currant seems contented
'Neath the garden wall;
One regales us, in the Spring-time,
With its berries small;
Whilst the other is but casting
Shadows on the wall!

And methinks here is a lesson
Rife for one and all;
Which the fool may read while running,
If he should not fall!
Honest worth is always yielding
Fruit, though e'er so small;
Whilst proud clay is only casting
Shadows on the wall!

Fashion's marshalling her victims
In the festive hall;
Mammon sounds his golden trumpet
To responsive call:
Virtue speaks! but Vice's children
Heed her not at all;
But are rushing headlong, after
Shadows on the wall!

Fancy, too, is ever building
Castles grand and tall—
Honor, riches, fame supernal,
In a gilded hall!
And we follow up the phantom
E'en to death's black pall,
Little dreaming we are chasing
Shadows on the wall!

Oh, heart wishes! will you ever
Heed your destined call—
Or be ever, ever drinking
From the cup of gall?
Will you be forever sailing
In death's fearful yawl?
Even to the grave, be chasing
Shadows on the wall!

Up! soul ransomed—gem immortal!
Dread the final fall;
Heed your Father's words, so loving,
"In Me ye have all!"
Heed, ere black remorse be mourning
Time you can't recall;
Ere you find you have been chasing
Shadows on the wall!

LOVE'S LABOR WON.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," & C.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

THE DAUGHTER'S FIDELITY.

"Still through each change of fortune strange,
Racked nerve, and brain all burning,
Her loving faith, to given trust
Knew never shade of turning."

MORE than fifteen months have elapsed, since the close of the last chapter—months, replete with the destiny of nations as of individuals. First, the prospects of peace through the mediation of the Emperor of Russia, or by any other means, seemed indefinitely postponed. The desired return of the long absent soldiers to their homes, was a distant and doubtful hope. The war continued to be prosecuted on both sides with unremitting animosity.

Cockburn was on the Chesapeake. Now I know not whether history has softened, or tradition exaggerated the fierceness, rapacity, and cruelty of this licensed pirate and his crew. History tells of quiet farmsteads razed to the ground and peaceful villages burned to ashes. Tradition speaks of individual instances of monstrous atrocity, that resulted in the madness or death of the innocent victim. But whatever may stand recorded in history, or be believed in distant regions, concerning the conduct of the British fleet in the Chesapeake—here on the scene of action, here along the shores and among the isles of the Bay, the memory of Rear Admiral Cockburn and his crew, is, justly or unjustly loaded with almost preternatural abhorrence.

The villages of Havre de Grace, Frenchtown, Fredericktown, Georgetown and Hampton, and other unguarded hamlets, whose natural protectors were absent at the distant theatres of the war, were successively assaulted, sacked and burned, while their helpless inhabitants, consisting of old men, women and children, were put to the sword, hunted away or carried off. The massacre on Craney Island, with all its concomitant horrors of debauchery, madness and violence, had carried consternation into every heart. Marauding parties were frequently landed to lay waste defenceless farmsteads, whose masters were absent on the Northern frontier.

Still as yet nothing had occurred to alarm, for themselves, our friends in the neighborhood of Helmstedt's Island. The sail of the enemy had been more than once seen in the distance, but not even a single foraging party had landed to lay them under tribute. Thus it was considered quite safe by the neighbors to vary the monotony of their lives by forming a pic-nic party for Helmstedt's Island. The company consisted of the Houstons, the Wellworths, the Hartleys, and others. The time appointed for the festival was the first of August. The day proved cool for the season, and consequently pleasant for the occasion. The Wellworths came down to the Bluff to join the Houstons, with whom, at sunrise, they set out for the Island, where they were met by the Hartleys and other friends, and regaled by a sumptuous sea-side breakfast previously prepared to order by the Island house-keeper, aunt Hapzibah. After that repast, the company separated into groups, according to their "attractions." Of the elder portion some formed quiet whist parties in the drawing-room, and others sat down for a cozy gossip on the vine shaded piazza. Of the younger party, some entered boats and went crabbing, while others formed quadrilles and danced to the sound of the tambourine, the fiddle and the banjo, wielded with enthusiasm by the hands and arms of three ecstatic sable musicians. Margaret Helmstedt and her chosen friends, Grace Wellworth and Clare Hartley, separated themselves from the company, and with their arms affectionately intertwined around each other's waists, wandered down to the beach with the purpose of making the whole circuit of her beloved Island. Margaret has changed and matured in these fifteen months. She has become very beautiful—very much like what her mother had been, but with a profounder and more mournful style, "a beauty that makes sad the eye." Time, experience and sorrow have prematurely done their work upon her. She, but sixteen years of age, looks much older. She is dressed quite plainly, in a gown of black gauze striped with black satin, a fine lace inside handkerchief and cuffs, white kid

gloves and black morocco gaiters. Her jet black hair is parted over her broad brow, and rippling in a myriad of shining wavelets that would, if permitted, fall in a cloud of ringlets around her sweet, pale face, and throw into deeper shade the shadowy, mournful eyes. The white chip hat, plainly trimmed with white ribbon, hangs idly from her arm. Within the last year Margaret's position has not improved. It is true that the subject of the letters and the unknown correspondent or lover has been suffered to die out. Not even country gossips can, without new materials, keep a vague scandal alive year after year. And no such stimuli had been afforded them. Margaret, whether she had ceased to write, or had taken a more effectual manner of concealing her correspondence, seemed neither to receive nor send any more mysterious letters. But she had not regained, nor even sought to regain, the confidence, esteem and affection of her family. An atmosphere of distrust, coldness and reserve, surrounded, chilled and depressed her spirit, yet could not destroy the deep enthusiasm of some hidden devotion that inspired her soul, and gave to her beautiful, pale face the air of rapt religious enthusiasm seen on the pictured brows of saints and angels. Even now, upon this festive occasion, as she walks between her friends, the same deep, serious, earnest fervor glows under the surface of her eloquent countenance. They were imparting to her, as girls will, their girlish mysteries, and inviting her to a similar confidence. But Margaret was pre-occupied and abstracted, and though her replies were always affectionate, they were not always to the point.

At last the brown-eyed and gentle little Grace ventured to say,

"I tell you what, Margaret, it is said that there are two sorts of people in this world—those who love, and those who permit themselves to be loved! If so, then you belong to the latter class."

"Why do you think so, dear Grace?"

"Why?—here my arm has been around your waist, and it might better have been around the stem of an oak sapling! that at least would have nodded over me a little; but you, you walk on erect, silent, thoughtful, and when I speak to you of the flowers along our path, talk to me of the clouds over our heads; or make an equally applicable response to my observation, which shows how much attention you pay to what I say."

"I beg your pardon, dear Grace."

"Of course you do, and of course I grant it, which will not prevent your offending in the same way the very next minute."

"Cease chatterbox!" exclaimed Clare Hartley. "Remember that Miss Helmstedt has other subjects to occupy her mind to the exclusion of your mature ideas. She is engaged, you know. Her affianced is far away. Like that other 'Margaret, who in Lethgow's bower, all lonely sat and wept the weary hour,' she may be thinking of—

'The war against her native soil,
Her lover's risk in battle broil.'

Though after all, since they seem to be so quiet up there, I shouldn't wonder if she is only thinking of household linens, with a view to house-keeping. Let the 'plenishing' be on the most liberal scale, Margaret, for I and Grace intend to spend a great deal of time with you after you are married."

"And we are to be your bridesmaids, of course, are we not, dear Margaret?"

"Dear Grace, pray do not speak of any future event with such presumptuous assurance. My marriage may never take place," replied Margaret, with a mournful earnestness, that she did not attempt to conceal or modify.

"Your marriage may never take place!" exclaimed both her companions, in consternation.

"I mean that life is full of vicissitudes; one or the other of us may die."

"How gravely you speak! You are certainly the daughter of Heraclitus, the crying philosopher. Why, Margaret——"

She was interrupted by a piercing shriek from Grace Wellworth, who, breaking suddenly from her companions, ran like Atalanta up toward the inland of the Island. They looked up to ascertain the cause. With wild eyes and blanched faces they recognized the occasion of her terror and flight. Three boats had been silently pushed up on the sands a few yards below them, and were now discharging their crews, consisting of about twelve or more from each boat, or from thirty-five to forty British soldiers in all. One of these men had instantly perceived the flight of Grace, and moved by the mere animal instinct to pursue the flying, as the hound pursues the running hair, had cried out,

"Atalanta! Atalanta! By George, when a girl flies she invites pursuit," and ran after her.

"For the love of heaven, let us not follow her example. Let us stand our ground. Let us speak to the commanding officer, and we will save ourselves and her from farther aggression," said Margaret, looking very firm, and not a shade paler than usual. Clare drew herself up with dignity and remained standing beside her friend.

The pursuer of Grace had now overtaken, caught and lifted the terrified and struggling girl, and laughing gayly the while, was bearing

her back to the scene. No more dangerous spirit than that of wild fun and frolic seemed to inspire the merry captor.

"Release me! Release me, I command you, villain!" cried Grace, wild with indignation and fear, and struggling desperately to free herself.

"Ha! ha! ha! the little brown partridge, how fierce, and strong, and spiteful it is! How it flutters, and flaps, and beats!" exclaimed the soldier, holding his captive tighter.

"Let me go! Let me go, I say! poltroon!" cried the girl, wrestling madly with her captor.

"Kingdom come! what a wild bird it is!" exclaimed the latter, squeezing his prize maliciously.

"Put me down! Put me down, I order you, marauder! coward! brute!" resumed Grace, now maddened with rage and terror.

"George! What! It is not a wild partridge, but a young hawk that I've caught! What claws and beak it has! how it bites, and tears, and scratches! I must look out for my face, or, by George! the best-looking soldier in his majesty's service will be ruined!"

"You a soldier! Poltroon! Coward!"

"Whe-ew! the little creature can call hard names too. Well, come; one kiss for a cheap ransom, and I let you go! What! Not one kiss? Very well; what is not freely yielded must be boldly rifed! What the deuce——" And despite her phrenzied struggles the "ransom" was seized, and Grace, furious at the indignity, was set upon her feet.

"For shame, ensign! How dare you? Go directly and ask the young lady's pardon," said the commanding officer, who had just that instant reached the scene.

The delinquent addressed touched his hat to his superior officer, and said,

"I beg yours, lieutenant. If the bird had not flown, the falcon would not have flown!" and repeating the gesture of subordination he turned to obey. Going up and standing before Grace, who gave him a furious look, he took off his cap, revealing a very finely turned head, bowed profoundly, and said,

"Young lady, Ensign Dawson humbly begs your pardon; and all the more humbly, because, poor wretch! he cannot repent! nor even—hardened sinner that he is—promise never to do so again. For if ever the opportunity should offer, son of perdition that you know him to be! he would be sure to repeat the offence. Under such unpromising prospects, will you deign to stretch out the sceptre of grace, whose touch is pardon to the poor devil—William Dawson?"

"William Dawson." The words were echoed

by a low, thrilling, impassioned voice, that did not come from Grace, whose lovely countenance, as she listened to the ensign's apology, underwent the most ludicrous series of phases; rage, curiosity, admiration, pride—all struggled for the supremacy a moment, and then, shocked at detecting in herself the slightest indication of relenting toward such unpardonable and atrocious impudence, she turned and walked away in haughty silence. Lieut. King stepped after her to offer a more suitable apology. At the same instant Clare Hartley left the side of her friend, and went to soothe her.

And thus Margaret Helmstedt and the young ensign were left alone, standing a few yards apart.

He stood watching with laughing eyes the retreating form of Grace.

But Margaret's face was a study. Her thrilling, passionate voice it was that had echoed his name at the instant of hearing it. When that name first struck her ear, she had started and clutched her breast with both hands, as one who had received a shot in the heart. And, since that moment, she had been standing transfixed, white and still, with burning gaze fixed upon the young soldier. Presently her steadfast gaze attracted the attention of the object, who raised his eyes to hers. The meeting of those mutual glances did not dissolve, but changed the spell under which she labored.

She moved, stretched out her arm, and without withdrawing her gaze, like a somnambulist or a mesmerized subject, as if irresistably drawn on, in measured steps, with fixed eyes and extended arm, she walked toward him, laid her hand firmly upon his breast, and gazed wistfully into his face.

The young soldier laughed, drew himself up, threw out his chest, folded his arms, lifted his head, and so seemed defiantly to offer himself for criticism. And in truth he had no just reason to avoid inspection. He was very possibly just what he had laughingly described himself—the handsomest man in his majesty's service. He was one of the finest specimens of the Anglo-Saxon race—in form somewhat above the medium height—broad shouldered, deep chested, round limbed, with a full face, fair, roseate complexion, flaxen hair, merry blue eyes, straight nose, finely curved, red and smiling lips, white teeth, and an expression of countenance replete with blended frankness, firmness, and good-humor.

But no recognition of his manly beauty was in the steadfast, profound, and serious gaze with which Margaret—her hand still laid upon his breast—regarded him.

"William Dawson. Your name is William Dawson?" she said, speaking low and slowly.

"Yes, fair one! William Dawson, hitherto ensign in his majesty's — company of —, but henceforth your liege subject!" replied the young soldier, laughingly, though in great surprise.

"William Dawson," she repeated, without removing her eyes.

"You have said it, lovely lady."

"William Dawson," she reiterated, as it were, unconsciously.

"At your service, beautiful Virginian! What can I do to prove my devotion? Blow up the Albion? desert my colors? swear allegiance to that war-like hero, President Madison? or, I have it! cut off Rear Admiral Cockburn's ears? for I think he is the favorite antipathy of your charming country women! Tell me what unheard-of audacity I shall perpetrate to prove my devotion, and above all things tell me the worshipped name of her for whom I am pledging myself to do anything and everything!" said the young soldier, in the same tone of gay, but not disrespectful raillery.

"I am Margaret Helmstedt," she replied, in a low and thrilling voice.

"Great heaven!"

It was all he said. And there fell a pause and deep silence between them for some intense and vital moments, during which they gazed with unutterable emotions upon each other's face and form. She could not have been whiter than she had been from the first, so she remained without color and without voluntary motion, but shaken upon her feet as a statue by an earthquake. He at length grew pale as she was, shuddered through all his frame, seized her hand, drew her closer, as one having authority, held her firmly while he fixed upon her blanched face a gaze as earnest, as searching, as thrilling as her own had been.

He broke the silence.

"Margaret Helmstedt! Margaret Helmstedt! I see you then at last! And now that I gaze upon your face—how like, great heaven! to hers. Come—come! You must go with me. You must inform me of that which you alone have power to communicate. You must confirm to me that fact which I suspect, but do not know; or, rather, which I know, but cannot prove. Come, Margaret Helmstedt, come;" and, closing his hand cruelly upon hers, he drew her, blanched, and unresisting, after him, into the covert of the wood, where they were quickly hidden.

There had been unsuspected witnesses to this

strange scene. So absorbed in their mutual subject of interest had been the maiden and the soldier, that they had not perceived that the trio, consisting of Lieut. King, Clare Hartley, and Grace Wellworth, who were going up toward the house, had been met by another party, consisting of Mrs. Compton, Mrs. Houston, and Parson Wellworth, who were coming down toward the beach, and that a pause and a parley was the consequence. Nelia Houston, who was at the same time a furious patriot and a fearful poltroon, on seeing the hated and dreaded "red-coat," had clenched her fist, and frowned defiance, even while she paled and trembled with terror. Mrs. Compton had remained composed. She had been an old campaigner of the long revolutionary struggle, and was not easily disconcerted by the sight of the British uniform. The old parson had put on his spectacles and taken sight. Seeing that the officer, who, cap in hand, walked quietly and inoffensively on, between the two girls, neither of whom betrayed the least uneasiness, he turned to the frightened and belligerent Nelia, and said, "Do not be alarmed, madam; he is an officer and a gentleman, and will, no doubt, conduct himself as such, and compel his men to the manners of men."

And the next moment, when they met, the officer made good the words of the preacher. Bowing profoundly, he explained that his party had landed on the island for the purpose of procuring a supply of fresh water and provisions.

Nelia flushed to her forehead, bit her lips till the blood came, and turned away in silence. She had no good-will for the British, and would not feign even civility.

Mrs. Compton satisfied the claims of conventional politeness by bowing coldly.

Mr. Wellworth took upon himself to be the spokesman of his party, and responded,

"Sir, Major Helmstedt, the proprietor of this estate, is now absent with the American army, in the North—doing, no doubt, good service to his country, and good execution among your ranks. We, whom you find on the spot, are only members of a pic-nic party, consisting in all of about fifteen ladies, young and old, two half-grown boys, and four aged men. Your force, sir, looks to me to be nearly, or quite, forty fighting men. Resistance on our part would be in vain, else, Christian minister as I am, I might be tempted to refuse to give our enemy drink, though he were athirst, or meat, though he hungered. The available provisions of the Island, sir, are just now very limited in quantity. The fortunes of war have placed them at your disposition, sir. We are in your

power. We therefore confide in your honor as a gentleman and an officer, that in appropriating the articles in question, you will proceed with the quietness and courtesy due to the presence of ladies."

To this speech, which was more candid than conciliating, the lieutenant bowed, assuring the clergyman that "booty" and not "beauty" was the present object in request; that the former should be removed with the least possible disturbance to the latter; and counselling him to withdraw the ladies to the upper chambers of the mansion, while his men came on and took possession, for an hour or so, of the lower rooms.

While the clergyman and the lieutenant thus conversed, Nelie turned to the two girls who had left the side of their escort, and said,

"Why, where is Margaret? Where have you left her?"

Margaret! Oh! on the beach, or just above it. There she is now, talking with that saucy ensign!" exclaimed Grace Wellworth, in a tone of pique.

"No fear for our heroic Margaret! She is quite competent to the care of her own personal safety," retorted Clare Hartley.

"Yet I think it is very indiscreet in Margaret to remain behind conversing with that impudent young ensign!" cried Grace, petulantly, drawing the attention of the whole party to the unconscious subject of her animadversions. Clare looked on in astonishment. Nelie gazed in consternation. Mr. Wellworth stared like a lunatic. And Lieut. King declared it as his experience that Ensign Dawson was "the devil among the girls." And before this group had recovered their self-possession, they saw the young couple disappear in the woods.

"Go after them! Fly to her rescue! She is carried off! Run, Mr. Wellworth," cried Nelie, in a paroxysm of terror, as soon as she had recovered from her amazement.

But Lieut. King advised the lady to be calm, and the clergyman to mind his own affairs, adding that the young girl had accompanied the soldier quite voluntarily, and that he would warrant her, or any lady, safe from offence by Ensign Dawson.

"You would warrant him after witnessing his behavior to me!" exclaimed Grace, in a half-suppressed, which was, however, not so much smothered, but that its purport reached the ears of the officer, who answered earnestly,

"Had you been in the woods alone with that youthful soldier, he would have respected your solitude and helplessness; but you were amid your friends, you ran, unwillingly challenging

pursuit, and hence—but I do not defend him, he was wrong, and I beg pardon in his behalf."

"What? what? what was that, Grace?" asked old Mr. Wellworth, in alarm.

"Nothing, father! only when I took fright and ran away, he gave chase, caught and brought me back to my party—that is all," replied Grace, suppressing the fact of the rifled kiss, and blushing deeply for its suppression.

"Mr. Wellworth, I really must insist upon your going in search of Margaret. This lieutenant endorses the ensign; but who endorses the lieutenant?" inquired Nelie.

Lieut. King bowed "as if he had received a compliment."

And moved by this persistence on the part of Mrs. Houston, the old clergyman took the path leading down to the thicket.

"Madam," said Lieut. King, "will you permit me to counsel you to proceed to the house, and withdraw your female friends to the privacy of the upper chambers. Myself and my men, who are not desirable company for ladies, will follow in about fifteen minutes. They will want refreshments. You will, therefore, be so kind as to leave the keys of the pantry, store-house, cellars, etc., in charge of some male servant, with orders to wait upon me."

"Sir! because all our able men are with the army, and we are defenceless and in your power, you shall be obeyed. And for no other reason on the face of the earth!" exclaimed Nelie, flushing with anger, as she beckoned her companions, and took the way successively through the meadow, the orchard, and the garden to the house. As they turned away, the British officer bowed with scrupulous politeness, and laughed within himself as he muttered,

"You are 'a good-nater' little lady," and took the way to the beach to bring together his men.

Meanwhile, Nelie and her companions reached the mansion, and spread consternation among the company, by announcing that a British force had landed on the Island! With the recollection of Craney Island fresh in their minds, there was not an old lady there who did not expect to be put to the sword, or a young woman or boy who did not look to be carried off! But the calm courage of Clare Hartley, and the cool serenity of old Mrs. Compton, did much toward soothing their fears and restoring quiet. Mrs. Houston then explained, that they were all to go up stairs and lock themselves in the chambers, while the soldiers bivouacked below.

Hapzibah was then called and ordered to produce the keys.

"Well, I 'spose how der's no help for it, Miss

Nellie; fur ef I don't guv um up dem ar white niggers bust open ebery singly door in the house!" said Hapzibah.

"Yes, and set it on fire afterward, and throw you in to feed the flames!" was the comforting reply.

"I 'fies 'em for to do it—white herrin's!—who's afeard?—sides which, I don't believe I'd blaze for 'em!"

"No! you'd blow up like a skin of gunpowder. But hand over the keys, and go call your brother, old Euripedes, to take charge of them and wait on the gentlemen. You'll have to come up stairs with the ladies."

"Me go hide long o' de ladies, jes as ef I was 'feared o' dem white niggers! Me leab my poor, ole, innocen' brudder 'lone, to be put upon by dem debbils! I like to see myself a doin' of it! I'd see ole Hempsed Island sunk inter de bottom o' de sea wid all aboard fust—dat's me. Yer all hear me good, don't yer?"

"They'll certainly throw you in the fire if you talk in that way," said Nellie, laughing in despite of her secret fears and anxieties.

"I wouldn't burn to save dere precious libes! I'd see 'em all blasted fust! I'd see it good! Dat's me. But I begs yer pardon, Miss Nellie, chile! I doesn' mean no 'fence, nor likewise no diserspect to you, honey—'deed no! But yer see de werry sight o' one o' dem dere b'iled crabs makes me crawl all ober—an' de sight o' one o' dore scarlet coats drives me ravin' mad as ef I wer a she-bull!—dat's me. 'Cause yer see, chile, de werry fust time one o' dem dere debbils put his fut on ter de Islan', he done feteh death an' 'struction long ob him! An' now dat debbil done gone an' fetch forty more debbils more worse nor hisse'f. An' I wish, I does, how I could bore a hole in de Islan' an' sink it wid all aboard, I do—dat's me. An' now I'll go arter my brudder You-Rip."

"Stay a moment," said Mrs. Houston. "You can tell us—is there much wine and liquor in the cellar?—for if those wretches are permitted to drink themselves to madness, even the word of their commanding officer is no security for their good behavior?"

"Wine an' likker? No, thanks be to my 'Vine Marster, dere aint a singly drap to cool dere parchy tongues, no more'n dere is in Aberlyham's buzzum! Marse Fillup done ship it all away to camp, for he an' Marse Wrath to treat dere brudder ossifers wid, to keep dere couridge when dey goes inter battle. Wish it was me goin'! I wouldn't 'quire no sich. 'Sides which, I'd shoot somefin harder at 'em nor grape shot inter 'em, as dey talk so much about, which it stands to

reason shootin' grapes is nuffin but chile's play, and can't hurt nobody, much less dem dere hardened biled crabs, 'less deys 'stilled inter likker an' drank too much of, 'sides bein' a waste o' de fruit; which dey do say as how 'wilful waste make woeful want.'"

"My goodness alive! Happy how you do run on. You make my head go round and round like a water-wheel. Do go now and send Euripedes to me," said Mrs. Houston.

"I gwine," said Hapzibah, who took herself off.

And just then the gentlemen of the party, who had been out fishing at the opposite extremity of the Island, and had been sent for, arrived upon the scene, and received the intelligence of the landing of the foraging party on the western shore of the Island, and of their momentarily expected arrival at the house.

And now at last there was promptitude of action. The ladies and female servants were collected and hurried up stairs, with recommendations not only to lock, but to bolt and bar themselves within the innermost chambers. Old Hapzibah's age, fearlessness and tearful remonstrances, obtained for her the questionable privilege of remaining out to stand by her "poor ole angel," as she lovingly termed her brother. Euripedes and herself were entrusted with the keys, and directions to wait upon the foragers. The four old gentlemen and the two boys then armed themselves, and took their stations in the upper hall to defend, if necessary, the approach to the ladies' place of retreat. These arrangements were scarcely concluded, before the foraging party entered the house. And then followed the feast, and succeeded the orgies!—and such orgies! It was Providential that there was no liquor to be found, though every cellar, closet, cupboard and pantry was ransacked, in the vain hope of finding a hidden store. The hampers of the pic-nic party were rifled of their costly delicacies, and a few bottles of rare wine discovered, but this went only a little way among so many. You should have heard old Hapzibah's indignant account of their proceedings. She said that, "Each red debbil among 'em 'haved as if he wer' 'sessed o' seben oder debbils more worser dan hissef!" That when they failed to find the wine, they drove her "poor, ole, innocen', sufferin' darlin' on afore 'em, an' swore all de hair off'n his head—de poor, ole, timid, saff'-hearted chile, as couldn' stan' nuffin o' dere debblish doin's"—that because she, aunt Hapzibah, couldn't be here, and there, and everywhere at once, "de 'fernal white niggers got inter her cabin an' stole her trunk o' berryin' close, which she meant to

go arter 'em herself, an' git 'em back even ef she had to pull 'em out'n Admirable Cockburn's own claws! Dough ef he, Cockburn, was admirable, she should like to know, she should, who was 'bominable! That de low-life white herrin's was so 'fraid o' bein' p'isoned, dat dey made poor, ole Rip, poor, ole, sufferin', put-upon angel drink out'n eberything, whedder it 'greed with him or not—an' eben 'pelled him to drink out'n ebery singly milk-pan in de dairy-house, which eberybody knows he neber could 'bide milk eber since he was weanned, which allers made him dead sick to his stumick."

Finally it was sunset before the marauders left the Island, carrying off with them not only all the grain, but all the meat, fruit and garden vegetables, but also all the poultry, and all the live stock, with the exception of one old black ram, the patriarch of the flock, whom Hapzibah swore bitterly to carry to Cockburn, when she went after her trunk.

It was quite dark before it was considered safe to warrant the descent of the ladies from their retreat. Fortunately there would be a moon, or else the half-starved and thoroughly wearied pic-nickers must have rowed home in darkness. Now, therefore, they assembled on the porch, to talk over their misadventure, and wait for the rising of the moon. But suddenly some one asked,

"Where is Margaret Helmsedt, and——"

"Where is Margaret?" was echoed all around.

Nellie had hoped that she was safe in the charge of Mr. Wellworth. But Mr. Wellworth, who from wandering all over the Island, now joined the party, declared that he had been unable to find her, and that he had expected to hear of her among her friends present. And now as the alarm spread, and exclamations of, "Where is Margaret?" "Where can she be?" "Is it possible she can have been carried off?" were passed in distress from one to another, as all began to separate to prosecute the search for her, a quiet, low voice was heard from their midst, saying,

"I am here—be not uneasy," and ghost-like Margaret Helmsedt stood among them. The sight of the maiden was an immediate and great relief, but,

"Are you quite safe, my child?" asked Mr. Wellworth.

"Quite," responded Margaret, sinking upon a bench as if greatly exhausted.

"Where have you been?" asked Mrs. Houston, sharply.

"Beyond the wa——" her voice died away in silence; she had fainted.

"It is fatigue, and fright, and want of food," said old Mrs. Compton, going to the poor girl, raising her head, and supporting it on her lap.

"And those wretches have not left so much as a drop of wine to revive her, or even a candle to see her face by," exclaimed Nellie, who, whatever her cause of displeasure might be, was always moved by the sight of physical suffering, with which she could the more readily sympathize. But Dr. Hartley caused Margaret's head to be laid down again, and water to be dashed in her face; and by these simple means her recovery was soon effected.

As the moon was now rising, the company prepared themselves, and went down to the beach to get into their boats, which, they thanked heaven, had not been carried off by the marauders. The trip back was decidedly the pleasantest part of the whole expedition. An hour's row over the moonlit waters brought them to the Bluff, where Nellie ordered supper to be immediately prepared for the whole famished party, who remained her guests that night, and only separated after breakfast the next morning.

When her last guest had departed, Mrs. Houston entered the private sitting-room of Margaret Helmsedt, whom she found quietly sitting beside her work-stand engaged in sewing.

Taking a seat close beside her, Mrs. Houston said,

"Margaret, I have come to request an explanation of your strange conduct of yesterday, which, let me assure you, has given your friends great pain, and even revived all the old gossip of which you were the subject. Margaret, I await your answer."

She looked up from her work, and fixing her dark eyes full upon the face of her catechiser, answered firmly, though gently,

"Mrs. Houston, I have no explanation to make!"

The little lady flushed and bit her lip.

Margaret continued her needlework.

"Then I am to understand, Miss Helmsedt, that you consider it quite proper for a young lady to spend two or three hours, alone, in the woods with a soldier who is not of her kindred?"

Margaret might have replied with truth, "No, Mrs. Houston, I do not consider that at all proper," but she chose on the contrary to remain silent.

"And you doubtless think, besides, that an affianced bride owes no consideration to her betrothed husband."

"So far from that, I feel that she owes the same as if the church and the state had already

blessed and confirmed the engagement," answered Margaret.

"Which in your case it will never do, unless certain suspicious acts of yours are satisfactorily explained."

"Mrs. Houston, I do not understand you," said Margaret, flushing deeply.

"You do not seem to know that the honor of Ralph is committed to your keeping!"

"Mrs. Houston, the honor of no human being can possibly go out of his own keeping, or into that of another."

The lady still bit her lip in high displeasure; but a glance at the pale, pensive face, and mourning dress of the orphan girl, a sudden recollection of her dead mother, a reflection upon the inevitable misery that any real imprudence might bring upon that mother's only child, perhaps modified her resentment, for in a kinder tone she said,

"Margaret Helmstedt, you are on the brink of a frightful precipice! pause! confide to me the nature of the acquaintance subsisting between yourself and that strange young man, whom you had evidently known previous to your meeting yesterday morning. Is he the person to whom you wrote those mysterious letters? Is he the same whose visit to the Island caused your poor mother such keen distress? Was it the dread of your continued intimacy, and possible union with such an unadmissible person, that constrained her to betroth you to Ralph, and consign you to my care? Speak, Margaret! It may be in my power to help and save you!"

Margaret trembled through all her frame, but answered firmly,

"Dear Mrs. Houston, I thank you for your kindness, but—I have nothing to say!"

"Margaret! I adjure you by the memory of your dead mother, speak! explain!"

She might have replied, "And in the name of my dear mother, I repudiate your adjuration!" But fearing to give the slightest clue, or in the least degree to compromise the memory of her who slept beneath the old oaks beside the waves, she answered,

"Even so adjured, I can only repeat, that I have no explanation to make, Mrs. Houston."

"Then I will delay no longer. I will write to Ralph!" exclaimed Mrs. Houston, indignantly rising and leaving the room.

"Oh! mother! mother!" The wailing voice of the girl was smothered in her spread hands, and in her thick, disheveled hair as she cast herself upon the floor.

Now whether Mrs. Houston really put her threat into immediate execution, is not known.

What is certain, the increased coldness of all the family, even of the kind-hearted, liberal minded Col. Houston, so distressed the spirit of the orphan girl that she seldom sought their company, and at last met them only at meal times. A fortnight passed thus, during which the family at the Bluff received no company and paid no visits. Such long seasons of isolation, even in summer, was not unusual in that sparsely settled place, where the undertaking of a friendly visit was really a serious piece of business.

At the end of a fortnight, however, as the family were sitting at dinner, Mr. Wellworth, suddenly and unannounced, entered the room. His countenance betrayed that some unusual circumstance had brought him out. All arose to receive him. In the midst of the general shaking of hands, colonel put the question that all longed to ask.

"What has happened, Mr. Wellworth?"

"Why, sir, a party of British soldiers landed this morning and attacked the parsonage."

"Good heaven! I hope no serious damage has been done!" exclaimed Col. Houston, while all listened with intense interest for his answer.

"No, thank the Lord! There was Providentially a wedding at the church—a poor man's, whose friends had all gathered to see him married. We armed ourselves with what we could catch up, and being much the larger party, succeeded in beating off the assailants."

"I hope there was no blood shed!" said the kind-hearted Mrs. Compton.

"None on our side to speak of. They left one of their party on the field—Dodson—Carson—Dawson—yes! that is his name, Dawson! the very fellow that was with the foragers who broke in upon our pic-nic party."

A low, half-suppressed cry from Margaret had greeted the name of the wounded man. But no one heard it but Mrs. Houston, who resented it by saying,

"And I hope, Mr. Wellworth, the wretch was dead!"

"He may be so by this time, madam," replied the minister, in a voice of grave rebuke—"the poor young man is severely wounded; we have put him to bed; my daughter Grace and her maid is taking care of him, and I am off for Dr. Hartley. I called just to beg you to have me put across the bay."

"Certainly," replied Col. Houston, who immediately despatched his waiter to give orders for the boat to be made ready. And in fifteen minutes Mr. Wellworth had departed on his errand.

It was late in the evening when the clergyman

returned with the physician, and both took their way to the parsonage. The next morning, when Dr. Hartley called at the Bluff, on his way home, he reported the wound of the young ensign not so dangerous as had been represented. And in short, in a few days the young man was convalescent. Before his full recovery, the British fleet had left this portion of the bay, and had gone down to the mouth of the Patuxent. The attack upon the parsonage was the last foray made by their troops in that neighborhood.

One morning, about the third week in August, the family at Buzzard's Bluff were cast into a state of consternation by an unprecedented event. Margaret Helmstedt did not appear at the break-

fast-table. After awaiting her coming for some time, Mrs. Houston sent to enquire for her, and learned that she was not to be found. Her maid was also missing. Her footman was next sought for in vain, and during the search it was discovered that her little sail, the Pearl-Shell, had also been taken away. And while the trouble of the family was still at its height, Mr. Wellworth was announced, and entered with intelligence that seemed, in Mrs. Houston's estimation, to throw light upon the mystery of Margaret's flight—namely, that his prisoner, the young British Ensign, William Dawson, had broken his parole and fled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

I'LL BE THY WIFE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

My hand, but not my heart—
Take, take the worthless gift—
'Tis colder than the snow
Within the frozen drift,
And prouder than the mists that steal
Above the black cloud-rift!
I've told thee o'er and o'er
I could not love again—
My heart is dead to earthly love,
And dead to grief and pain—
For loving earth indeed has been
My life's destroying bane.
You're welcome to the shrine
Where once the spirit dwelt,
You're welcome to the wreck

Where once I thought and felt—
Take, take it all—'tis not for love
You at my feet have knelt!

Wed to a living stone—
A statue, if you will;
'Twere better thus; your frowns
Would neither pierce nor kill;
And I will be thy paragon—
Cold, calm, and proud, and still.

A noble couple we,
Forsooth, I almost long
To see the bridal pageantry,
And hear the marriage song—
And with the eager, gaping crowd
Sweep haughtily along!

MELANCHOLY.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

I love the song, whose plaintive notes
Steal o'er my heart like some sweet spell;
When blighted youth to memory sings
Of love and joy, it knew so well.
I love to dream of one who roamed
With me in by-gone Summer hours;
Whose sweet, young face—that haunts me still—
Was fairer than June's budding flowers.
I love the poet's lay, whose heart
Has thrilled to melancholy's tone;
And sings of life, and love, and hope,
In pensive music, all his own.

I love to dream of childhood's hours,
And all the joys those years bring back;
To trace the fair and sunny scenes
That lie along life's devious track.
It may be vain—oh, boyish heart,
To thus let sadness o'er thee steal;
But oh, it has a gentle charm,
That joy and mirth can ne'er reveal.
And when the world seems cold and dark,
Far from gay scenes of mirth and folly,
I love to yield to memory's sway,
And own thy charms, sweet Melancholy!

THE COUSINS.

BY SARAH HAMILTON.

CHAPTER I.

"WHY, Emma, what has happened? I have not seen you wear so sober a countenance for a twelve-month," exclaimed Horace Hemenway, a fine-looking gentleman, as he entered the spacious drawing-room of Mr. Holden, a rich merchant of New York.

"Happened!" repeated Emma Holden, in a tone of vexation, "enough to make me miserable for a twelve-month to come, to say the least. My father, you know his old-fashioned notions? Well, he has a sister living somewhere 'away down East, that famous fabled country,' and he insists that I shall accompany him on his annual visit this spring, and remain through the summer months. He imagines I am not strong, and pretends to think country air is all I need to make me as tough as any milk-maid, that draggles her frock with dew and wears dandelion blossoms. Isn't it provoking, Horace?"

"I always thought your father a man of wisdom," answered the fastidious lover, "but really this does not look like it. Six months in the country! Why, my dear Em, you will die of ennui—you, who have never left a luxurious home, cannot imagine all you will be obliged to undergo. Can we not change his mind?"

"I fear not. When he thinks he is right, you will find him as unyielding as granite. He is very anxious I should become acquainted with Jenny Willis, my cousin, whom he thinks a paragon of perfection; I can almost see her now, with her calico gown, red hands, and clumping shoes; these country relations I dread as a bug-bear, they are always stealing in upon our happiness with their uncouth ways and coarse ideas."

"It is even so, Emma. I never saw a lady from those unknown parts, who possessed a particle more refinement than our Irish wash-women; I could tell one half a mile off; the dress, gait, and everything about them is so characteristic of their origin."

"What is it?" said Mr. Holden, just then entering and seating himself in his favorite chair, lazily slipping his feet into a pair of richly wrought slippers.

"We were speaking of country people, sir," answered Mr. Hemenway, "of their ignorance

and want of refinement; you, I think, will agree with us."

"What, in thinking you could tell one half a mile off, by their awkward manners and want of taste in dress? Really, you must excuse me, I came from the country myself, and there is a certain bump on my head somewhere, that forbids my cherishing any such idea."

"Oh, you, sir," said his companion, smiling, "are no rule; you have been a resident of the city for long years. We claim Mr. Holden as ours."

"Yes, that is true, but I have lost none of the countrified ideas engrafted here in my youth—I look back to those days as among the sunniest of my life. Never under blazing chandeliers, surrounded by wealth and fashion, have I met with more consistent conduct, higher-toned self-confidence, purer minds, than are often to be found in every country town. Nature moulds classic minds everywhere; real worth is not always the polished diamond, it may need some rubbing, some cutting—but the value is there. The country girl may be ignorant of a few matters of etiquette; but how long does it take one of ordinary abilities to don the garment of custom? She has what many city maidens would give thousands to possess, health, freshness; she's no poor, wilted thing that hates the gorgeous sunshine and revels in gas-light; but I am talking very fast. Emma, daughter, will you read? Select something that will interest us all."

Emma Holden was of too light-hearted a nature to indulge in gloomy speculations long at a time: the merry dimples soon cleared her face from shadows. She was a good girl, neither weak or selfish when really herself, but possessing an ordinary share of little faults, and amongst others a foolish prejudice against the country and country folk. Perhaps these ideas had been engrafted and nourished by a fashionable mother; true it is, her father's good, sober sense had naught to do with it. He was one of those still, far-seeing men, saying but little—nevertheless, accomplishing a great deal. He had an only sister who had been a cripple from childhood—a sister that had ever shared his heart's best affections. She was now a confirmed

invalid, and had for many years been unable to visit her brother in his city home: this, perhaps, will account for the no acquaintance between Mrs. Willis and her niece.

We will now introduce our reader to another group, consisting of a fair, frail-looking woman, a dark eyed girl, graceful as the wild fawn, and a young man, whose broad brow and finely-formed head betokened no ordinary intellect. These are Mrs. Willis, her daughter Jenny, and Frank Dallas, who lives just over the way, back of that clump of poplars with his widowed mother. Something very merry seems passing in Jenny's mind, judging from her looks, as she finishes reading a lengthy letter that had come in that night's mail. "See what uncle says," said she, passing it over to her mother. Then followed a long conversation on the sofa.

"I say, Jenny," said the firm-lipped gentleman by her side, "I can't spare you, no how. It is all foolishness. The city will spoil you; it spoils every one that goes there."

"Take care, Frank. You don't mean to say uncle Henry is spoilt?"

"Yes, I've half a mind to, seeing he penned that letter. But you know, Jenny, how I hate these fashionable ladies; how could I see you thus transformed? a mere framework to exhibit fancy goods, and nothing more. Oh, these emblems of the silly butterfly, that spends its short life amid gayety and bloom, flitting in the sunshine, cradled in gorgeous flowers, riding on the breeze: who that looks upon the elegance of its painted form, but sees there a fit representation of many a fair one, who spends her youth not in adorning and beautifying the mind, but in dressing up the frail body in borrowed finery. Go to the city, at the theatre, even to the crowded church, where a soft voice from the pulpit smooths over the wickedness of the congregation, and what will you see but poor vanity? No noble purpose, no holy sentiment fills the heart. No, in idle pleasure their lives float on, even as the winged insect floats listlessly through a world of sweets."

"Well, Frank, I believe you are right: but this letter seems to be almost a command. Cousin Emma is coming here to spend the summer; and I, uncle writes, am to go immediately to New York. Can't we send some excuse, mother—how can I leave you? No, I will not go, it is not right."

"Jenny, I could not say nay to Henry's request, if I wished; he is so good, so thoughtful. Emma will be my companion. I think you and Frank are wrong, too much prejudiced against those you know not. Evil exists everywhere, in

the city, in the country. True hearts also beat everywhere. Good-night, my children, remember, charity, that blessed mantle, we all need to hide our defects."

"I would like to see the city lady," resumed Frank, as Mrs. Willis left the room, "that could outvie your mother in native dignity. She is what might be termed one of Nature's noble women."

CHAPTER II.

"Is she not beautiful?" said Emma Holden, to her companion, following the direction of his eyes.

"Yes, Emma; but did you know she resembles you?"

"Oh, Horace, that compliment will not pass. Look again, see that brow, 'tis broader and higher than mine; she is my superior, I feel it, at this distance, strangers though we are. Oh, I long to know who she is; how gracefully she receives each new-comer that joins her party. Here comes Mrs. T——, our hostess, who perhaps will inform us."

"Good evening, Mr. Hemenway. Emma, I have a new acquaintance to introduce to you and your friend. I am sure you will like her—I used to know her mother years ago—so counting upon our old love, I begged the daughter's company for a few months."

Emma soon found herself seated by Miss Talbot. If the mere outside had charmed, she must have been doubly gratified at finding the casket so richly laden. Horace too seemed unusually animated, and yet he felt as he glanced at her expressive face that there was something veiled, something his keen perceptions could not read at a glance; his pride was wounded, and yet he knew not why or how. Once or twice he turned away, but the clear, silvery voice held him, as it were, in magic durance.

That night the lovers parted. Emma was to leave the next morning for her Eastern tour. "But you will not forget me?" said she, smiling through her tears. "Oh, I shall be so miserable; but never mind, I will write you a big budget every week, all full of sentiment, I shall have so much time to think. I don't know but I had rather go than not; the coming back to a dear home will be so bright. Everybody is so glad to see you. Why, if I am only gone a week, I have to go all over the house, and nod and bow to every piece of furniture as I would to an old friend; I look at the pictures with new eyes; and the flowers wear a deeper coloring and breathe a newer language: everything whispers a welcome."

"All very true, Emma. God bless you for the darling that you are; but this is a queer, changing world. Do you think your own heart will remain just the same through so many months of absence? I know not why the feeling comes, but it seems to me this parting foreshadows much. The future is not clear to me."

"That's it, Horace. I have been feeling just so. Do you believe in presentiments?" and the bright face grew troubled. "Well, I will tell you what I dreamt this eve with my eyes wide open, and the thought still clings to me as a truth that cannot be put aside. When my glance first fell upon Miss Talbot—what makes you start so?—I said to myself, there is Horace's wife—just what she ought to be—you know I always make up my mind about faces, dispositions and capabilities at first sight. Well, I said she is what he wants. I do not reach his standard of excellence—he thinks so now—but the time will come when he will see and feel differently. I go up a different stairway; Miss Talbot and I started together. There is where Horace fell in love with me. She can influence him as I never could; and, Horace, it seemed to me as if I knew it would be so, and yet I cannot account for it, but I kept right on loving and admiring her more and more."

"Poor, little foolish dove, how you tremble. Did you think I could give you up so easily? Nay, my birdie, you shall be the first to sever the links of our engagement. But it is strange," added he, in an altered tone, "that Miss Talbot and yourself seem so like one person, only, as you say, she exhibits different traits of character, but I can see they slumber in your own bosom, if they have not already been awakened; your perceptions are as quick: but her knowledge is greater, her whole being has been educated, and yet she has the artlessness of a child."

"But you are quite sure, Horace, that you will not forget me?"

"Yes, Emma; and don't you forget the big budget of weekly sentiment."

"Weekly sentiment! If that isn't too bad—but you shall promise to read it all, twice over."

"That I will, Emma. Good night." They had parted, both to meditate upon the dream of the evening.

Drop the curtains—wheel the sofa still nearer the fire, and now by the clear gas-light, read, Horace, the first letter that dear hand ever penned for your perusal. How nice the envelope looks—Emma is very particular in her tastes—how prettily the H. Hemenway, Esq., is written, turn it over—that neat little waxen wafer—how can you break it? So, take your knife, there

it is opened—a pure white sheet, so neatly folded—crossed and re crossed by such delicate characters—peruse it, Horace.

"DOWN EAST, May 21st.

"DEAR HEMENWAY—You will perceive by the date of my letter, that I have not only reached my journey's end, but am at once participating in some of the rules and regulations of these famous country folk. I have risen this morning just two hours earlier than usual. I can hardly imagine where I am. It almost seems as if I had been transported from our old mother earth by some fairy hand, and landed in a world of beauty; you smile, but thus it appears to me this brightest of all mornings. P——, the name of this little place, is a gem for quietness and good order; the houses are but few, but are universally characterized by neatness and good taste, each domicile boasting any amount of shrubbery; while tall, stately trees, mostly elms, dance and bow to each other across the one long street; and then these broad fields stretching away, smooth, green and velvety to the dark frowning woods, girdled in by a band of white, a ribbon of low cherry trees; not forgetting the fine view to be had of old Katahdin in his rough coat, pelted with strips of snow—all these things are so new to me, so beautiful, that I keep wishing you were here to make my joy a double one. And then my aunt (please excuse me for running from one thing to another so fast) is such a lady, born and brought up in the country too!—who would believe it? If I could only catch her smile and her sweet way of saying things, I verily believe you would think me as beautiful as Miss Talbot. By-the-way, cousin Jenny is absent off on a visit; I have felt sorry ever since I made acquaintance with this, her chamber—I am convinced she is a person of rare taste, but practical to a fault, I imagine. Don't you think, Horace, she not only takes the ———, but reads it through, aunt says, files and preserves them all—oh, I know she is a queerity, and I long to see her.

"Last Sabbath I attended church, more out of curiosity, I confess, than anything else. I wish you could have seen the good folk crowd about my father after services, 'old men and maidens fair,' such shaking of hands, so many enquiries, and 'is this your daughter?' repeated and echoed on all sides—you may be sure I received a cordial welcome from all; and such glad-hearted smiles, it really made me feel uncomfortable, for I knew I was not worthy of it all. I do believe father's heart is as young as it ever was, and 'tis so pleasant to be greeted as

the school-boy and young man always, though your hair is turned grey, and you have a grown-up daughter by your side. This set me to thinking that people in the country keep their affections purer, more uncontaminated than we of the city—there is not so much to crowd in and turn aside their best feelings, making desert the by-gones of their lives. They do not get petrified by worldliness—Nature, like a kind mother, soothes the fretted system, and keeps the mind in a state of tranquil enjoyment. I never had so high an appreciation of my father's character as since this visit. I do believe he worships the country, and how he can shut himself up in that dull counting-room, day after day, is more than I can imagine. I asked him about it last night, 'Why, child,' said he, pulling back my curls, 'I couldn't if it was not for this yearly holiday. I carry its freshness, gladness with me for a whole twelve-month. See this sprig of sweet-brier, I shall take it home with me, put it in my writing-desk, and when I look at it I shall see a blue sky, green fields, and a dancing rivulet—I shall be the little bare-headed boy that, years ago, gathered such for a dear mother, who has long since bid adieu to the storms of life. This is it, child, and when I die, let me be buried—not with the city's dead—not where stately marble tells its false tales—but where forest leaves will whisper, and wild birds pour forth their songs of praise.' This made me very sad, so putting my arms about his neck I nestled there—baby as I am—and he comforted me by saying such dear, holy things, such as one never expects to hear from what we call a worldly man; but you see, Horace, these business men have feelings, aspirations like the best, they are not all clay joined to earthly idols, there is a budding and blossoming of their spiritual natures oft-times hidden to the worldly eye: and it is only at such moments as these, we catch glimpses of the Eden often found, unguessed, in many a human heart. I am glad I came here. Do not think by this I am forgetting you. Tupper says,

'Absence strengtheneth friendship when the last recollections are kindly,
But it must be good wine at the best, or absence shall weaken it daily.'

This will be a good proof for us. Write to me on reception of this. Believing me as ever, your own
EMMA."

"I am so glad she is enjoying all this," soliloquized Mr. Hemenway, throwing himself back, and shutting his eyes for a musing mood—"so glad," and then his thoughts went ranging through the letter, and from thence, shall we

say it? to Miss Talbot. Suddenly starting up, he seized his quill, and wrote the following in reply:

"EMMA DEAR—You are a good girl to write me such a nice, long letter. I was glad to hear from you. It seems very lonely at the house; there is a little bounding figure that I miss sadly there, and a radiant face that used to greet me from the parlor windows. I half wish I were in P—— with you. Did you know that I am growing restless? and it must all be owing to your absence. I met Miss Talbot down street to-day, she has a magnificent walk, glides over the way like a stately queen. To-night I have an invitation to Mrs. B——'s, I shall probably meet her there. It will be next to seeing you. Will finish this in the morning.

"A brilliant affair the party proved to be—but somehow I did not take my usual interest in the surroundings. Miss Talbot and I had a long *tele-a-tele*. There is no subject which she does not seem to be perfectly at home in conversing upon: and then she touches everything in the right spot—jumps at conclusions as quickly as our Emma; and her smile is a perfect daguerreotype of yours. What a pretty tableau you would make. I have been thinking if I was an artist, I would paint you both directly. How strange it is one can carry in their souls such rare pictures, while they cannot get outwardly the faintest imitation of them, either by language or pencil. Please write me again very soon, as you say everything with you is new: but here it is different. I should have to tell you what you already know were I to indite a more lengthy epistle. Hoping that you may tire of country life very soon,

I remain yours, H. H."

Horace lazily folded the little note—slipped it in an envelope, and with one sweeping stroke wrote the "Miss Emma Holden"—put on his hat and sauntered down street to mail it.

He sauntered to his room—plunged into his law books, but in vain. With an impatient stamp of his foot he caught up a late number of "Peterson's Magazine," he reads hastily, then smiles, dreams, and goes on. "True womanhood there!" exclaims he, as he finishes the article, and then carefully goes over it a second time. "Let me see, what is the signature, 'Mary,' too common—far too common, and yet as sweet as violets in spring time. I will reply. What if we are strangers, our souls may meet." With an earnestness unusual to him, he catches at the inspiration of the moment—his dark eyes grow luminous with condensed thought—he pauses

not till it is finished—he dares not review the pages, for fear cold caution, big-eyed prudence might step in and consign it to the flames. It was directed to the editor, and from thence forwarded to—Miss Talbot.

“FROM EMMA—I can hardly imagine, Horace, that three weeks have slipped by since I last wrote to you. But the fact is, I have been very busy, up to all sorts of mischief, as you will at once conclude. I believe I have not yet told you we have a neighbor, so near that our gardens join, a most estimable woman, Mrs. Dallas, a widow, and her only son, Frank Dallas. Now this said Frank is very handsome—any one would call him so—a fact which, I think, the gentleman is very well acquainted with. I always like to tease these proud, reserved people, that set themselves up so far beyond our common understanding—but I had no idea of meeting such in the country.

“Well, Mr. Dallas has called a number of times, felt it a duty, rather than a pleasure, I should judge from his manner of entertaining me. He can converse well and pleasantly, for I heard him talking with aunt yesterday—and so I said to myself, this Sir Stately shall talk with me too. This morning, as the fates would have it, I saw him take his book and seat himself beneath that maple I described to you in my last. I had been flitting about the garden a whole hour, fairly aching to do something wicked. I don't know what possessed me, but the moment I saw him, I bounded down the garden walk, trampling a grape-vine in my way, which I caught up for a skipping-rope, opened the little gate, and walked straight up to Mr. Frank, and took a peep at the interesting volume I had so many times seen him emerged in. Oh, Horace, I can't help laughing now almost as heartily as I did then. He held his book bottom up—he turned very red—left me and entered the cottage. I was sorry in a moment—but I wouldn't have had him guessed it; so I went to gathering a bouquet from his mother's flower-plots. After filling both hands, I seated myself on the vacated seat to arrange them. In a few minutes Frank appeared at the door. I fairly trembled when I saw he was coming toward me. ‘Miss Holden,’ said he, ‘will you excuse me for my strange conduct? It is my right to speak frankly, and you must hear me. I took that book merely as a pretence to watch you—I don't know why I should,’ said he, pausing a moment, a bitter smile crossing his face, ‘only it was such a pleasure as one enjoys watching the coming and going of a humming-bird, momentary one

cannot help wishing things so beautiful were endowed with souls.’

“I looked up.” I don't know what I might have said, had not merry voices struck my ear in the adjoining fields. As it was, I leisurely rose, brushed the leaves from my dress, tied my bouquet with a wisp of grass, and laying it down on the unlucky volume, bid Frank good morning, and quickly joined the little group, and was soon busy in weaving wreaths of clover and buttercups for them. I do not know why I should care, but I have not felt quite as happy since. It is strange how little things will annoy one. Write soon. The same EMMA.”

“Later—You will hardly believe it, Horace, but Frank Dallas and I are becoming very good friends. Silence is sometimes the best, the strongest thing in the world. It is said to denote a wise head, but I rather doubt that in most cases. A great many of these still sort of people have the credit of much more wisdom than they possess. The fact is, a person will generally talk if they have anything to say; and when I meet with one who can, or will only give a yes and a no to everything, with a smile here and a stare there, I invariably class them with the empty-minded. Why, the soul that is full, can no more help singing than my canary at home, when the sunshine streams into his cage at early morning. Thought as readily clothes itself in words as yonder rose-bush does with buds; but a certain impulse (you know I am a slave to that king, Impulse) sealed my lips the other day that has accomplished wonders—made Sir Stately look upon me as a much wiser person than he at first imagined, and also humbled himself in the slight vanishing of the very good opinion he has ever entertained of Mr. Frank Dallas. He has acted the gentleman ever since. I love to hear him talk when he loses sight of self, his language flows forth in such pleasing, sparkling ripples; and I should be doing him injustice, did I not add he has awakened in my mind latent thoughts never before stirred—given me clearer views of life and its numerous responsibilities—a keener relish for the good and true. A new world seems gradually opening to my vision—but I can talk all this to you much better than I can write it.

“By-the-bye, I've learned a wonderful secret. Frank and Miss Talbot are friends—from something aunt let fall the other day, I imagine something dearer; but I don't believe they are half as well suited to each other as you would be. You perceive the dream still influences me in my opinion: perhaps I am wrong. Yours,

EMMA.”

September 28th.

"MY DEAR EMMA—I have much to say to you—much to confess—but I know you possess a warm, loving heart, that can and will overlook a great deal in one dear to you. When I first met with Miss Talbot I was pleased with her, even as you were; I did not then think of falling in love, as the saying is—I thought my heart safe in your keeping. There existed in my mind a wonderful resemblance between you two—a resemblance that vanished not upon acquaintance; and yet I, who have often boasted of my unchangeableness, learned to love her the best. But, Emma, dear, though I have been false to you in feeling, my lips have never uttered the words burning in my heart. Your last letter brought a dark shadow, awoke me from a dream of bliss that I knew not before I was indulging in. To-day I have been calmly reviewing the past—I see my folly—can you forgive me? It is much to ask, I know, but your love may yet be my life-long blessing. May I not come to you immediately?"

H. H."

"P. S.—I have just learned that Miss Talbot left for her home, yesterday; and, Emma, she was from the country—my foolish prejudices have all vanished."

Emma read the letter, while her little foot beat a merry accompaniment. Looking shyly up to her cousin Jenny, who had arrived a few days before, she seemed hesitating whether to speak or not. "What is it, coz?" said her companion, the bright crimson receding from her cheeks.

"Oh, something so good—just the same as a

dismissal from an old lover of mine—and I was on the point of writing him one, only delaying for fear of wounding his feelings, just as if men were endowed with such inconvenient things. But tell me first, I have a right to know, do you love Horace Hemenway?"

The beautiful girl hid her face in her hands. It was enough. Emma threw the letter in her lap, and kissing her cousin, was the next minute singing and dancing in the garden below.

"Oh, our humming-bird!" cried Frank Dallas, throwing down his book, while his whole countenance seemed radiant with a new feeling—"where now, Emma?"

"Isn't it nice? I haven't got to write it—and oh, it is so funny—just as we wished. They do love each other. It seems just as if I would like to die now, I'm so happy—so glad."

"What—and leave me?"

"No, no, I didn't mean that—this is a dear, good world after all. Do you suppose we could be any happier in heaven?"

The soft, grave voice that answered, at once modulated her joyousness, and gave birth to deeper, truer feelings of thankfulness.

Approaching footsteps sounded on the gravel walk. Mr. Hemenway stood before them.

"Mr. Dallas—Horace—you will find Miss Talbot, or rather cousin Jenny, in the parlor. Are we not sufficiently punished?" said she, taking his hand, and looking up archly into his face, "both victims to a country love—but go." Mr. Hemenway needed no second bidding.

Why prolong our story? It only proves how easy a thing it is to change one's mind.

MAY AND I.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

THE long hot day was almost done,
The sun hung low in the West,
And the golden clouds sailed slowly along
O'er the distant mountain's crest.
The fiery heat of the day was quenched
By the cool, soft evening air,
That gratefully kissed my round, brown cheek
And wantoned among my hair.
The fragrant scent of the half-dried hay
Gave sweetness unto the breeze,
And I snuffed it oft as I stopped to rest
There under the apple trees.
The merry hay-makers returned to their homes
Ere the stars came out on high,
And no one was left in the hay-field now
But beautiful May and I.

Enraptured, perchance, by the glorious scene
That hung in the distant West,
And loth to leave so pleasant a spot,
We lingered behind the rest.
With forehead bared to the evening breeze
I leaned on my rake and sighed—
The current of feeling I strove to stay,
But I failed to check its tide.
As silent I stood, a little warm hand
Crept lovingly into mine,
And something as closely clung to me
As unto the oak the vine.
I could see the face that lay on my breast,
And the tear that gleamed in her eye,
And I heard her whispering lowly thus,
"December, why dost thou sigh?"

"I sigh"—it was thus I replied to her—
 "To think of the world's cold scorn
 For him whose task but ends with the night
 That began with the early morn.
 No matter how noble by nature is he,
 If fortune compels him to toil,
 He is crushed to the earth like a creeping thing,
 And reckoned the rich man's spoil."
 She clung to my bosom and said to me,
 "Is not the love of a few
 Fond hearts a boon that is dearer far
 Than the world's applause to you?
 If love is something that gladdens the heart,
 Let sighing be heard no more—
 If loving is wealth, a millionaire thou,
 So bounteous is thy store."
 I folded her close to my fluttering heart,
 And my spirit forgot its care
 As I looked on the delicate girl in my arms,
 So loving, so young, and so fair.
 And I said to her thus, "Thou answerest well;
 The truth of thy words I see:
 The love of a few is dearer far
 Than the whole world else to me.
 For wealth is but a cankering care,

Applause but a fickle breath;
 And what is renown that wakes to life
 Long after one sleeps in death?
 I seek for the love that will warm the heart
 With its Heaven appointed flame:
 Give unto me this and I ask no more
 For fortune, applause or fame."
 "'Tis the will of the gods," she whispered to me,
 "That what thou requirest be given:
 If happiness ever may spring from love,
 Thy life is a perfect Heaven."

* * * * *

She was the love of my early youth,
 Her's was the hand that lighted
 The first warm hopes in a virgin heart—
 'Woe's me! how soon they were blighted!
 Death touched her eye with his icy hand
 And sealed it up forever—
 It was long ago her light bark crossed
 The waves of the Turbulent River.
 But I cannot forget that beautiful eve
 In the orchard among the hay,
 Nor the awful grief that scared my soul
 At the early death of May.

MEMORY'S WALLS.

BY ANNA LEE.

THERE are many faithful pictures
 Brightly traced on memory's walls,
 Where upon the speaking canvass
 Light and shadow often falls.
 There, with beamy sky as cloudless
 As the morning's rosy gleam,
 Or, perchance, all dim with shadows,
 Fitful as a poet's dream.
 One has caught the morning's splendor,
 One the gorgeous sunset light,
 And another has the shadows,
 And the starry crown of night.

But o'er all the light is falling
 Of a hope that cannot die,
 For the bow of promise resteth
 On the darkest midnight sky.
 There are cheering words and loving,
 Cherished jewels rich and rare,
 Memories as fond and priceless
 As a mother's earnest prayer.
 And no earth-stains gather o'er these
 Pictures to the spirit given,
 For on Memory's walls are painted
 Many a passing glimpse of Heaven

FIDELITY.

BY J. H. M'NAUGHTON.

THE voice of faithful friend, to my lone ear,
 Is like the welcome sound of distant rill
 That haunts the stagg'ring caravan's career,
 As on the sands the ghostly camels kneel!
 Oh, friend! thy voice to me's the tone
 Of home-brook sweet, and rivulet,
 That Mem'ry beareth hence to greet
 The thirsty traveller in a torrid zone!

THY voice doth echo in my bosom's cell
 Like evening bell within a corridor!
 It echoes in my soul as in the shell
 Old Ocean echoes in his murmur'ing roar!
 My heart doth vibrate with thy song
 Like aspen leaf in th' evening breeze;
 As moonlight midst the trembling trees
 So comes thy gentle voice my thoughts among!

THE VEILED PORTRAIT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND WIFE."

IN examining, the other day, the journal of an old physician, one of my most esteemed ancestors, I came across the following singular story. The manuscript was quite yellow and faded, and my imagination had often to supply a part of a sentence, but I will give it as it was originally written, as nearly as possible.

August 12th, 1748.—Last night I was called to the death-bed of one of my first patrons, and the visit, with its strange, closing scene, has called up a host of recollections. I can scarcely write, my mind is so impressed with wonder and awe. Death, the great revealer, has passed within my sight and opened a strange history to my view.

Fifteen years ago, just graduated from my medical studies, I removed to the West, and established myself in the village of Lynn. I was an entire stranger in the place, and wholly inexperienced in my profession, but by my natural frankness of manner I trusted to gain friends, and by my attentions and skill, I hoped to give satisfaction to my patrons. I took rooms in the house of a widow lady who kept quite a family of boarders. These were mostly students like myself, and made for me a most congenial circle of acquaintance.

I had been there six weeks, when one day, as I was going down to the supper-table, a door in the upper hall, near the stairway, suddenly opened, and the landlady beckoned to me. Wondering what she could wish of me, for my board bill was punctually paid, I turned and entered the chamber.

"Miss Ross is quite sick to-night, and I have persuaded her to call you," said my landlady, and, without farther introduction, she led me to a sofa at the end of the room, on which a lady was reclining, wrapped in a black velvet shawl. I was much surprised, for though I had staid closely in the house, waiting for business, ever since my arrival, I was until now ignorant that the widow had a lady boarder. I took a chair by her, and while questioning her as to her symptoms, scrutinized with much curiosity her personal appearance.

She was a tall, very pale woman of about forty, as I should judge, and had evidently in her youth been very beautiful. Though thin

and faded, her complexion was of a pure marble whiteness, and her features fine and regular. Her eyes were black and piercing, with a slightly disagreeable expression, so that I did not like to meet them. They indicated a passionate temperament, while her full, firm lips indicated an equally strong will and ungovernable pride. She wore mourning garments, but they were very rich, and the single ring which glittered on her hand was a valuable diamond. The room too was very unlike the simple chambers furnished by the students and myself. The floor was richly carpeted, the coverings of the sofa and chairs were of purple velvet, and the walls were hung with paintings.

I discovered that Miss Ross, as my landlady called her, was threatened with a fever, and I gave her a potion which I had confidence in as a speedy relief. I sat a few moments by her, then rose to bid her good evening, for her manner of haughty reserve did not invite to sociability. As I turned to leave the room she called me back.

"You will make no mention of this visit, either in this house or elsewhere," she said, in a tone less of request than command, and I fancied that something like a flush rose to her cheeks, as she fixed her piercing eyes on me.

"Certainly not, if such is your wish," I replied, and paused a moment, half expecting to hear an explanation of this unusual request.

"I will trust you, Dr. Ware, come again to-morrow," she said, and with a motion of her hand she bade me good night.

This brief visit and the parting injunction of my patient, strangely haunted my imagination, and when I sat down to the table with my fellow boarders, I longed to ask if any of them had seen the mysterious lady. But my promise restrained me, though even when I went to call on sweet Alice Hudson, as was my custom of an evening, that pale, proud face would constantly flit before my fancy. Alice noticed my moodiness, and played her gayest songs for my amusement, but not even with her could I wholly forget the strange influence.

The next day I went at the same hour to visit my patient. I tapped on the door, and her voice bade me enter. She was sitting up in her easy-chair, the velvet shawl thrown carelessly back,

revealed a noble form. She motioned me to a seat beside her.

"Your medicine has cured me," she said, slightly smiling. "I must compliment you as skillful for one so young."

"The case was not a severe one," I suggested, with a little diffidence. "Yet I fear, madam, you would have had a fever to-day if you had not taken a preventive."

"I feel sure that I should," she replied. "And what I like in you is, that you did not, as some of your profession do, help on my fever for the sake of more fees. You might easily have done it. Why didn't you?"

"Miss Ross!" I exclaimed, with a flush of indignation, "you have a strange opinion of physicians."

"I have seen more of the world than you," was her quiet answer. "But do not be angry. I feel under deep obligations to you."

I rose to go, but she detained me. "Sit awhile with me, this evening," she said. "You have been to tea, have you not?"

"Yes, an hour ago, but why——"

I was on the point of asking why I had never seen her at the table, but remembered the shortness of my acquaintance and checked myself. She, however, understood my hesitation.

"You were going to ask why I do not go to the table and mingle with the family. I am out of the world. I mingle neither in its work nor pleasure, nor in any of its customs. They have no charm for me, and have had none for many years. No one knows me, and I wish to make no friends. You can afford to be sociable with me for an hour, for I shall not trouble you again."

I asked no more questions, for I perceived she had told me all she would of herself, but I obeyed her wish and was social with her. I examined her books, of which she had many. They indicated a highly cultivated taste. Most of them were in German, a few in Latin, a few old English and Spanish authors. Glancing over the pages, I observed the initials E. H., written on the blank leaves of several volumes. A suspicion flashed across my mind that Ross was an assumed name, and her manner of reserve and mystery tended to deepen it. I resolved to remember these initials; at some future time they might throw some light on her history. I longed, but dared not question her of the past.

From her books I turned to her pictures. But no sooner had I observed them, than my eye was struck by a large painting, in a richly gilt frame, which hung over the mantle, and which was covered by a curtain of black silk. She saw my glance of surprise and curiosity.

"You would like to see that portrait!" she said. "I think I can promise you that if you live longer than I do, you can see it."

I spent more than an hour with her, and then bade her good evening with a feeling of relief. It was like going out from a haunted chamber. As I left the room, she slipped a gold piece into my hand for my fee, and again thanked me for my services.

I lived in that house a year longer, but I did not see her face again. She never came to the table or the parlor where the other boarders assembled. She never left her room in the day time. Sometimes when returning from a night case, in the dim grey of the morning, I recognized her tall form, in its dark garments, going across the fields on a morning walk: but her face was always turned from me. And every Sabbath evening, thickly veiled, she attended the evening service.

At the end of the year, I married my beloved Alice, the daughter of the village clergyman. On my wedding eve, as I was leaving my boarding-house for the last time, (for I had prospered so that I had bought a neat cottage and furnished it in readiness for my bride) Miss Ross met me upon the stairs. She took my hand with a quick grasp and put into it a beautiful bracelet of pearls.

"Give this to your bride," she said, hurriedly, "but mind, it is a gift from you and not from me—remember!" And before I could collect myself for a reply, she had disappeared in her chamber.

I could scarcely proceed, so agitated was I by this strange occurrence. What interest had this singular woman in my Alice or in me? And why must I keep secret even from my wife the fact of my acquaintance with her? It was with a feeling of awe and dread which I could not withstand, that I placed the costly gift on the fair arm of my bride; and when her smiling blue eyes looked into mine with such a pleased surprise, I longed to tell her all I knew of the mysterious giver.

Just opposite our own cottage lived Alice's father and step-mother; her own mother, she told me, had been dead many years. Mr. Hudson was a man of very reserved habits, yet of a benevolent disposition. Toward Alice he was always tenderly affectionate; between him and his second wife there was little sympathy, yet she was an amiable woman, and endeavored to please him to the best of her ability. I often thought that there was some grief preying upon his mind which was unknown even to his family; that there was some sorrow of the past which he

could neither forget, nor confide to another. He would sit musing for hours, heedless of the hum of conversation going on about him, and then, suddenly roused from his reverie to real life, I have seen his face wear a strangely troubled expression.

Alice, in reply to my questioning, said he had always been so, and she thought he had never ceased mourning for her mother; that often, when they were alone, he would talk to her of her mother's beauty and rare attainments. His first wife had been a gifted woman, superior in mental qualities to most of her sex, but I felt that affectionate remembrance of the dead could not alone weigh down a mind of such strength as his. The more familiar I became with him, the warmer my attachment grew for him, and the more I became convinced that he was haunted by painful recollections.

He spent much of his time with us; often, upon a summer day, coming to our little garden to write or think upon his sermons. When our little girl was born he seemed drawn toward us by a new tenderness. We named it Eleanor, in memory of his first wife, and from that day it seemed to us that the child had the first and best place in his heart.

Three years after our marriage, Mr. Hudson suddenly grew ill. I attended him, and watched by him almost constantly during his brief sickness. Going earlier than usual, one morning, into his room, I found a splendid bouquet lying upon his table; white and blush roses, heavy water lilies, and rich pansies, of gold and purple hues. As I entered abruptly, he made a motion to conceal them, but meeting my glance he only laid them upon the outside of his bed. I approached, and while standing by his bedside, carelessly took the flowers in my hand.

"These are beautiful!" I said. "It cannot be that Alice has brought them to you so early."

"No," he answered, taking them rather eagerly from my hand, "Alice did not give me these; my wife brought them in to me."

I said nothing more, but the little circumstance struck me as singular, for Mrs. Hudson was the last person from whom I should have expected such a gift. True, she was amiable, and kindly disposed, but sentiment was no part of her nature. She loved only the useful; the beautiful she did not comprehend. It was not like her to rise at five o'clock and gather flowers for her sick husband; she would prefer steeping herbs for him over the kitchen fire. His apparent eagerness to conceal them, too, made his explanation of their presence very doubtful to

my mind; yet I had never before suspected him of the slightest prevarication.

I remembered this incident, and told it to Alice that evening, as she rocked her child by our vine-covered door-way. She looked surprised and thoughtful, and could not but think it strange her step-mother had suddenly grown romantic, but she did not doubt the truth of her father's reply.

From that morning he rapidly grew worse. Sometimes his mind wandered, and then the name always on his lips was Eleanor.

"Is she come?" he would say, looking about him with a wild mournfulness. "She promised to see me once more—to let me hear her voice once again. Oh! why was I so rash and she so proud? She always loved me. I know it. I believe it all now, dear Eleanor!"

And then he would murmur sadly, "It is too late, Eleanor—too late, and I must live alone. No one loves me as she loved me. Poor Eleanor!"

From such melancholy wanderings he would be aroused, and look with a quiet resignation around, saying, only, in answer to our questions, "I have been asleep, and dreaming."

When he had been three weeks ill he seemed growing better. His mind ceased to wander, his manner was cheerful, and he appeared again like himself. One evening he declared himself able to sleep without watchers, and urged us all so strongly to retire, that we yielded and left him alone. After a restless night, I arose as early as it was dawn, and hastened to his room. I approached his bed side quickly, but there I stopped, and gazed in breathless silence upon the scene before me. Mr. Hudson lay dead, with a serene smile upon his lips, and in his folded hands I saw again a beautiful garland of flowers!

Years passed. The grass grew over his grave, and new cares and new joys made us forget our mourning for him. But often, in the wakeful hours of night, that solemn picture would float before me, and I tried in vain to account for its seeming mystery.

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Hudson had married again, and removed to a distance, and we, too, had removed to an eastern city, where our little Eleanor, now rapidly growing up, might have better advantages for education. We have always made every effort to cultivate and enrich her mind, deeming that the best method of ennobling her character.

Last night, a stormy December evening, as I sat by a good coal fire, reading German with my daughter, the door-bell was suddenly pulled violently, and I went myself to answer it. A servant man stood there, drenched with snow,

and, in hurried accents, besought me to go to his mistress, who was dying.

I looked out into the night. The storm was increasing, and my warm fire, and the society of my family, seemed never so irresistible.

"Is she really dying?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, they say she will never see the morning."

"Then, my man, there is no need of my going. She will be better with only her friends about her. I cannot do any good."

The man looked up eagerly into my face.

"Are you not Dr. Ware?" he asked.

"That is my name," I replied.

"And did you not once practice in the West? In a village called Lynn?"

"Yes," I answered again, with some wonder.

"Then, sir, you *must* come to my mistress. It is not that she thinks you can save her, but she wants to see you, and your wife is to come with you. She bade me say she had something to tell you."

I said no more, but immediately set out, accompanied by Alice, who wondered greatly at the unusual request. The man walked on by our side, serving us as a guide. We traversed several streets, and, at last, stopped at the door of a brown stone house. Before I could read the name on the silver plate, a woman opened the door, and led us by a broad staircase to a lofty and richly furnished chamber. Here we waited while she entered an inner apartment.

As I warmed myself, standing by the fire, something struck me as familiar in the appearance of the room. Where had I seen that mosaic table, those antique books, those rich, softly colored paintings? I mused in vain. The silver vases on the mantle, the statuettes in niches of the wall, the very pattern of the Turkey carpet was familiar to me. Yet I could not make myself remember when, or where I had seen them. Suddenly, turning around, I saw hanging over the fire-place a gilt-framed picture, covered with a silken curtain!

Then all flashed upon me. I saw again, in memory, the chamber in my old boarding-house; the pale, handsome woman who sat there. It was Miss Ross who had sent for me.

I was now summoned into the next room, and there, as I expected, on a bed of snowy whiteness, lay the strange lady, who had once so troubled my imagination. I went to her and took her hand.

"I am sorry to find you ill, Miss Ross," I said, quietly. She looked at me earnestly.

"You recognize me, then. I am glad you remember. Is this Alice?"

"Yes," I answered, and Alice and I sat down by her bed-side. She had grown old fast in the years which had elapsed since our last meeting. There were deep lines about her keen black eyes, yet they had lost none of their keenness, and the mouth, though thin, and closely drawn, yet retained traces of its former beauty. She looked at us both intently, but when her eyes met those of Alice, there was a sweetness and tenderness in their expression which I had never seen before.

"I am going to tell you something," she said, "which may make you feel sad, but cannot now make you unhappy. I know that your happiness is secure, in your mutual love for each other, and for your beautiful child. I have watched you, Alice, ever since you were a babe in the cradle, and I have watched you, Dr. Ware, ever since the day you began to love Alice. I have always been near you since, and I know you are worthy of each other."

"Long ago—I am old now, and this happened when I was very young—I became attached to, and soon married, a young man whom I shall call Lewis."

"I understand your look of surprise. I am not Miss Ross. That is a feigned name; my real one you will know an hour hence."

"I was the only and indulged child of wealthy parents, and, from my childhood, beautiful, capricious and proud. Accustomed to having every wish obeyed, the least opposition made me resolute in my will. My acquaintance with Lewis was contrary to the desires of my parents; they urged me to give him up, and I, seeing they would never consent to our union, fled with him from their displeasure. He was a wild young man, but I did not care for that, since he was handsome, gifted, learned, and knew how to display every accomplishment to the best advantage."

"But I was his equal, even in learning. No pains, no expense had been spared in my education, and how I gloried in the consciousness that I was fitted to be the companion of such a mind as his."

"We loved each other ardently, and life, viewed by the light of our enthusiasm, promised only happiness. My husband had studied medicine, and began practice in a small village at a distance from my native city. We were poor, and our style of living was very different from that to which I had been educated; but I found perfect contentment in my husband's confidence and affection."

"In two years a babe was born, and life, from a wild romance, grew suddenly real. I loved

the child, and willingly staid away from all social enjoyments, to devote myself to it, and so did he love it, yet he was vexed that I could not now, at any moment he wished, leave my infant to join him in some amusement. He began to learn to do without me in his pleasures, and then, for me, began the bitterness of life.

"I cannot tell you the trouble that ensued. Gradually his early habits of dissipation returned, until he grew reckless and passionate, and I impatient and weary. Yet, even then, at intervals, he would be penitent, and, with the most ardent promises, would seek to regain my affection. But that he always had. I loved him more than all human beings, even when he wronged me most. I strove to win him back to home affections; I implored him to pity his innocent child, even if he had no more love for me. He would be softened for awhile, would caress me, call me his good angel, but at the first temptation the wine cup would be lifted to his lips, and misery would follow.

"One night as I sat alone, rocking my child, then a year old, and weeping over my sorrowful lot, there was a knock at my door, and a young man, an old acquaintance and neighbor of my girlhood, entered. He brought a message from my father, now my only parent, who was dying, and had sent for me to come and receive his blessing and forgiveness. The words sent a thrill of joy through my heart.

"*'When shall I go?'*" I asked of young William Gray.

"*'Now,'* he answered. *'I was bade not to wait for you an hour, but to bring you immediately back with me. To all appearances your father is on his death-bed, and he longs to see your face once more.'*

"*'I will go instantly,'* I replied, and laying my babe in the cradle, I called my servant girl to watch her. I knew that Lewis might not be in before morning; and ere that time I could be a good way on my journey. I told the girl where I was going, bade her take care of the child till my return, and leaving a message for Lewis, explaining my sudden departure, I hurried away. In less than hour we were driving rapidly out of the village. I could scarcely wait for the changing of horses, so eager was I to embrace my dying parent. I thought of all his passionate fondness for me when I was a child, his pride in my brilliant and happy girlhood, my disobedience, the reward of all his love. What if he should die before I reached him! The thought was inexpressibly painful.

"But, before the next sunset, and when within a few miles of my father's residence, we were

suddenly overtaken by my husband, who, to my unutterable surprise, accused me of eloping from him with young William Gray, and commanded me to return home. I indignantly denied the shameful charge, and refused to obey his violent command. Many words followed, bitter and stinging, on both sides, for he, in rage, persisted in his false accusation, and I, mortified and indignant, refused to turn back with him. At last, in defiance of his anger, I bade William drive on with speed, and I was soon within the shelter of my father's house.

"I had intended to return the next day, but burning with a sense of injustice and wrong, I waited for Lewis to come after me and confess his error. He did not come. Weeks passed, and in mental anguish which cannot be told, I waited for him to take the first step toward reconciliation. My heart yearned toward him with all its early fondness—it yearned with love and pity too painful to bear toward my tender child, but pride, my ruling passion, would, as ever, domineer over all my better feelings. I had been insulted, and should I, by an attempt at reconciliation, the same as confess that I had been in error? No—I had ever been true to him when he least deserved it; he had wronged me, and he, not I, must sue for pardon.

"My father died, and left me the heiress of all his wealth. How I longed to bestow it all on those beloved ones. The desire overcame my pride. I wrote to Lewis, explaining again the perfect innocence of my abrupt departure, telling him how I had waited and watched his coming, I informed him also of my sudden wealth, and begged him to come for me and share all that was become mine. The letter was haughtily and coldly returned without an answer.

"Then all my pride awoke again, and I resolved that if ever we were reconciled, it should be by his confession of injustice. I remained in my father's house, living alone, mistress of all its now cheerless splendor. Months, years passed, and no word, no message from my husband, assured me that he even remembered my existence, till suddenly came the startling news that he had sued for a divorce. I scorned to oppose him; he proved to satisfaction my abandonment of him, and I became that outcast in the world—a divorced wife!

"This crisis past, my pride was shattered, and remorse alone remained to me. Oh, if I could have humbled myself, have gone to my deluded husband, and by tears and prayers besought a return of his love and confidence, ere it was too late! But now all my self reproaches were in vain—he was separated from me forever, and the

child, as it grew up, was taught to believe me dead. Lewis told her no falsehood. I was dead to them and all the world beside.

"Many years I lived alone, shut up like a hermit in my gloomy mansion. Then came a deep longing, an irresistible impulse to see them once more. They had been my idols through all, and though unseen and unheeded I must still worship them. I sold all my possessions and went in search of them. I found them at last in a far western village, but how changed! That terrible event had altered my husband's whole nature. He had laid aside forever his dissipation and folly, and in this silent corner of the world he was living an obscure clergyman. Within a few years he had married again, his child was growing up in beauty and intelligence, and he seemed happy and at peace.

"I could not see them face to face, for now it would only bring to them all misery and sorrow; but I hid myself under a feigned name where I could watch them unseen, and I shunned all friendship or acquaintance that I might never come in their way. My daughter thought me dead; my husband—I call him mine for he never truly belonged to another—thought me still in my father's homestead.

"At last I knew that he was dying. In the days of our old love we had often gathered flowers together; and now, one early morning, I gathered a rare bouquet that I might seem like the Eleanor of old times, and watching my opportunity I entered his chamber. Had a spirit risen from

the dead, he could not have been more overcome. I too trembled in my very heart with emotion, but I felt that my hour had come—that I had suffered and waited long, and now I must speak. I told him again the story of my innocence, as I had told him long ago, when he was too angry to believe me. I called God to witness that I had loved him unceasingly, even when neglected and wronged by him—that it was pride alone which had sundered us. I told him of the years I had lived within sight of his dwelling, unknown and unloved by human kind. His heart was melted; he forgave me, and with tears such as only a strong man weeps, he implored my forgiveness. A footstep approached and I fled away, for I had no desire to bring unhappiness to the woman who had taken my place.

"Once more I saw him; he promised to be alone one morning to see me. Before dawn I went to him. They thought he died alone. It was not so. He breathed his last in my supporting arms. I folded his hands on his breast, I kissed his beloved brow, I closed his eyes, and thanked God that unto me and not another, had been given this last, sacred duty of love.

"Alice, my daughter!"

Her lips faltered in the utterance, she sunk back and closed her eyes.

Alice hung weeping over her bed. I stepped into the next room and lifted the veil from the picture on the mantle. It was a faithful portrait, drawn by the pencil of memory and affection, of Lewis Hudson, the father of my Alice.

LINES WRITTEN DURING A THUNDER-STORM.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

I LOVE to sit alone and gaze

Out on the night,

When veiled are Luna's silvery rays

Each lesser light,

Hid 'neath the dense funeral pall

That shrouds the sky,

And the storm gods deep thunder call

Echoes on high.

And when with lurid, flickering glance

The lightning's glare,

And show the leaflets as they dance

Upon the air;

To see the ancient forest trees

Toss up on high,

Their hundred arms to greet the breeze

That gambols by.

And when the thunder's solemn voice

Peels from the cloud,

And bids the mountains to rejoice

And laugh aloud;

To hear the everlasting hills

Give back the roar

That all their glens and valleys fill,

From shore to shore.

Oh! there is grandeur in a scene like this

At such an hour,

To make man feel his nothingness,

His want of power;

And show the might of Him who hurls

The thunderbolt,

At whose command the tempest furls

His banner forth.

THE FIRE IN THE WOODS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

"WHAT! mounted already?" said Major Gordon, as he rode up to the gate of Sweetwater, and saw Kate in the saddle.

"Haven't you heard?" answered Kate, as she arranged her dress, giving a brief nod, her whole demeanor full of excitement.

"I've heard nothing."

"Not heard it? The woods are on fire. See!"

As she spoke, she pointed with her riding-whip in the opposite direction to that from which her guest had come.

The major, looking where she indicated, observed, far off, hovering over the distant swamp, a thick, black cloud, which, if the day had been more sultry, he would have supposed to be an approaching thunder-storm.

"As you've never seen a fire in the woods," she continued, "I thought you'd like to go. But there's no time to lose." As she finished, she gave her horse the rein.

"But are they not dangerous sometimes?"

"Often. If the wind shifts, the flames come roaring down, frequently faster than a man can run. These pines, in a dry season, burn like tinder. It is no unusual thing for the conflagration to rage till a heavy rain extinguishes it. Sometimes miles of forest are devastated before the fire goes out."

All this time, the major and his fair companion had been pressing forward, at a hand gallop. Before long, the smell of the burning woods, as well as the increasing clouds of smoke, betokened their near approach to the scene of the conflagration; and in a few minutes, turning an angle of the road, they came in full sight of it, and checked their horses.

Directly in front was a space, from which the trees had been cut off by the charcoal burners, employed in providing fuel for the neighboring iron-furnace. Here and there about this clearing, which was nearly a mile long and a half a mile deep, stood various smoking, semi-circular mounds, like huge black ovens; while scattered around, were to be seen conical piles of pine wood, some partially covered with earth, and some as yet entirely bare. Though Major Gordon had never seen the process of charcoal making before, its different stages, as thus revealed, ex-

plained the whole to him. A log-hut, the rudest in construction he had ever seen, located in the midst of this desolate tract, showed that the charcoal burners temporarily resided here. But, at present, no signs of human life were visible about the cabin. Indeed, the eye of the major did not rest on it, nor on the smoking mounds, for more than a second, the spectacle beyond being such as to fix his attention immediately.

Back of the charcoal-clearing stretched the pine forest, like a wall of enormous reeds, sombre and gloomy as death. Just as the major and Kate arrived at the turn of the road, the fire, racing before a brisk wind, had come into sight at the further end of the clearing. In little more than a minute, it swept across a tract of woodland nearly a furlong in extent. The flames had scarcely caught the lower part of a tree before they had run to its very top. Distance seemed to be no impediment to them, for, reaching a side road, they did not perceptibly pause, but crossed it at once. Indeed, the dry, resinous trees appeared often to take fire without the contact of the elements, flashing into conflagration from the heat alone.

As the ocean of flame advanced, it tossed billows of pitchy smoke up into the sky, while red forked tongues shot continually forth, and lapping the air for a moment, went out forever. Where the undergrowth had been left standing along the edge of the wood, or where there was a tract of wild grass, the fire, catching to it, whistled along with a rapidity the eye could scarcely follow. It was a melancholy sight to see the tall pines, the growth of a century, standing one moment green to the top; and the next, after writhing helplessly in the lurid fire, left blackened and shriveled wrecks. The roar of the conflagration, meantime, seemed to pervade all space. Every instant it grew louder and deeper, for the flames had now skirted along almost the entire side of the clearing, and were consequently directly opposite to our equestrians, within only half a mile.

For the first time it now occurred to the major that their situation might possibly become perilous. He turned immediately to Kate.

She was eagerly regarding the conflagration, her whole attitude and air betraying intense

abstraction. The quick, earnest words of her companion aroused her, however, at once.

"We shall be cut off by the fire," he said, "if we don't fly for our lives. As soon as the flames reach this end of the clearing, they will extend literally in our direction; for that is the course of the wind. Not a minute must be lost."

Kate scarcely waited to hear him out. At once she saw the truth of what he said, for she was more familiar with the treacherous rapidity of these conflagrations. She turned her steed, and, with no answer but a look, galloped back along the road they had come.

The horses had, for some time, been restless. But their riders, engrossed by the scene, had not observed this, though mechanically quieting them, from unconscious habit. The moment the animals felt the rein relax, and found their backs turned on the nameless horror which had oppressed them, they gave way to their affright, and rushed onward with terror, the sweat starting on their glossy coats, and their distended nostrils reddening with blood. Neither the major nor Kate made any effort to check them. For both now recollected that the road they were following curved in toward the line of the fire, and that for a considerable time at least, they would be approaching the conflagration, instead of increasing their distance from it. In this extremity the same thought occurred to both. It was whether it would not be wiser to return; for, even in the event of being surrounded by the flames, the clearing would afford comparative safety. But each felt that already it was doubtful if they could regain the clearing, and that nothing was left but to press on.

They looked at each other but did not speak, for looks supply the place of words in great emergencies. Both read each other's thoughts, and both said mentally that their lives now depended on the mettle of their horses.

The air, meantime, was becoming so oppressive, that breathing grew difficult. The smoke and heat filled the whole atmosphere, and the terrified animals, now more unnerved than ever, were bathed completely in sweat, and began to exhibit a disposition to bolt aside. It was with the utmost difficulty that Kate could keep Arab's head facing the approaching fire, the alarmed beast swerving continually. Selim, from having been trained to the battle-field, was less affrighted at the smoke, though, as terror is infectious, he also commenced to be unmanageable.

Precious moments were thus lost. Suddenly the conflagration made its appearance, about two hundred yards in front of them, and crossing the road almost immediately, blocked up the

passage with a solid wall of fire; while rapidly spreading laterally, it threatened, in a few instants, to engulf our equestrians. Blazing fragments of bark were already falling around them: the flames crackled sharper, and the roar deepened.

Heretofore, in seasons of danger, Major Gordon had invariably known what to do. There had always been some possibility of escape, something which, if tried, might perhaps avert death. But now he saw no chance, however remote. He was like the miserable victim, who, bound hand and foot, is laid down in the path of the hideous Juggernaut, and who beholds, with chill horror, the terrible machine advancing continually nigher. Yet he thought less of himself than of Kate. To see her perish before his eyes, and by a death so awful, he being powerless to assist her, wrung his soul. But his agony was not unmingled with a certain pleasure. From the deep recesses of his heart, surprising even himself, there thrilled, in this crisis, a wild joy. He could not pause to analyze it, but it seemed to say that death was sweet, with Kate to share it. Instinctively he looked at her, something of all this finding expression in his glance. Her eyes met his, in a long, full gaze, as if her whole soul was in it, a gaze which raised this sensation of joy to one of absolute bliss. For a moment he almost thanked heaven for the calamity which had broken down the barriers of conventionalism and sex between them. The near approach of death had revealed to him how much he loved Kate; and that look, did it not, he said, betray that she loved him as well?

Suddenly his companion cried, in a voice almost inaudible from eagerness,

"I see a bridle path, I remember. Follow me."

As she spoke, she struck Arab with all her strength, so that he shot forward like a stone from a sling, entering the forest, on the right, where the tracks of an old road were dimly visible. The trees had so overgrown the way, indeed, that Kate had to stoop to his neck, in order to avoid striking the branches. Her companion darted after her, burying both rowsels into his steed.

There was no sign, as yet, where the path would lead. It was evidently a temporary road, made by the wood-choppers long before, at some period when they were cutting rails or timber in the forest. There were scores of such tracks traversing the woods, but their course was never direct, and often they led back quite to the place whence they started. A person, unfamiliar with the particular road, might lose himself speedily

in its labyrinths. But the positiveness with which Kate spoke convinced Major Gordon that she had used the path before, and that it held out a possibility, at least, of escape.

In confirmation of this, he observed that the conflagration, though pressing close on their left, moved in a parallel line with them. For several seconds it was a race for life and death between the advancing fire and the fugitives. On sped the horses, their muscles starting out like whip cord, and the ground fairly flying beneath their hoofs. But close and hot in pursuit, like hungry lions, whose breath already burns the flying hunter, the conflagration came leaping and roaring behind.

Rushing through the forest in this way, Kate and the major regained, after awhile, a spot where the path widened, the road not being here so much overgrown. They were now able to see that the way opened ahead into a broad, well-beaten highway, with several parallel wheel tracks, which crossed nearly at right angles to the horse path they were in. Never was harbor a more grateful sight to the mariner than that white, glaring, sandy road to the major and Kate. The latter glanced back over her shoulder, waving her hand as she dashed on; while, the former, in his excitement, found himself almost bursting into a huzza. The cheer, however, would have been checked on his lips, if he

had yielded to the impulse; for a second glance revealed a tree, lying right across their path, its branches forming a *chevaux de frise*, while the thickness of the wood on either side forbade the hope of turning it. Meantime, the forest was shaking in the eddy which ran immediately before the fire; and looking back eagerly over his shoulder, he beheld the flames, only about a pistol shot behind, careering fiercely after them.

But what was his amazement, and an amazement coupled with the wildest delight, when he saw Kate rushing Arab at the tremendous obstacle before them. The leap was one, which, except in such an emergency, he would have thought it suicidal, even for the best horseman, mounted on the finest of hunters, to attempt; but Kate, not hesitating an instant, lifted her horse with a sudden cry of encouragement, and went flying over the impediment, just brushing its top as she passed. Quick as lightning the major followed, driving his spurs deep into Selim's flanks, and cheering him on.

They had escaped, by what seemed a miracle; for directly after the conflagration reached the fallen tree. There, checked by the width of the highway, temporarily, it seemed to rage more furiously than ever, roaring and leaping like baffled wolves that howl along the shore from which their prey has escaped.

THE SISTERS.

BY S. P. FLINT.

Buds are bursting—birds are mating
On this bright and happy day;
April sees her sister waiting,
Runs to give her hand to May—

May, the joyous, sweet and simple,
Youngest, fairest of the three;
Lips of balm and cheeks a-dimple,
To be made a queen is she.

For the Day-king in his splendor,
On the morrow's dawning pride,
Comes to claim this fair and tender
Darling sister for his bride.

Every blossom April watered—
Every green and budding bough
Shall along her path be scattered,
Or be wreathed around her brow.

Festive shouts shall thrill the wild wood,
And to mimic regal bowers
Shall the eager hands of childhood
Bring their wealth of May-day flowers.

And sweet girlhoods witching glances
Wander in the soft blue skies;
And youths weave delicious fancies,
Gazing in those upturned eyes.

But the streamlets murmurous gushes,
And the South-winds whispered tone,
And the bird-songs in the bushes
Sound as sweet for me alone.

Ay! and whether is it better
Letting elder loves grow cold;
Bow our hearts to each new fetter,
Or cling fondly to the old?

Oh, the heart that hoards the fancies
That have made its childhood gay;
Will not 'neath a Siren's glances
Overlook the one far away.

April, from thy dew-damp fingers
I these violets take away—
Whispering, as May sweetly lingers,
"Think on her of yesterday."

JULIAN DANFORTH.

BY MARY J. CROSSMAN.

I.

"Some time I'll write songs for you, mother," said Alice Ray, coming in from her seat under the pear tree, and laying a book of childish poems in the book-case. A wreath of crimson leaves, with now and then a snowy bud of the wax-flower, or a leaflet of unfaded green, lay among the ringlets of her brown hair, and her eyes were beaming with pleasure and love.

"Let me crown you, mother," said Alice, as she lifted the shining wreath from her head.

"I think it more becoming to you and I am glad it makes you happy, dear," said Mrs. Ray, with a smile of maternal fondness.

"Are you not happy, mother?"

"I try to be, daughter, and so we always should."

"It's because father stays so long that you look pale and anxious, isn't it, dear mother?—why don't he come, I wonder—he said when the leaves on the winter pear tree were crimson and those of the maple were orange and red—in the mild, dreamy days of Indian summer, then he would come again."

Alice went to the window and gazed her gaze over the far stretching sea—its tireless onslaught against rock and shore startled her; "I am afraid to look at the ocean, aren't you, mother," said she, "when father is away?"

Weeks passed; a noble ship came into port and its gallant captain joined the home-circle like one snatched from a watery grave. There were gifts from other lands in that little cottage, and fruits and flowers from sunnier climes—there were glad hearts, too, and the earth-cup from which they drank held the sweetest nectar that life can boast.

II.

Years glided by, and the poet-child sang with a rich, enchanting voice. A new fountain had been unsealed in her heart, and its sparkling waters gushed forth in the sunlight of another life. She had met Julian Danforth, and loved him with an earnest, abiding love—in short, he was the inspiration of her songs and the embodiment of her brightest dreams.

Julian possessed one of those agreeable, winning natures which captivate the heart even if

the judgment demurs, and there was about him a certain transparency of character which the teachings of manhood might overcome, imparting to him the bearing of one better fitted to embellish than strengthen life. His cultivated intellect and warmth of soul were as a shining light wherever he went, giving him free access to circles of taste and refinement.

But at length fraud and deception came between them, laying barriers in the way not to be overcome in darkness—so Alice turned to her pen with a stronger devotion, and Julian, to the many avenues open to a well-filled purse and an eager, unsatisfied mind.

"Songs of victory may be sung on the wing," but when an arrow has pierced the song bird's heart, when low notes of suffering are heard from her sunless bower, and anon the song of hope and trust—the heart is stirred more deeply and its pulses beat with a truer throb. So the gift of Alice grew strong and pure in its ministrations to the grief of others.

III.

Other years passed by, and the sorrow of youth seemed wholly forgotten in the realities of the present, and fond parents rejoiced to see smiles of happiness on the face of their child. On such a day Alice wrote to her friend thus—

"MY DEAR CARRIE—I should have written you ere this, but the cares of the world came between my heart and pen—and I listened to their urgent claims; but to-day an impulse prompts me that I would not resist if I could. Last night within the sunny borders of dream-land I drank from the cup of yore: you remember him who blent with all my earlier dreams—whose dark, speaking eyes could sway with such a magic power—ah, yes, Carrie, you remember; then you know this earth-light faded, and I sat down amid the shadows weary and alone; brightest amid the orbs of friendship your love and sympathy then shone forth; with one so true I turn aside this afternoon from the dusty highway, and entering a green and shaded path wend my way up to the grand old temple sacred to friendship and love; entering its pearly gates, we pass up beside that imposing colonnade to sit

beneath the inscription—'forever.' How the temple-music soothes the worn spirit, and its Eden-like beauty makes glad the soul. Oh, Carrie, is it not holy and beautiful! But yesternight, beneath that column whose golden letters proclaim 'eternal love,' there was even higher joy; yes, there we met; a shade of weariness and care was upon his brow and his temples throbbed dull and heavily. I parted the locks back from his forehead and charmed away the pain—he smiled and said, 'I am well again, dear Alice.' The spell that bound me was broken and I found it was 'all a dream.' Alas! that from every hill-side and valley where humanity dwells, there should go up this sad heart echo, 'all a dream.' And is it not a strange comment upon the human heart that after its sorrows have slumbered beneath the weight of years, and the ashes of its crumbled idols are hid by the greenness and beauty of a later growth—after its broken strings have been re-united and re-attuned, that music of the olden time will anon tremble upon the lyre—that the crushed idols will arise draped in brightness, and the seal of years be uplifted from its trust?

"But I have learned useful lessons all the way, Carrie, and in this, at least, is the retrospect pleasant—that I have trusted the guiding Hand that has marked my way, believing that finally, it would brighten 'unto the perfect day.'"

IV.

JULIAN, after leaving the town of S—, travelled Westward with the purpose of spending some time in the populous city of B—. Introduced into its wealthiest circles, he soon entered into all the excesses of fashionable life; he thought the vague unrest in his heart was filled, and the dazzling scenes in which he mingled shut out the vision he would gladly forget; and then the beauty of the reigning belle, Miss Eveline Le Baron, was almost a marvel; she was tall and graceful, with teeth like pearls, a lily neck, incarnadine cheeks, and all the *et ceteras* of beauty in full development—all except a soul, but this defect was unnoticed. Her education had been finished after the most approved models previous to her travel abroad and final debut in society. She was an heiress, had refused a dozen offers, and been thrice engaged—and when this splendid equipage drew up at the door of Julian Danforth's heart, what a bewilderment of joy and ecstasy seized his whole being. He drank from the gilded cup, and who would have done otherwise even though he counted the sacrifice; so in due time the nuptials were solemnized and the bridal tour taken.

V.

FIVE years of mingled joy and care passed by, when a dark shadow settled over Mr. Danforth's dwelling, shutting out the brightest sunlight of life.

On going out to ride one afternoon, Mr. Danforth had taken their only child, a promising boy of three summers: he was delighted with the drive, but persisted in throwing off his soft, furry mantle "it was so warm." Before morning a heavy rattling in his throat announced the croup, and at night he died.

Two months afterward Julian was walking leisurely home, just as the sun was radiating the west with a full tide of crimson glory. "I hope Eveline's fit of ill-humor has passed off," thought he, "if not, she can enjoy it longer: I've flattered and yielded till I'm done—one might as well be the object of her malice as the slave of all her whims and fancies, a part of the time, at least; we should have been penniless long ago if I'd followed her notions." As he ascended the marble steps, how his heart yearned for the music of that childish voice forever hushed.

"Have you seen anything of my slippers, Eveline?" he asked, with a tolerable attempt at pleasantness, as he entered their sleeping room.

"How should I know anything of your slippers when I've been suffering all day with a blind headache?" she replied, pettishly.

"It would be strange, I'll admit, headache or not."

Mrs. Danforth reached her viningrette, and after two or three inhalations, said, "I wish you would close that door, Julian, I don't fancy so much air."

"I do," was the dry response.

Mrs. Danforth saw her husband was gaining ground, but she always had a reserved weapon for every extremity. "I should think," said she, "you'd remember the cause of poor Willie's suffering and death—his last look of anguish haunts me constantly, but you can go down street and forget it all." Julian drew on his second slipper and left the room in silence, though bitter thoughts were clamoring for utterance. Walking up and down the drawing room he paused at the balcony, and the gentle south winds fanned his burning cheek. A volume of Shakespeare was lying in the window-seat—he took up the gilded book exclaiming with a sigh, "Poor man! married at fifteen!"

A servant brought in the evening mail, and Mr. Danforth, half heartedly seated himself for a glance at the papers: almost the first article, that met his eye, was a poem by "Alice Ray," entitled, "There's Power in Prayer."

"I wonder if life has any burdens for her—it seems so from this," he mused. "There's power in prayer—I have never thought of this before, but it must be so—dear Alice, heaven bless her."

The papers slid carelessly from his hand to the carpet, and leaning back in his arm-chair, he listened to the swollen waters of the Mississippi, dreaming meanwhile of the present and the past: but new resolves and claims accompanied those dreams, and a higher light was faintly glimmering in his soul.

On a misty, autumn morning, Mrs. Danforth was sitting languidly in an elegant fauteuil, her head resting upon her slight hand. "You may dress my hair now, Hannah," said she to her maid—"but first close one of the window-shutters and the window, raise the shade a little, and then drop the lace curtain over it;" so the shutter was closed, the shade raised and the lace curtain dropped.

Julian entered the room, and drawing a bamboo-rocker beside his wife, took a seat, "Where have you been so long?" asked she; "I didn't know but you had gone a journey and forgot to mention it."

"I found pleasant company and forgot the time—but forgive me, Eveline."

"I think the attractions are generally stronger abroad than at home," replied the injured woman.

Directly she said, "Let us go to the opera to-night."

"You are too weak, I am afraid, Eveline."

"No, I am not—and I shall so delight to wear my new cap; I think it's very becoming, don't you?"

Evening came, and Mrs. Danforth, though not recovered from a recent illness, was decided in going out, though the chilly, evening air forbade. A severe cold and settled cough were the results, and in eight weeks she was no more. Then invited guests came to pay their last tribute to the deceased: the parlors were hung in crape, and a sombre gloominess pervaded every room. There was no light that death had not quenched—no

living, breathing memories of unfading worth to linger like reflected glory of the future above that chill array of mourning.

In the cold moonlight Julian stood beside her grave and wept—wept that life should be so thwarted, perverted, and the soul so dwarfed and fettered that the image of its sire should be well nigh lost.

VI.

THE winter months came and went, spring gladdened the earth and had left her throne for the summer Queen, when Julian, with failing health and depressed spirits, sought the quiet of his native town.

Learning that Alice was still at home, he wrote her from the village inn, saying,

"DEAR ALICE—Though the influence of years has widely separated us, and perhaps erased from your mind the memory of our early friendship—all save its bitterness—yet I crave the privilege of numbering you among my friends; and may we not meet again under your parental roof?

Truly your friend, JULIAN DANFORTH."

On a visit at the home of Alice one day, Mr. Danforth was seized with a paroxysm, so severe in its effects as to hinder his removal; but happy, peaceful days ensued for the invalid as life's frail bark seemed nearing the eternal shore. Love and hope sat weeping by the river, when an angel from the Pitying One came that way and whispered, "It is I, be not afraid."

Awhile, and the life-tide arose—the bark almost lost amid the shadows floated earthward, slowly, wearily, but with a sure progress. And when another spring time dawned, Julian and Alice, happy in the fulfilment of life's hopeful dreams, departed for their Western home.

It is often while pursuing the hidden paths of our pilgrimage, that we gather earth's choicest fruits; and when our Guide and Teacher is the Infinite, we have only to follow on in obedience and trust "His will concerning us."

THE LONE BIRD.

BY E. C. HOWE, M. D.

THE wind blew chill through the winding vale,
Through the woodlands roll'd a bitter wail;
And the cold rain beat on the forest hill,
And wildly dashed the mountain rill.
Alone, alone on the fitful breeze,
O'er the swelling streams and writhing trees,

A sweet bird soar'd on quivering wing,
But the cold blast proved a bitter sting.

Alas for the sad and woeful tale,
The wind now moans through the winding vale:
A lone bird rose on the storm-blast chill,
But perish'd beside the dashing rill.

FLIRTATION; OR, YOUNG AMERICA.

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

"CHARLIE, do come and help me translate this verse of Ubland."

The speaker was a young girl, who silently and studiously had bent over a book of German verse; while her brother arranged his neck-tie in the mirror.

"Oh, deliver me from your German: I am sick of it! Sanscrit's the only language I care for now: when that is mastered, I may fall back upon modern Greek."

"How scholarly we have become! But, Charlie, by-the-way, you seem to have dropped De Quincy along with German: you haven't read a word to me for a week."

"I thought over the matter——"

"That's an improvement upon past habits: what might have been your sage conclusion?"

"That my sister Nell was becoming a positive blue stocking; and instead of giving encouragement and help, I must begin to discourage these literary proclivities of hers."

An ironical smile passed over the maiden's face—for she was by two years her brother's senior—as she asked,

"Suppose I do become literary and a blue-stocking, what harm?"

"For you, a single life: for me, an old maid sister: both evils to be avoided."

"Nonsense, Charlie, I can take care of my own lot; or destiny will spare me the trouble: so read on. We had almost reached the end of the third volume"

"Oh, I can't find the place—looked for it yesterday. Nell, is this blue neck-cloth as becoming as that one striped with red?"

"I like it better—because it matches my stockings, perhaps. Don't fear but you look well enough, we are a handsome family, you know. Come, Charlie! Will you read?"

"If I begin, some silly girl will interrupt us—come to show what a precious, lovely ribbon, or what a cheap ninepence-worth-of lace she has bought."

"We have only been interrupted once; and then you needn't have rushed away in such trepidation. Why did you not wait and be introduced? it was only Sallie Kent."

"Ah, thereby hangs a tale! I wouldn't be introduced to that girl for——"

"A bale of new cravats?"

"Not even for that; and a pair of blue stockings and German grammar added to the lot."

"Yet Sallie's a bright little soul: too bright; she's apt to grow reckless in her merry-making; and carry things beyond the limits of propriety."

"You can't instruct me about Sallie Kent: she plays with young mens' hearts as a kitten plays with mice."

"Poor, tender hearts, they shouldn't be played with! Mice have their holes, and hearts their hiding-places; both can be safe if they will."

"There's your literary stoicism! I anticipated the result, that day I caught you reading Plato, in the library. Presently I shall hear you exclaim, 'If you ask in what I think happiness to consist, I answer, in listening to such discourses as thine, oh, Socrates; and in the practice of virtue.'"

"It were no bad reply. But as it happens, I was quoting the logic of Sallie Kent—not Plato, nor Socrates."

"Well, she's a fascinating puss, I acknowledge."

"What! Are you acquainted with her?"

"Not I; and for this very reason, I hurried out of the room so precipitately, that day she called. Do you suppose I'd spoil a flirtation by being introduced—by sober, stupid acquaintance?"

"You speak in paradox: your meaning is more involved than my German nouns. Pray talk English, or else be so good as to translate."

"I can't, little Nellie! Every art and science has a language all its own; inexplicable to outsiders. You don't know how to flirt—and I'm glad of it, seeing you are my sister—not knowing, you must remain in contented ignorance——"

"That's right, pause for breath."

"I was fastening my watch chain, in contented ignorance of phrases whose meaning such as Sallie Kent and I can spell intuitively."

"I," that is, Mr. Charles R. Whellen; or C. Rounceville Whellen, as he chose to style himself, was a youth of twenty-one; with a not unintelligent face, a fair complexion, and light, luxuriant, curly hair. He was dressed as near the height of fashion as good taste would admit, perhaps a trifle nearer. He wore fine linen; and

cloth of fashionable, if not Tyrian dye; and gold of Ophir or California, wrought into heavy watch-trinkets; and on the Scriptural—nay, priestly—Onyx stone which adorned his hand, his white hand—the hand whose tender pressure had set so many weak hearts fluttering—on this stone were carved the crest and initials of C. Rounceville Whellen, Esquire, student and winner of hearts.

He might have been described in fewer words. C. Rounceville was just the man to captivate maidens who lingered still in the earlier fire of their teens.

Sallie Kent was young, with a fresh, bright face, a pretty hand and foot, a fairy-like form, and an elfish capacity and love for all manner of wild mischief.

Like all inveterate coquettes, she had no faith whatever in mankind. An early disappointment in love had left her indifferent to the whole sex; and lacking sufficient strength of character to seek out other objects of interest, she amused herself with bewitching and then disappointing, such young men as had the evil luck to cross her path.

"What walking," sighed C. Rounceville, "and I must be at the rehearsal perforce, in spite of splashing my boots."

"Where lies the necessity?" asked Nellie.

"Oh, Sallie will expect me, be disappointed if I don't appear. And this is the worst of you women, Nell; you're apt to be, as Lord Byron said about his wife, 'Confoundedly in our way.'"

"And as Lady Byron replied, 'We can easily take ourselves out of it, then!'"

"There's the rub; you are so touchy, you are not docile. A favorite horse will stand in his stable and wait for us; or our dog will entertain himself when we have other business; but a woman, forsooth, must be watched and humored 'from morn till dewy eve,' week in and out."

"Only during courtship. Once married, she will stand and wait, as docile as your horse or dog."

"Married! You won't find me fitting myself into the domestic harness in such haste, my dear!"

"So all men and young boys are apt to talk, until they find some girl foolish enough to surrender herself as yoke-fellow."

C. Rounceville laughed. "It's refreshing to hear you speak, Nell, you are so unsophisticated. Why, don't you know, that a handsome young man has ten lovers where a handsome young girl has two? While you sit here wrinkling your pretty face over Plato, I have but to walk the streets, and——"

"Glean harvests of hearts?"

"Exactly. I am not vain. I only describe a state of society, in telling what scores of pretty girls would give their last new dress for a smile from C. R. Whellen."

It was Nellie's turn to laugh. "You foolish boy, name, if you can, a single attractive woman who cares a feather for you."

"Mrs. Belknap."

"Hush! the servants may hear. One can't be too careful in speaking of a married lady, even in jest."

"One may speak lightly, and yet be more careful than many married ladies are of their own good name. But I'll mention another, Sallie Kent."

"Oh, she'd smile, for the sake of giving her frown force afterward. I wish your heart were as safe as that of Sallie Kent."

"Well, let us pursue our flirtation. I shall not marry the little creature, of course; but her pretty, tantalizing ways amuse and flatter me."

Our knight-errant came home from the rehearsal, with a more complacent smile than usual upon his face.

"Miss Sallie was not there, after all; and I might have been wroth in consequence, but for this note."

"You cannot mean that she has written to you, without obtaining an introduction first?"

"Read for yourself, little sister Propriety, and then tell how even you happened to choose Sallie for a friend."

"I can tell that without reading; from pity, because I think the girl has been wronged; and is so reckless now that she needs a counsellor."

"Trust you for giving counsel. I am only surprised that she has the patience to listen."

"She does listen."

"A docile pupil then: let me read the note."

"What's on the seal?"

"Cupid with a pair of scales; in one a heart, in the other a money-bag; the money weighs, the heart-scale kicks the beam. Now listen."

"Somebody has a presentiment that nobody worth meeting, will be at the rehearsal this afternoon; and, therefore, somebody won't venture through the mud. I'm sick to-day, ah's me! as Portia says, 'My little body's weary of this great world.' I haven't even the heart to continue our flirtation: let's be introduced the first time ever we met. I'll tell you! to-morrow I will happen in at your sister Nellie's—you can happen to pass through the room; after that sober acquaintance, and good-bye to fun."

"Would it were half as easy to say good-bye to life and its vexations. SALLIE KENT."

"To C. Rounceville Whellen, Esq."

"There! you can examine the handwriting: is it hers?"

"Undoubtedly. And to draw me into her schemes, when she pretends that my good example is such an advantage to her."

"Oh, never mind, let us watch the little coquette. She manœuvres so skillfully that her plots are well worth studying."

The morrow came; and with it Sallie Kent; and C. Rounceville happened to pass through the room, and was introduced with all gravity.

He did not remain long, pleading some engagement; and Sallie strayed to other subjects, determined enough to prove that she had no thought of taking the sister wholly into her confidence.

But Nellie still returned to her brother, and elicited at last some remark concerning the resemblance in their faces.

"His face is more like mine than his character," she replied.

"Ah, it is my luck. I fancied he might be like you; and so worth winning."

"Then you have not met my brother before?"

"How should I? Were we not just now introduced as strangers?"

"Well, he has good traits; but is a genuine 'Young American,' with ample confidence in his own charms."

"He has a fine face."

"He has a good mind, or had once; but I'm afraid this fine face is destined to ruin it."

"How like a mentor you talk, Nell."

"So any sister might, whose only brother was sinking from a sensible youth into a silly fop. But it is not all his own fault. He is beset by girls as vain as himself; and weaker and more sentimental. You should read some of their notes."

"What, do they correspond with them?"

"Not literally. They seem satisfied with the luxury of addressing a man, and do not ask replies."

"How foolish, what want of pride!"

"Want of decorum, I should say."

"So should I. But, Nelly, why won't you read me some of the notes? Where did you find them? In his pockets?"

"Once in awhile he regales me with an effusion. No, I don't pick his pockets, thank you, dear!"

"Do not be vexed with me, Nelly. I supposed that your brother would make it a point of honor to keep such matters to himself."

"Such matters?"

"Yes, if a girl never so foolish, place confidence in him, place her good name at his mercy——"

"If she cannot guard her own good name, should she expect a stranger to do it?"

"I don't know: I never studied logic. But come, Nell, I trust you with all of my secrets; tell me who writes the notes, and what they say."

"Perhaps I can find one: I saw Charlie thrust it into the card-table drawer. Ah, here it is, from a girl to whom he had never been introduced," and she read,

"Somebody has a presentiment that nobody worth," and so forth.

Sallie snatched the missive from her hand, tore and trod upon the pieces; and with flushed cheeks began to rail against C. Rounceville's want of delicacy.

Suddenly her manner changed. "I have treated you shabbily, Nell; though I meant nothing farther than a flirtation; but now, now," and she clenched her little fist, "if I don't teach Mr. C. Rounceville a lesson."

"Why what can you do, little Sallie? Pull his hair?"

"Pull his heart-strings till they ache."

"I doubt if he have any. The boy's affections are not developed yet."

"How much these sisters know about their kin! 'Boy!' But I will develop his affections for him; not without your leave, however: is it granted?"

"Yes, I am not afraid of what a small coquette can do; for under all the scum of frivolity, there is good sense in my brother's character."

"Very well: that gives me another clue. And you'll keep my counsel?"

"Certainly. It is not my habit to tell tales. I spoke this time, because it seemed to me you needed a lesson."

"I did; and will take care to profit by the one I have just received."

Weeks passed. What different experiences these little snatches of time do bring to many hearts! We name them all weeks, while some are dust-lined, poverty-stricken, some paved with diamonds; just as we name all people—men and women, while part are inmates of palaces, part of prisons—some are high poets, some but stolid misers.

Weeks passed; and though Sallie came not, rumors reached Nellie among her books of the little woman's flirtations. But what should she care? Had not a translation of hers been ascribed to Parsons, to Lowell, to Longfellow? That one little bay-leaf was enough—she held it so near her eyes—to shut out all the world.

But ah, C. Rounceville cared! His weeks were hung with myrtle and not bay. Growing

more and more indifferent to Umland and De Quincy, he grew more and more anxious concerning the color and adjustment of his cravats. He was moody, changeable, restless; there was no soothing or pleasing him, Nellie thought.

Then a sudden fancy flashed over her mind. Had Sallie's threat been fulfilled? That reckless, frivolous little woman—had she succeeded in wringing the heart of one so greatly her superior? Was Charlie in love?

She asked him in her frank way; and for the first time in that week her brother laughed heartily. "In love! Why, Puss, if I were, do you suppose I'd be apt to confess the matter? But where did you pick up such an absurd suspicion?"

"Out of my acquaintance with the symptoms of that sore malady. Be careful, Charlie: much as I pity Sallie Kent, I should pity you more, if she became my sister."

"It is not she in particular, Nell. You are so innocent that I dare trust you with a secret: half-a dozen girls have bewitched me."

"And tossed your heart back and forth to one another like a shuttlecock?"

"Tossed my heart! I'd like to see the woman who had so much power. But they are little torments, all these girls."

"Leave them, Charlie."

"Leave ladies' society? Why, don't you know how much we rough men need intercourse with gentler beings to polish and soften us?"

"A woman who stoops to trifle with human hearts is not gentle, nor a lady. Her delicate feelings are crushed, the dew and freshness and purity of her youth are gone."

"Oh, you make too serious a matter of what is only meant for jest."

"But what do you gain from this giddy society? I wish you could hear yourself talk once, with some pretty little piece of mischief, who snaps her eyes at you or makes them languishing, and taps you with her fan in pretended anger, and pinches you, very small, fascinating pinches, with her delicate fingers."

"Why, Nell, I should think you had been watching me—I mean, them."

"I have—and listening."

"One cannot talk metaphysics at a party, or during a social call. There's only room for simple, airy chat."

"Most simple and airy! Do you want to know how it sounds?"

"By all means; but do not caricature."

"There's no need. We'll suppose that you are at a party, looking your freshest and best: I regard my brother with pride, so distinguished

as he is among his peers for good manners and good looks. I do not wonder that some fair maiden fixes her eye upon him, entices him into a corner for a quiet flirtation."

"Then you become a mouse in the wall?"

"Yes; knowing how much taste, refinement, intelligence you have, I pay attention."

"Expecting to hear some new theory of the creation, or a treatise on moral philosophy?"

"No, I only expect conversation which shall strengthen her mind and polish yours. A ribbon is tied to the lady's fan, and you ask why it's there."

"Cannot you guess? Are you not Yankee enough?" she responds, seizing the opportunity to lift and display the white arm on which it swings.

"Ah, I have it! To help support such a laborious weight."

"True, and yet——" here she flashes her eyes at you, 'there's quite a little romance tied up with this bit of ribbon.'

"Charming! unfold it."

"Oh, no, no. What was I thinking of to let the secret escape? Just so heedless I am."

"A secret, ah! Why let me look at the ribbon."

"She draws it back. 'Please, don't. Please! If you knew——'

"To know is all I wish: tell me."

"Then she throws back her head and laughs, to display, at the same time, her white throat and dulcet voice. 'Tell you, indeed! Why, Mr. Whellen, the rack couldn't wring my secret from me.'

"I suppose not. Can my persuasions?"

"Vain, vain man!" she begins. But you are looking at her almost tenderly, so her eyes fall, and she blushes.

"I wait with all patience, Miss Lula!"

"Wait, for what?"

"The secret. Did you not promise to unfold it?"

"Did I? Could I have promised? And pray let me take the promise back, it was only given in a moment of—of confusion."

"That last stroke is intended to reveal that her little heart's impressible—to you."

"I hold you to your promise."

"She laughs. 'How easily you gentlemen are deceived! To think you should have believed my nonsense! Were you at the opera last night? Ah, you were, and looked straight toward our box, and never bowed.'

"The opera and this sad breach of courtesy discussed, you fall back upon the ribbon; and she shakes her pretty head."

"No, no. You will find I have great decision of character. Come to remember, I am quite sure that I could not have given that rash promise."

"Then it was rash? Then there is a secret?"

"Here she pinches your hand. 'Is it fair, Mr. Whellen, to cross-question and confuse me?'"

"Is it fair, Miss Lula, to excite my curiosity, and then leave me in doubt?"

"Now you don't really care?"

"But I do."

"How much?"

"Enough, Nell!" C. Rounceville interrupted, "I recognize the picture. Now you see how we men are beset, and bothered, and captivated by the little witches."

"Could that conversation captivate you?"

"Of course not; but the side-play, the smiles and glances, the pretty confusion, the graceful yielding, the dulcet voice and snowy throat—these are what take our hearts by storm."

"And refine and polish your characters!"

"Pon my life, I believe you're growing old maidish, Nell. We are obliged to talk down to our audience."

"Do you 'talk down' to Mary Eveleth?"

Nellie was glad to see her brother's face change, as he said, "Mary is not a coquette, sometimes I wish she were. She is too cold—does not take pains enough to captivate us."

Here a servant announced Miss Sallie Kent. C. Rounceville vanished. Nellie arose to meet her friend.

"Why, where have you been this age, child? I have missed your bright, wicked face."

"Glad to hear it, Nelly: you are the only respectable friend I possess: the others are men, or little nobodies of girls. But I have fun among them."

"What mischief now?"

"All kinds, 'a large selection,' as they say at stores. Look here!" she drew a package of letters and notes from her pocket.

"Have you turned authoress?"

"Yes, of discord!" and she spread out her notes, as a fortune-teller his cards. "You see here, five handwritings?"

"I do, and one is my brother's."

"Well! Oh, dear, if it has not been an exciting week; let me untie my bonnet. We are safe?"

"Perfectly."

"No one will enter? Nobody's listening?"

"No."

"Then, not being such a correct little saint as you, I'll read my letters: it's so droll! five men in love with me, and in hate with each other."

"But you, Sallie?"

"Oh, I laugh at them all. Except, perhaps, your brother, whom I could love if I had not vowed to disappoint him. He had the insolence to expose my note—here are several of his, compare them if you wish."

Nellie could scarce believe her eyes. Was this the sensible brother who had spent days with her in the library, assisting and encouraging her studies? All these flaming adjectives, had he written them? One specimen may suffice—and C. Rounceville's billets were not unlike those of his rivals: probably they all wrote "down" to the capacity of their mischievous correspondent.

"Sallie, Sallie, you have no pity, no mercy: one would think my heart was a fan-string, by the way you twist it about your little fingers. But I know you will relent, sweet angel; I know your gentle, womanly spirit will not always leave me suffering——"

Sallie interrupted herself to observe, "My gentle spirit! Isn't it funny?"

"I know you will yet withdraw me from the brink of ruin. Ah! we men are so tried and tempted in this rough world, we need the society and guidance of angels—of women, which means all the same. Sallie, must I plod on alone, must my life be a failure, a weariness, a grovelling in the dust, because the winged spirit I love deserts me——"

"There," she interrupted again, "two weeks ago I was 'a little thing,' 'a malicious sprite,' an 'amusing creature:' now I'm all that's celestial, now I'm the only one that can break Master Whellen's path to heaven! But let me read Willie Ray's missive, it's almost as droll."

"Who wrote this on the tinted paper?"

"Sam Eveleth. I'll confess though that I've lost him. His sister Mary, old prude! broke up my plans."

"Mary Eveleth is my best friend, Sallie."

"Ah, well, she has a beautiful face, and is sensible enough, I know, but—she needn't have meddled."

"What shall you do, if these young men offer themselves?"

"Bless you, child, I accepted the last of them a week ago. Do you see this watch? It was given me by Willie Ray; but he don't watch close enough. Do you see the chain? Sam Eveleth presented that, a pretty pattern, isn't it? and eighteen carat gold, and heavy; but it'll take a heavier chain to fasten Sallie Kent. The onyx seal ring you will recognize: do you see the initials C. R. W.? It is too large for my finger, so I hang it by Willie's chain. Isn't it droll that my trophies happen to be such that I can string them all together?"

"Oh, you are too rash and reckless, Sallie: you won't have a single friend left."

"Won't I then? I can break off all the engagements amicably; and the young men's sisters, and mothers, and grandmas will be so grateful in consequence, that they'll patronize me forever after. Trust Sallie Kent for manoeuvring!"

"But the young men themselves, how will they look upon you?"

"With tender pity, each one, in the firm conviction that he has broken what little heart I had, blighted my hopes, crushed my young affections. You look puzzled. Do you suppose I shall go to them and confess, 'my friends, I have deceived you, there's no love in the case, and here our engagement ends'? Not at all! I have never literally broken an engagement in my life, though I have promised to marry scores of men: one only needs to stop flattering them, to cross their sovereign wills, and straight-way mi-lover informs me that he was mistaken about the affinity between our souls, that he really dares not trust me with the keeping of his happiness. He is grieved—for my sake; he will always be my friend; I shall never want while he has a loaf; but our marriage—cannot take place! Thereupon I cast my eyes down to hide the smile of triumph in them, and if my lips tremble with suppressed laughter, the simple soul thinks it suppressed emotion."

"It is so wicked!"

"Don't look grave, Nell; it is not my fault that two of these young men have their way to make yet, in the world: I did not prevent their grandfathers from leaving them a fortune; I wouldn't refuse either of them, if they were rich enough to make marriage an object. Your brother has money, I know; but there's my vow, you see. I did not ask him to slander and affront an inoffensive little body like myself."

"Inoffensive! But grant me at least this: for my sake, Sallie, undeceive Charles at once. Send a decided refusal: confess that you were only mocking him."

The next day, trembling with emotion, C. Rounceville entered the library, where his sister sat alone.

"Nellie, be frank with me. Have you meddled with my love affairs?"

"Love?"

"My liking for Sallie Kent?"

"Meddled, Charlie?"

"Dear soul! I believe you have torn the little flirt's web, and set me free. Say yea, now."

"Yes."

"Well, I think the deuce is in that girl: she

has seemed to draw me by my very heart-strings; and yet I never did love, never could have loved such a woman."

Here followed an explanation. C. Rounceville looked abashed and penitent, when he saw how his own words had signed and proved the success of Sallie's plot. But Young America rallied.

"I will offer myself to-night to the girl I have always intended to marry."

"Oh, Charlie, do you mean Mary Eveleth?"

"No other, she's too good for me, I know; but she may accept a worse man if I wait."

"She loves you, I am sure of it; and in the world, there is no one I should more delight to call my sister!"

The next morning, C. Rounceville appeared at breakfast, pale and wretched even beyond his wont. "What success last night, Charlie?" the sister asked, before she would say, 'good morning.' "I waited until midnight, in hopes to hear the best of tidings; and when you didn't come, I still consoled myself with thinking you were perhaps too happy for tearing yourself from Mary's side."

"Ah, Nell! I was at a billiard room playing to console myself. If I had had good tidings to bring, you should not have waited; but——"

"Not refused?"

"Utterly! Repulsed as if my offer had been an insult."

"By Mary Eveleth?"

"Yes. Do not blame her: in her efforts to drive that arch maker of mischief, Sallie Kent, from her brother, Mary coaxed away her letters, and found them full of allusions to my own infatuation."

"She will forget it all in time."

"No, never! She saw that I had played a double part; for while writing love to Sallie in mere sport, I had in serious earnest been talking love to Mary Eveleth. No woman with such a nice regard for truth as she has, could forgive such infidelity."

C. Rounceville judged aright. Mary Eveleth had loved, but would not marry him; and was in a few years united to another man.

The lesson which Charles had received, drove him back to his books in earnest, and made him frown at mere mention of the word flirtation. After both Nellie and Mary Eveleth were happy wives, he found a partner for himself: but happy as his home may be, the thought of his first love still casts a shadow on C. Rounceville's brow.

So two who loved each other were estranged, and the little woman lost her only friend by SALLIE KENT'S FLIRTATION.

. A WARDIAN FERN-CASE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.



THE cultivation of ferns and lycopods in glass cases is becoming very general; and this taste should be encouraged and fostered, whether it be indulged in for the ornamentation of gardens or of sitting-rooms. As an ornament for the drawing-room, there is nothing more elegant than the well-designed and executed Wardian Case. The one of which our engraving is a

representation, was constructed with the view to combine elegance with utility, and to imitate the circumstances, amid mimic rocks and precipices, under which nature cultivates her ferns.

The glass case is cylindrical in form, and measures fourteen inches in diameter and twenty-four inches in height, and rests upon a stand of white and gold. The rock-work consists of coral, shells, quarts, and stones, fastened together by plaster of Paris, having as a basis a zinc bottom, the parts which are not covered with the rock-work being overlaid with moss. On the summit and in the interstices of the rockery are inserted, in a compost of sandy fibrous peat and turfy loam, ferns and lycopods.

Some of the tender tropical ferns, to be grown well, require, like the orchidaceous plants, peculiar treatment; but many of the hardier kinds may be successfully cultivated in glass cases with common care, due regard being paid to ventilation, by frequently admitting air, giving the plants water whenever they may appear to require it, and submitting them to the influence of the sun, when not too powerful.

In selecting the ferns, the effect of the case very much depends upon the contrasts in the style of foliage. This may be secured by a judicious choice of species, which may be very various, as the protection afforded by the case is sufficient for nearly all the green-house kinds. In the disposition of the plants in their crystal home, the light feathery foliage of some varieties should be opposed to the more solid forms of other species; and the different systems of the curious fructification on the back of the leaves or fronds, which furnish a most interesting field for study, should also influence the choice, as this feature in the fern tribe is very strikingly peculiar.

It is true that ferns and their allies are acrogenous—i. e., flowerless plants, not possessing the pageantry of floriculture; but they may be said to have the advantage over flowers, not only in the surpassing gracefulness of their forms, but in the permanent beauty of their verdure, and to the lover of nature they present peculiar attractions, for ferns and nature are, as it were, inseparable.

MAT IN BYZANTINE WORK, OR GLASS MOSAIC.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

MATERIALS.—The border of this mat, for which see front of number, is formed by square and triangular pieces of glass, which may be obtained at any glazier's, and will cost about twenty-five cents. A sheet of bright emerald-green paper, a sheet of ultramarine blue, about six-pennyworth of gold paper, four-pennyworth of perforated cardboard, a piece of plain cardboard scarcely nine inches square, a piece of black cotton velvet eleven inches square; a piece of colored or black lining calico the same; forty squares of thin white glass five-eighths of an inch square; one hundred and sixty triangles half inch on the shortest sides; forty squares perforated boards, one eighth inch square. Some strongly made gum-water, and six-pennyworth of Canada balsam or crystal varnish, two yards of worsted rollo, shaded scarlet.

The dimension of cardboard is for the exact size of the glass given in engraving; but as this may vary a little in cutting, it will be as well, after the glass is fixed on the perforated board, to place the squares on the cardboard, and mark with a pencil the size that will be required. Gum the cardboard, lay it on the velvet, turn it, and

press out the gum with a folded cloth; turn it again, gum the edge of cardboard and edges of velvet, press this well down; gum over this side and the edges; then put on the lining, press it well with the hand and a cloth; lay it under a heavy weight till next day; then cut out the edge of lining round, close, or a little below the edge of velvet. Cut the colored paper in strips rather larger than the glass. Varnish the paper, and place each piece of glass on, moving slightly and pressing the latter, to expel the air bubbles which shine under the glass. Twenty squares of green, twenty squares of purple will be required. Varnish the gold paper well, as this having a metallic surface, does not stick like the colored; and to save it as much as possible, after varnishing on a row regularly, the points all coming one way, place on a second row in the interstices of the former; still press each piece as it is put on, to expel the air bubbles. When all the glass is on the paper, place a board over the top with a weight. This varnishing process should be done the previous day, and when dry, divide them with a sharp penknife; the colored squares may be cut with scissors. Take a piece of perforated

board, lay it cornerways on the table—or a piece of smooth wood is better—gum it all over. Take a square piece of glass and lay it exactly square in the centre; then four gold triangles at the corners. Press these down with a cloth over the finger; with a thin dinner or book-knife, take it from the wood, lay it the glass side downward on the table; it will thus dry. Make twenty green and twenty purple squares in the same way, when these are perfectly dry, cut the cardboard round in a row of holes, so as only to leave the fretwork appearance round, which is given by cutting through the row of holes.

Take the purple squares, place them cornerways round the mat, so as the point of one corner to touch the outside edge; place the next square

close to it; continue placing them thus; then gum every square on the back with plenty of gum; lay it down in the same order as placed. It will now have the appearance of a row of diamond-shape squares round the mat. When a little dry, turn it upside-down on a table, place a board the same size on the top, then a heavy weight; let it stay a few hours. Then place in the green squares above the purple ones, but at the four corners cut the perforated board quite close round the square, (this is to make the corners fit in closely.) It will take sixteen squares for this. Now put in one square more at each corner, cutting the perforated board on three sides only. Trim round the out and inside of mat with small worsted rollo of shaded scarlet.

GIRL'S SILK JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



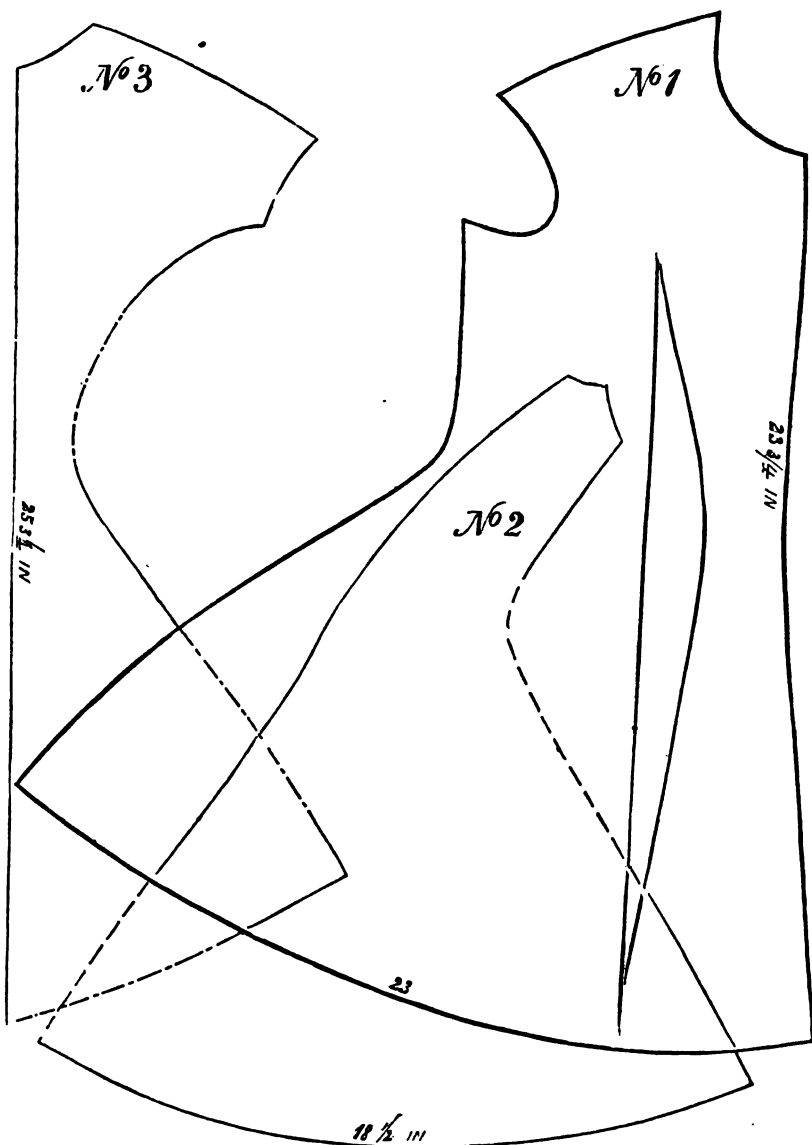
We give, this month, a seasonable pattern for a jacket for a young girl of ten or twelve; and accompany it with a diagram, by which it may be cut out, to be found on the next page. The

jacket is to be made of dove-color silk and adorned with small black buttons.

The jacket is high in the neck, ornamented before and behind with two rows of small black buttons put on the braces. On the front a row

of small buttons. The skirts form a good many plaits, and on each plait there is a row of small buttons. The sleeve is open from top to bottom, and the edges are held together by buttons.

To cut out the jacket, follow the diagram, first



enlarging it to the proper size, as marked in inches.

No. 1. Front.

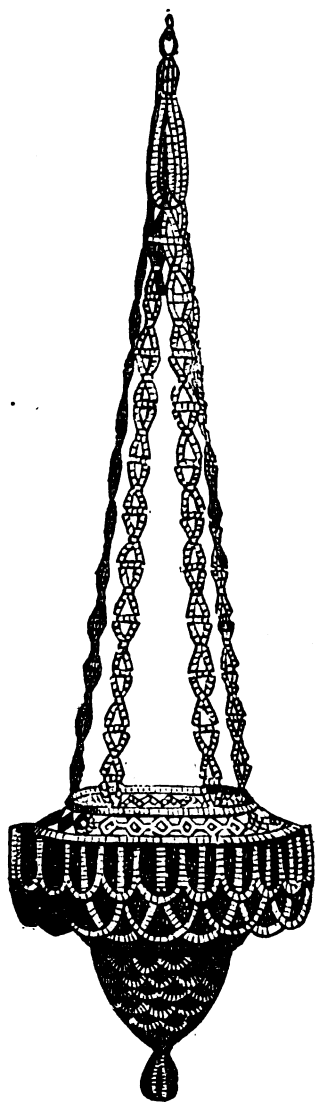
No. 2. Side-piece of back.

No. 3. Back.

The skirt of the dress is also to be ornamented on each side with three plaits laid from back to front, and all held down by a row of small black buttons. Each of these plaits is rather above an inch wide.

SUSPENDING FLOWER-BASKET.

BY MRS. WARREN.



MATERIALS.—Two reels No. 6 cotton, six bunches of white crystal beads, three rings made of tin, a quarter inch in width; three yards of narrow white sarsenet ribbon. The largest ring must be twenty-six inches round, the middle ring eighteen inches, and the smallest thirteen inches.

Bind the rings with ribbon, by twisting it over. Use the cotton double, and fasten it into either of the rings. Thread on the largest and most regular of the beads, and wind them over the ring as close as they will lie. When the three are completed, fasten the cotton into the middle ring, thread on 11 beads, * wind the cotton over the ring between the 4th and 5th beads; pass the needle down 4 beads. Thread 7, repeat from * till there are 26 loops. The last loop will have only 8 beads.

2nd.—After slipping the needle down 4 beads of the 1st loop of beads, pass it also through the next 3 beads. Thread 6, miss 1 loop, pass the needle through 8 of next loop. Repeat.

3rd.—Slip the needle through the 2 centre beads of the 6. Thread 5. Repeat.

4th.—Slip through the 3 centre beads of 5. Thread 4. Repeat.

5th.—Thread 5, slip through 2 centre of 4.

6th.—Thread 4, slip through 3 centre of 5.

7th.—Thread 4, slip through 2, wind the cotton over smallest ring between 8rd and 4th bead; slip the needle through the 4 beads again. Thread 6, pass over the small ring again; slip through 4 of the 6 beads, and through the 2 centre of previous row. This forms the cup.

FOR THE BAG AT BOTTOM OF SAME RING.—Thread 10, pass the cotton over the ring between 6th and 7th bead of latter; pass the needle through 1 bead. Repeat till there are 18 loops.

2nd.—Slip the needle through 6 beads. Thread 5, slip through 2 centre of previous row.

3rd.—Slip through 3 beads. Thread 5; slip through centre bead of previous row.

4th.—Repeat last row again.

Tassel row.—Slip through 3. * Thread 35, slip the needle through 3 beads of the first 5 of the 35, leaving 2 last beads at the end, without slipping the cotton through. Thread 2, pass through centre bead of last row. Repeat from *.

Twist with the thread each loop of the 35 beads round and round at the bottom of 3 first beads of the 35. Fasten off. This concludes the bag and tassel.

FOR THE ORNAMENTAL PART ROUND THE TOP.—Tie the cotton strongly round the top ring which commenced the bag or cup, between a bead. Thread 8, * pass them over ring between the 3rd and 4th, or 4th and 5th beads of ring; slip

through one bead of the 8. Thread 7. Repeat from *.

2nd.—Slip through 5 beads. Thread 3, pass the cotton round the largest ring between a bead; * slip the needle upward through one bead of the 8. Thread 2; slip through 2 centre of previous row. Thread 3; pass over ring between 5th and 6th bead. * Repeat from *.

Fringe.—Thread 86, pass over largest ring between 10th and 11th bead; slip down 1 bead. Repeat.

2nd.—The same, only not passing between the same beads on ring, but between the 5th and 6th bead from where it passed in last row, still keeping the 10 or 11 beads between each loop of fringe.

3rd.—The next row the same, only threading 20 beads.

FOR THE HANDLES, (*which are fastened on after they are made.*)—Let the cotton be as double or treble as will pass through the bead, and have

two needles and two strands of cotton. * Thread on one 6 beads, on the other, 3; slip one needle through 3 of the 6. Thread 4 on one, 8 on the other, slip through one. Repeat from * till there are 15 chains. Make 4 of these strings of chains. Divide the middle-sized hoop into four equal portions; sew one of these strings of chains to each division. Tie them together at the top; sew on half a-yard of stout white ribbon, to hang it up by.

FOR THE TASSEL.—Thread 10 beads, tie in a ring, slip through 1. Thread 3, miss 1 of the 10, slip through next. Repeat.

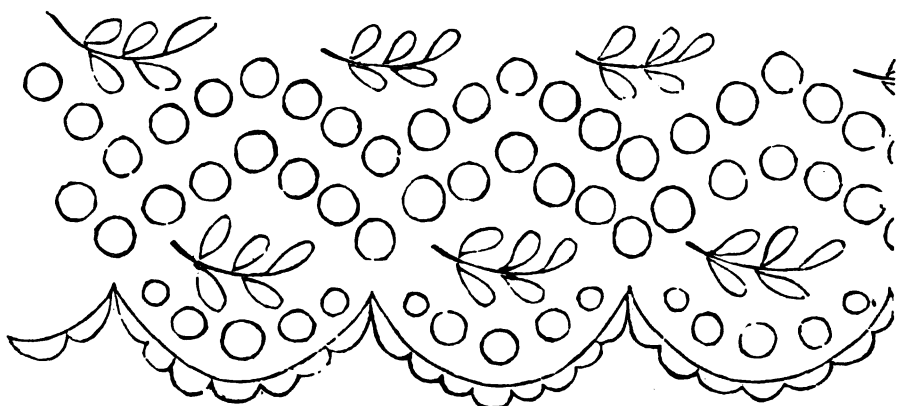
2nd.—Slip down 2. Thread 3, miss 1 of last row, slip through next. Repeat.

3rd.—Another row the same.

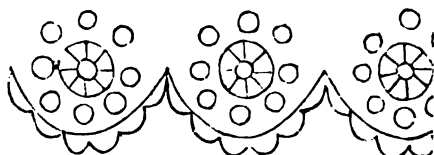
4th.—Thread 86, slip through centre bead of last row. Repeat.

5th.—Another row the same, but threading only 28 beads. This tassel will pass over the ribbon.

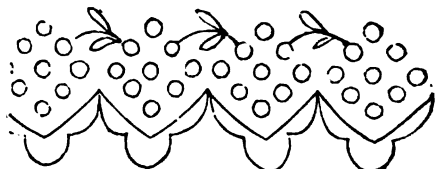
VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



FOR BOTTOM OF PETTICOAT.



EMBROIDERY FOR DRAWERS.



FOR CHILD'S SLEEVE.



FOR CHEMISE YOKE AND SLEEVE.



EDGE FOR CHILD'S SLEEVE.

EMBROIDERED BLOTTING-CASE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

MATERIALS.—Dark stone-colored kid leather, or black velvet, with the following colors in Berlin silks. In *ombre* silks, olive-green, blue-green, and yellow-green, pink deepening into scarlet, and also into crimson, and blue. In plain silks, one black, two very light shades of pink, six shades of yellow-green, maize color, four shades of violet, and four of yellow (the heart's-ease tint.)

The design of this Blotting-Case, for which see the front of the number, consists of a centre bouquet of roses and fuchsias, with four corner pieces, varying from each other, one being a blue convolvulus, another heart's-ease, the third a thistle, and the fourth, ears of corn. Our pages do not, of course, admit of the Blotting-Case being given of the full size. The sprays are, however, of the dimensions to be actually worked, care being taken to place the centre one exactly in the middle, and the others at the corners, allowing a margin of an inch for the border, all round. The sides only of the Blotting-Case are embroidered.

For the manner of preparing and marking the work, we refer our readers to the instructions already given in embroidery; but a brief description of the manner of working these flowers may still be acceptable.

THE CENTRE GROUP.—The rose and buds are worked in crimson *ombre* silk, with the addition of the pinks in the lightest petals of the flower. The stitch used is the ordinary embroidery stitch, and the engraving represents accurately the direction it should take in every part. It will be observed that the centre sepal of the calyx of each rose-bud, as well as the corolla, is worked in stitches which take nearly a perpendicular direction, whilst the *outer* sepals are done in the contrary way. This is important; as it gives an appearance of roundness to the buds which embroidery on a flat surface could not otherwise present. A line of half-polka stitch, in the darkest shade, will also be observed to mark the division in the full-blown flower. The foliage of this group is entirely in the yellow-greens; the lower part has each leaf of one single shade, with the veinings in a darker, the veinings of the darkest leaf being in black silk. It is a rule in embroidery, (as in nature itself) that where

several leaves are on a spray or stem, the lower ones are the darkest, and each one is of a lighter tint, till the one at the point is in the most delicate shade. This must be particularly observed in working the rose-leaves. The dark leaves are at the lowest part of the bouquet, and in the centre, whilst those on each side become gradually lighter. The *ombre* silk is used for the leaves of the right-hand rose-bud. The thorns are done in the very lightest green, and are formed by a single short stitch. All the very small leaves are of a light shade, but should not be worked in the same one. The reason of this is obvious; the small leaves not having arrived at maturity, have not yet acquired the depth of tint of the full grown. The foliage of the fuchsias is done in the blue-green *ombre* silk; the stem, as in that of the rose, being darkest at the base. The flowers are in the scarlet *ombre*, the divisions between the petals marked by a dark thread. The stamens are in maize silk, in half-polka stitch, each finished with a French knot.

THE THISTLE SPRAY.—Each leaf in one shade of the yellow-green, the largest in the darkest, veined with black; the others in pairs, veined with silk one shade darker. The stem *ombre*, dark at the base, and very light where the flower joins on. The flowers should be worked in a succession of lines in half-polka, each terminated by a French knot. For these use the shades of lilac. The calyx in very light green. The prickles are done in very short stitches with olive-green.

THE EARS OF CORN.—The lower ear entirely, with its stem in light maize-color; the other in *ombre* olive, with the beard in maize. Some of the leaves in olive, and some in blue-green.

THE SPRAY OF CONVULVULUS.—The foliage entirely in blue-green *ombre*. In working the leaves, great care must be taken to keep the edges perfectly smooth. The convolutions of the bud are represented by lines of half-polka stitch, crossing the long-embroidery stitches in which it is worked. The inner part of the cup of the flower is worked in the faintest pink, fading into white, and is further marked by a line of black, dividing it from the darkest part whilst it blends with the lighter.

THE HEART'S-EASE.—For the foliage use *ombre*.

yellow-green; for the flowers and buds the shades of yellow and lilac. The green should be in short shades. And here we may observe that it requires tact properly to use the *ombre* silks. It will not do, for instance, to begin a leaf just at the end of the light part of a needleful, as that would make the point and upper part of the leaf the darkest—a shading never seen in nature. Neither should the lower side of a leaf be the lightest. This must be avoided by beginning the lower side with the darkest part of the needleful of silk; and as this needleful of silk may extend from the darkest to the medium tint, or from the medium to the very lightest, (with any gradation between) it will be easy to work a half dozen leaves all differing in some degree from the others, some being extremely dark and others very light. The veinings should contrast slightly with the leaves; a very dark leaf may have a lighter vein, and *vice versa*. The observation we have made about

shading the leaves may be applied also to the flowers: the lowest petals should be the darkest; the buds of the centre flowers must be of the darkest hue; the forget-me-nots at the top of the spray should be light; each rose-bud should be of one shade, and all should differ as much as possible. The flowers are of that kind of which the superior petals are purple and the others yellow; they are worked in the usual way.

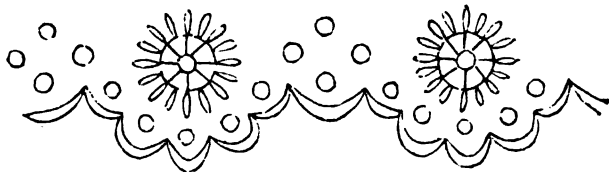
The instructions given for arranging the light and dark leaves, stems, &c., in the bunch of roses, apply equally to all other foliage not worked in *ombre* silks. Let us add that a specimen of the natural flower, placed before the artist who is embroidering in colors, is at all time a most valuable aid in working. What guide so good and true as Nature herself!

The Blotting-Case should be made up at a book-binder's, and fitted with white watered silk and gold letters.

NOVELTIES IN EMBROIDERY.



SILK EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL FOR BABY'S BLANKET.

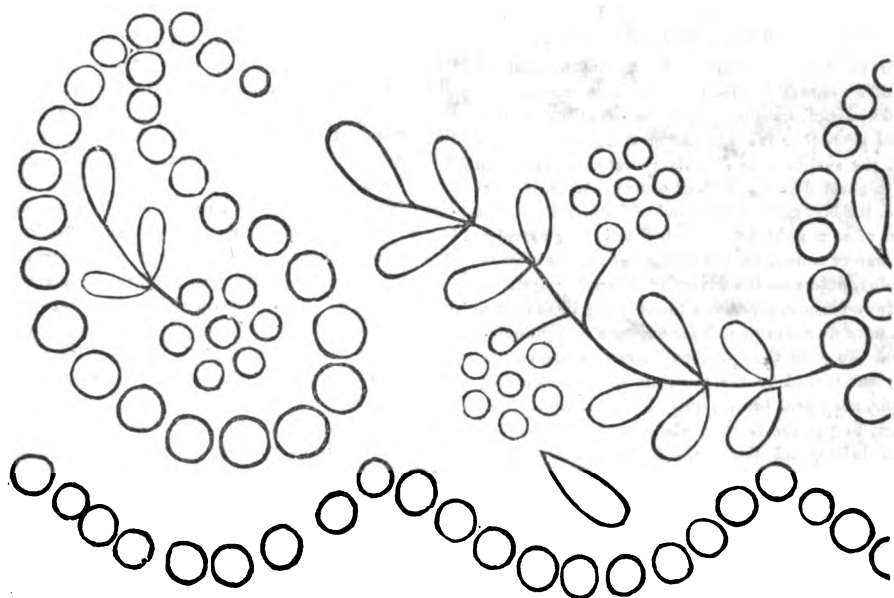


BOTTOM FOR DRAWERS.

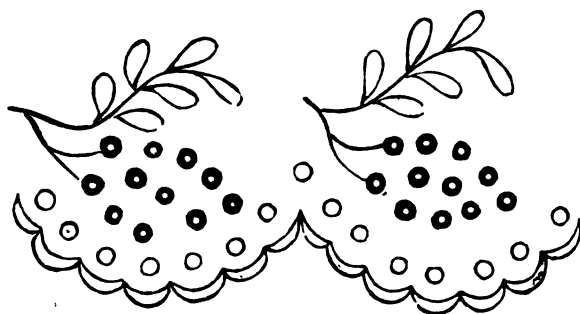


FOR CHILD'S SACQUE.

PATTERNS FOR THE WORK-TABLE.



BOTTOM OF SKIRT.



FOR CHILD'S SACQUE.



NAME FOR MARKING.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

HINTS ABOUT BATHING.—In a late number of "Hall's Journal of Health" were some excellent remarks about bathing. The "Journal" says that baths should be taken in the morning, for it is then that the system possesses the power of re-action in the highest degree. Eleven o'clock, A. M. is, perhaps, the best time. Any kind of bath is dangerous soon after a meal, or soon after fatiguing exercise. No man or woman should take a bath at the close of the day, unless by the advice of a family physician.

Many persons, especially those living in the country, have no conveniences for taking a real plunging bath. To such the "Journal" recommends, on getting out of bed in the morning, to wash the face, hands, neck and breast; then, in the same basin of water, to put the feet for about a minute, rubbing them briskly all the time; then, with the towel, which has been dampened by wiping the face, feet, &c., wipe the whole body well, fast and hard, mouth shut, breast projecting. Let the whole thing be done within five minutes. Once a week, at least, the whole body should be washed with soap and warm water, and dried with a coarse towel, a Turkish one being the best.

People often over-do bathing. They lie so long in the water as to exhaust the strength; and thus bathing, instead of being a benefit, is made an injury. When the body is chilled by the bath, and a good rubbing with a towel fails to produce a re-action, you may be sure that your bath has been too protracted, or that you are too weak to do more than sponge yourself. The temptation of sea-bathing frequently induces ladies to remain too long in the water; they then say that salt-bathing does not agree with them; when, in fact, it is the abuse, not the use of sea-bathing, that has affected their health.

CORRECT SPEAKING.—Never say "he left his horse and go on to a stage-coach," "He jumped on to the floor," "She laid it on to a dish," "I threw it on to the fire." Why use two prepositions where one would be quite as explicit, and far more elegant? Nobody would think of saying, "He came to Philadelphia, for to go to the exhibition." There is no better test than correctness of speech, by which to know a real lady.

SPINSTERS.—Amongst our industrious and frugal forefathers, it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun for herself a complete set of domestic linen. From this custom it was that they were called spinsters, an appellation which they still retain in all legal proceedings, although now-a-days it would be very difficult to find a woman entitled to the name.

GOOD-BREEDING AT WATERING PLACES.—The "Public Ledger," of this city, has a caustic article on ill-breeding at watering-places. It concludes its remarks as follows:—"Beau Nash, when he took the control of Bath, laid down the axiom that a watering-place was a social democracy, and compelled even princesses to bow to the law of the hour. Beau Nash was right. At a public hotel, where all pay alike, and where all meet on the same footing, it is an infringement of the common privileges for one person, or one set, to assume exclusive claims. Those who cannot let ordinary people come between the 'wind and their nobility,' should remain at home, in company with their dingy family portraits, their tawdry brocatelle, or their mortgages and bonds. The social ease and freedom, which is the life of a watering-place, can only be secured where all are affable, or at least well-bred. A hotel at the seashore or springs should be like the public gardens in Vienna, where even the emperor enters, for the time, into the amusement of the hour. It is well understood, even by persons of no great social culture, that acquaintanceship at a watering-place neither invites nor entails an acquaintanceship in town. People who are always 'standing on their dignity' at such places, therefore, lest they should form what they call 'improper intimacies,' show their ignorance of the usages of really good society by this very behavior; while others, who decline to be civil, for fear that 'their set' should frown upon them, reveal how little confidence they have in their own claims to superiority."

FOR GRECIAN PAINTING.—Hiawatha Wooing is a beautiful new engraving, recently published from Longfellow's late poem, size of plate 14 by 18. The Indian costume, and rich and varied scenery, with paper prepared for the purpose, make it the most desirable of all pictures used for this art. When painted by the direction furnished, it can be hardly distinguished from the finest oil painting. It will be sent, post-paid, on a roller, on receipt of price, \$1.50, with full directions for painting it. A liberal discount to teachers and dealers. Address J. E. Tilton, Publisher and Dealer in Artist Goods, Salem, Massachusetts.

A CONSTANT IMPROVEMENT.—The Due-West says of this Magazine:—"There has been, for the past year, a constant improvement in it. Progress seems to be Peterson's watch-word." Due-West has hit the nail on the head.

INFLUENCE OF LOVE.—When Dr. Doddridge asked his little daughter, who died young, why everybody seemed to love her, she answered, "I cannot tell, papa, unless it be that I love every one."

TO RESTORE THE DROWNED.—The London Lancet gives a set of rules for restoring the drowned, which we insert here, not only for present use, but for reference hereafter. It says:—

1. Treat the patient instantly on the spot, in the open air, except in severe weather, freely exposing the face, neck and chest, to the breeze.

2. Send with all speed for medical aid, and for articles of clothing, blankets, &c.

3. Place the patient gently on the face, with one arm under the forehead, so that any fluids may flow from the throat and mouth; and without loss of time.

4. Turn the patient on his side, and—(1st.) apply snuff or other irritant to the nostrils. (2nd.)—Dash cold water on the face previously rubbed briskly until it is warm. If there be no success, again lose no time.

5. Replace the patient on his face; (when the tongue will then fall forward) and leave the entrance into the wind-pipe free; then—

6. Turn the body gently, but completely, on the side and a little beyond, (when inspiration will occur) and then on the face, making gentle pressure along the back (when expiration will take place) alternately; these measures must be repeated deliberately, efficiently, and perseveringly, fifteen times in the minute, only; meanwhile—

7. Rub the limbs upward, with firm pressure and with energy, using handkerchiefs, &c., for towels.

8. Replace the patient's wet clothing by such covering as can be instantly procured, each by-stander supplying a coat, waistcoat, &c.

These rules are founded on physiology; and while they comprise all that can be immediately done for the patient, they exclude all apparatus, galvanism, the warm bath, &c., as useless, not to say injurious, especially the last of these; and obviate that loss of time in removal, which is so often fatal.

MRS. BROWNING'S "AURORA LEIGH."—One of our most popular contributors writes to us as follows:—"I wonder if you, dear sir, and the rest of the 'lords of creation,' do not feel yourselves buffeted and driven into a corner, and buffeted after you are there, by Mrs. Browning's 'Aurora Leigh.' You see how deftly (with the littlest of her little fingers) she turns the tables upon you all, and shows you—here, Woman, *alias* Art, *alias* Will, *alias* Intellect, going her own brave way, tearing off the ivy-wreaths and crowning herself—not waiting in lady-like attitude for you men to come and do it; there, man, (you see I spell his name with a small initial) *alias* Love, *alias* Philanthropy, going his way with pain in his heart and a bowed head. You see she has him in her hands, *blind*, at least; she erect, grand, famous, he groping for her hand, *blind*. This, I confess, is too much, even for me. I like all the rest; but this makes me angry with her. It would have been enough for him to come with his most manly, but humble, 'I've sorely failed.' Then she, not content with answering, even more humbly, (since the keeping asunder what God had in the beginning joined

together, was her own doing) 'I have failed too,' should have told him that the very best of all her lot, since they parted, had been, being pelted and waked with flowers, by Marian Erle's baby. She should have told him this, standing before him, with earnest, tearful eyes—which he should have had the sight to see. Don't you think so?"

WHAT THE WIVES SAY.—The editor of the Hardin County (Ohio) Republican remarks:—"Our better half says that Peterson's National Magazine is the *best published*; and, in this expression of preference, we believe that she is sustained by all who patronize the Magazine."

A CHEERFUL WIFE.—A pleasant, cheerful wife is as a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is dark with storms and tempests.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Poetical Works of John Greene Whittier. 2 vols., 18 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—We have here the first collection of Whittier's poetical writings ever made. The author, in his preface, regrets that illness has prevented his giving them that revision, "which respect for the opinions of others, and my own after-thought and experience demand." But this is a regret in which few will concur, for it is rare that a writer, who revises what has long been printed, satisfies the public, even when he makes an improvement, which is not always the case; and besides, when a poet, late in life, re-writes his earlier poems according to an altered standard, we lose an important element in the study of his mental progress. We are better pleased, therefore, to have Whittier at twenty, at thirty, and at forty, than to have, what the revising process would have given us, Whittier at forty-five only. "Mogg Megone," though the author seems half ashamed of it, at least fills a certain niche in our literature, which no other poem of the kind so worthily occupies. Nor could we, without that poem, so fully understand some of Whittier's later lyrics, those, for instance, in which the inherent combativeness of the man breaks forth, in spite of his sect. Tennyson, the most capable reviser of our time, because the poet having the keenest analytical powers, spoiled "The Charge at Balaklava," by altering it; and, we fear, Whittier would have succeeded even worse. But we wander from our purpose, which was to discuss the characteristics of Whittier's genius, its fervor, its abruptness, its bold imagery. Strength, however, is not its only merit; for "Maud Muller" is one of the tenderest and sweetest ballads in the language. The public, however, knows already the worth of this poet; he has become a standard writer; and what little we could say, would only "gild refined gold." The volumes are beautifully bound in blue cloth, with gilt edges, to match the Longfellow, Gerald Massey, &c., &c., issued by the same publishers.

Virginia Illustrated: Containing a Visit to the Virginian Canaan, and the Adventures of Porte Crayon and his Cousins. Illustrated from drawings of Porte Crayon. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a book of rare merit. In its combination of excellencies, indeed, it is unique. Its descriptions of life in the Old Dominion are so racy and accurate, that it will take a place, in American literature, side by side with "Swallow Barn." The embellishments are a credit to our rapidly-improving art, being equal to the best wood-engravings of the finest London volumes. The type is large and the paper superior. To speak more critically of the work in a literary aspect, it is always fresh, often full of humor, and never offends good taste. No other of our authors, we think, has delineated the negro so faithfully. Little Mice, the coachman, especially is inimitable. We understand that the engravings are after designs by the author. If this is so, Porte Crayon excels in two departments, and may boast of being a Cruikshank as well as a Kenneday. In conclusion, we will add that we are so charmed with this delicious volume, that we have reserved it for one of the choicest nooks in our library.

Old Mortality. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We have here the fifth of that beautiful "Household Edition" of the Waverley novels, which is destined to make the name of Ticknor & Fields familiar to our great, great grandchildren. One of the most cultivated gentlemen we know, and who eschews fiction in general, tells us that he makes it a point to read Scott's novels through once a year. He, and the tens of thousands like him, should have this beautiful edition. Instead of there being any falling off in the mechanical execution of the volumes, as the series progresses, we observe that the publishers adhere strictly to the pattern they began with, so that every book, in the whole forty-eight, will precisely resemble its fellows, even to the color and thickness of the paper. A spirited engraving of Claverhouse, and one of Old Mortality, adorn the volumes.

The War-Trail; or, The Hunt of the Wild Horse. A Romance of the Prairie. By Capt. Mayne Reid. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: R. M. Dewitt.—Mayne Reid's romances of the border are really the best of their kind. They are full of stirring incidents, are true to the countries they describe, and have much more of an air of reality than other fictions in their line. This last novel is altogether superior, too, to any which he has written before. Mr. Dewitt has published the volume in good style, with numerous capital illustrations by N. Orr.

Leonoro D' Orco. By G. P. R. James. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A welcome visitor, especially in such summery weather, is this new novel; for James is always readable, in spite of his sameness and his "two horsemen." The volume is double column octavo, paper cover, price fifty cents.

Married or Single. By the author of "Hope Leslie." 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Quite a generation has passed since Miss Sedgwick made her reputation. In this new novel from her pen we recognize all her old merits, but matured by experience and a more thorough artistic culture. She appears, from the tone of her preface, to have some misgivings of success; she is evidently a little afraid that Thackeray, Dickens and Mrs. Gaskell may have overshadowed her: but she has no reason for this timidity. She is still the charming writer of former years.

Sketches. By Boz. 2 vols., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This superb series, the illustrated, duodecimo edition of Dickens, rapidly approaches completion. By the first of September, we understand, the whole will be finished. Now, therefore, is the time to order the books for the library. No other such edition of the works of Boz is to be had in either the United States or England.

Martin Chuzzlewit. By Charles Dickens. 2 vols., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Another of the illustrated, duodecimo edition, of which we have so often spoken. A late critic in "Blackwood's Magazine" thinks that there is more humor in "Chuzzlewit" than in any of Dickens' fictions except "Pickwick." The illustrations in these volumes are very fine.

The Athelings. By Margaret Oliphant. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A beautifully told story. The domestic scenes especially are capital. Nothing, which this excellent writer has sent forth, surpasses the description of the family at Bellevue. The closing chapters are not so good. Published in double column octavo, price fifty cents.

The Steward. A Romance of Real Life. By Henry Cockton. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Not so good as "Valentine Vox," but still racy and laughter-moving. This is a new edition.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

OCULAR SPECTRA.—One of the most curious affections of the eye is that in virtue of which it sees what are called *ocular spectra*, or accidental colors. If we place a red wafer on a sheet of white paper, and, closing one eye, keep the other directed for some time to the centre of the wafer, then, if we turn the same eye to another part of the paper, we shall see a green wafer, the color of which will continue to grow fainter and fainter, as we continue to look at it.

By using differently colored wafers, we obtain the following results:—

WAFER.	SPECIMEN.
Black -	White.
White -	Black.
Red -	Bluish Green.
Orange -	Blue.
Yellow -	Indigo.
Green -	Violet, with a little Red.
Blue, -	Orange Red.

Indigo - - Orange Yellow.
Violet - - Bluish Green.

COLORS SHADOWS.—Provide two lighted candles, and place them upon a table before a whitewashed or light-papered wall: hold before one of the candles a piece of colored glass, taking care to remove to a greater distance the candle before which the colored glass is not placed, in order to equalize the darkness of the two shadows. If you use a piece of green glass, one of the shadows will be green and the other a fine red; if you use blue glass, one of the shadows will be blue and the other a pale yellow.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Tomato Ketchup.—Take two dozen of ripe tomatas and a handful of salt; slice the tomatas, and put a layer into a jar, sprinkle salt over it, then another layer of tomatas and salt, until the jar is full. Stir the contents now and then for three or four days, keeping the jar in a warm place by the fire; at the expiration of which time press the juice from the tomatas by rubbing them with a wooden spoon through a sieve, and boil it with mace, pepper, allspice, ginger and cloves, in the proportion of about two ounces in all to one quart of juice, a few blades of mace, twelve cloves, a spoonful of pounded ginger, and the remainder pepper and allspice. In three months boil it again with fresh spice. *Or*:—Take six pounds of tomatas, sprinkle them with salt; let them remain for a day or two, then boil them until the skins will separate easily; pour them into a colander, or coarse sieve, and press them through, leaving the skins behind; put into the liquor one handful of shalots, one pint of Chili vinegar, half pint of wine, pepper, cloves, ginger, and allspice; boil them together until a third part has wasted; then bottle it, closing the bottle securely. It must be shaken before it is used.

Tomato Sauce for Winter.—Use one peck of tomatas, six onions sliced, two heads of celery, a dozen shalots, one ounce of cayenne pepper, half ounce of black pepper, one ounce of mace in powder. Slice them into a well-tinned saucepan, mixing the seasoning with them as they are cut up; boil, keeping them well stirred; when thoroughly soft, drain off the water, and rub through a hair sieve. Boil it again until it is as thick as apple-sauce. Put it into bottles, and cork close. Put the bottles into a stewpan, fill it with cold water, let it boil for twenty minutes. Keep in a cool place. Examine the bottles occasionally, and if there is the least indication of a change turn it into the kettle again, boil, and scum it, keeping it well stirred from the bottom that it may not adhere, and put it into the bottles again. When required for use, warm what is wanted with a little gravy. It is as nice as when fresh done, and will be found excellent with calf's-head or brains, veal, beef, mutton, pork, or goose. An onion or a shalot, boiled in the gravy with which it is mixed, will be an improvement.

Lemon Cakes.—Quarter as many lemons as you think proper: they must have good rinds. Boil them in two or three waters till they are tender and have lost their bitterness. Then skin them and put them in a napkin to dry. With a knife take all the skins and seeds out of the pulp: shred the peels fine, and put them to the pulp. Weigh them, and put rather more than their weight of fine sugar into a stewpan, with just sufficient water to dissolve the sugar. Boil it till it becomes perfectly dissolved, and then, by degrees, put in the peel and pulps. Stir them well before you set them on the fire. Boil the whole very gently until it looks clear and thick, and then put it into flat-bottomed glasses. Set them in a stove and keep them in a continual and moderate heat, and turn them out upon glasses as soon as they are candied.

Orange Custards.—Having boiled the rind of a Seville orange very tender, beat it in a mortar to a fine paste. Put to it the juice of a Seville orange, a spoonful of the best brandy, four ounces of loaf sugar, and the yolks of four eggs; beat them all well together ten minutes. Then pour in by degrees a pint of boiling cream; keep beating it till cold, and then put it into custard glasses. Place them in an earthen dish of hot water and let them stand till they are set; then stick preserved orange, or orange chips on the top. They may be served hot or cold.

Almond Pudding.—Blanch half a pound of sweet almonds and four bitter ones in warm water. Pound them in a marble mortar, with two spoonfuls of orange flower-water, two of rose-water, and a gill of white wine. Mix in four grated Naples biscuits, and three-quarters of a pound of melted butter. Beat eight eggs and mix them with a quart of boiled cream. Grate in half a nutmeg, add a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, and mix all well together. Make a thin puff paste and lay it all over the dish. Pour in the ingredients and bake it.

Sago Pudding.—Boil two ounces of sago with some cinnamon, and a bit of lemon peel, till it becomes soft and thick. Mix the crumb of a small roll finely grated, with a glass of red wine, four ounces of chopped marrow, the yolks of four eggs well beaten, and sugar according to taste. When the sago is cold add this mixture to it; stir the whole well together, and put in a dish lined with a light puff paste, and set it in a moderate oven to bake. When done stick it all over with citron cut in pieces, and afterward blanched, and cut in slips.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

An Easy and Efficacious Method of taking Impressions of Leaves.—Steep a sheet of paper in some good salad or olive oil. When dry, hold it over a lamp until equally black all over. Take a leaf, and place it on the blacked paper; place another piece of paper on the top, and press the leaf gently but firmly down with the finger. Then remove the leaf, and place it, with the side which has been blacked, on the paper

or book on which you wish the facsimile to be, press it down well, (taking care not to move it while doing so) and on removing the leaf, a beautiful impression will remain. *Or.*—Prepare two rubbers of wash-leather, made by tying up wool or any other substance in wash-leather: then prepare the colors which you wish the leaves to be, by rubbing in with cold drawn linseed oil the colors you want: as indigo for blue, chrome for yellow, indigo and chrome for green, &c. Get a number of leaves the size and kind you wish to stamp, then dip the rubber into the paint and rub them one over the other, so that you may have but a small quantity of the composition on the rubbers. Place a leaf upon one rubber and moisten it gently with the other; take the leaf off and apply it to the substance you wish stamped, upon the leaf place a piece of white paper, press gently, and there will be a beautiful impression of all the veins of the leaf.

To Clean Paper-hangings.—First blow off the dust with the bellows. Divide a white loaf of eight days old into eight parts. Take the crust into your hand, and, beginning at the top of the paper, wipe it downward in the lightest manner with the crumb. Do not cross nor go upward. The dirt of the paper and the crumbs will fall together. Observe, you must not wipe above half a yard at a stroke, and, after doing all the upper part, go round again, beginning a little above where you left off. If you do not do it extremely lightly, you will make the dirt adhere to the paper. It will look like new if properly done.

To Dye White Gloves a beautiful Purple.—Boil four ounces of logwood and two ounces of roche-alum in three pints of soft water till half wasted. Let it stand to be cold after straining. Let the gloves be nicely mended; then do them over with a brush, and when dry repeat it. Twice is sufficient, unless the color is to be very dark. When dry, rub off the loose dye with a coarse cloth. Beat up the white of an egg, and with a sponge rub it over the leather. The dye will stain the hands, but wetting them with vinegar before they are washed will take it off.

To Remove Grease from the Collar of a Coat.—Obtain from a chemist twopenny worth of spirits of ammonia, and mix it in a pint of cold water; then well sponge the collar or other parts until the grease disappears, which it will quickly do. *Or.*—Dip a soft flannel in spirits of turpentine, and rub the greasy part with it.

A Substitute for Attar of Roses.—Take the leaves of the common rose, and put them into a bottle, without any previous pressure; pour in some good spirits of wine, seal up the bottle, and leave it for some weeks to infuse. This will keep for years, and makes an exquisite Tincture of Roses.

To Clean Plaster of Paris Busts.—Take a small piece of very clean whiting and dissolve it in a little water. Then lay it over the bust in the form of whitewash. A little isinglass added to the water, made warm previous to mixing with the whiting, will prevent the white rubbing off when touched.

Tooth Powders.—Notwithstanding the laudations bestowed on many tooth-powders of a compound nature, I believe few, if any, are better than chalk. Not common chalk, however, for it is mixed with stinty and other hard particles, but that which can be procured at the druggist's, under the name of prepared chalk. If perfume be required, a little cinnamon powder, or powdered myrrh, may be incorporated with the chalk, and, if desired, a little carmine will impart an agreeable tint.

Material for Tracing on Muslin.—Patterns may be traced on muslin with a pen and a little stone blue dissolved in water. A little sugar should be added to prevent the blue running. This answers well, and will readily wash out.

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, &c.

BREAD JELLY.—Take a small loaf (baker's if possible) pare off the crust, and cut the crumb into thin slices; toast them on both sides of a light pale brown. Put them into a quart of spring water, let it simmer gently over the fire until the liquid becomes a jelly, strain it through a thin cloth, and flavor it with a little lemon juice and sugar, added when hot. If wine be permitted, it is an improvement. This jelly is of so strengthening a nature, that one teaspoonful affords more nourishment than a teacupful of any other. It may be prepared without the lemon juice and sugar, and a teaspoonful put into every liquid the patient takes, such as tea, coffee, broth, or beef tea.

CHICKEN TEA.—Clean a fine fowl, and cut each member in two pieces, remove the lungs and blooded parts from the inside; lay the fowl in a small newly tinned stewpan, add a quart of water and a pinch of salt, skim it carefully, and boil it ten minutes, add the yellow leaves of a lettuce, boil it again five minutes, and throw in a handful of sorrel, and beet-leaves; cover it, and remove it from the fire; a quarter of an hour after, strain it through a silk sieve, and carefully skim each cup that you serve. The teas from fowl, veal, calf's liver, &c., should possess but little succulence, and receive but gentle boiling for a short time only.

HOOPING-COUGH.—The following remedy will be found invaluable if steadily applied. Oil of amber (the foreign is the best) to be rubbed every night at bed-time on the palm of the hands, the soles of the feet, the small of the back, and the pit of the stomach. The oil, if good, is so essential that $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful is enough for a child at one time of rubbing. *Or.*—A dozen cloves of garlic steeped in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of rum for twenty-four hours: rub a dessertspoonful over the pit of the stomach at bed-time. This has been found of great benefit.

BARLEY GRUEL.—Wash four ounces of pearl barley; boil it in two quarts of water with a stick of cinnamon, till reduced to a quart; strain and return it into the saucepan with sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of port wine. Heat up, and use as wanted.

BREAD JELLY.—Take a penny roll, pare off the crust, and cut the crumb into thin slices; toast them on both sides of a light pale brown. Put them into a quart of spring water, let it simmer gently over the fire until the liquid becomes a jelly, strain it through a thin cloth, and flavor it with a little lemon-juice and sugar, added when hot. If wine be permitted, it is an improvement. This jelly is of so strengthening a nature, that one teaspoonful affords more nourishment than a teaspoonful of any other. It may be prepared without the lemon-juice and sugar, and a teaspoonful put into every liquid the patient takes, such as tea, coffee, broth, or beef tea.

A REFRESHING DRINK IN A FEVER.—Put a little green sage, two sprigs of balm, and a little wood-sorrel, into a stone jug, having first washed and dried them; peel thin a small lemon, and clear from the white; slice it, and put a bit of the peel in; then pour in three pints of boiling water, sweeten and cover it close. Perhaps no drink, however, is more refreshing in such a case than weak green tea, into which lemon juice is infused instead of milk. It may be drunk either cold or hot, but the latter is the best mode.

DRINKS.—A soft and fine draught for those who are weak and have a cough may be made thus:—Beat a fresh-laid egg, and mix it with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of new milk warmed, a large spoonful of rose-water, and a little nutmeg. Do not warm it after the egg is put in. Tamarinds, currants, fresh or in jelly, or scalded currants or cranberries, make excellent drinks, with a little sugar or not as may be agreeable.

ART RECREATIONS.

GRECIAN PAINTING, AND ANTIQUE PAINTING ON GLASS.—Mr. J. E. Tilton, Salem, Massachusetts, will furnish all materials and directions. He deals extensively in the artist's material line, and will fill orders promptly. We annex his

CIRCULAR.

The subscriber will furnish for \$3.00 a package of twelve mezzotint engravings, (suitable for practice) and full printed instructions for Grecian painting, and a new style originating with himself, and equal to the finest copper painting, called Antique Painting on Glass, with a bottle of preparation, receipt for varnish, &c. The directions are so explicit as to enable any one to learn fully without a teacher. He also includes at above price, directions for Oriental Style and the beautiful art called Potichomanie.

For \$2.00 more, or \$5.00, he will send with the above all paints, brushes, oils, varnishes, &c. &c., needed for these arts, (Grecian and Antique) and other oil painting.

For directions only, in the above arts, Grecian, Antique Painting, Oriental, Potichomanie, sent free, by mail, one dollar, they are so full and plain, that any one with no previous knowledge of drawing can be sure to acquire.

He has also published a new picture for Grecian and Antique Painting, called "Les Orphelines." The paper, printing and engraving are thoroughly fitted for it, and the effect and finish, when painted, are fine, and superior to canvass painting. Price with rules for painting it, colors, how to mix, &c., one dollar, sent free, by mail.

Address,
J. E. TILTON, Salem, Massachusetts.

THE TOILET.

WHITE TEETH, Perfumed Breath and beautiful Complexion can be acquired by using the Balm of a Thousand Flowers. What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when using the Balm of a Thousand Flowers as a dentifrice would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth as white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate that their friends will never mention it. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure each bottle is signed Fetridge & Co., N. Y. For sale by all druggists.

"WOODLAND CREAM."—A pomade for beautifying the hair. Highly perfumed, superior to any French article imported, and for half the price. For dressing ladies' hair it has no equal, giving it a bright, glossy appearance. It causes gentlemen's hair to curl in the most natural manner. It removes dandruff, always giving the hair the appearance of being fresh shampooed. Price only fifty cents. None genuine unless signed Fetridge & Co.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF PEARL COLORED SILK.—The skirt is trimmed on each side with three rows of black velvet, finished at the ends with black tassel buttons. Basque of black silk, trimmed with tassel buttons. Bonnet of pink silk, ornamented with blonde and a long plume.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS OF DARK GREEN POPLIN.—Basque, sleeves and skirt trimmed with horizontal rows of black velvet ribbon, fastened with buttons of the color of the dress. Bonnet of pink silk and black lace.

FIG. III.—"THE GOLCONDA."—A par-dessus made of black silk. The skirt is quite long and full. It is trimmed with black velvet and heavy silk fringe. At the back are two brandenbourges or "frogs." A berthe is formed by a trimming like that on the skirt. Very wide pagoda sleeves.

FIG. IV.—"THE SUPERIOR" is formed of fine black habit-cloth. The skirt is made quite full behind. The front of the body, the upper part of the sleeves, the front sides and seams of the skirt are ornamented with vandykes and cloth buttons.

FIG. V.—BLACK SILK PAR-DESSUS.—Black silk par-dessus, trimmed with fringe and buttons. Body plain, buttoned all down the front. Pelerine rather open in front. Venitian sleeves, very long, getting

still wider at bottom, and rounded in front. These sleeves are buttoned from the shoulder to the bend of the arm. The buttons and button-holes are continued down the skirt of this *par-dessus*. The pelerine sleeve, and bottom of skirt are bordered with fringe.

FIG. VI.—NEW STYLE BASQUE, to be made of either silk, cloth or velvet. It is ornamented like a gentleman's coat, with buttons at the back, and is trimmed with a button fringe.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For ordinary walking costume, dresses of grey carmelite are much worn. Some are made with double skirts, edged with rows of velvet or braid; others have side trimmings, also formed of rows of velvet or braid, with intermediate rows of buttons. The same style of trimming is repeated on the corsage and sleeves. For out-door dresses of silk, double jupes, flounces, or side trimmings (in the style called *quillettes*) are all equally fashionable. Black lace is employed in the side trimmings of silk dresses, whether of dark or light hues, and nothing can be richer or more effective. Fringe and passementerie, of various kinds, are also much employed. Ruches, either of silk or ribbon, have a very light and pretty effect for trimming double skirts. A row of very broad fringe, headed by several rows of velvet, either of black or colored, forms a fashionable style of trimming for a dress with a double skirt. It must be borne in mind that the trimming should be placed on the upper skirt only, the lower one being usually quite plain. Some of the new corsages are slightly pointed in front of the waist, and frequently have what is called a *lancer basque*, which terminates at each side of the waist, without being brought round to the front. Another style of basque, having the recommendation of novelty, is very small, and edged with a deep flounce, ornamented with fringe or with any other kind of trimming employed on the flounces of the skirt. This kind of basque has the appearance of belonging to the skirt of the dress rather than to the corsage.

FOR BONNETS, ribbons of rich, dark colors, and feathers and flowers are employed. We have even seen a few bonnets of black straw rendered extremely elegant by the tasteful style of their trimming. On one a broad black velvet ribbon was simply crossed, and drawn down to a point toward the edge of the front. The same broad velvet ribbon formed the

strings. The curtain at the back, which was very deep and full, was made of black stiff net, and edged with several rows of narrow black velvet ribbon, the transparent net being left between the rows. On one side of the bonnet were three very full bouquets of violets. The under-trimming consisted of blonde and small circular bouquets of violets placed all round the cap, and completely encircling the face.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FOR BOYS OF SIX OR SEVEN, a paletot and trousers of the same material, trimmed with velvet or braid, are very generally adopted. The material may be any of the textures usually worn by little boys; such as cashmere, poplin, &c. A paletot and trousers of grey cashmere have just been made for a boy about the age above mentioned. The skirt of the paletot and the ends of the sleeves are edged round with black velvet: it is fastened close up to the throat with a row of black velvet buttons. The trousers, which descend a little below the knee, have a stripe of velvet up each side. The ends are bordered with black velvet and trimmed with a broad frill of jaconet, ornamented with needlework. The collar and under-sleeves are of embroidered jaconet. White cotton stockings and cashmere boots of the same color as the dress, tipped with black leather, complete the dress. Nankeen has recently been much employed for little boys' dresses. A dress of this material consists of a skirt and jacket. The skirt is trimmed up each side with white braid, set on in an ornamental pattern. The jacket, which is trimmed with white braid, is close at the throat; at the waist the corners are rounded, and there is a small slit on each side.

A very pretty dress for a little girl has just been made of grey poplin, with double skirt; the upper one trimmed with rows of broad blue braid, run on longitudinally. The corsage is in the jacket style, and open in front, with transverse bands of poplin, edged with blue trimming. Within the corsage is worn a chemisette of plaited nansouk, with small worked collar, edged with Valenciennes. Under-sleeves of nansouk, with worked wristbands. Cambric trousers, edged with very broad scalloped needlework.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

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THE INCOMPARABLE

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NEW STYLE OF FALL BONNETS.





EDGING.



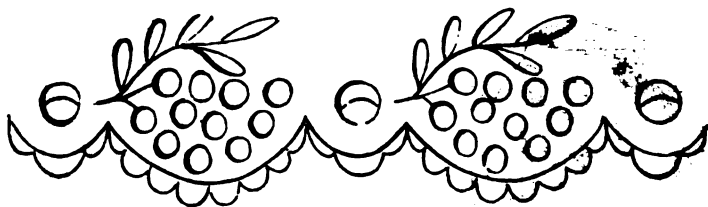
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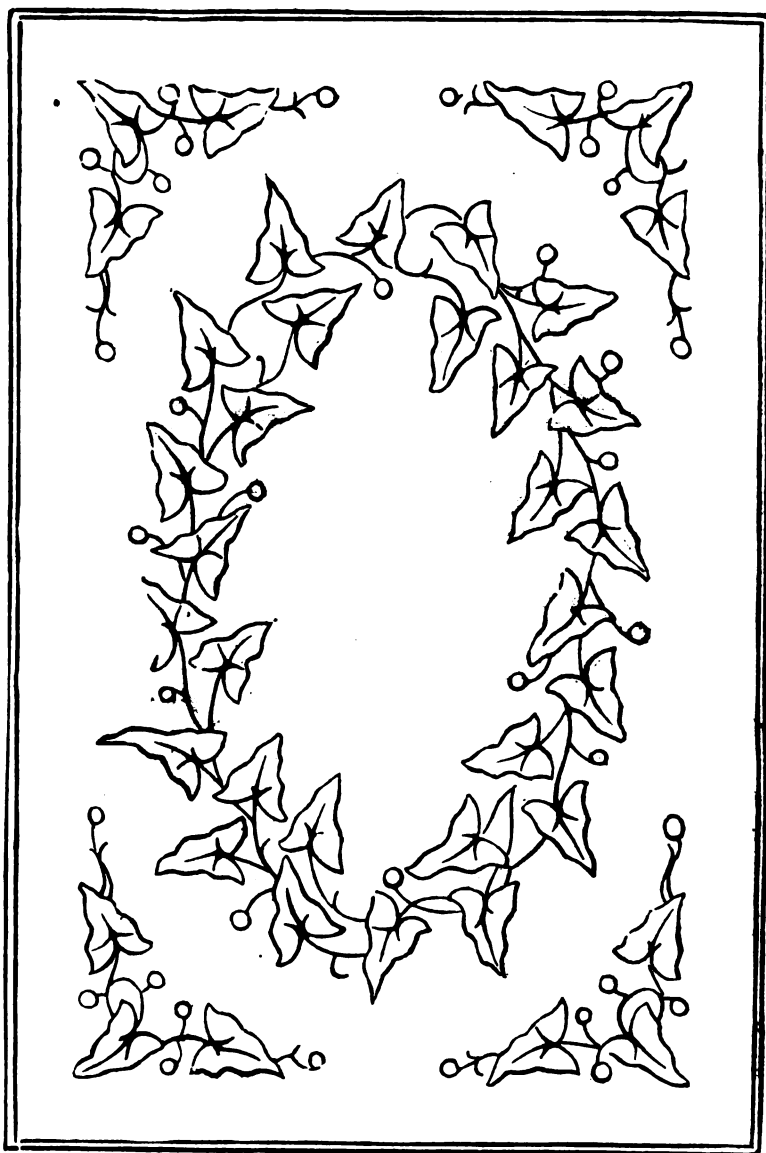
NEW STYLE OF SLEEVES.



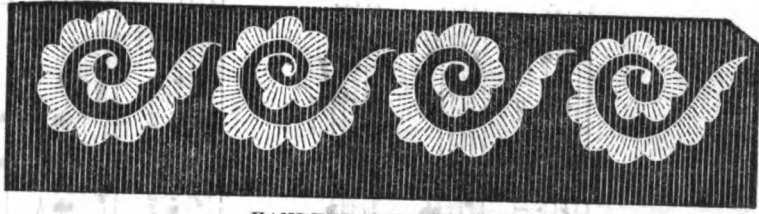
NEW STYLE OF CAPS.



FOR YOKE AND SLEEVE OF CHEMISE.



TOP OF GLOVE BOX.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.



BOTTOM OF SKIRT.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

ARRANGED BY

C. F. GRAHAM.

The first system of the musical score is written for piano. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo marking 'ANDANTE' is centered below the system. The lyrics 'Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch,' are written below the treble staff. The music begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The system ends with a repeat sign.

ANDANTE

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'Wat ye how she cheat-ed me, As I can' o'er the brues o' Bal-loch? She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine; She said she lo'ed me best of on - ie; But' are written below the treble staff. The music continues with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The system ends with a repeat sign.

O the fiek-le, faith-less queen, She's ta'en the carle! an' left her John-nie! Roy's wife of Al-di-val-loch,

Wat ye how she cheat-ed me, As I cam' o'er the braes o' Bal-loch?

O, she was a cantie² queen,
Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife, &c.

¹ An old man.

Her hair-sae fair, her een-sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie;
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnnie,
Roy's wife, &c.

² Merry.



NEW STYLES OF FALL BONNETS.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FALL.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1857.

No. 4.

"SWEET SIXTEEN."

BY ANNIE ARNOLD.

MR. HEPBURN was a clergyman and a widower, who lived in the parsonage of the village of Irving. Here he had been married, here his three children were born, here he had lost his wife, and here he hoped himself to lay down the weary burden of his life. His children were all girls, Margaret, Lucy and Lizze, at the time my story opens, of the respective ages of eighteen, fourteen and six. Maggie had been almost a mother to her sisters since they lost their own mother, three years before, and they loved and respected her as her devoted affection deserved they should. She was housekeeper, teacher and friend, the companion of her father's lonely hours, the confidant of the children, sympathizing in all their joys and sorrows, and the darling of all her father's poor parishioners for miles around. Lucy was a bright sunny-haired blonde, full of grace and ease, with a tall, and, for her age, remarkably well-developed figure, a lady-like manner, and fine intellect; Lizzie, also a blonde, was the pet of the whole household servants, horse and dog included. I must give you some idea of my friend Maggie's appearance, for she was my pet, coming to me, dear, motherless child, in all her difficulties, for advice and sympathy, and depending with pretty, child-like confidence on my older, if not wiser judgment. She was of medium stature, and very slight, with delicate, pretty hands and feet. Her features were not perfectly regular, yet not by any means ugly; her eyes were large and of a deep hazle; and her hair, glossy and abundant, was of a soft, pretty brown color; her complexion was fair, but, excepting when she was excited, very pale. The care of her father's house and the responsibility of the training of her sisters, had given to her face a grave, thoughtful expression, suited to an older person. My darling Maggie. In sorrow or gladness always keeping the same cheerful manner, never excited either

to passionate grieving or boisterous mirth, yet always ready with gentle sympathy for either.

One morning I was sitting with my pet, chatting and sewing, when her father opened the door, and handed her a letter, saying,

"Havana! Whom do you know there, Maggie?"

"It must be from Mr. Graham," said Maggie, in a low, constrained voice.

Mr. Hepburn left us, apparently satisfied, and Maggie opened the letter. I watched her while she read it, saw the dear face grow whiter and whiter, the dark eyes grow more and more mournful in their expression, till as she finished she drooped her head, saying, in a low, heart-broken tone, "What shall I do?"

I was amazed. Mr. Graham I knew was a friend, a dear friend of the family, but I never suspected that a letter from him could effect Maggie so powerfully.

"Oh, aunt Hetty, what shall I do?" she repeated.

I drew her close unto my arms, and asked her what troubled her. For several moments she could not gain sufficient composure to answer me, then she said,

"It has been my only secret from you, dear aunty, because it troubled me so much I could not talk of it, but now I will tell you all about it. You have met Harry Graham here; you know how grand and noble he is, how high-minded, intellectual, and yet how kind and gentle. From the first time I ever met him I loved him, but it was with a reverential, worshipping love that never looked for a return. He seemed to me too far above me, too much my superior ever to dream of loving poor little me. Last summer when he stayed here he was very kind to me, and when the doctor's said his health required a change of climate, and ordered him to go South for the winter, then I knew

truly how deeply and intensely I loved him, and felt that my heart clung to him as part of itself; then I knew that it would be taking part of my life to separate us, yet even then I did not know he loved me. But he did. One evening we were on the porch talking together, and he told me he loved me, and asked me to be his wife. For a time I was perfectly happy, then came my trial. He wanted me to go South with him, and said he could not bear to part with me, and I could not go. I could not leave my father, Lucy, and, above all, Lizzie. Lucy at boarding-school would not miss me much, but I am my father's only companion, Lizzie's only guardian. The struggle between these two conflicting loves was terrible, and he urged me so sorely. At last he left me. We entered into no engagement; I could not feel that it was right to bind him to so long a one as ours must have been, and so he left me, free. Now," here her voice sank to a whisper, "he is ill, dangerously ill, and he writes to me to come to him, he will die, and I cannot see him!"

I took the letter from her, and read it while she lay in mute, tearless suffering upon my breast. It was a passionate appeal to her, imploring her to come to him, setting aside her scruples with subtle ingenuity, and appealing to her love and sympathy in the energetic, imploring words of a warm lover. My poor Maggie. The letter concluded by saying that Harry's mother and brother were coming out to him in a few days, and begging Maggie to come with them. Maggie was pale and suffering, and I knew how sorely her poor heart was tried. I left her at her own request. An hour after, I looked in at her door, and found her kneeling beside the chair; I left her again, and saw her no more until dinner time, when she came down, pale but composed. In the afternoon she wrote to Harry, telling him she could not leave her father, and enclosed it in a note to his mother, declining her offer to accompany her to Havana.

"Harry will have his mother and brother," she said to me, "father and Lizzie will have no one."

For a long time I feared that Maggie would sink under this trial, but she did not; her strong sense of duty, a clear conscience, and hope that she was right, kept her up; and as time passed on, good accounts from Harry helped to keep up her spirits.

Harry had been gone nearly two years, when I again visited the parsonage. Lucy was now home from school and nearly sixteen years old. My hope for these years had been that Lucy would take Maggie's place when she returned

from school, and thus repay her kind sister's care by leaving her free, but when I saw her at home for a few days this hope left me. She had altered sadly. At sixteen instead of the bright, cheerful girl I had last seen her, she was indolent and careless, large, womanly in some respects, but totally incapable of supplying Maggie's place at the parsonage. She was handsome, with her large, languid, blue eyes, soft, curling, blonde hair, brilliant complexion and gliding, graceful movements; and I did not wonder when Maggie told me that all the country beaux had prostrated themselves before Lucy. The first time I saw her on the occasion of this visit, she was seated in a large, old-fashioned arm-chair, a pillow behind her, lazily playing with a rose left by some admiring swain. I talked long and freely with Maggie; she was disappointed at Lucy's want of energy, and her total incapacity to fill her own place, but with sweet sisterly affection she attributed it to a faulty education at the boarding-school, and praised Lucy's beauty, her talents, her graceful, easy manners, and overlooked the glaring faults in her character.

"Aunt Hetty," she said, as I rose to leave her after this long talk, "stay one moment more, I want to tell you something. Harry is here!"

"Here!" I cried.

"Here, in this house! Oh! auntie, I am so happy, he loves me now, still; and he says I acted rightly, he honors me. Me, think of my grand, noble Harry honoring me. He says he will wait as long as I am needed here for me! I am so happy, aunt Hetty."

I saw her happiness in the pretty pink flush on her cheek, in the deep quiet, but happy light in her large eyes, and in the beautiful smile that played upon her lips. Some had called Maggie plain, but as she said those words, "I am so happy," her face was beautiful. Harry was very polite to me when we met in the evening. I watched him closely, and then my heart ached for my darling; she did not see, perhaps he did not realize, but I saw that Harry Graham was false to Maggie, and loved Lucy Hepburn, "Sweet Sixteen," as he laughingly called her. He sat between the sisters, and a casual observer would not have noticed any difference in his manner toward Lucy from that toward Maggie, but I saw how his eye rested upon the younger sister, how his ear drank in the sweet melody of her voice, and I knew what it meant. I went to my own home again. One day I was sick, and sitting in an arm-chair trying to get rid of a headache when Maggie came in; she often came to see me, for my home was only eight miles from the parsonage, so I was not surprised.

"Aunt Hetty," she said, seating herself beside me, "I came to invite you to Lucy's wedding. Hush, do not speak. She and Harry are to be married two weeks from to day. Hush, do not speak yet. I am glad! glad! He will be happy, for he loves her. How dared I think this poor, plain face would win a place in such a heart as his when Lucy was near. He will be happy, and that will make me so. Aunt Hetty, you shall not look so sorry, I tell you I am glad."

Her tone was excited, more so than I had ever known it.

"I have seen it for some time," she said, "and a month or two ago, I told Harry his love had changed and he was free again; he tried to make me believe I was mistaken, but at last confessed; since then he comes to me, as to an older sister, to tell me all his joy. Me! Oh, aunt Hetty."

The true feeling was out at last, and for a long time my darling sat beside me easing her poor, sore heart by pouring out all her feelings to me.

I did not go to the wedding, my heart was too much with Maggie, her sister's bridesmaid. Calmly they told me, and cheerfully she fulfilled all the duties of that day, her day of sore trial.

Another year passed on, then a note from Maggie summoned me again to the parsonage. Lucy was very ill and had sent for her sister, and I was wanted to keep house for Mr. Hepburn while Maggie was gone. She came home in a fortnight bringing Lucy's babe, a month old, its mother's body to be buried beside her mother, and Harry a sorrowing widower.

She told me all Harry's sorrows. Their married life had not been happy. The languid grace so pleasing in the maiden of sixteen, was not the grace to keep the house in order and make home happy, and all his love could not overlook slovenly habits and discomfort at the fireside. Lucy herself had penitently confessed her faults to her sister, and died full of resolves to do better should God spare her life. I staid three months at the parsonage; and when I left Maggie whispered to me, "In a year from now, aunt Hetty, come again to see your child happy once more. We shall live here, where father and Lizzie will still be my charge, and little Harry can have country air. You will come?"

I went. Maggie was her own sweet self again, and Harry looked happy as bridegroom need wish to be, and I could leave my darling with perfect trust that her joy would be lasting.

THE PAST.

BY ANNA LEE.

THE Past, with all its mystery, is like a Summer land,
Where I can trace the wisdom of a loving Father's hand,
Where sunshine often lingers, where shadows sometimes fall,
But everything is beautiful, for God hath made it all.

A pilgrim on the desert, far from the murmur'ing rills,
Dreams of the gushing fountains among his native hills,
As onward still his footsteps o'er pathless wilds may roam,
His heart is turning ever to the loving ones at home.

And the soul that toils despairing upon the sea of life,
Gazing in the distant Future, weary of the eager strife,
Rests a moment from his labors, and forgetting every pain,
Lives in the blissful sunlight of departed joys again.

It may be that the Past was never half so bright
As Fancy loves to picture it in memories holy light,
That 'tis a dream we cherished, as backward still we gaze
On half-forgotten sorrows, and joys of other days.

I know not but such dreams as these are to the spirit given
By angel guests, whose presence brings a vision bright of Heaven;
But if it be a dream we clasp, a shadow that we see,
If sleeping, thus we dream of Heaven, what must the waking be?

The memory of the loved and lost, they who are "gone before,"
Remembrance of the joys and hopes that come to us no more,
On the dim shore of the Future stand forth with outstretched hand,
To guide our wand'ring footsteps up to the silent land.

THE SNOW-SHROUD.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, AUTHOR OF "THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER," ETC.

"Oh, dear, there's so many to wash," and little Sally Nash surveyed, with a rueful glance, the long table full of dishes.

Two years ago her mother had died. Mrs. Nash was a tender, gentle woman, living only in the happiness of her beloved ones, and she had made the first eight years of her little daughter's life very bright. When she died the bitterest pang was in the thought of leaving this, her only child, to the tender mercies of a world which is not always disposed to be merciful. When the death agony was upon her, she called the little one to her bedside and kissed her long and fervently; brushing back her thick curls with her pale hand, and looking into her eyes with a steadfast gaze of hopeless love and sorrow.

"Oh," she faltered, "I can give up everything else, but I wish I could take you with me. I cannot bear to leave you in this cold world motherless, my child, my child. Better for you if you could go to sleep here on my bosom and never wake up again. I wish we could be buried together."

Deacon Nash was a kind-hearted man. His sympathies were quick rather than deep. Perhaps this was why he had never understood the woman who for ten years had slept in his bosom. Her nature was very different. Her feelings lay deep-buried in her woman's heart. Sometimes, like diamonds in the winding ways of a gloomy mine, they would flash out for a moment, giving the beholder a sudden, startling glimpse of the richness hidden within. Her love was like the course of a subterranean stream, which you could only trace by the sweeter fragrance of the flowers; the richer verdure of the grass above it.

Her husband saw things from a different stand-point, therefore her words seemed to him incomprehensible. He had been sitting at his dying wife's bedside, his face bowed upon his hands, and the tears trickling through his fingers, but he raised his head now.

"I don't like to hear you say that, Sarah. If you must die, it isn't right to wish the child dead too. I want something left for me. After you are gone I shall love her better than any thing else in the world."

A faint, sad smile crossed the dying woman's

face. She knew her husband better than he knew himself.

"You will be comforted," she murmured, in her low tones, but she did not remove her steady, questioning, sorrowful gaze from her child's face. She died with her hand twined in the girl's thick curls.

Deacon Nash was loud in his lamentings over the dead, but Sally was very quiet. No one ever saw her weep; and some persons, even, remarked that it was strange the child didn't seem to care more about her mother. But there were others, shrewder observers, who noticed that for months afterward a smile never crossed her face; that she scarcely tasted food, and grew so thin and pale, one might almost have thought that her dead mother's last kisses had drawn half the life from her childish veins.

For awhile, the good deacon did indeed seem absorbed in his child and his grief, but as time passed on, his wife's words came true—he was comforted.

He needed a housekeeper sadly. The sister, who had come to him when his wife first died, could remain no longer. He must procure some one to take her place. It was with this view he first called upon the widow Bennett. But she was not willing, she told him, to leave her own home in the capacity of a housekeeper, and it all ended in his asking her to come in that of a wife, and bring her own three children with her.

She was a dominant, artful, some said a hard woman; very different from the first Mrs. Nash. Little Sally's life, under this new rule, seemed more weary and desolate than ever, though so long as her father lived, she was secure from positive ill-treatment. There were not wanting those who whispered that Adam Bennett's buxom widow did not make the deacon's life a very happy one. He certainly did seem to grow old very fast. Be that as it might, he was under his wife's full control, and they had not been long married before he had made his will, bequeathing to her the use of all his property, during her life. She had managed well in securing this hold in good season, for she had not been Mrs. Nash for quite a year, when the deacon fell a victim to fever, and was laid in

peace by his gentle first wife's side. I think he died willingly. He was glad of rest.

Mrs. Nash kept Sally with her, of course. She had too high a regard for public opinion to do otherwise, but she made the orphan pay, many times over, in hard toil, for her morsel of food—her bed in the attic. Was an errand to be done, Sally was summoned. Sally made the beds, Sally scoured the knives. Sally washed the dishes, and then, at night, Sally sobbed herself to sleep in her comfortless attic, with a wild prayer that she might die before morning and go to mother. But this part of the story no one knew, save God and His pitying angels.

She had passed a weary Thanksgiving, for this was the third Thanksgiving day since her mother died. The first one, the snow pressed heavily on a new-made grave, and covered up the week old lettering, which read, on a white tomb-stone,

“SARAH NASH,

WIFE OF DEACON MOSES NASH,

Aged 31.”

The second was but a few weeks after her father brought his wife home, and on this, the third, he too was gone, and she was alone on the desolate earth.

She had worked all day—she was very tired—but now she must clear off the long table which had groaned under a weight of good cheer; round which Mrs. Nash had gathered her relations. Sally must not go to bed till the last dish was washed—she knew that. She got a high chair and set it before the closed door leading into the parlor. Then climbing up on it, she looked through the glass, over the door, into the cheerful room. Oh, how warm and bright it was. Her step-mother sat, with her friends, before the fire. Her gayly-dressed children were gathered round her. There was warmth and light and mirth for the living, but there was no one to speak a loving word to her—could the dead see her from under the grave mounds? She came back and looked again at the table. She sighed and said once more, in her slow, sad voice,

“Oh, dear, there are so many.”

That was all. Then she began her task, and did not pause until it was done—the last dish laid in its place and the tables pushed back against the wall. It was only nine o'clock, but she did not go into the parlor. They had nothing for her—she had nothing for them. She took her candle and climbed wearily up stairs to bed.

Soon sleep closed her eyelids and brought with it dreams. At first they were pleasant ones.

Her mother seemed with her again, and life was bright and hopeful. But, even in her sleep, trouble followed after the joy. She lived over again her wrongs, her oppression, her long sorrow. Then a voice seemed to speak to her. It roused her from her slumber. She thought it was her mother's tones. They seemed calling her to the church-yard. They told her that the heart underneath the grave-sod was troubled—that the dead was stirring in her grave. If she went there, she thought her mother could hear her moan—her mother, who seemed calling her again to her bosom.

“Come, come, come!” called the far-off voice. The child started up wildly. She rose from her bed—she hurried noiselessly down stairs. She opened the outside door, just as the clock struck the hour of midnight. The house was still. No one heard the light footsteps. She closed the door behind her and hurried on. The winds swept through and through her thin night-gown—the hard earth cut and goaded her bare, tender feet. But she was insensible to cold or pain. She hurried on. Only one thought was in her heart—her mother had called—she was going to her.

Across the fields she sped—into the church-yard gate—on, to those two graves beneath the willows—on, until she pressed her fevered brow upon the bare sod above her mother's heart.

And then the merciful snow began to fall. It covered up the letters on the head-stone, which the poor child had been tracing blindly with her fingers. It folded over the two graves its white mantle of peace. It lay like a snowy veil over that young victim's brow. It clothed, like a garment, her shining limbs. It was more merciful to her than the world, but she heeded not its ministry.

All her senses were locked save one. She listened—eagerly—breathlessly—wildly. She listened for her mother's voice. Oh, was it fancy? Out of that grave sweet, low tones seemed to rise. She thought—it may have been only the snow-flakes—but she thought a soft hand rested upon her hair; she felt a spirit kiss upon her forehead. She lay on the cold, bare earth no longer—her head was lifted to a soft, loving bosom. She had found rest, at last, and she murmured, as she had so many times done at her mother's knee,

“God keep little Sally, and take her to heaven when she dies.”

And gently, gently fell the snow; over the two graves; over the sleeping child; a top of the merciless world.

They called in vain to little Sally, in the

morning. She was not in the kitchen; she was not in the barn; she was not in her little bed in the attic. The clothes she had worn the day before hung across her bed's foot. Her shawl and hood hung in the entry, but where was Sally?

Ah, hurrying feet of Mrs. Nash! What strange terror, what late awakening instinct leads you across the fields, into the church yard gate? Your face is white, my lady, but you shall see something there whiter still. Aye, kneel now—let those tardy tears have free course. They will not melt the shroud of snow from off that dead child's face. Your voice cannot waken her, be its tones ever so tender, now. The sun

may rise and care and sorrow and toil go on, weaving the web of life as before—she shall toil no more. The weary hands are folded. They can be idle awhile now. The aching feet shall have a long rest.

On earth she had few friends, but God pitied her—He had called her home; the angels waited for her—they will teach her their new song to-day; the snow was merciful—it has woven her a whiter shroud than mortal hands could fashion. Father, mother, child, stand together before the eternal throne—walk together the streets where the snow-fall never comes, and no voice shall ever say, "I am weary." Sally is gone home.

PATIENCE.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

PATIENCE! heart unsatisfied!

Waiting on the shores of Time,
Watching, in thy lonely pride,

By the dead blooms of thy prime.
Patience! though the rolling sea
Bring good gifts to all but thee.

Patience! patience! fold thy hands

O'er thy sick heart's heavy throb,
Let not even the desolate sands

See thee flinch or hear thee sob.

Silently endure thy fate,

Patience! patience! watch and wait!

Though the lone and barren plain

Far behind thee stretch away—

And the vast, mysterious main

Rise before thee, dim and grey,
And the skies above thee frown,
Sending mists and sea-fogs down.

Though each day the coming ships
Bring good news to all but thee—
Though each day thy cheeks and lips

Pale with life's monotony,
Moan not! God thy strength will be,
Not as man sees, seeth He.

In the grave, if not before

Thy heart's heavy pain will cease,
And upon the eternal shore

All is light, and balm, and peace.

Suffer on, and make no sign!

Heaven's great joy may yet be thine.

THE EARLY WOOD AND WON.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

A young and modest bride art thou

In all thy early bloom;

And now art gone from friends away

To grace another's home;

We know full well thy few brief days

Of triumphs now are done;

Yet happiness shall now repay

The early wood and won.

Thine is a young and guileless heart,

Confiding, pure and warm;

Unsullied by a breath of shame,

Or passion's fiery storm;

In Hope deferr'd thou hast not passed,

Until Hope's race has run;

But chains of purest love now bind

The early wood and won.

Thy smiles of bliss have ceased to grace

The halls of joy and mirth;

For thou now find'st thy dwelling-place

By thy fond husband's hearth;

Thy hours of duty, joy and love

In brightness have begun;

And may all happiness be thine,

Thou early wood and won.

THE WIFE'S TRIALS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COUSIN NED."

"MARGARET, I wish you would stop that child's crying," said Charles Mervyn, shortly, to his wife, as he came in one evening from his office, and sitting down before the fire, placed his feet comfortably on the fender. "Why can't you let Betty take him up stairs?"

"I am afraid he is not very well," answered Margaret, gently, as she pressed her infant to her bosom, and rocked backward and forward endeavoring to lull it to sleep.

"All nonsense! The child's as well as I am. One would think he was your only one, to see what a fuss you make over him. Heaven knows I am sick of his screaming."

The wife rose, and carefully wrapping up the little one, quietly carried him up stairs, and laid him in his little crib. She longed to remain awhile with him, but tea was ready, so stooping over him she kissed his little forehead, murmuring, "God bless you, my precious one," and left him in charge of the nurse.

She crossed the hall, and opening the door of the nursery, two bright-looking children bounded forward to meet her.

"Oh, mamma," cried Charlie, a fine boy of nine years old, "we wanted so much to come down stairs, but you told us not to."

"May we come now?" said little Alice, putting her dimpled hand into her mother's and holding up her mouth for a kiss.

The mother folded both her darlings in her arms, then taking a hand of each, led them down into the sitting-room. Papa's arms were ready for Charlie; and Ally sat on a low footstool at her mother's feet, till tea was brought in; when they all took their places at the table.

Charles had felt a pang of self-reproach as his wife left the room so gently, but he repressed it, saying, "She does not care, she takes everything just so."

Margaret was a wealthy heiress, and for this reason had Charles Mervyn married her, never dreaming that in winning the love of such a woman, he had found a treasure more precious than could be purchased with gold. He thought her cold and passionless, but her heart was to him a sealed fountain, and he had never sought to fathom its depths. She, on her part, so often met with rude repulse, that she had long learned

to keep, in her own breast, all those expressions of affection that she would have poured so freely forth. On her children, therefore, she lavished the wealth of love with which her heart was overflowing. There, indeed there was no need to repress the warm, gushing feelings of her nature. Yet she was a judicious mother. She had learned to conquer her own spirit, and thus she knew how to rule over them. She encouraged in them all tender, affectionate feelings, and unwearied were her watchfulness and care. The little ones regarded her not only with love, but with a feeling almost of veneration. Long had she felt that it was vain for her to hope for her husband's love, yet day after day she attended as carefully to his comfort, and spoke as kindly, cheerfully to him, with a patient, gentle faithfulness that hoped for no return. "She had a hidden strength," which he mistook for want of feeling. It provoked him that she was so patient. When he saw how the children loved her, he would wonder that it was so, but as he did not love her before they were married, he did not think he could now. After all, he thought, "It is the way half the married people in the world get along, and I dare say Margaret does not care."

When tea was over, Margaret went up to the baby, and found him sleeping quietly.

"I will send you some supper, Betty, and I wish you would stay with him a little while."

She found her husband and Charlie reading, and Ally sitting on the floor dressing her favorite doll. She also took up a book and read for some time, when she perceived that Charles had laid down his paper, and was shading his eyes with his hand. "Shall I read for you, Charles?" said she, laying down her book, and looking at him as he sat with his face turned away from her.

"Oh, do not trouble yourself," he replied, coldly, without removing his hand. For a moment the tears rose to her eyes, and bitter thoughts in her heart, but the next moment she answered, "It will be no trouble, Charles," and she quietly took up the paper. Her tone was so very gentle and subdued, that he involuntarily looked up, but she held the paper before her just then, and he could not see her face. He thought he must be mistaken, and resumed

his former attitude, as she read aloud in a sweet, clear voice. She finished, and laying down the paper without any comment, turned to the children, saying, "Come, my dears, it is time for you to go."

"Oh, mamma," said Charlie, "you know you said you would play us 'the gipsy song,' if we were good."

"No, Charlie," said Ally, "mamma did not promise, not actually promise; she said if baby did not cry."

"Is he crying, Charlie?"

Charlie hesitated a moment, his passionate love for music, and above all for mamma's songs, tempted him, but he looked up saying, "I think he is, mamma."

"Then you may stay till I go and see, and if he is not, I will come back and play." In about ten minutes she returned, saying he was very quiet, and sitting down to the piano, she sang their wished-for favorite.

"Now kiss papa, and let us go," she said, smiling, as she looked on them with a mother's pride.

"Mamma has such rosy cheeks to-night, how pretty she looks," said Charlie, climbing on his father's knee.

Charles turned and looked at his wife, but as she met his eye, the color faded from her cheek, and the sad, patient smile she usually wore returned to her face.

"Mamma is always pretty," said Ally, indignantly, "when I am grown I mean to be just like her."

"You can't be so good," said Charlie, getting down and taking her other hand, and they went up to the nursery.

In about fifteen minutes Charles too followed, for a feeling of remorse he could not shake off came over him, and the quiet of the parlor, as he sat alone, was unbearable. He did not wish to see Margaret there again, so he determined to go to his room and sleep away these "gloomy feelings."

As he passed the nursery door, which was partly open, he looked in. Margaret was sitting with her back to the door, with one arm around Alice, who was sitting in her lap, and the other encircled Charlie, who was kneeling by her side. Suddenly the little fellow looked up thoughtfully.

"Mamma," said he, "does not papa love you?"

For a moment she was silent, but her voice recovered its usual gentle tone, as she replied,

"Of what are you thinking, my dear?"

"Why, to-night, when you were so pretty and rosy, papa never seemed to care about it at all;

and when he looked at you, you looked quite pale—pale as you always are."

"Perhaps, my dear, your papa does not show all he feels," she said, in a tone that belied her words. "And now," she added, "will you listen while I read?" The child placed one hand in hers, and one in his sister's, and she opened the Bible and read a few verses, afterward explaining them in a simple way suited to their childish understandings. Then, kneeling with them, she offered a short prayer for pardon for the day's offences and protection through the night.

"Now, Charlie, dear," she said, "go to your room, and don't forget to ask God, yourself, to bless you; and to pray for papa and mamma." The boy threw his arms around her neck, and kissed her warmly before departing. Margaret also rose, and taking Alice by the hand, led her into her own room, where the little girl always slept on a small couch. She started on seeing her husband, but silently began to undress the child. The baby was quietly sleeping, and soon Alice too.

"Are you sick, Charles?" at length she said.

He made no reply, but stood leaning against the mantle-piece looking moodily into the fire. She thought he did not hear her, and going up to him she laid her hand on his arm, and repeated her question.

"No," he answered, frigidly, without lifting his eyes, or apparently noticing her in the least.

She looked at him a moment, sighed, and removing her hand, went into the little room where Charlie was sleeping. As she bent over him the boy murmured, "mamma," and smiled. "He is dreaming," said she, comforted for a moment by this thought. As she gazed on him, her mind wandered far away to a land where no cloud can come over the spirit, and kneeling beside the bed, her heart breathed forth its deep thankfulness to Him who had enabled her so long to endure; and she prayed for strength patiently and cheerfully to bear on, in coming years, the burden He had laid upon her.

When she returned Charles was asleep.

The next day at dinner, Charles suddenly said, "Margaret, mother is coming to spend a month with us," and taking a letter from his pocket, he threw it on the table before her. A look of such evident dissatisfaction was visible on her face, that a dark frown of displeasure settled on his brow.

"Forgive me, Charles," she said, in a gentle tone of apology. "I will try and make it as pleasant as I can."

"I shall be obliged," said he, coldly and bitterly.

"You are unjust," she answered, sadly, "but you know your mother does not like me; and that this dislike has even made you——"

"Pardon me, madam," he interrupted, "my mother's opinions do not govern me. I have judged for myself on this subject."

"And why are you so very severe a judge of my faults?" she asked, in the same sad tone.

"Your faults, madam!" he exclaimed, in feigned astonishment. "Who said you had faults? Oh, no, those, who do not feel, are always perfect," and with a scornful laugh he left the room.

She stood with one hand leaning on the back of a chair. The usually quiet look of patient resignation, now so habitual, had changed to one of intense suffering. But as she stood, her thoughts went back to the time of her childhood. She gazed into the mirror that memory placed before her, and she saw only scenes of perfect happiness. Once more a mother's arm encircled her, and a father's hand was laid in blessing on her head. Then came youthful hopes and deeper happiness. She was again a girl, treading life's flowery path. Around her played only gentle zephyrs; and she dreamed not spring could ever depart. Again the happy maiden stood beneath the vine-covered arbor, and listened to the vows of him she loved. And now——

She looked round. The servant had removed the table, and she was standing before the dying embers. Her dream had faded, and she pressed her hands together upon her bosom, and murmured, "And now."

Strong faith had Margaret. Faith in a holier, happier home, within whose peaceful shadow should come no longings; where every wish would be satisfied, every murmur would cease. Strong too, was her patient faith in the heavenly strength that should be given her, to bear up under all her trials. She did not hope to win love for herself; and her life was one constant fulfilment of duty, where the only flowers in her pathway were those scattered by her children.

Charles came home in the evening rather later than usual. He went into the sitting-room, and found the children by the fire, near which was drawn a small sofa. "Hush, papa," whispered Charlie, "you will wake mamma. We waited for you so long that she has gone to sleep. See, I have not moved because she had my hand, and I was afraid I would wake her."

Charles looked down at the little fellow, who sat so quietly and regarded his mother so lovingly. How dearly he seemed to love her. The husband's eye turned from the boy's bright face to the pale, sad countenance of his wife. She

looked very unwell, even suffering; and his heart smote him, as he contrasted her now, with the blooming maiden he had, ten years ago, promised to love and cherish. Innumerable instances rose before him of her long continued, patient forbearance; of kindness unwearied on her part, met only by constant indifference on his. But could he acknowledge this to her? Could he tell her he was wrong? His pride rebelled at the thought. No, he would be more gentle for the future; and she would forget the past.

Something in her dreams startled her, for she opened her eyes, and sitting up looked round in surprise.

"My dear boy," she said, affectionately, "have you been sitting here all this time? Why did you not wake me when papa came?"

"He was right, Margaret, you looked tired," said Charles, very kindly. She glanced up surprised at this unusual tone, and the tears sprang to her eyes. Then rising with her accustomed gentle dignity she went to her own apartment, and arranged her dress, before she took her place at the tea-table. For Margaret was extremely particular in regard to her appearance; she thought it was due to her husband and children; and now the waves of her soft, dark hair were as smoothly parted as if visitors were expected. In her pale, intellectual countenance, might be read indications of inward struggles, and of victory. That peace dwelt in her heart, which only the Christian may attain; but the touching sadness of her expression told that her earthly lot had much of sorrow. Her constant daily trials were known to none, and suspected by few; and those who found in her a ready, sympathizing friend, dreamed not that she herself yearned for a kindly word. Yet she had learned not to repine, at least not often, and her children knew that in all their childish grievances, "mamma" was ready to assist them; and into her willing ear was poured forth all their joys and sorrows.

In the course of the week the mother came. She was a tall, haughty-looking woman, with a stern, forbidding countenance, and a yet more stern, unbending will. She must be first everywhere, and in her son's house wished to be as absolute as in her own. She was selfish, exacting, and jealous of her son's love. In fact, love for her son was the only disinterested feeling she possessed; and she could not bear that another, even though that other were his wife, should divide that love with her. Margaret's patience irritated her, and she called it hypocrisy. She had done more to produce the coldness Charles

felt for his wife than he himself imagined. But Margaret knew and felt it, yet her voice lost not its gentle tone, nor her manner toward Mrs. Mervyn its unvarying respect.

About a week after the old lady's arrival, as Margaret was sitting for a few moments in her own room, she heard loud sounds from the nursery. She stepped to the door, and Charlie was speaking passionately.

"You shall not talk so of my mamma," he said, "she's a great deal better than you are."

"You impertinent boy," said his grandmother, angrily. "This is the way your mother teaches you to speak, is it? It is well you are going away."

"No, it's not the way she teaches me," replied the boy, swelling with passion. "My mother is always good, and I am good when I am with her; and you know it makes me angry, is the reason you talk so."

"Charlie!" said a low, displeased voice at his side.

"Mamma!" he cried, throwing his arms around her waist, "oh! mamma, I could not help speaking. Don't send me away," he cried, imploringly, clinging to her tightly, "I am not good when you leave me—let me stay by you always."

Little Alice came round softly, and took her mother's other hand, and laid her cheek against it.

"This is a pretty way to bring up your children," said Mrs. Mervyn, sharply.

"Charlie," said his mother, firmly, "will you not tell your grandmother you are sorry for speaking so?" But the child drew more closely to her, and sobbed convulsively.

"Yes, yes, that is always the way, kiss him and tell him he is a good boy, and grandmother is cross and old."

"No, I am not good," said Charlie, "and mamma does not think so," and going up to the old lady, he held out his hand, saying, "forgive me, I was wrong to speak so."

For a moment Mrs. Mervyn looked astonished, and took the child's hand, almost unconscious that she did so. Charlie drew it away directly, and returning to his mother, followed her out of the room.

The table was the place Mrs. Mervyn generally chose to make her attacks on Margaret, so that in case she should ever succeed in putting her out of temper, Charles might be there to witness it. And so much did she exert herself in this laudable work, that every meal was one long struggle and prayer for her daughter-in-law. Yet the children's conduct and wants were as carefully noticed, as usual, and even Charles

thought, sometimes, that his wife must be either a martyr, or a consummate actress. To-night, as they were at the tea table, the mother said,

"Charles, when are you going to send Charlie away?"

Margaret started, and Charlie rose to go to her side.

"Sit down, Charlie," said she, calmly, noticing the child's movement. He obeyed, and looking respectfully at his father, said,

"Please don't send me away, papa."

"You will go to school where there will be a great many boys," said his grandmother.

"But I would rather stay with mamma," replied the boy, decidedly.

"That's the way the boy always is, he has no spirit, always at his mother's apron strings."

The boy's face flushed angrily, but he received a warning look from his mother, and remained silent.

"Are you not satisfied with the school here?" asked Margaret, as calmly as she could.

"Yes," answered Charles, "but it is better he should go away, and learn to be a little independent. You keep him too much like a girl. Let him go away, and be more of a man."

"But he is so young," suggested Margaret.

"You would think him always too young," said Mrs. Mervyn. "I declare, Margaret, you are ruining the boy; he is a perfect baby, clinging to you as if he was afraid of being lost. I think it is time something was done with him."

Margaret said no more; she knew by experience that to argue with the old lady only increased her irritation. Mrs. Mervyn expected she would reply, and was evidently disappointed that she did not. It was decided that Charlie should go in about two months, and Charles and his mother arranged various plans for his studies and his journey. The child remarked the quivering of his mother's lip, and the tears that gathered in her eyes, and when they rose from the table, he threw his arms around her, whispering,

"Don't, mamma, I will try to be a good boy, please don't cry."

And the mother did not cry. She pressed her boy to her bosom, then stroked back the hair fondly from his beautiful forehead. Charles looked at them a moment, then rose and shutting the door violently after him, left the house. With all his love for his boy, and all his father's pride, and his efforts to gain the child's affection, he had never succeeded in obtaining such a look of devoted attachment as the one the lad now gave his mother. Margaret observed Charles' look of displeasure, and divined the

cause. A shade came over her face, when she caught the eye of the old lady fixed intently upon her. In a moment she recovered her wonted calm, quiet manner, and proceeded to her usual morning's occupations.

Charles had lately suffered great pain in his eyes, so great in fact as to prevent him from reading at all at night. Till his mother came, Margaret had read to him almost every evening, but now he had again used them so much, that the pain and inflammation had become alarming. For awhile he left off night reading; then he was compelled to give up his books for a greater part of the day. In the anxiety consequent upon this, Charlie's going was not talked of. Margaret gave up most of her time to the amusement of the sufferer, reading to him, and playing and singing when he became weary of the reading.

"I thought you did not like music, Charles," said his mother, one day, in a petulant tone, as he seemed almost to forget his situation in listening to Margaret. This remark destroyed all his pleasure, and again brought back the helpless feelings he had, for a time, succeeded in banishing; and though Margaret sang his sweetest songs, he lay quiet on the sofa without taking further notice, his hands over his eyes. Yet he could not help thinking how thoughtful and forbearing his wife was, and how much she had to bear from his mother's unkindness. He was astonished at the constant patience she evinced, and yet he thought she must feel. Every day since his sickness, as he observed her daily conduct, he had involuntarily felt for her increasing admiration. He saw there was a something he could not understand, which he must respect, and which rendered her far superior to himself; something which seemed to raise her above the daily trials to which he acknowledged she was exposed, and to enable her to wear the same cheerful smile through all.

Mrs. Mervyn soon found, to her extreme anger and mortification, that Charles preferred Margaret's nursing to her own. He called on his wife for everything, without knowing that he did so, because there was nothing in her manner that ever irritated him by its occasional assumption of authority, as was sometimes the case in his mother's. Charles could obtain no relief, so it was decided that he must leave home, and go where he could consult physicians likely to restore him. But, before he could get ready, he was attacked with a slow, lingering fever, which confined him entirely to his room, and for a time absorbed the attention and excited the deepest anxiety of the whole family. Margaret did not leave him day nor night. She would throw

herself on a couch, and snatch a few minutes rest, but the slightest movement of Charles awakened her. She was ever there, attending to his wishes, anticipating them in fact as no one else could. The children came softly to the door to ask about papa, and their mother would tell them, and kiss them, bidding them go quietly down. To Charlie, she recommended particularly the care of his little sister; and truly was she now rewarded for the strict obedience she had always required from them. Nothing but a devoted love for his mother, and the habit of obeying her slightest command, could have enabled the boy to remain so much in the nursery, where he had to endure the irritable temper of his grandmother. But he bore it all bravely, not letting his mother even suspect it, lest it should distress her.

One day Charles awoke, and to his surprise Margaret was not with him. In a few moments, however, she returned, and gently bathed his forehead and administered the medicine, but then again went out. For a few days it continued thus. No attention was omitted, but he felt hurt that she left him. Once he said, "Sleep here, Margaret, do not go out."

"I am not going to sleep," she answered, in a tone of great distress.

"I am afraid you are sick," said he, anxiously, worried by her nervous manner.

She stooped down, and passed her hand, which was cold as death, over his forehead, assuring him she was quite well, and would return in a few minutes. But minute after minute passed by, and still she was away. He wondered what it could mean, and lay listening to the slight noise made by the fire, till at length he fell asleep.

He slept about an hour, and when he awoke Margaret was again beside him.

"Where have you been?" he inquired, quickly.

"Only in the next room," she replied, as she raised his head, and gave him the medicine.

He seemed satisfied, and lay down again quietly. It was well for him that he could not see her face. She felt as if the sorrow of years had been compressed into that one night. Her beautiful boy, her youngest born, lay in the adjoining room, appaared for the grave. Four days of intense suffering had racked his little frame; and now God counted him among the angels. While Charles had been sleeping, the mother had held the infant in her arms, watching agonizingly the ebbing of the life sands; and when all was over, she laid him away from her, for the mother's heart, though torn with anguish, had no time to indulge her grief. All she could

do was to go in, for a moment, and throw herself beside the little bed, where he seemed to be only sleeping in his infant loveliness, with his little white hands folded on his quiet breast, and his features so still, so terribly motionless, and yet so strangely beautiful.

They carried the darling to his resting-place, to the quiet church-yard, where the spring flowers would bloom over him, and the mother's heart bled, in silence, for her lost one.

At length, after weeks of danger, Charles was pronounced better. Physicians, who had hardly dared to hope, now assured Margaret he was recovering. He began again to feel returning interest in what passed around him; and his strength slowly returned. The children came in to see him once more, and he felt cheerful, and even interested in talking with them.

One day, Margaret went down stairs for awhile, leaving Charlie with him, telling the child to stay while she was gone.

"I wish I could see you, my boy," said Charles, holding the little fellow's hand. "I hope I shall soon be able to get out of the darkness. Where are your grandmother and Alice?"

"Grandma took Ally out to walk, and she tried to get mamma to go, she looks so sick."

"Does your mamma look sick?"

"Yes, poor mamma, she does not cry now, but she looks so sad and ill."

"Did she cry before?" said Charles, quickly.

The child hesitated, and Charles repeated his question.

"I don't know whether she would like me to tell you, papa; but she used to cry a great deal, and more after you said I was to go away; but she told me I must try and be willing to go, as you wanted me to, but she never says anything about it now."

Charles clasped Charlie's hand tighter. "I have not heard the baby cry—why don't they bring him in, Charlie?"

The little fellow did not answer, but in a few moments said, "Shall I call mamma now?"

"No, are you tired?"

"Oh, no," replied the boy, "I wish you would let me stay, papa."

"Yes, your mamma is with the baby, I suppose. But you think I am very cruel, Charlie, to send you away to school."

"Oh, no, mamma said I must not say that; for I would learn a great deal, and that you wished me to study very hard. Papa, please don't think mamma ever lets me say anything wrong about it."

"And why must I not think so, Charlie?"

"Because mamma always think you are right,

and she was very sorry when I was so discontented about it."

"Well, go and bring the baby here now, and let me kiss him."

But Charlie did not go.

"Why don't you go, Charlie?"

"Oh! papa, please don't send me; but I will call mamma."

"Stop, Charlie," said his father, holding him fast, "why don't you want to go?"

The child was still silent. Charles grew thoroughly excited. "Charlie, my boy, will not your mother let you obey me?"

"Oh, papa," sobbed the child, "we have no baby now. God has taken him away."

Charles relaxed his hold, and lay perfectly quiet.

"Papa, dear papa, don't feel so badly. "Oh! what will mamma say to me for telling you."

"My child," said the father, softly, drawing him closer, "tell me all about it."

"He was not sick long, and mamma had to be in here, while grandma nursed him; but he died in her arms, and I thought poor mamma would die too, she looked so ill. But she came in and stayed by you; and she does not cry about it; but I know it is that makes her sick now. We were afraid to tell you while you were sick, and I am afraid I am wrong to tell you now, but you know, papa, you made me."

"You have done perfectly right, my boy; but I hear your grandmother and Alice coming; let them come in."

What Charles said to his mother then no one knew, but her heart must have been touched, for when she left his room she inquired, in a tone of real kindness, for Margaret. But poor Margaret was no longer conscious of joy or sorrow. They found her on the bed, delirious with fever, and calling wildly on her child. She knew no one.

Charles, when they told him, insisted on being carried to her room. So they bandaged his eyes, and putting him in a large chair, wheeled it beside his wife's sick bed. The doctor, when he came, objected to the husband's remaining, saying his health would suffer; but Charles refused to leave. He sat by the bed, listening to Margaret's broken words of grief and suffering; but spoke to no one, nor took any notice of what any one said except the doctor. Once only he exclaimed, "Oh! if I could but see." His children's caresses seemed to have no effect in soothing him. Even to Charlie he said nothing, except to ask him how his mother looked.

At length, however, their painful anxiety was relieved. The doctor pronounced Margaret out

of danger, and said she only needed careful nursing to restore her again to health.

"Is she well enough to talk, doctor?" said Charles, the next morning, when the doctor came into his room.

"A little, I think," he answered, "there will be no danger for her now."

Margaret's face flushed when she saw her husband's chair. Charles asked to be moved close beside her, and stooping down bent over her, and kissed her forehead. Mrs. Mervyn walked quietly out, and closed the door behind her, leaving husband and wife together.

"Margaret, my wife," said Charles, earnestly, "if my whole life, from this time, does not prove the sincerity of my sorrow for the pain I have made you suffer, I shall be a monster indeed."

"Charles!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms around his neck, "don't say that, only love me, it is all I ask."

"God knows I do love you," he answered, with deep feeling, "but I know not whether I can ever forgive myself for all my unkindness. I never knew you, Margaret; but you have made me love you, so that not a shadow of doubt upon the subject shall cross your mind again." He passed his hand over her forehead, and then over her face. "If I could only see you again, Margaret! Perhaps it will be my punishment to be denied this."

"No, no," answered she, cheerfully, "you will be well again—and, Charles," she added, in a low tone, "we will be so happy."

"May Charlie come in?" said a pleasant voice. The door opened, and the child entered, leading little Alice by the hand. The child's face beamed with pleasure, as he saw his mother looking so happy. He kissed her over and over again, and then put his arms round his father, as he said, "Oh! papa, I am so glad mamma is better. If you could only see her."

"Would you like to stay, and nurse papa and mamma, instead of going away, Charlie?"

"Oh, papa, you do not mean it. I should be so glad."

"I have concluded not to send you till you are older," said his father.

Margaret gave him a look of gratitude, which would have been a full reward, could he have seen it; but he felt the silent pressure of her hand. She did not speak, but in her heart dwelt unspeakable happiness.

A year after this, a lady and gentleman stood together at the window in a drawing-room of a large hotel in Philadelphia. The lady was tall and handsome, and her companion gazed on her with a look of mingled love and admiration.

"To-morrow, Margaret," said he, with evident pleasure, "to-morrow, we start for home. How glad Charlie will be to see us; and Ally will be so much grown, we shall hardly know her."

"I shall be delighted to get back and see the darlings," she answered, "and particularly as you are well again."

"I trust, Margaret," said he, "that when you read to me hereafter, it will be as a labor of love only."

"It has always been so, Charles. Do not doubt it," answered she, earnestly.

"Love to God then, Margaret! I cannot conceive how it could have been love to me."

"Please do not talk so, Charles. You know I am perfectly satisfied, perfectly happy now."

Others who were in the room, and saw the husband and wife talking in a low tone at the window, wondered if they had been long married, or if the looks of admiration he so frequently cast upon her had survived years of married life.

Let us take one more look in on the little family before we bid them good-bye.

It was a chilly evening, late in the fall, that a group of happy faces were assembled round a bright fire, in a cheerful sitting-room.

One little face was pressed close against the window-pane, peering out in the darkness. An old lady, in a closely-fitting black silk dress, with a cap of snowy whiteness, sat by the fire apparently reading, though every moment the book was laid aside, and she listened to catch the sound of carriage-wheels. A manly boy, about eleven years old, stood with one hand on his little sister's shoulder, and the other round her waist, pressing his face to hers.

"There they come, grandma," he suddenly exclaimed, throwing open the door, and rushing out.

The travellers were received with open arms, and very soon, divested of their wrappings, were seated by the blazing fire. "Mamma, oh! how happy we are, and papa can see us. Ally and I have done nothing to-day but talk about you," and he threw his arms first round one, and then the other of his parents, as if he did not know which to be most rejoiced to see. Finally, however, he leaned on the back of his mother's chair, and looked down into her face, as she told about their journey, and talked of what had happened during their absence.

"The children have been so good, Margaret," said Mrs. Mervyn, "that I will let you praise them as much as you please. Charlie has almost taken the entire charge of Ally's education out of my hands."

Charlie was near enough to get a kiss, and to have one arm of his happy mother thrown round him.

"You look like a young girl again," continued Mrs. Mervyn, smiling upon her daughter-in-law, "and Charles seems quite in love with you, as he has hardly taken his eyes off you since you sat down."

"There is a summer of the heart, you know, mother," answered Margaret, "and mine is very bright; and there is more than usual sunshine there now, as I have you all here around me."

"It is a summer, Margaret, that comes after a dreary winter," said Charles. "May the flowers

bloom hereafter, without being blighted by unkindness," he added, regarding his wife affectionately.

Margaret was touched by Mrs. Mervyn's gentle manner, which showed so evident a desire to efface from her memory all past unkindness. For her haughty disposition so to change, required a great effort, but it was resolutely made, and before long she learned truly to love and appreciate her gentle daughter-in-law. She found, too, that in loving each other, the husband and wife did not love her the less; that his son's love was not taken from her, when given to his wife.

THE CLOUD OF FIRE.

BY M. F. CARTER.

I saw it on a frosty Winter's morning
Slowly ascending on its unseen wings,
As if earth's sin-encompassed beauty scorned
'Twere pressing where the Summer skylark sings—
E'en to the gates of Heaven where glory lingers
The long year through in all its rosiness,
And charmed music struck by angel fingers,
Woos fragrance for the zephyr's soft caress!

Warmed at the hearth-stone into life, upturning,
Its first glad look was toward the bending sky,
And thither mounted in a noble yearning
To pass beyond the ken of mortal eye.
In wreathy columns pile on pile upcurling,
The sunshine trimmed it with an edge of gold—
With its ruddiest morning smile its form impearling,
Like morning hopes from young life's garden fold!

I watched it till mine eye grew dim and weary,
Saw it expanding as it slowly rose,
Till blent with golden skies, all blithe and cheery
It vanished in the calm, deep blue's repose!
So thought I should our pilgrim life be ever,
The spirit yearning higher still to rise,
From young life's morning blessing staying never
Till comes the crimson glow of sunset skies!

So should we in a noble life-endavor
Thus resolutely pave a shining way,
The circle of our love enlarging ever,
As slowly mount we Heavenward day by day!
With good deeds nobly done imprint life's story,
And when a pass from mortal ken is given,
Thus calmly in a noontide blaze of glory
Our life shall fade into the pure light of Heaven!

GIVE BACK THE FLOWERS.

BY HATTIE BOOMER.

Give back the flowers that bloomed in May,
Of all I've known the brightest;
Give back the sweets that in them lay,
When my young heart was lightest;
Oh! I have gazed, while others praised
Some floweret fair to see;
And only wept for those that slept—
The flowers that bloomed for me.

Give back the hopes that once were mine,
The fairest and the fleetest,
That shone from out that starry time
When life to me was sweetest;

Though falsely bright the wandering light
They sent across the sea—
No joys that live can ever give
Such blessed dreams to me.

Give back the friends I loved in youth,
Of all I've known the dearest,
Their hearts of simple faith and truth
Were kindest and sincerest;
For oft in the dust I weep the trust
Too fondly, blindly given;
And tearful raise my spirit's gaze
To early friends in Heaven.

WAIFS BY THE WAYSIDE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

EXTRAVAGANCE—A WORD FOR THE WOMEN.—It has become so customary to declaim about the extravagance of women, that popular opinion has almost quite forgot that men are spend-thrifts too. We admit that it is proper enough to decry diamonds, French laces, Indian shawls, and other luxuries of the sex, when the wearers of these articles exceed their means in buying them. We do not deny that many a failure may be traced, remotely, to the extravagance of a wife. We challenge no journal for asserting that our imports are excessive, partly on account of the fondness of our women for needless foreign luxuries. But are the ladies the sole offenders? Have men no hobbies on which they squander thousands? Do husbands never waste money? Who pays for the wines and brandies which make so important a figure in our importations? Let the truth be told. Of the two sexes, ours is, perhaps, the most extravagant. Is it either honest, or chivalrous, therefore, to abuse the ladies, when the men are the greater spendthrifts of the two?

Take the case of a family of wealth. The wife likes a fine equipage, elegant furniture, and rich dresses; she gives costly parties in the winter, and goes to Saratoga or Cape May in summer; she has her bill at a jeweler's, her credit at a fashionable dry-goods store, her seats at the opera. But what, meantime, is her husband doing? If an epicure, his wine bill amounts to thousands; if a picture-fancier, his gallery is a continual drain on his purse; if he has a mania for building, he is forever buying town-houses, or erecting country-seats. Are horses his hobby? He is never happy, unless trading for a new span, showing off a fast trotter, or betting at some private race-course. All these hobbies, however, are venal, compared with that which some have for speculating in stocks. Where thousands are squandered by fashionable women on French luxuries, tens of thousands are wasted by men in this favorite pursuit of the idle rich. In families of fortune, nay, even in families of moderate means, the extravagance of fathers and husbands keeps even pace with that of wives and daughters.

Among mechanics and operatives it is the same. The man who makes ten dollars a week,

spends more money on tobacco and beer than his helpmate, if he has one, on her personal luxuries. She works, too, quite as hard as he does. In household affairs, moreover, her economy is the sheet anchor of the family. Never, or rarely, does she indulge in what is called pleasure. A short excursion is often her sole annual recreation. Yet, if she spends a trifle on a ribbon, it is pronounced extravagance; if she asks for a week in the country, ruin is predicted. The women have not had fair play. It is the old story of the lion, who wrote his own biography; for we men make newspapers and public opinion; and we have praised ourselves at the expense of the sex. Is it not time that some of us were more impartial? Both sexes, we are free to admit, spend quite too much. But, in apportioning the sin of extravagance, the men have heretofore laid all the blame on the women. It has been a weakness of our sex, brave as we think ourselves, always to shirk our share of guilt; for even Adam, when he had eaten the apple, was coward enough to say, "The woman tempted me and I did eat."

THE WANT OF SUNSHINE.—"Your city horses don't get enough sunshine," said a shrewd farmer. "No wonder they are so unhealthy. In the coldest days of winter, when it was clear, my old father used to take his horses out of the stable, and tie them to the fence in the middle of the day so that they might get sunshine."

There was even more wisdom in the farmer's speech than he supposed. It is not horses only that suffer for the want of sunshine. Thousands of persons living in cities injure their health because of the want of sunshine. The over-worked operative, who is confined all day in a dark, ill-ventilated room, owes not a little of his fondness for a dram to the absence of the light, joyous, exhilarating sunshine. The pale, sickly child, that by-and-by is laid in its coffin, amid the sobs of its heart-broken mother, might probably have grown up to a vigorous manhood if it had been bred on a breezy, clover-decked, sunshiny hill-side. Who can compute the adults who die annually of consumption solely because they have deprived themselves of sunshine year after year? In the physical life of Americans, espe-

cially those who dwell in cities, there is no deficiency so marked and fatal as that of the want of sunshine. The human animal requires sunshine quite as much as a plant.

But we need sunshine in a moral sense also. We are too grave and serious a people. We rack our nervous systems to pieces and prematurely destroy our digestion by the neglect of seasonable recreation, or by amusements that are such only in name. As old Froissart said of the English, four hundred years ago, "we take our pleasures sadly as is our fashion." Man is a laughing animal: the only laughing animal there is. Nature intended that a due proportion of mirth and merriment should be his. "All work and no play," as the old proverb goes, "makes Jack a dull boy." The English people were never more heroic than in that almost Arcadian time when their country went by the name of "Merrie England," and when, after the transition period during which Froissart wrote, and in which civil war made the nation naturally sad even in their pleasures, they were prosperous, happy and festive. It is impossible to believe that what tradition says of the last fifty years of the sixteenth century in England is all poetic exaggeration. The love of music alone—a love which then existed amongst all classes, but which, alas! has long ago died out—is a proof to the contrary. It was an age when there was moral sunshine, metaphorically speaking,

all over the realm of England; and the natural results followed—great deeds and generally diffused happiness.

It is a fatal mistake to suppose a serious aspect indispensable to goodness. The healthiest man, all things else being alike, is not only the cheerfulest but the best. By overworking our brains and denying ourselves amusement, we become irritable and peevish, and therefore unjust. Our homes are too often but gloomy dens, where we retire after the day's labor is done, to snarl at wives who are fretful, because also jaded, and to carp at children, who grow up in consequence with a gloom shadowing their hearts that ought never to have been there. A little more relaxation, especially relaxation of the right sort, would make us all happier, and would fill thousands of households with sunshine where now the domestic atmosphere is grey and choking as a wet November day.

Give us more sunshine! Or rather let us all seek sunshine. As men walk out into the fields to pluck spring flowers and drink in the blessed sunshine of the vernal season, so we should not wait for moral sunshine to come to us, for that will never be, but go forth in search of it where we know it may be found. It is only by observing the laws of our organization that we can hope to enjoy this moral sunshine. Neglect those laws, ignore the necessity of occasional relaxation, and farewell to this joy-giving sunshine.

A BUTTERFLY IN WINTER.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

PRETTY, fluttering, fragile thing,
Fairest harbinger of Spring,
What hath wakened thee to life
When the air with death is rife?
Did some fairy whisper thee,
"Come and roam the air with me,
Come, the fields and woodland bowers,
Spring has decked with buds and flowers."

From thy humble, safe retreat,
Did he lure thee death to meet,
Bidding thee expand thy wing,
In the balmy breath of Spring,
Promising that all the day
Thou should'st rove 'mid flowers gay,
And at night securely rest
In the roses fragrant breast?

Pretty creature, did he say
Thou wert too beautiful to stay,
With thy charms in lowly guise
Hidden from admiring eyes?

And didst thou long, that bird and bee
Should thy varied grace see,
And that every insect thing
Should look with envy on thy wing?

Poor deluded, helpless thing!
Not the odorous breath of Spring,
Not the Summer's sunlight warm,
But the driving Winter storm,
Not the roses crimson glow,
But a chilling bed of snow,
Not soft zephyrs perfumed sweet,
But rude blasts thy coming greet.

Wicked flattery! cruel cheat!
That won thee from thy safe retreat,
All defenceless thus to cast
Thee upon the chilling blast,
Led that tiny, shrinking form
Out into the Winter storm,
And then left it, soiled and torn,
Cold, unpitied Winter's scorn.

LOVE'S LABOR WON.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," &C.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 183.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

PERSECUTION.

They said that guilt a shade had cast
Upon her youthful fame,
And scornful murmurs as she passed
Were mingled with her name.
In truth it was a painful sight
As former friends went by,
To see her trembling lip grow white
Beneath each altered eye.

MRS. HOLMES.

To the surprise of all the family at the Bluff, Margaret Helmstedt, the third morning from her disappearance, returned to her guardian's house. Mrs. Houston took upon herself the ungenial task of meeting the delinquent.

"Well, Miss, or rather, I beg your pardon, madam, permit me to congratulate you! though really I had not supposed you would have so soon honored my humble house with a visit," said Nelie, as she met her at the door.

"Mrs. Houston, I do not understand you! pray let me pass," pleaded the girl, who looked pale, exhausted and heart-broken.

"Pass indeed! I would first know who it is that so glibly demands to pass. No, madam, your right to pass here is forfeited. I only wonder that you should present yourself. But I suppose that you have come for your effects—if so, inform me where they shall be sent, and I will have them forwarded."

Margaret leaned half fainting against the door frame, but notwithstanding her physical prostration and mental disturbance, she maintained her presence of mind.

"Mrs. Houston, you are mistaken. I bear no new name or new relation, as your words would seem to imply."

"Then, Miss, so much the worse!" exclaimed Nelie, indignantly.

"I do not understand you," said Margaret, in amazement.

"You do! And I wonder more than ever that you should presume to present yourself before me!" retorted the lady, raising her voice.

"Mrs. Houston, my mother was your bosom
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friend. Do not insult her daughter," said Margaret, as the blood rushed to her face.

"You have dishonored your mother!" exclaimed Nelie, in a paroxysm of emotion between anger, awakened memory and grief.

"God knoweth!" replied the maiden, dropping her head and her clasped hands with a gesture of profound despair.

But the altercation had reached the ears of Col. Houston, who now came out, saying,

"Nelie, my dear, this is not the way to meet this exigency. Good morning, Miss Helmstedt, pray walk in and be seated. Nelie, she is but a young thing! If she has committed any grave fault, it carries its own bitter punishment, God knows. As for us, since she presents herself here again, we must continue to give her shelter and protection until the arrival of her father. Nay, Nelie, my dear, I say this must be done whatever her offences may be."

"You too! Oh, you too, Col. Houston!" involuntarily exclaimed Margaret, clasping her hands.

"Miss Helmstedt, my child, I am not your judge. Make a confidant of my wife, she loved your mother. Go into your apartment, Margaret. Attend her, Mrs. Houston."

"Col. Houston, I thank you! Mrs. Houston," she continued, in a faltering voice, "I returned here only—because—it was my appointed place of abode—the home selected for me by my parents and—Ralph."

"Never mind about Ralph now, my child," said the colonel, in a gentle tone, which nevertheless cut Margaret to the heart. She meekly bowed her head and passed on to her own apartments, followed by Mrs. Houston, who threw herself into a chair and immediately commenced a close catechism, which was interrupted in the midst by Margaret saying,

"Dear Mrs. Houston, not from any want of respect to you, and not in defiance of your authority, but from the direst necessity. Oh! what am I saying!" She stopped suddenly in great anguish and remained silent.

"Margaret Helmstedt, what mean you?" demanded Mrs. Houston, indignantly.

"Nothing! I mean nothing!"

"You mean to affront me!"

"No! heaven knows!"

"How can you explain or defend your conduct?"

"In no manner!"

"And you expect us quietly to submit to your contumacy?"

"No! Do your will. I cannot blame you!"

"And Ralph?"

Like the rising of an inward light came a transient glow of faith from her beautiful face.

"Ralph will think no evil," she said, softly.

"Yet let me assure you, Miss Helmstedt, that though Ralph Houston's chivalric confidence in you may be unshaken; yet his father will never now consent to the continuance of his engagement with you. You heard what Col. Houston said?"

"I heard," said Margaret, with gentle dignity.

"You heard? what then?"

"Mr. Houston is twenty-eight years of age, and his own master."

"And what follows, pray, from that?"

"That in this matter he will do as seems to him right!"

"And yourself?"

"I leave my destiny with the fullest faith where God, my parents and his parents placed it—in the hands of my betrothed husband."

"And he will abide by his engagement! I know his Quixotic temper! he will. But, Margaret Helmstedt, delicacy requires of you to retire from the contract."

Margaret smiled mournfully, and answered earnestly,

"Madam, God knoweth that there are higher principles of action than fantastic delicacy. I have no right to break my engagement with Ralph Houston. I will free him from his bond; but if he holds me to mine, why so be it; he is wiser than I am, and in the name of the Lord I am his affianced wife."

Nelie scarcely knew how to reply to this. She looked straight into the face of the girl as though she would read and expose her soul. Superficially that face was pale and still; the lips compressed; the eyes cast down until the close, long lashes lay penciled on the whole cheeks; but under all a repressed glow of devotion, sorrow, firmness, fervor, made eloquent the beautiful countenance, as she sat there, with her hands clasped and unconsciously pressed to her bosom. Despite of the strong circumstantial evidence,

Nelie could not look into that face and hold to her belief of the owners unworthiness. And the little woman grew more angry at the inconsistency and contradiction of her own thoughts and feelings. She ascribed this to Margaret's skill in influencing her. And out of her pause and study she broke forth impatiently,

"You are an artful girl, Margaret. I do not know where you got your duplicity; not from your mother, I know. No matter! thank heaven, in a few days your father and Ralph will be here, and my responsibility over." And rising angrily she left the room, and left Margaret remaining in the same attitude of superficial calmness and suppressed excitement.

Nelie went to her own especial sitting-room, communicating by short passages with store-room, pantry and kitchen, and where she transacted all her housekeeping business. She found her own maid, the pretty mulatress, with knitting in hand as usual, in attendance.

"Go at once, Jessie, and call Miss Helmstedt's servants here."

The girl obeyed, and soon returned accompanied by Hildreth and Forrest, who made their "reverence," and stood waiting the lady's pleasure.

"I suppose your mistress has given you orders to reply to no questions in regard to her absence?" asked Nelie, sharply.

"No, madam, Miss Marg'et did nothing of the sort," answered Forrest.

"Be careful of your manner, sir."

Forrest bowed.

"When did she leave the house?"

"Night afore last."

"With whom?"

"Me an' Hild'eth, madam."

"No others?"

"No, madam."

"Where did she go?"

"Up the river some ways to a landin' on to de Marylan' shore as I never was at afore."

"And what then?"

"She lef' we dem, Hild'eth an' me, at a farm house where we landed, an' took a horse an' rode away. She was gone all day. Last night she come back, an' paid de bill, and took boat an' come straight home."

"Very well, that is all very well of you, Forrest, so far. You have told the truth, I suppose; but you have not told the whole truth, I know! Whom did she meet at that farm house? and who rode away with her when she went?"

"Not a singly soul did she meet, 'cept it was de family. An' not a singly soul did ride with her."

"You are lying!" exclaimed Nelie, who in her anger was very capable of using strong language to the servants.

"No! 'fore my 'Vine Marster in heaben, I'se tellin' of you de trufe, Miss Nelie."

"You are not! Your mistress has tutored you what to say."

The old man's face flushed darkly as he answered,

"I ax your pardon very humble, Miss Nelie; but Miss Marget couldn't tutor no one to no false. An' on de contrairy wise she said to we dem, my sister an' me, she said, 'Forrest and Hildreth, mind when you are questioned in regard to me tell the truf as ju's 's you know it.' Dat's all, Miss Nelie. 'Deed it is, madam. Miss Marg'et is high beyant tutorin' anybody to any false."

"There! you are not requested to endorse Miss Helmstedt. And very likely she did not take you into her counsels. Now tell me the name of the place where you stopped?"

"I doesn't know it, Miss Nelie, madam."

"Well, then, the name of the people?"

"Dey call de old gemman Marse John, an' de ole lady Miss Mary. I didn' hear no other name."

"You are deceiving me!"

"No, 'fore my heabenly Marster, madam."

"You are!" And here followed an altercation not very creditable to the dignity of Mrs. Col. Houston, and which was besides quite fruitless, as the servant could give her no further satisfaction.

All that forenoon Margaret sat in her room, occupying her hands with some needlework in which her heart took little interest. She dreaded the dinner hour, in which she should have to face the assembled family. She would gladly have remained fasting in her room, for indeed her appetite was gone, but she wished to do nothing that could be construed into an act of resentment. So when the bell rang, she arose with a sigh, bathed her face, smoothed her black tresses, added a little lace collar and locket brooch to her black silk dress, and passed out to the dining-room.

The whole family were already seated at the table; but Col. Houston, who never failed in courtesy to the orphan girl, arose as usual and handed her to her seat. Her eyes were cast down, her cheeks were deeply flushed. She wore, poor girl, what seemed a look of conscious guilt, but it was the consciousness, not of guilt, but of being thought guilty. She could scarcely lift her heavy lids to meet and return the cold nods of recognition with which old Col. and Mrs.

Compton acknowledged her presence. The fervid devotion that had nerved her heart to meet Mrs. Houston's single attack, was chilled before this table full of cold faces and averted eyes. She could not partake of the meal; she could scarcely sustain herself through the sitting; and at the end she escaped from the table as from a scene of torture.

"She is suffering very much, I will go and talk to her," said the really kind-hearted old Mrs. Compton.

"No, mother, do nothing of the sort. It would be altogether useless. You might wear out your lungs to no purpose. She is perfectly contumacious," said Mrs. Houston.

"Nelie, my dear, she is the child of your best friend."

"I know it!" exclaimed the little lady, with the tears of grief and rage rushing to her eyes, "and that is what makes it so difficult to deal with her; for if she were any other than Marguerite De Lancie's daughter, I would turn her out of the house without more ado."

"My good mother, and my dear wife, listen to me. You are both right, in a measure. I think with you, Nelie, that since Miss Helmstedt persistently declines to explain her strange course, self-respect and dignity should hold us all henceforth silent upon this subject. And with you, Mrs. Compton, I think that regard to the memory of the mother should govern our conduct toward the child, until we can resign her into the hands of her father. The trial will be short. We may daily expect his arrival, and in the meantime we must avoid the obnoxious subject, and treat the young lady with the courtesy due solely to Marguerite De Lancie's daughter."

While this conversation was on the tapis, the door was thrown open, and the Rev. Mr. Wellworth announced. This worthy gentleman's arrival was of late the harbinger of startling news. The family had grown to expect it on seeing him. His appearance now corroborated their usual expectations. His manner was hurried, his face flushed, his expression angry.

"Good day, friends. Has your fugitive returned?"

"Yes—why?" inquired three or four in a breath, rising from the table.

"Because mine has, that is all," replied the old man, throwing down his hat and seating himself unceremoniously. "Yes, Ensign Dawson presented himself this morning at our house, looking as honest, as frank, and as innocent as that exemplary young man generally does. I inquired why he came, and how he dared present

himself. He replied that he had been unavoidably detained, but that as soon as he was at liberty, he had returned to redeem his parole and save his honor. I told him that 'naught was never in danger,' but requested him to be more explicit. He declined, saying that he had explained to me that he had been detained, and had in the first moment of his liberty returned to give himself up, and that was enough for me to know."

"But—you asked him about the supposed companion of his flight?" inquired the indiscreet Nelie.

"Ay, and when I mentioned Margaret Helmstedt's name his eyes flashed fire! he clapped his hand where his sword was not, and looked as if he would have run me through the body."

"And gave you no satisfaction, I dare say."

"None whatever, neither denying nor affirming anything."

"And what have you done with the villain? I hope you have locked him up in the cellar!" exclaimed the indignant Nelie.

"Not I indeed; if I had, the case would have been hopeless."

"I—I do not understand you," said Nelie.

The clergyman looked all around the room, and then replied,

"There are no giddy young people here to repeat the story. I will tell you. Grace is a fool—all girls are, I believe; a scarlet coat with gilt ornaments inflames their imaginations, a wound melts their hearts. And our wounded prisoner between his fine scarlet and gold coat and his broken rib—well, you understand me?—if I had locked him up in the cellar, or in the best bed-room, my girl would have straightway imagined me a tyrannical old despot, and my captive would have grown a hero in her eyes! No! I invited him to dinner, drank his health, played a game of backgammon with him, and afterward returned him his parole, and privately signified that he was at liberty to depart; and however my silly girl feels about it, she cannot say that I persecuted this 'poor, wounded huzzar.'"

"But the d——! you do not mean to say that this villain aspired to Grace also!" exclaimed Col. Houston, in dismay.

"How can I tell? I do not know that he did aspire to Margaret, or that he didn't aspire to Grace! All I know is, that Grace behaved like a fool after his first departure, and worse, if possible, after his second. But Margaret, you say, has returned?"

"She came back this morning."

"And what does the unfortunate girl say?"

"Like your prisoner, she refuses to affirm or deny anything."

"Mr. Wellworth," said Col. Houston, "we have decided to speak no more upon the subject with Miss Helmstedt, but to leave matters as they are until the return of her father, who is daily expected."

"I think, under the circumstances, that that is as well," replied the old man. And soon after he concluded his visit and departed.

And as the subject was no more mentioned to Margaret, she remained in ignorance of the visit of Mr. Wellworth.

And from this time Margaret Helmstedt kept her own apartments, except when forced to join the family at their meals. And upon these occasions, the silence of the ladies, and the half compassionate courtesy of Col. Houston, wounded her heart more deeply than the most bitter reproaches could have done.

A week passed in this dreary manner, and still Major Helmstedt and Capt. Houston had not returned, though they were as yet daily expected.

Margaret, lonely, desolate, craving companionship and sympathy, one day ordered her carriage and drove up to the parsonage to see Grace Wellworth. She was shown into the little sitting-room where the parson's daughter sat sewing.

Grace arose to meet her friend with a constrained civility that cut Margaret to the heart. She could not associate her coldness with the calumnious reports afloat concerning herself, and therefore could not comprehend it.

But Margaret's heart yearned toward her friend, she could not bear to be at variance with her.

"My dearest Grace, what is the matter? have I unconsciously offended you in any way?" she inquired, gently, as she sat down beside the girl and laid her hand on her arm.

"Unconsciously! no, I think not! You are doubly a traitor, Margaret Helmstedt! Traitor to your betrothed and to your friend!" replied Miss Wellworth, bitterly.

"Grace! this from you!"

"Yes, this from me! of all others from me! The deeply injured have a right to complain and reproach!"

"Oh, Grace! Grace! my friend!" exclaimed Margaret, wringing her hands.

But before another word was said, old Mr. Wellworth entered the room.

"Good afternoon, Miss Helmstedt. Grace, my dear, go down to Dinah's quarter and give her her medicine, Miss Helmstedt will excuse you. One of our women has malaria fever, Miss Helmstedt."

"Indeed! I am sorry; but I have some skill in nursing, shall I not go with Grace?" inquired Margaret, as her friend arose to leave the room.

"No, young lady, I wished to have some conversation with you."

Grace sulkily departed, and Margaret meekly resumed her seat.

"Miss Helmstedt, my poor child, it is a very painful duty that I have now to perform. Since the decease of my wife, I have to watch with double vigilance over the welfare of my motherless daughter, and I should feel indebted to you, Margaret, if you would abstain from visiting Grace until some questions in regard to your course are satisfactorily answered.

Margaret's face grew grey with anguish as she arose to her feet, and clapping her hands, murmured,

"My God! my God! You do not think I could do anything that should separate me from the good of my own sex?"

"Margaret, unhappy child, that question is not for me to answer. I dare not judge you, but leave the matter to God above and to your father on earth."

"Farewell, Mr. Wellworth! I know the time will come when your kind nature will feel sorrow for having stricken a heart already so bruised and bleeding as this," she said, laying her hand upon her surcharged bosom; "but you are not to blame, so God bless you and farewell," she repeated, offering her hand.

The clergyman took and pressed it, and the tears sprang to his eyes as he answered,

"Margaret, the time has come, when I deeply regret the necessity of giving you pain. Alas! my child, 'the way of the transgressor is hard.' May God deliver your soul," and rising, he attended her to her carriage, placed her in it, and saying,

"God bless you," closed the door and retired.

"Oh, mother! mother! Oh, mother! mother! behold the second gift—my only friendship! they are yours, mother! they are yours! only love me from heaven! for I love you beyond all on earth," cried Margaret, covering her sobbing face, and sinking back in the carriage.

Margaret returned home to her deserted and lonely rooms. No one came thither now; no one invited her thence. Darker lowered the clouds of fate over her devoted young head. Another weary week passed, and still the returning soldiers had not arrived. The Sabbath came—the first Sabbath in October.

Margaret had always found the sweetest consolation in the ordinances of religion. This being the first Sabbath of the month, was sacrament

Sunday. And never since her entrance into the church had Margaret missed the communion. And now even in her deep distress, when she so bitterly needed the consolations of religion, it was with a subdued joy that she prepared to receive them. It was delightful autumn weather, and the whole family who were going would fill the family coach—so much had been intimated to Margaret through her attendants. Therefore she was obliged to order her own carriage. The lonely ride, under present circumstances, was far more endurable than the presence of the family would have been; and solitude and silence afforded her the opportunity for meditation that the occasion required.

She reached the church and left her carriage before the hour of service. The fine day had drawn an unusually large congregation together, and had kept them sauntering and gossiping out in the open air; but Margaret, as she smiled or nodded to one or another, met only scornful glances or averted heads. More than shocked, appalled and dismayed by this sort of reception, she hurried into the church and on to her pew.

Margaret had always in preference to the Houston's pew, occupied her own mother's, "to keep it warm," she had said in affectionate explanation to Mrs. Houston. Generally Grace or Clare, or both, came and set with her to keep her company. But to-day as yet neither of her friends had arrived, and she occupied her pew alone. As her's was one of those side pews in a line with the pulpit, her position commanded not only the preacher's but the congregation. The preacher had not come. The congregation in the church was sparse, the large majority remaining in the yard. Yet as Margaret's eyes casually roved over this thin assembly, she grew paler to notice how heads were put together, and whispers and sidelong glances were directed to herself. To escape this, and to find strength and comfort, she opened her pocket Bible and commenced reading.

Presently the bell tolled, the people came pouring in, filling their pews. About the time that all was quiet, the minister came in, followed at a little distance by his son and daughter, who passed into the parsonage pew, while he ascended into the pulpit, offered his preliminary private prayer, and then opening the book commenced the sublime ritual of worship.

"The Lord is in His holy temple. Let all the earth keep silence before Him."

These words, repeated Sunday after Sunday never lost their sublime significance for Margaret. They ever impressed her solemnly, at once awing and elevating her soul. Now as they fell

upon her ear, her sorrows and humiliations were, for the time, set aside. A hundred eyes might watch her, a hundred tongues malign her; but she neither heeded nor even knew it. She knew she was alone—she could not help knowing this; Grace had passed her by; Clare had doubtless come, but not to her. She felt herself abandoned of human kind, but yet not alone, for "God was in His holy temple!"

The opening exhortation, the hymn, the prayers, and the lessons for the day were all over, and the congregation knelt for the litany.

"From envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, good Lord deliver us."

These words had always slid easily over the tongue of Margaret, so foreign had these passions been to her life and experience; but now with what earnestness of heart they were repeated.

"That it may please Thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors and slanderers, and to turn their hearts."

Formal words once, repeated as by rote, now how full of significance to Margaret. "Oh, Father in heaven," she added, "help me to ask this in all sincerity."

The litany was over, and in the little bustle that ensued of people rising from their knees, Margaret's pew-door was opened, a warm hand clasped hers, and a cordial voice whispered in her ear,

"I am very late to-day, but 'better late than ever,' even at church."

And Margaret, looking up, saw the bright face of Clare Hartley before her.

Poor Margaret, at this unexpected blessing, nearly burst into tears.

"Oh, Clare, have you heard? have you heard?" she eagerly whispered.

There was no time to say more; the services were recommenced, and the congregation attentive.

When the usual morning exercises were over, a portion of the congregation retired, while the other remained for the communion. Clare was not a communicant, but she stayed in the pew to wait for Margaret. Not with the first circle, nor yet with the second, but meekly with the third, Margaret approached the Lord's table. Mr. Wellworth administered the wine, and one of the deacons the bread. Margaret knelt about near the centre of the circle, so that about half the set were served before the minister came to her. And when he did, instead of putting the blessed chalice into her hand, he stooped and whispered,

"Miss Helmstedt, I would prefer to talk with

you again before administering the sacrament to you."

This in face of the whole assembly. This at the altar! Had a thunderbolt fallen upon her head, she could scarcely have been more heavily stricken, more overwhelmed and stunned.

This then was the third offering—the comfort of the Christian sacraments was sacrificed. No earthly stay was left her now, but the regard of her stern father and the love of Ralph. Would they remain to her? For her father she could not decide. One who knew him best, and loved him most, had died because she dared not trust him with the secret of her life. But for Ralph! Ever at the thought of him, through her deeper distress, the great joy of faith arose, irradiating her soul and beaming from her countenance.

But now, alas! no thought, no feeling, but a sense of crushing shame possessed her. How she left that spot she never could have told. The first fact she knew was that Clare had left her pew to meet and join her; Clare's supporting arm was around her waist; Clare's encouraging voice was in her ears; Clare took her from the church and placed her in her carriage; and would have entered and sat beside her, but that Margaret, recovering her presence of mind, repulsed her, saying,

"No, Clare! no, beloved friend! it is almost well to have suffered so much to find a friend so loyal and true; but your girlish arm cannot singly sustain me. And you shall not compromise yourself for me. Leave me, brave girl, leave me to my fate!"

"Now may the Lord leave me when I do! No, please heaven, Clare Hartley stands or falls with her friend!" exclaimed the noble girl, as she entered and seated herself beside Margaret. "Drive on, Forrest," she added, seeing Miss Helmstedt too much pre-occupied to remember to give the order.

"My father was not at church to-day. So if you will send a messenger with a note from me to Dr. Hartley, I will remain with you, Margaret, until your father arrives."

"Oh, Clare, Clare, if you hurt yourself for me, I shall never forgive myself for allowing you to come."

"As if you could keep me away."

"Clare, do you know what they say of me?"

Clare shook her head, frowned, beat an impatient tattoo with her feet upon the mat, and answered,

"Know it! No, I do not! Do you suppose that I sit still and listen to any one slandering you? Do you imagine that any one would dare to slander you in my presence? I tell you,

Margaret, that I should take the responsibility of expelling man or woman from my father's house who should dare to breathe a word against you."

"Oh! Clare, the circumstantial evidence against me is overwhelming!"

"What is circumstantial evidence, however strong against your whole good and beautiful life?"

"You would never believe ill of me."

"Margaret—barring original sin, which I am required to believe in—I think I have a pure heart, a clear head, and strong eyes. I do not find so much evil in my own soul, as to be obliged to impute a part of to another. I never confuse probabilities; and lastly, I can tell an Agnes from a Calista at sight."

By this time the rapid drive had brought them home. Clare scribbled a hasty note, which Forrest conveyed to her father.

The Comptons and the Houstons were all communicants, and did not leave the church until all the services were over. They had been bitterly galled and humiliated by the repulse that Margaret Helmstedt, a member of their family, had received. On their way home, they discussed the propriety of immediately sending her off, with her servants, to Helmstedt's Island.

"Her father does not come; her conduct grows worse and worse; she has certainly forfeited all claims to our protection, and she compromises us every day," urged Nelie.

"I am not sure but that the Isle would be the best and most secure retreat for her until the coming of her father; the servants there are faithful and reliable, and the place is not so very accessible to interlopers now that the British have retired," said old Mrs. Compton.

Such being the opinion of the ladies of the family, upon a case immediately within their own province, Col. Houston could say but little.

"Dear mother, and fair wife, the matter rests with you at last; but for myself, I prefer that the girl should remain under our protection until the arrival of her father. I would place her nowhere except in Major Helmstedt's own hands."

The ladies, however, decided that Margaret Helmstedt should the next morning be sent off to the Isle. And the colonel reluctantly acquiesced. As for old Col. Compton, from first to last he had not interfered, or even commented except by a groan or a sigh.

Upon arriving at home, they were astonished to find Clare Hartley with Margaret. And when they were told that Forrest had been despatched to Plover's Point, with a note from Clare to inform her father of her whereabouts, Nelie prophesied that the messenger would bring back

orders for Clare to return immediately. And she decided to say nothing to Margaret about the approaching exodus until after Clare's departure.

Mrs. Houston's prediction was verified. Forrest returned about sunset with a note from Dr. Hartley to his daughter, expressing surprise that she should have made this visit without consulting him, and commanding her, as it was too late for her to cross the bay that evening, to return without fail early the next morning.

Margaret gazed anxiously at Clare while the latter read her note.

"Well, Clare! well?" she asked, eagerly, as her friend folded the paper.

"Well, dear, as I left home without settling up some matters, I must run back for a few hours to-morrow morning; but I will be sure to come back and redeem my pledge of remaining near you until your father's arrival, dear Margaret; for every minute I see more clearly that you need some faithful friend at your side," replied Clare, who felt confident of being able to persuade her father to permit her return.

Clare slept with Margaret in her arms that night. And early the next morning—very early to deprecate her father's displeasure, she entered Margaret's little Pearl Shell, and was taken by Forrest across the bay and up the river to Plover's Point.

She had scarcely disappeared from the house, before Mrs. Houston entered Miss Helmstedt's room.

Margaret was seated in her low sewing-chair, with her elbow leaning on the little work-stand beside her, her pale forehead bowed upon her open palm, and a small piece of needlework held lazily in the other hand lying idly upon her lap. Her eyes were hollow, her eyelashes drooping until they overshadowed cheeks that wore the extreme pallor of illness. Her whole aspect was one of mute despair.

The bustling entrance of Mrs. Houston was not perceived until that lady addressed her sharply,

"Miss Helmstedt, I have something to say to you."

Margaret started ever so slightly, and then quietly arose, handed her visitor a chair and resumed her own seat, and after a little while her former attitude, her elbow resting on the stand, her head bowed upon her hand.

"Miss Helmstedt," said the lady, taking the offered seat with an air of importance, "we have decided that, under present circumstances, it is better that you should leave the house at once with your servants, and retire to the Isle. Your effects can be sent after you."

A little lower sank the bowed head—a little farther down slid the relaxed hand, that was the only external evidence of the new blow she had received. To have had her good name smirched with foul calumny; to have suffered the desertion of all her friends save one; to have been publicly turned from the communion table; all this had been bitter as the waters of Marah! Still she had said to herself, though all in this house wound me with their frowns, and none vouchsafe me a kind word or look, yet will I be patient and endure it until they come. My father and Ralph shall find me where they left me."

But now to be sent with dishonor from this home of shelter, where she awaited the coming of her father and her betrothed husband; and under such an overwhelming mass of circumstantial evidence against her, as to justify in all men's eyes those who discarded her—this indeed was the bitterness of death!

Yet one word from her would have changed all. And now she was under no vow to withhold that word, for she recollected that her dying mother had said to her, "If ever, my little Margaret, your honor or happiness should be at stake through this charge with which I have burdened you, cast it off, give my secret to the wind!" And now a word that she was free to speak, would lift her from the pit of ignominy and set her upon a mount of honor. It would bring the Comptons, the Houstons, the Wellworths, and the whole company of her well-meaning, but mistaken friends to her feet. Old Mr. Wellworth would beg her pardon, Grace would weep upon her neck. The family here would lavish affection upon her. Nelie would busy herself in preparations for the approaching nuptials. The returning soldiers, instead of meeting disappointment and humiliation, would greet—the one his adored bride—the other his beloved daughter. And confidence, love and joy would follow.

But then a shadow of doubt would be cast upon that grave under the oaks by the river. And quickly as the temptation came, it was repulsed. The secret that Marguerite De Lancia had died to keep, her daughter would not divulge to be clear of blame. "No, mother, no, beautiful and gifted martyr, I can die with you, but I will never betray you! Come what will I will be silent." And compressing her sorrowful and bloodless lips and clasping her hands, Margaret "took up her burden of life again."

"Well, Miss Helmstedt, I am waiting here for any observation you may have to offer, I hope you will make no difficulty about the plan proposed."

"No, Mrs. Houston, I am ready to go."

"Then, Miss Helmstedt, you had better order your servants to pack up and prepare the boat. We wish you to leave this morning; for Col. Houston, who intends to see you safe to the Island, and charge the people there concerning you, has only this day at his disposal. To-morrow he goes to Washington, to meet Ralph and Frank, who, we learn by a letter received this morning, are on their way home."

This latter clause was an additional piece of cruelty, whether intentional or only thoughtless on the part of the speaker. Ralph so near home, and she dismissed in dishonor! Margaret felt it keenly; but she only inquired in a low and tremulous voice,

"And my father?"

"Your father, it appears, is still detained by business in New York. And now I will leave you to prepare for your removal."

Margaret rang for her servants, directed Hildreth to pack up her clothing, and Forrest to make ready the boat, for that they were going back to the Island.

Her faithful attendants heard in sorrowful dismay. They had acutely felt and deeply resented the indignities inflicted upon their young mistress.

An hour served for all necessary preparations, and then Margaret sent and reported herself ready to depart.

The family assembled in the hall to bid her good bye. When she took leave of them they all looked grave and troubled. Old Mrs. Compton kissed her on the cheek and prayed God bless her. And the tears rushed to Col. Houston's eyes when he offered his arm to the suffering girl, whose pale face looked so much paler in contrast with the mourning dress she still wore.

They left the house, entered the boat, and in due time reached Helmstedt's Island. Col. Houston took her to the mansion, called the servants together, informed them that their master would be at home in a few days, and that their young mistress had come to prepare for his arrival, and to welcome him back to his house. That of course they would obey her in all things. This explanation of Margaret's presence was so probable and satisfactory, that her people had nothing to do but to express the great pleasure they felt in again receiving their young lady. In taking leave of Margaret, Col. Houston was very deeply shaken. He could not say to her, "This act, Margaret, was the act of the women of my family, who, you know, hold of right the disposal of all such nice questions as these. I think that they are wrong, but I cannot with

propriety interfere." No, he could not denounce the doings of his own wife and mother; but he took the hand of the maiden and said,

"My dearest Margaret—my daughter, as I hoped once proudly to call you—if ever you should need a friend, in any straight, for any purpose, call on me. Will you, my dear girl?"

Miss Helmstedt remained silent, with her eyes cast down in bitter humiliation.

"Say, Margaret Helmstedt, my dear, will you do this?" earnestly pleaded Col. Houston.

Margaret looked up. The faltering voice, and the tears on the old soldier's cheeks touched her heart.

"The bravest are ever the gentlest. God bless you, Col. Houston. Yes, if ever poor Margaret Helmstedt needs a friend, she will call upon you," she said, holding out her hand.

The old man pressed it and hurried away.

The next morning Col. Houston set out for Washington city to meet his sons.

The re-union took place at the City Hotel.

Capt. Houston was eager to proceed directly homeward; but a night's rest was necessary to the invalid soldier, and their departure was fixed for the next day. Ralph Houston's eagerness seemed not altogether one of joy; through the evening his manner was often abstracted and anxious.

When the party had at last separated for the night, Ralph left his own chamber and proceeded to that of his father. He found the veteran in bed, and much surprised at the unseasonable visit. Ralph threw himself into the easy-chair by his side, and opened the conversation by saying,

"I did not wish to speak before a third person, even when that person was my brother; but what then is this about Margaret? Mrs. Houston's letters drop strange, incomprehensible hints, and Margaret's little notes are constrained and sorrowful. Now, sir, what is the meaning of it all?"

"Ralph, it was to break the news to you that I came up hither to meet you," replied the colonel, solemnly.

"The news! Great heaven, sir, what news can there be that needs such serious breaking? You told me that she was well!" exclaimed the captain, changing color, and rising in his anxiety.

"Ralph! Margaret Helmstedt is lost to you forever!"

The soldier of a dozen battles, dropped down into his chair as if felled, and covered his face with his hands.

"Ralph! be a man!"

A deep groan from the laboring bosom was the only response.

"Ralph! man! soldier! no faithless woman is worth such agony!"

He neither moved nor spoke; but remained with his face buried in his hands.

"Ralph! my son! my brave son! Ralph!" exclaimed the old man, rising in bed.

The captain put out his hand and gently pressed him back upon his pillow, saying in a calm, constrained voice,

"Lie still; do not disturb yourself; it is over. You said that she was lost to me, forever. She is married to another then?"

"I would to heaven that I knew she was; but I only know that she ought to be."

"Tell me all!"

The voice was so hollow, so forced, so unnatural, that Col. Houston could not under other circumstances have recognized it as his son's.

The old man commenced and related the circumstances as they were known to himself.

Capt. Houston listened—his dreadful calmness as the story progressed, startled first into eager attention, then into a breathless straining for the end, and finally into astonishment and joy! And just as the story came to the point of Margaret's return from her mysterious trip, with the denial that she was married, he broke forth with,

"But you told me that she was lost to me forever! I see nothing to justify such an announcement!"

"Good heaven, Ralph, you must be infatuated, man! But wait a moment." And taking up the thread of his narrative, he related how all Miss Helmstedt's friends, convinced of her guilt or folly, had deserted her.

At this part of the recital, Ralph Houston's fine countenance darkened with sorrow, indignation and scorn.

"Poor dove!—but we can spare them. Go on, sir! go on!"

"Ralph you make me anxious; but listen further." And the old man related how Margaret, presenting herself at the communion table, had, in the face of the whole congregation, been turned away.

Ralph Houston leaped upon his feet with a rebounding spring that shook the house, and stood, convulsed, livid, speechless, breathless with rage.

"Ralph! My God, you alarm me! Pray, pray govern yourself."

His breast labored, his face worked, his words came as if each syllable was uttered with agony, "Who—did—this?"

"Mr. Wellworth, once her friend!"

"An old man and a clergyman! God knoweth that shall not save him when I meet him."

"Ralph! Ralph! you are mad!"

"And, Margaret! How did she bear this? Oh! that I had been at her side. Oh, God, that I had been at her side!" exclaimed the captain, striding in rapid steps up and down the floor.

"She felt it, of course, very acutely."

"My dove! my poor, wounded dove! But you all comforted and sustained her, sir!"

"Ralph, we thought it best to send her home to the Island."

"What!" exclaimed Capt. Houston, pausing suddenly in his rapid walk.

"Yes, Ralph, we have sent her away home. We thought it best to do so," replied the colonel, generously suppressing the fact that it was altogether the women's work against his own approval.

Ralph Houston had gone through all the stages of displeasure, indignation and fury. But he was past all that now! There are some wrongs so deep as to still the stormiest natures into a stern calm more to be feared than fury.

"What, do you tell me that in this hour of her bitterest need, you have sent my promised bride from the protection of your roof?" he inquired, walking to the bedside, and speaking in a deep, calm, stern tone, from which all emotion seemed banished.

"Ralph, we deemed it proper to do so."

"Then hear me! Margaret Helmstedt shall be my wife within twenty-four hours; and so help me God at my utmost need, I will never cross the threshold of Buzzard's Bluff again!" exclaimed Capt. Houston, striding from the room and banging the door behind him.

"Ralph! Ralph! my son, Ralph!" cried the colonel, starting up from the bed, throwing on his dressing-gown, and following him through the passage. But Capt. Houston had reached and locked himself in his own chamber, where he remained in obdurate silence.

The colonel went back to bed.

Ralph Houston in his room, consulted the time-piece. It was eleven o'clock. He sat down to the table, drew writing materials before him, and wrote the following hasty note to his betrothed:

"City Hotel, Washington, Oct., 6th, 1815.

"MARGARET, MY BELOVED ONE—Only this hour have I heard of your sorrows. Had I known them sooner, I would have come from the uttermost parts of the earth to your side. But be of good cheer, my own best love. Within twenty-four hours I shall be with you, to claim your hand, and assume the precious privilege and sacred right of protecting you against the world for life and death and eternity.

Yours, RALPH HOUSTON."

"'It is written that for this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave to his wife.' I am glad of it. Let them go. For my poor, storm-beaten dove, she shall be safe in my bosom," said Ralph Houston, his heart burning with deep resentment against his family, and yearning with unutterable affection toward Margaret, as he sealed and directed the letter, and hastened with it to the office to save the midnight mail. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO THE ABSENT.

BY MRS. SARAH S. SOCWELL.

ALONE, alas! alone,
No gentle loving tone
Breathes its low music on my listening ear;
And o'er my spirit creeps
A sadness lone and deep,
For thou, my only loved one, art not here.

The night wind's gentle sigh
Steals like soft voices by,
Then swells out suddenly with mournful wail;
And that wild, fitful moan,
With its low murmuring tone,
Seems like thy voice borne on the passing gale.

Perhaps this breeze may blow
Softly upon thy brow,
In the far land thou art journeying—

Oh! could it bear to thee
Love, pure, and strong, and free,
On its light wings I would my treasure fling.

Could the soft zephyr speak,
Which gently fans thy cheek,
How many tales of tenderness 'twould tell:
Of many a fervent prayer,
Breathed on the viewless air,
From the true heart that loves thee but too well.

'Twould whisper in thine ear
Sweet words of hope and cheer,
And tales of wakings in the midnight deep,
From dreams in which thy voice
Maketh my heart rejoice,
And sendeth gladness through the realms of sleep.

FRANK LINDSAY'S VISIT TO HONEYSUCKLE FARM.

BY MARY W. JANVREIN.

"AND so, brother mine, instead of accompanying our party to Newport, you will persist in burying yourself in the woods?" pouted the rich, fashionable, and aristocratic Mrs. Fanny Willington, as her handsome brother trifled with the tassel of his dressing-gown at the breakfast-table. "Now it does seem so strange to me, Frank, that you should want to rusticate when everybody is going to the seaside! I should think you'd had enough of seclusion in that horrid law school, to quit your musty books and enjoy society for a season! I declare, it vexes me that you will disappoint me so, when I had half promised Josephine Somers and her friends that you would make up one of our party. And Edward is vexed as much as myself. If he can get away from the counting-room for a fortnight—why need you refuse? Come, Frank, say you'll go with us!" pleaded Mrs. Willington.

"Couldn't, for my word's sake, Fanny! Sorry to disappoint you—but I had promised this visit to uncle John last year when I ran up to Suncook for a day or two—and the old gentleman has just written to remind me of it. See here!" And the young man drew a square folded letter, minus envelope, and superscribed in an old-fashioned, cramped hand to "Franklin Lindsay, Esq., No. 20 B—— street, Boston city"—"and it wouldn't be just the thing to disappoint him."

"Well, if you care more for old uncle John's invitation than mine——"

"Or Miss Josephine Somers'," suggested Frank, dryly.

"You may go—that's all!" pouted the pretty bride of six months. "You're the oddest mortal I ever did see, Frank! As for Miss Somers, you never met the lady; and what put the absurd idea into your head that she would like you to join us, I can't conceive. But it's just like you gentlemen—you're so conceited! Not one of you, but vanity is their besetting sin. Now there's even Edward—he thinks——"

"Just what his little wife Fanny thinks—that he's the best husband, and the handsomest, and wears 'the most splendid moustache' of any man in all Boston. And how Fanny Lindsay did manoeuvre to get him, to be sure!" exclaimed Edward Willington, coming back from the hall where he had overheard this conversation. "But

never mind, Fan! scold that lazy brother of yours—he deserves it all—and give me a kiss, quick, for I must catch the down town 'bus! Good morning, dear," and the young husband sprang from the breakfast room.

"Seriously, brother, I wish you'd put away some of these whims, and let me introduce you to Miss Somers. She is far from what you imagine her—a vain, heartless belle!" persisted Mrs. Willington.

"Haven't I heard her quoted?—her doings, sayings, the style of her wardrobe, her singing, dancing? In short, have I heard 'anything else' among your young lady friends since I came here but this 'Miss Josephine Somers'? No, Fanny—thus far I have escaped the Somers mania—let me go hence free from the contagion!" and Frank tightly thrust his napkin through the ring.

"Miss Somers is not to blame for being handsome or wealthy," retorted Mrs. Willington. "And how could she help becoming the *mode* with such attractions? Neither you or I are insensible to such, if we tell our honest opinions. I won't be deceitful, Frank! I like handsome people, and gay and fashionable people—but I like good people, too, and Miss Somers is refined, intelligent and noble-hearted. If you knew her, you would like her exceedingly."

"Most gracious requisites these for the belle of a city 'season.' I do not doubt the lady's attractions," said Frank, half sneeringly, "but I do doubt her power to ensnare your humble servant and brother, Frank Lindsay. But I must go down town to Brief & Co.'s office. Do you know that I go in there as a partner in September, Fanny? Fact. Your brother is going to make 'a rising lawyer,' one of these years, provided he sticks to the law and leaves matrimony out of the question. Can't become famous and a benedict in one breath, Fanny, so I'll cut Cupid and turn to Coke and Blackstone. As for Miss Somers, I am glad to hear of her transformation into a 'noble-hearted woman;' for really, sister, I must say, before I leave you, that I had always judged her to be, what I despise, a heartless, thorough flirt! But wonders will never cease—and woman is an anomaly. Good morning, Fanny"—and with that strange sarcastic

smile on his well-cut lips, Frank Lindsay ascended to his own room.

"How peculiar Frank is. Such notions as he persists in about Josephine Somers. I shall never bring about their meeting now. Oh, dear, Frank will certainly be a bachelor!" sighed Mrs. Willington, over the breakfast-table. "It is so provoking, they were made for each other."

"A noble-hearted woman," repeated the young man, bitterly, as he entered his room, and, unlocking a private escritoir, took thence an elegant velvet lined miniature, on which he gazed long with curling lip. "No, you 'are not to blame for being handsome or wealthy,' Josephine Somers—but you are to blame for being what you are—a heartless coquette! And now, to endeavor to ensnare me again into your toils! No wonder you have not dared tell Fanny how we met—and how we parted," and he hastily replaced the miniature, turned the key vigorously in the lock, and a few minutes later descended the staircase to the street door lightly humming an opera air, apparently the carelessness-hearted fellow whom everybody took Frank Lindsay to be.

As he walked down B—— street, and sedulously avoided glancing, even, at a splendid stone front mansion not many rods from his sister's door, where the belle and beauty, Miss Somers, had been spending the season with her maternal uncle, the rich merchant, Mr. Lisle, in whose firm Edward Willington was junior partner—a pair of hazel eyes peered from behind the closed blind of the drawing-room, and a white hand crushed nervously the silken tassel swaying from the window hangings. And an hour after, radiant, blooming Belle Lisle, her sixteen-year old cousin, came into the drawing-room with a perceptible pout on her lips, and sinking on a lounge and fanning herself violently with her hat, exclaimed,

"It's too bad! too bad, Josie! I've just come from Fanny Willington's, and she says Frank is going off, post haste, into New Hampshire—and has quite refused to even join her at Newport. And here I'd been planning for you two to meet, I knew you'd like him so. I used to like Frank Lindsay myself—but I think he's a great hateful now—that I do! and I'll tell him so the first time I have an opportunity. Only to think! he hasn't set foot in our house for six whole months—and last year he was so social. It must be that he's afraid of you, cousin Josie, you're so beautiful, and so many gentlemen come to the house, and worship at a distance."

"Yes," said Josephine Somers, bitterly, when left alone, and blinding tears sprang into her hazel eyes—"yes, Frank Lindsay is 'afraid' to

come here, for he thinks me cold and heartless, and what the world calls me, a coquette! Oh, if he but knew—but knew! Can it be that we will never meet?—that I can never explain that terrible mistake?" and the tears dropped thickly among her jeweled fingers.

That day week Fanny Willington's satin brocette upholstered furniture was in brown Holland covers; and, joined by her husband, Josephine Somers, Belle Lisle, with her elegant brother, and a gay and fashionable party of their "set," they turned their faces Newportward. And on the twilight of the same day that bore the pleasure seekers from their city homes, Frank Lindsay alighted from the old-fashioned stage-coach at the door of a cool, vine-covered farm-house in one of New Hampshire's pleasantest country towns, and aunt Mary, and golden-haired cousin Ben, came out to greet him, and uncle John echoed heartily their honest "welcome to Honeysuckle Farm."

Days and weeks went by at Newport. It was the old story over again—the routine of all fashionable watering places. There were late breakfasts, where belles, pale and languid from their last night's dissipation, slowly sipped their coffee—forenoon naps in darkened chambers—morning "dips" in the surf, when old Neptune opened his hoary arms for blooming beauties, and new Venuses were born from out the deep—the tedious ordeal of dressing for dinners interminable, with their clatter of glass and silver and countless tongues, their troops of waiters and endless courses, their brocaded elderly ladies, sparkling belles in flounces, laces and diamonds, ogling and flirting with their handsome cavaliers at their elbows, or "that *distingue* French count" over opposite at the *table d'hôte*; then the afternoon lounge through the long parlors, where couples sat at chess, or whiled away the hours at the piano or harp till the early "tea," and the later drive adown the sands; and among the many fair ladies here in this pleasure-haunt by "the sounding sea," none won more admiration than the elegant belle, Josephine Somers.

But did this life satisfy her? Can it satisfy any woman who ever realizes that she was made for something better than a mere puppet of fashion?

"I am so weary—so weary!" she sighed, one afternoon, as she languidly lifted a crape ball-dress from the couch in her room, for there was to be a brilliant "hop" that evening at the hotel where she was stopping. "A hollow round of show and gayety. It can never bring me rest!" and the fleecy robe fell back from her hands, and she seemed lost in painful reverie.

"Why, cousin Josie! I declare, you look blue enough to make one shiver! Are you sick?" and Belle Lisle bounded into the room with all the exuberance of a girl just "out" into society. "Such a splendid time as I mean to have this evening. Brother Edgar says, if I like, I shall dance every polka with him. And don't Henri Benoir Schottish divinely? Did you see that splendid seal-ring he wears on his little finger? His father's the richest planter in Louisiana, they say. And oh, Josie! don't Dodworth's Band play the Wedding March splendidly? I couldn't stand still last night; do you wonder that papa laughed, and called me 'his crazy girl!' But oh, I forgot, Josie! here's a letter for you—can't make out the post-mark—the postman just handed it to Edgar, and I told him I'd take it up to you," and the gay girl tossed a letter into her cousin's lap.

The belle languidly raised the letter—but when she recognized the superscription her listlessness vanished.

"It is from cousin Lucy Doane!" she said, breaking the seal. "And little Cecil is very ill. Poor child! I must go to him!"

"DEAR JOSEPHINE," so the letter ran. "I have barely time to write you a few words by the morning's mail. Our boy, our darling, lies very ill of brain fever. The physicians have given him over. It is pitiful to see the dear child's sufferings, and know we can do nothing. We are in great distress—George is unmanned; and I scarce know where to look for help. Oh, if our only boy should die! Why cannot we save him? If you were only here, Josephine! You are so cool, and thoughtful; and perhaps—who knows—but you might aid us? The dear lamb calls for you continually—moaning for 'Cousin Josie!' 'Cousin Josie!'—you remember how he loved you. If it is not asking too much, will you come to us immediately?"

Yours in affection, LUCY DOANE.

"Suncook, August 1st."

Josephine looked again at the superscription. The letter had been mailed five days before, and directed to Boston, and re-directed to Newport.

"I shall not go to the hop to-night," she said, rising. "Belle, will you ring for Jane to pack my trunk; and please, dear, lay out my travelling-dress. I shall leave Newport by the evening boat."

"Josie—Josie! Won't cousin Josie come?" moaned a little golden-headed sufferer, tossing himself to and fro on the pillows, waking from out a troubled sleep. "Won't cousin Josie ever get here, and pull me the strawberries and pretty

flowers down by the brook, like she used to last summer?" and he stretched forth two thin hands beseechingly. "Won't she come, mamma?"

"Hush, darling! Josie will soon be here!" said the mother, leaning over the pillow and bathing the child's forehead; while just then the rumble of carriage-wheels came in the yard below. "Go down, George—she has come!" she whispered, and Mr. Doane left the apartment.

"How is he, Lucy?" eagerly whispered the new-comer, hastening up to the sick room and embracing her cousin.

"Better—the doctor says he will live—but oh, Josie, it has been so terrible!" and poor, worn-out Lucy Doane sank sobbing on the shoulder to which she was drawn.

"Poor girl!" and the stately Josephine Somers—the whilom belle of Newport—tenderly kissed Lucy's forehead, then took her station by the pillow. "Go and lie down on that couch yonder—not a word, dear! I am strong, and can watch by this little darling here! Let me have my own way now, please, Lucy!" and so the weary woman gave up the post she had held through weeks of a terrible fever, and sought rest.

"I did want to see you so bad, dear Josie!" faintly whispered the little, wan sufferer on the pillow. "Everybody was good to me—but papa looked pale, and mamma cried, I was so sick; and the doctor gave me bitter stuff—and I wanted you to sing to me and get me flowers. Oh, I forgot!" and he feebly lifted one emaciated hand to his head, as if to recall his wandering brain, "he was real good, and got me beautiful flowers once—Mr. Lindsay is real good and nice—isn't he, cousin Josie?"

"Yes, dear!" softly answered the haughty Miss Somers, a few tears dropping down on the pale child-forehead she had gathered to her breast.

"Does it make you cry, 'cause Cecy's so sick?" queried the boy, looking up languidly into her face.

"Hush! Cecil, you mustn't talk now!" softly said Mr. Doane, stepping out from behind the bed-curtains, where he had not been an uninterested spectator of this little episode. "You must sleep now, and let cousin Josie rest! Josephine, let me hold him," transferring the sick boy's head to his own arms. "But will you step down into my library a moment before you seek your own room? Go, please! you can trust me, cousin?" he said, as she looked him in the face for a moment, turned pale, and wavered.

"Yes, I can trust you, Mr. Doane!" and with a nameless tremor at her heart, Josephine went down into the library.

There, in the cool, shady library, while the household was still as night, they two met—Frank Lindsay and Josephine Somers; and there all was explained. No matter though Frank did grasp his riding-whip nervously in his hand, (for he had just ridden over from Honeysuckle Farm to inquire for his favorite Cecil, and had paused in the library at his friend Doane's request, not knowing that they expected Miss Somers) by-and-by, he was nothing loath to drop riding-whip altogether, and, grasping Josephine's fair hand, implore her pardon for his impetuous disposition, and his doubts of her truth to the vows they had exchanged there, in that very room, two years ago, when Josephine had been domesticated in her cousin's family, and he had passed a long summer vacation in that secluded country village; and, further, to beg anew her forgiveness for the hasty and cutting words that had been uttered when, the next winter they met in a crowded saloon at the house of a professor in Cambridge—and the young law student fancied that the brilliant, courted woman, whose society was then sought by men of rank and intellect, looked coldly on the humbler lover and his suit. Then meeting her alone one moment in the lighted conservatory, he had flung off her hand, saying proudly and rashly, "I perceive the mistake you made when you told me you loved me! You are free, Miss Somers!"

So it was they first met, and so they parted; and here, again, the fabled sisters who weave the warp and woof of life, gathered up anew the threads and wove them into a golden tissue.

After the storm comes over the clear blue sky, and the sunshine and calm to trouble waters; but not always, after long, weary months of estrangement, comes peace to two such hearts as those that throbbed joyfully side by side in that quiet library that still summer's afternoon.

Above, in his darkened chamber, lay the child Cecil, in a long, refreshing slumber; and the father watched his boy with a smile on his lip, as he thought of the prolonged interview in the library below, from which the repeated neighs of his horse, tethered to a young tree in the yard, could not hasten Frank Lindsay; and weary Lucy Doane slept long and soundly on her couch.

And when Mrs. Fanny Willington, on her return from Newport, learned that what her "management" for a whole city season had failed to accomplish, was brought about in a very natural manner "up there in the woods," she manifested a great deal of surprise and joy, and welcomed Josephine Somers, her brother's *affiancee*, warmly—and protested she should never, never regret "Frank Lindsay's last visit to Honeysuckle Farm!"

MIDNIGHT.

BY HELEN A. EVERTS.

HARK! a vesper bell is pealing
On the midnight air,
And its solemn tones revealing
Human hope and care.

'Tis an hour unfit for bustle,
Aught but holy things,
For we almost hear the rustle
Of the spirit's wings.

List! the air seems filled with music,
'Tis an angel strain
Borne to earth on wings seraphic
By a shining train.

See! they bend so loving, lowly,
O'er the weary brow,
And they whisper thoughts so holy
To the spirit now—

That the visions of the dreamer
Joy-fraught are the while,
And the calm lips of the sleeper
Unclose with a smile.

Ah! he murmurs in his slumber
Words of mystic light,
As if seraphs without number
Burst upon his sight.

Lone one, thou so worn with waiting
By the couch of love
Cheer thee, for there's angel-watching
With thee from above.

When the veil of darkness riven,
Hiding from thine eye
The celestial forms of Heaven,
Thou would'st see them nigh.

Feelest thou a presence never
Guarding thee from sin?
Love it well, and oh! keep ever
Pure thy heart within—

That anon, when lone and deary,
Death's dark night shall come,
Thou may'st turn, though worn and weary,
Joyful to thy home.

THE RIVALS.

BY A. L. OTIS.

THOUGH our countrymen, the amalgamation of all people under the sun, are acquiring national characteristics of their own, there are nooks in the land which tell indubitably of the country which lent them inhabitants.

Among them are certain little burghs in Pennsylvania, many English villages in Massachusetts, some French villes in the South, and a few remaining Scotch settlements in New York.

Up the Hudson river, but not exactly on it, is situated the town of A——, which, some years ago, contained almost exclusively the descendants of its old Scotch settlers. Romance hallowed names were there in every day calling, old prejudices were kept up, even the old Scotch tongue scarce modified.

I went up there one summer to spend a few weeks at my uncle's, with my cousin Allan Men-teith. Arriving at his gate about sundown, I found him strolling in the garden in dandy trim, looking his very best, with his fair face all aglow, and his (often fierce) blue eyes shining with a loving light. Walking daintily at his side, with down-cast looks, and smiling lips, there was a sweet little maiden, not too young to listen to love's soft tale blushing.

They were in a side path, and were too much occupied with one another to observe me, so I passed up the main walk, and entered the house without attracting their notice.

Miss Ellen Graham, the dainty damsel, was present at supper. I thought her truly very pretty, and very charming, but now and then a little sidelong glance at me from under her lashes—not to see what I looked like, but what I thought of her—made me read "coquette" on her countenance.

That did not trouble me, however, for I fancied it would be better so. Allan was too young to be indulged in a serious love, but a pleasant little flirtation with a pretty coquette—where was the harm? So fear for my cousin was not one of my cares.

The next evening, there was a moonlight rowing party on the lake. Three little boats, filled with happy young folks, gently skimmed the water, and oars and voices kept time. Allan and Miss Ellen sat just before me, while I "plied the feathered oar," and I watched them as they

frighted the dusky moments with love's gentle memories.

Allan, in his white silk summer sacque, with his handsome, beardless face, for he could only boast the shadow of a soft, young monstache, was as fine a looking fellow as any spruce young engle, and Miss Ellen, in her soft, white dress, with a young rose in her hair, and girdle, as sweet a lassie as I ever saw on a summer's night. Hats and bonnets were off, her curls blew to his lips, her shoulder touched his arm, and when she threw up her head to laugh, her braided hair rested on the breast of his coat. I gave them many stealthily glances, though I might have looked full at them, and they would not have known it, for my back was to the moon, while it shone full upon their faces and forms. My fellow rower, who also faced them, of course, I set down for a sulky fellow, though he was a very handsome one.

He took no part in the sportive calls from boat to boat, and he often rowed in a most preposterous fashion, pulling at times with such force, in such sudden jerks, as to make him seem either full of dangerous mischief, or strangely oblivious of what he was doing, rather guided by the vehemence of some inward feeling, than mindful of his occupation.

I saw that Miss Ellen often looked at him. Once or twice I thought his eyes were fastened upon Allan with actual ferocity.

After rowing about and across the pond, we landed to partake of a little feast provided by one of the gentlemen on his father's lawn. Nothing could be prettier than the groups seated on the moonlit grass, or wandering in the dark avenue of whispering pines. I did not see any of my party until we were again in our boats. Then I found positions reversed. Allan was my fellow oarsman, and Walter ——, the tall, dark handsome fellow, who had rowed so strangely, sat beside the lady. It was now Allan's turn to watch in silence, but there were no love-whisperings to torment him—Walter seemed still sullen, and Ellen subdued by his gloom. A cloud shadowed even the moon, and for some minutes we rowed in darkness. As the first gleam shot out, I saw, I hoped Allan did not, that the little lady stole her hand quietly away

from where it had been reposing, hidden in Walter's.

"Daring little puss!" I thought. "Such open encouragement to both!"

A walk to some shady grove was the next day's amusement. I never saw Allan happier, for Miss Ellen let his hand touch her finger tips, or her elbow, at every little rock or steep hillock that we encountered. She was led, guarded, and assisted by him with the prettiest little air of dependence.

"All very fine," I thought, "but hardly a set-off for the reposing hand last night."

Something prompted me to prove this flirt, for she was a puzzle to me. She seemed so happy or merry with Allan, and with his rival so silently content, I tried what mood I could inspire. By manœuvring, each of the gentlemen being occupied in watching the other, I managed to usurp much of Miss Ellen's company that afternoon. We agreed admirably—she talked, I smiled appreciation—I complimented, she listened—she joked, I laughed—she sentimentalized on the beauty of the woods, and beauty in general, I sighed—she gave me a quick, detective glance. I blushed. I stood convicted by that blush, of humbug, but she thought it was—of love! and she grew triumphant, highly elated indeed, in her gratified vanity. I read her through and through. Very well for one afternoon's work. I stood by, a looker on, after that.

The next day was Sunday. I shall never forget the peace which seemed to reign over the whole sweet morning—that is, before breakfast. No sooner was that meal over, than we were bidden to hasten our preparations for going to church. No!—what induced me to give it that Babylonish name? To conventicle or meeting, I should have said. I was glad to go from curiosity, but Allan's exuberant gladness came evidently from another feeling.

It was still early in the morning, when, after an hour's ride we arrived at the church door, together with a host of other worshippers, in wagons, on horseback—sometimes two people on one horse, and a very few on foot. The men, all of us, stood outside the door, and all the womankind, passing us modestly, retired to the benches. Pews of course there were none. Then by some quiet hint, given I know not how, a move was made, and we also went into the sanctuary. The four divisions of benches were alternately dark with men, or gay with women, for they did not sit together. I observed that when there was a large family of children, the father sat at the extreme end of his bench, and the mother on the women's bench across the aisle,

the young ones with her. I saw the policy of this arrangement frequently demonstrated, the father's occasionally overawing, or pulling the ears of some unruly culprit whom the mother's shakes could not silence.

The precentor gave out the psalms a line or two at a time, and the whole congregation sang them, and waited for more. The discourse was just two hours long. It was fortunately not required of the children that they should listen to it. Over the whole church there was a slumberous hush, and looking around, I could see whole families of small children reposing in deep sleep upon the knees and shoulders of their stern parents.

Several women with little infants, had, in consideration of their duties, chairs in the aisles, and there they nursed and quieted their little charges, now and then rocking back and forth, making no little noise with the legs of their chairs. But in that earnest congregation no one seemed disturbed by it. The service ended. Dinner time came, and we went to the woods to eat our lunch. I missed Allan, but in wandering about alone, I encountered the party of Miss Graham. There he was by her side, half lying in the wood fern, looking with lover's eyes into her face, as she turned to repeat his sayings to her doting parents with merry laughter. He was never so deeply moved by any mortal feeling as not to be able to joke.

The moment after passing this group, I was almost knocked down by some one running against me. It was Walter —, who after looking upon the same sight, was dashing through the woods at a mad rate. He apologized, and my heated blood cooled down to pity for him in his misery.

After an afternoon's discourse, no shorter than that of the morning, we returned home. Allan was not with us. I saw a smile pass between my uncle and aunt when I asked for him, and their only reply was, "It is Sunday night."

That blessed night to the rustic lover! I laughed at the idea of Allan's being confined to any one evening in his courting! Knowing where to find him, I determined to call at Ellen's, and if *de trop* to stay but a few minutes. I wanted an opportunity to put him on his guard against Walter, who seemed to me almost desperate enough for violence.

The Grahams were at supper when I entered. It was very late for that meal, according to country fashion, though the sun had not yet sunk. The hostess made me sit down with them, which I did readily, for Allan was there, seated beside Ellen, to whom he was being very

gallant, while opposite sat Walter, dark as any mountain storm. My cousin was in high feather, and was talking at a great rate, with such unrepressed joy that I was almost offended myself. I saw that it was becoming too much for Walter. His face was turning a dark ireful red.

At last one of his gay, wild sallies won for my cousin a bright, warm glance from Ellen. They were both laughing still, when I was startled by a sharp "Hist!"

Walter was leaning over the table with glowing eyes, but cool, crafty, contemptuous mouth and white cheek, looking fixedly at Allan. His hand was stretched out to a loaf which lay on a plate before my cousin.

"Hist!" he said again, with a concentrated sneer, and when all were looking at him in amazed silence, he coolly turned the loaf over.

At this deadly insult, for so the Menteiths esteem such an allusion to our dastard ancestor who betrayed Wallace by that sign, we both sprang up, Allan and I, our Scottish blood hot in our veins, and inciting to instant revenge. Walter stood confronting us for a moment, and then we all rushed headlong out of the house. We dashed through the woods for a short space,

and then I turned to Walter, and called upon him to defend himself.

"No," cried Allan, "he insulted me personally—a deadly affront. It is my right!"

"I will fight with you," said Walter to me, "when I have ground that traitor, and son of a traitor to powder. Out of my way!"

They grappled with the hatred, the desperate feud of the old Scottish blood. I saw my cousin about to get the worst of it, and could hardly restrain myself so as to give fair play.

But we were pursued, and the young men separated. I took Allan home. He was much hurt, and so was Walter. I have often thanked the fates that we, none of us, carried weapons of any kind.

Walter continued ill until after my cousin and I were at college again. I shall never again think flirtations harmless. I heard that the little coquette, Ellen Graham, showed the extremest devotion to her fierce suitor. She confessed she loved him, she nursed him faithfully, she married him, and, I believe, has never dared to be anything but the most affectionate of wives ever since!

MEMORIES OF LOVED ONES.

BY FRANCES M. CHESEBRO'.

THE air is full of angel voices,
Breaking through the silence deep,
Every throb that stirs our being
Leaves a trace of shining feet;
Holy footsteps walk beside us,
Clinging to us on our way,
Lift the clogs from off our bosom,
Making room for God's pure day.

Through our busy tide of duties,
Float they round us, ever near,
Waking in our selfish natures
Some sweet thought to memory dear;
Toiling weary up the pathway,
Fainting, often sick at soul,
Beckoning ever—ever smiling,
Press the unseen toward the goal.

Every house becomes a Heaven
When an angel's fluttering wing
Stirs the air around the fireside,
Bearing hence a soul with him—
Bearing hence some loved and cherished,
While with wails of sorrow sore,
We reach after, through the darkness,
Groping for the open door—

Where the shining garments flutter
Passing forth from night to day;
Clutch we frantic at the shadows,
Hoping thus to force their stay;
Back we turn with piteous wailing,
Break our stony, trustless hearts,
In the prayer that all must utter
When true souls are called to part.

Then the Heavens are rent asunder,
And a throng of spirit forms
Hover near us with their presence,
Calling on us not to mourn,
No gross shape take they, nor utter
Words that shock our finer sense,
But a holy influence lingers
In the air forever hence.

Every household, poor or lonely,
Entertains an angel guest,
If on hinges wide and open
Swings the gateway of our being,
Leave it open, straightway swing it,
Wider, wider ope the door,
And a shining group of spirits
Enter in, and leave no more.

OUR ROOSTER.

FROM UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS OF AN UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MAN.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

Nor that it really was ours, but we called it so—partly, perhaps, because of a way that people whose property is invested in air-castles have of placing the possessive pronoun before things in general, and partly because our attachment to the fowl in question almost established a right to proprietorship.

This was no ordinary specimen, but a rooster who, had he belonged to the section of bipeds called men, would, we are persuaded, have exercised a most important influence upon the matters and things that agitate us of this little planet, Earth. His style of crowing convinced us of this: it was such a loud, hearty note, that the attempts of the other roosters in his vicinity seemed very tame; and, apparently disgusted at their feeble cackinations, he would take up the song, and swell it forth into a rich, clear melody of sound that did one's heart good to hear.

That crowing was a sort of link that bound us to the outer world; and often-times, when we had retired in disgust to our garret, convinced that there was nothing worth living for, and dipped our pen in the bitterness of a rejected author to denounce the world and everything in it, the shrill, hearty voice of friend chanticleer has almost made us change our mind. We rose in the morning to that primitive music—we retire at night with it sounding in our ears—and we listened to it all day like a voice of sympathy from an unknown friend.

But we have said that the rooster was not ours; and the first thing, therefore, is to explain our juxtaposition to and acquaintance with this property that was "another's." As we have already hinted at our occupation, and at the same time insinuated that in our case it proved to be "giving to airy nothing a name," our next statement that, instead of having a whole house of our own to roam about in, we occupied a small apartment in somebody else's mansion, will not excite surprise.

But now that we reflect upon the matter, it does really seem astonishing that there has always been such determined opposition between our inclinations and our fate. We like large rooms, deep windows, lofty ceilings and have

a trick of writing of "marble floors," "shadowy recesses," and various other belongings of imaginary palaces, that are rather grander than palaces in reality. But, alas! for romance, the room in which these fine pictures are conjured up is somewhat less than twelve feet square, is quite innocent of "shadowy recesses," and the architect either held "lofty ceilings," and "deep windows" at a discount, or regarded them as we have come to regard the productions of art that emanate from the mint: beautiful, but unattainable.

Our tastes have always been in favor of a country life; fine old mansion, with revolutionary-looking portraits in a wainscoted dining-room—breadth everywhere—and old elms, &c., on the spacious lawn, under any one of which might have been written, "Woodman, spare that tree!" Horses, dogs, and all sorts of "critters," *ad infinitum*. But breaking directly through this formidable hedge of natural propensities, fate took us up most disrespectfully by the nape of the neck, and dropped us down into a Chinese nest-of-boxes of abominations: first, into a city—our general abomination; then, into a boarding-house—our particular abomination; and lastly, into the fifth-rate room of that boarding-house, which capped the climax.

But, notwithstanding that appearances are against us, we don't acknowledge ourself vanquished, but are comforted by a vague idea that we are laboring under a sort of temporary cloud; and have as firm a belief in the ultimate fulfilment of an agreeable destiny as Louis Napoleon or Wilkins Micawber, who have both proved the efficacy of the "turning-up" doctrine.

The windows of our dormitory open cosily upon a range of brick wall; and thus the air, which in cities is generally considered bad for people, is effectually kept out. This is, doubtless, a wise arrangement; as in summer the breeze is apt to be warm, and in winter cold. The mansion, itself, is not an elegant one; and yet so blinded are we all by a love for our possessions, that were we to venture this assertion to Professor Lamb, (who took us in, as he says, to complete his family circle, but which, as there

are only three of us altogether, forms, in our opinion, a triangle) he would not only resent it as an impertinence, but would consider us an envious falsifier into the bargain.

The professor's time and affections are divided between the house and an "original manuscript" in many senses of the word, which are both likely to remain unfinished. Sometimes, there is a pantry added to the house, sometimes, a room; sometimes a new window breaks out upon the building, sometimes, an old one disappears; porches are made around the doors, and doors are cut beyond the porches. There is a perpetual smell of fresh paint about the premises; and little ringlets of shavings attach themselves to one at almost every journey up and down the stairs. We have now become accustomed to the sight of strange men astride the window-sills, or elevated upon insecure-looking constructions of wood, which we always pass with quickened step, as we call to mind the sad termination of the old nursery-song,

"Down came the cradle, baby and all!"

Would that our troubles of this nature were always imaginary; but we have really been a serious loser by Professor Lamb's mania for improving his property. We had a friend, once, at whose house we had partaken of excellent dinners when dinners were most acceptable; and our evil genius one day whispered to us that it would be a highly creditable and agreeable thing to invite this friend to spend an evening with us in our own apartment. We arranged, with much care, a modest little entertainment; placed the few things in our room to the best advantage; and in an unlucky moment we gave the fatal invitation.

He came; was conducted up stairs, and passed, as he said, a very pleasant evening; but, alas! on descending, the light being in a dim state, our friend stumbled against some carpenter's tools, lost his balance, and putting out his hands to break the fall, embedded his fingers in fresh paint, and seriously damaged his nose against a temporary scaffolding. We blushed for the darkness, but, owing to the very cause for which we blushed, this mark of feeling was entirely thrown away upon our friend.

We saw him soon after, with a plaster upon his nose, but as he did not at all recognize us, we began to think that we, ourselves, must have received some unknown injuries that had caused a total disfigurement; but as our friend persisted in not knowing us, even after a reasonable time had elapsed, we were compelled to believe that that unlucky fall had broken all friendship between us.

As we were returning to our room, after that mortifying mishap, we encountered Professor Lamb, who lived under a continual apprehension of robbers, with a scowl upon his face, and a lantern in his hand, in search of a dishonest man. But seemingly to his disappointment, he was as unsuccessful as Diogenes; and we retired hastily ere he could call us to account for the finger marks on the wall.

Cock-a-doodle-doo! No, we have not forgotten you, old friend of many lonely hours; and we will now give you the attention you deserve.

Chanticleer was the property of an old woman who lived in a small house in the back street, and whom we then considered quite an estimable person; although circumstances have since forced upon us the conviction that the elderly female in question was a slave to mammon. But we will not anticipate. The region in which we lived was a particularly dreary and uneventful one—"retired," Mrs. Lamb called it; "which," she added, "was an advantage on account of the professor's studies."

We never saw a woman with more faith in man than this same Mrs. Lamb. Her husband was to her a living encyclopædia of all manner of knowledge; and although he wrote, and scowled, and studied, and made himself generally disagreeable without producing any fruit whatever, Mrs. Lamb continued to look up and adore; and when their receipts became alarmingly smaller than their expenditure, owing to the peculiar nature of the professor's occupation, his wife meekly requested the favor of receiving an inmate who might relieve these difficulties.

This request the professor, after frowning over it for a day or two, condescendingly granted upon condition of a thorough agreement in the doctrine of a "family circle," which cunningly devised fable being received by Mrs. Lamb with the usual admiration that hailed any crumbs of conversation from the lips of her taciturn lord, the result was a most mysterious and complicated advertisement, which just stopped short of leading the applicant blind-folded to the house in question. We arrived there finally; and although the very parlor had a scant look, we knew our purse to be in the same condition; and if annoyed by the innumerable cross questionings of Professor Lamb, we comforted ourselves with the consideration of moderate charges, and came off occupant-elect of the third story back room.

We were soon established in our new quarters; and a loud crowing from the adjacent yard seemed like a note of welcome, and drew our heart at once to the old rooster. People may laugh if they chose, but we maintain that there

is a great deal of company in a rooster. His loud, hearty crowing sounds sociable; and brings up visions of green fields, and well filled barns, and all the pleasant et ceteras of country life. Who has not at times, tossing and turning nervously through a long, sleepless night, hailed with delight the cheery sound that seemed at once to disperse the gloomy phantoms imagination had conjured up? We have, for one, many and many a time; and at such moments the voice of chanticleer has been to us the most delicious music in existence.

It is strange, though, that one person's idea of pleasure is sure to be directly opposed to some one else's idea on the same subject; and this thought has passed through our mind, when, as we have sat, in pleased abstraction, following the rural fancies called up by the crowing of our old rooster, we have seen the wrathful visage of Professor Lamb emerge from his study window, as he addressed various uncomplimentary remarks to our musical friend; and on one occasion, when he had possibly been roused from some difficult problem, he even went so far as to shake his fist at him. We were glad that our old rooster was beyond the reach of the excited student; especially as in the very face of this menace, he set up a defiant crowing that echoed far and near. The professor's window went down with a bang; and we wasted some valuable moments in watching the old woman as she fed her charges.

Those chickens relieved for us the monotony of the neighborhood; and we studied them so intently that we soon came to distinguish their different expressions of countenance. There was one old yellow and brown hen, who was a good, motherly sort of person, not much given to style; there was a little white pullet, rather uppish and saucy; and there was one grand dame who stalked about majestically beside our crowing friend, whose feathers were of a glossy black, that contrasted beautifully with his scarlet comb.

We spoke admiringly of the rooster to Mrs. Lamb; she said "it disturbed the professor." We should like to know what didn't "disturb the professor." However, we congratulated ourselves that he did not own our feathered friend—his crowing would soon have been stopped; and we are afraid that we rather maliciously enjoyed that crowing thereafter.

Professor Lamb's table could not be said, strictly speaking, to "groan beneath its burden." We frequently did the groaning, surreptitiously, because the table did not. The provisions, which were of a decidedly scant pattern, were arranged so as to take up the most possible

room; just as we have seen vegetable and fruit venders fill their measures. Things had a delicate appearance, as though portioned out for three invalids; and vulgar appetites would very soon have been starved.

Mrs. Lamb had a way of dropping milk into the tea and coffee, as though the milk were medicine, and a drop too much might prove fatal. Notwithstanding the very diminutive size of the milk-pitcher, we often caught ourselves wondering whether it hadn't a false bottom. At these repasts the result was very much the same as that recorded of the banquet given by John Spratt, Esq. and lady; and immediately after a meal, we have frequently ascended to our room with a most unsatisfied sensation. Poultry was an almost unknown commodity at Professor Lamb's, and we had nearly forgotten how chickens tasted.

Imagine, then, our surprise on descending, as we supposed, to a dinner of corn beef and cabbage, to find a chicken fricassee! It was not Christmas, nor Thanksgiving, nor anything but an ordinary day; and taking this into consideration, we administered to ourself a private pinch in order to dissipate any transitory day-dream in which we conceived ourself to be indulging. The pinch was a pretty sharp one, but the chicken did not disappear; and we sat down with a thankful heart.

It was admirably cooked. That estimable woman, Mrs. Lamb, who rarely had any materials to work upon that were worth an exercise of talent, had evidently been inspired by the occasion; and the result was a fricassee that answered our utmost requirements. Even the professor was in a genial mood, and we were actually obliged to decline a thigh-bone which he hospitably urged upon us!

We were somewhat interested in the professor's manner of eating; he seemed to take a sort of ferocious pleasure in despatching the fricassee—perhaps, because it had required such an outlay of money; but we had eaten an excellent dinner, and with a light heart, we returned to our apartment and to work.

The hours flew rapidly by; and pausing from our task, at length, we suddenly remembered that our rooster had been unusually silent. We listened in vain for the welcome sound, and went to the window to reconnoitre. No rooster was to be seen; there was the yellow and brown hen, the white pullet, and the majestic dame, but the shining black coat was not visible.

With an unaccountable feeling of melancholy, we took our hat for a stroll; and on our way out we encountered Mrs. Lamb.

Now, it is a settled principle with us, that,

although it may not always be prudent to reprove ill-doing, well-doing should invariably be praised; and in the hope, perhaps, of inciting Mrs. Lamb to a repetition of the performance, we commenced forthwith an eulogium upon the fricassee.

"Yes," she said, "it turned out very well; and Professor Lamb was very much relieved, for he had been so annoyed with the rooster's crowing, that, at last, he went to the woman who kept the chickens and bought it of her. She was glad that we liked it—and she supposed that we had been very much disturbed too."

We felt sick—sick at heart; and any one who has ever been placed in the unpleasant predicament of having unconsciously eaten one of his friends, will be able to appreciate the frame of mind in which we walked back to our lonely room. We had not only eaten him—we had enjoyed him, and patted ourself figuratively in congratulation of the excellent dinner we were having!

We recalled all this with remorse, and almost loathed ourself for it. If "the receiver is as bad as the thief," we argued that the eater was

as bad as the murderer, and felt decidedly uncomfortable in consequence. As to the mercenary wretch who had sold him, we considered hanging almost too good for her. We wondered, too, if it were not a species of refined malice on the part of Professor Lamb to set before us the body of our favorite, and cause us to make a hearty meal therefrom?

Never again would that cheerful crowing break upon our solitude; the thought depressed us. We could not restore our rooster to life—we were denied even the melancholy satisfaction of writing an epitaph to his memory—for, under the sadly perplexing circumstances, as well might a cannibal write an epitaph to the memory of his last meal.

The very idea was absurd; and we sat there in the gloaming, lamenting and planning, until a bright thought appeared, neatly bound, in the form of "Peterson's Magazine;" and as most unexpected and melancholy circumstances prevented us from immortalizing the memory of our favorite in the ordinary way, we concluded to afford the public this opportunity of sympathizing with us in the untimely fate of OUR ROOSTER.

THE LAND OF SONG.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

THE Land of Inspiration sweet,
Is not to earth confined,
Although it holds an empire vast
Within the human mind.

There is a sunny Land of Song,
Beyond the azure skies,
Where living verdure fadeth not,
In calm repose it lies.

So pure and holy is the land,
That language is too faint,
Its beauty or its loveliness,
Or half its bliss to paint.

An angel-band there tune their lyres,
To songs of endless praise,
And may our voices mingle there,
In those triumphant lays.

STREAMLET'S SOUND.

BY E. C. HOWE, M. D.

THERE's life and joy in the streamlet's sound,
As it springs from the silvery sand,
And leaps with a free and sprightly bound
Through the forest deep and grand.

When the gladsome lay of the gliding rill
On the vernal breeze is heard,
The valley rings, and the wood and hill
With the notes of bee and bird.

And the grazing flock on the mountain side,
And the herd on the blooming plain,
Upstart and prance o'er the green fields wide
To the brooklet's merry strain.

'Tis pleasant time, and the earth is bright,
When sparkling waters flow,
From the pearly beds of the mountain's height,
To the rolling sea below.

LA BELLE LIEGEOISE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 145.

CHAPTER VIII.

In July, 1788, a group of persons stood upon the broad terrace at Mendon, which commands one of the most beautiful views in all France—that of Paris and the green basin in which that city of the world is built. It was Sunday, and these persons had evidently come out from Paris, to enjoy a mouthful of fresh air and a sight of the luxurious fields now heavy with the approaching harvest.

Though evidently of the working classes, there was an individuality in each member of the group, more than remarkable. An elderly man, thin, bent, though not from age, but from much stooping, with dark hair just touched with grey, and eyes of extraordinary brilliancy, stood a little in advance, with his gaze bent upon Paris, and a look of dull hopelessness upon his features. Two children, whose rosy beauty and laughing eyes contrasted painfully with his gaunt figure, hung around him, whispering and laughing with each other over some wild flowers, which they had been allowed to gather in the park.

A little behind, sitting together on the roots of an old oak, which was remarkable for its size even among the giant trees of that most noble park, sat a young man, whom our readers have seen before on the banks of the Outhé; but he is taller and far more manly now. There is a breadth in that forehead, a keen penetration of the eye, and a rigor of will about the mouth, which could never have been written there by the common places of an ordinary life. Still, his dress was humble. A linen blouse, perfectly clean, and other garments of the coarsest, bespoke both poverty and humble station.

He too was looking toward Paris, with a thoughtful, troubled expression of the eye, and seemed all unmindful of the soft gaze fixed upon him by the young girl, who sat in silence at his feet.

Hortense Tournay was evidently accustomed to this thoughtful mood, both in her father and the young lover, for she turned her soft glances from one to the other, wistfully regarding their

moody silence, but without attempting to interrupt it; and at last, when the youth withdrew his eyes from their earnest gaze into the future, and bent them upon her, she smiled tenderly upon him, and said in her patient, sweet way, "Now, Louis, forget France for a little while, and see how beautiful everything is."

The youth bent toward her, and tried to smile; but it was a flickering attempt, and but for a loving brightness in the eye, Hortense might have fancied her lover offended.

"Forget France!" said a clear, ringing voice, and the tall form of Therese Merincourt came from behind the oak and over toward them. "How can he forget France, while her great heart lies yonder, throbbing and struggling in every vein against the wrongs that swell through it. Hortense Tournay, is it thus you prove yourself worthy an honest man's love? Forget France! Look on your father, girl, bent with toil and gaunt with hunger—look abroad, and then, if you dare, counsel this young man to forget his country, even for an hour, till men are set together face to face, as God made them, free and equal."

Hortense turned her startled glance from the young prophetess to her father, who, wrapped in his gloomy dreams, stood out upon the terrace, tall and thin as a shadow, while the two children littered the turf around him, with the blossoms of which they were becoming tired.

"Oh! but for to-day," said the young girl, pleading tenderly for the few hours that should have been given up to love, "it is so seldom we taste the fresh air together."

"And over yonder," answered Therese, pointing in the direction of Versailles, "the very wind of heaven must be perfumed, before the haughty patricians deign to breathe it; while you and such as you think the dear daylight a blessing to plead for. I tell you, Hortense Tournay, while these things last, never expect to see a forehead that has thought under it free from clouds."

Hortense was terrified. Her eyes grew large

with astonishment. Was this beautiful sybil, the young girl whom she had looked up to, only a little while before, as the belle of Liege? How came she there, in the Park of Mendon? What dark spirit had left those iron lines about the mouth, that had been so rosy, and the forehead which only a little while before was so delicately smooth?

"Mademoiselle De Merincourt!" whispered the astonished girl, troubled greatly by the face that bent over her, "Mademoiselle De Merincourt—and here!"

As she spoke, Hortense arose and reached forth her hand. Therese waived it aside with a queenly motion, but still with a troubled look.

"Give your hand to him, Hortense Tournay. I will not touch it. I had not spoken to Louis while you were at his side, but that we have something for him to do."

"When and how?" exclaimed the youth, springing up. "I am restless with this inactivity."

"Nay! have patience," answered Therese, pointing to the broad expanse of fields, burdened with an abundant harvest. "Think how many days and weeks have exhausted themselves in ripening these hills to their seed time, though the soil was ready and the sunshine strong. When the earth is to be upturned and turned over, and its evil gases given to the day, how much more time is wanted? But we must work, work and think, turning all things to account, even the mean, the small and vicious. By the bad and base passions of human life liberty must be fertilized. But the harvest? Ah, me! the harvest will be terrible in its first yield."

"Let it come. I care not how terrible," said the young man, with stern enthusiasm, "so that liberty dawn with it. I am ready for the tempest."

"Then come with me, for men like you are wanted now!"

Hortense parted her lips with a protest. This one day, so long promised, when the man she loved so devotedly was to be all her own—it was cruel thus to ravage this one precious day of all its sunshine. Was not the entire week enough for toil and patriotism? Must her own fete day be swallowed up also, just as she was winning the cloud from her lover's brow? It was too much. Hortense longed to speak, but the words trembled on her lips without utterance, and she saw her lover depart toward the royal chateau with a painful swell of the heart.

Tournay had heard nothing of this, and he turned, with the wan smile which had long been

habitual to his features, as Hortense came up and began to caress the children.

The tears, which she would not shed, broke into her voice; and the father knew at once that something had chanced to disturb his child.

"What is it, Hortense?" he inquired, with the gentle tenderness of a woman; for since the death of his wife, Tournay had been sensitive and almost feminine in the love which centred from that hour on his children. "What grieves you, my daughter? Where is Louis?"

"He has gone. See, you may catch a glimpse of him through the oaks. Therese Merincourt is his companion," answered Hortense. "Our pleasant day is broken up."

"Not so," answered the father, always prompt in his devotion. "He will return before the children have made their repast. Come, sit down upon the turf, little ones, and let us eat before the sunshine is swallowed up by that cloud. Never fear, Hortense, Louis will join us soon. Yet how Therese Merincourt came here in Mendon puzzles me, and why Louis should leave my daughter for her on this day of all others—well, well, mademoiselle is beautiful truly, but my child, my own Hortense, is she not lovely as a flower? Come, children, lay your pretty bouquets on the grass, and let us see what papa has got in his pockets."

The children sat down upon the turf, and Tournay, with a fond sparkle in his eyes, drew forth some black bread and a handful of cherries, at which the children laughed gleefully, holding up their pretty hands in greedy impatience.

"No, no. Hortense must divide them; and remember, Jean, not to beg your sister's cherries. She is so kind—little darling—you would get the whole. Stop, stop, Hortense, keep some for yourself."

"No, forgive, papa. I do not think that fruit is good for me," answered Hortense, sorting the cherries out on three great leaves, which she had gathered from a neighboring chesnut, "if Louis were here now. But we will save a few till he comes back. What do you say, papa?"

Tournay smiled. The same intense affection, that made him thoughtful only of his children, influenced his child for her lover.

"Yes, yes," said the kind father, "put the third leaf aside. Like yourself, child, I have little taste for fruit. A morsel of the bread will be enough. Watch the young rogues how they crowd the cherries into those pretty mouths. One can hardly tell the lips and fruit apart. Hortense, you are not looking!"

"No," answered Hortense, withdrawing her

glances from their wanderings toward the chateau. "But you do not eat, papa?"

"Eat? Oh! yes, I am getting on famously," cried Tournay, breaking a tiny fragment from the crust in his hand, and making a great commotion with his lips, as if the relish was luxurious. "Come, come, girl. You have no appetite. Take an example by me, I am quite ferocious—ah! this is a fete indeed!"

Hortense still cast wistful glances in the direction Louis had taken; but shy of exhibiting any uneasiness at his absence, listened to what her father was saying, and attended to the children with momentary assiduity, whenever she could draw her thoughts from the one object.

All at once, the woods behind them became agitated, and sharp gushes of wind swept over the terrace. There was a raw coldness in this wind, that made the children shiver, and huddle close together, lifting their pretty faces to the sky, which was now dark and lowering with clouds.

Tournay arose to his feet, and looked anxiously abroad. Everywhere the elements rose in tumult. All along the track of the Siene, and through the shallow basin in which Paris stands, the grain fields rose and fell in long sweeping waves. The forests heaved and moaned, as the swell of the coming storm grew powerful; and close by, the trees of Mendon began to heave and wrestle together, like giants chained to the soil and toiling to free themselves.

Tournay became terrified, for as he looked, a great cloud of dust rose up and enveloped Paris as with a dun shroud. Then the cloud came surging forward, bringing a chill with it, and growing whiter, as it swept the country from hollow to hill-side.

"Cover the children with your shawl, Hortense," he cried, "cower close to the ground, little ones. It is neither rain nor wind alone that is coming; the earth is white where it passes, the wind is cold as winter—great heavens, here it comes!"

The good man threw himself before the little ones, attempting to shelter them with his person. As he had said, it was neither rain, nor mere hail that came pelting over them, but fragments and bullets of ice rattled through the oaks, cutting the leaves into shreds and crushing the grass beneath their chill weight.

Hortense flung her shawl over the children, and Tournay gathered them close to his bosom, while both strove to shield them from a storm that was dangerous almost as a burst of artillery. As they clung together in a group, the children began to wail, and Tournay was looking

wildly around for some place of shelter, when the young man, who had deserted them so unceremoniously, came running toward them through the park.

"Come, come," he said, taking one of the children from Tournay; and throwing, as he spoke, an arm around Hortense, he hurried them away toward the chateau.

"Where would you take us?" cried Tournay. "Not to the palace. The guard will drive us back; perhaps you do not know that the people cannot enter Mendon."

"I know—I know," cried the young man, rushing forward, as the hail fell thicker and larger. "But we must have shelter. No fear of the guards. See, they are ready to help us."

As he spoke, a man came from the palace, and beckoning them forward, led the way into the great entrance. The guard on duty allowed the little party to pass without challenge; and, what was stranger to Tournay, the same man conducted them forward, till they stood in a spacious apartment, in a wing of the chateau very remote from the entrance.

A fire was burning within the clouded marble of the chimney. Its cheerful blaze flashed rudely over the polished surface of the floor, with its deep mosaic border of precious woods. Sofas and easy-chairs were drawn toward the fire, with a look of home comfort seldom seen in a palace; and upon a marble table stood fruit and wines, with bon-bons and cakes such as little children delight in.

Louis looked around, with a little of the surprise that held all the rest speechless. "This is all for you, I suppose," he said. "I had permission to bring you here; but did not expect so much. Take off your wet shawl, Hortense, and dry yourself by the fire; and you," he added, addressing Tournay, "drink a glass of wine, and help the children. I must leave you now; but have no scruple to use anything yonder."

"But—but—"

Before Tournay could question, or protest, Louis had opened one of the heavy inlaid doors, in an opposite side of the room, and disappeared; but not till Hortense had caught a glimpse of two persons in the saloon beyond. One was Therese Merincourt; the other a small and rather stout man, in the ordinary costume of the day, who sat at a writing-table, playing with a pen which he had evidently been using. But as Hortense made these observations, the door closed behind Louis, and she was left, with tears swelling at her heart, to suppress the demands of the children, who were half shyly, half

eagerly, whispering entreaties for the bon bons laid so temptingly before them.

Meantime Louis entered the saloon, of which his betrothed had obtained but one painful glimpse, and advanced directly to the table, at which this small man with a princely air was seated.

"These," he said, handing some sheets of manuscript, "are, you remember, to be held sacred. No eye, but your own, must see them, no hand but yours must be permitted to touch the type which gives my thought to the people. I have this lady's word that you can be trusted."

"I will redeem the lady's pledge." He was about to say something more, but Therese, who stood behind the chair on which this man sat, lifted her finger and gave a warning glance, that checked the imprudence, and he went on almost without a break, "My character has been long known to her."

"Then you are old acquaintances?" answered the man, casting sharp and not altogether satisfied glances at the handsome face of the youth.

"He was born on my father's property," answered Therese, promptly. "From a child he has ever been brave and faithful. It was for his betrothed wife and her father, that I asked shelter from the storm just now."

"Ah! it is so then," answered the man, while a look of satisfaction drove the cloud from his face. "Be vigilant and active in this great cause, and the road to happiness is smooth before you. Here is payment in advance for your labor."

"Not till it is earned," said the young man, putting the offered gold away. "But that I must have bread, or no strength for work, I would give every hour of my life to liberty."

"That is the true spirit. When France is ruled, as it should be, when ability, not primogeniture, gives the right to her kings, this popular enthusiasm shall be recognized. Remember, it is for this we are laboring together, you and I."

The young man bowed, and his face flushed. The disguise, which the Duke of Orleans had assumed, was too transparent even for his honest simplicity. He suspected that it was to no man of the people he was speaking, and the prestige of high birth, had its effect on the young democrat. With all his ideas of equality, there was something exciting in hearing the highly bred man before him "laboring together with him."

Still the youth had no idea of the exalted rank, which really belonged to his employer; and drawing a chair to the table, he opened the sheets of manuscript and began to read.

An angry red shot over the duke's forehead, and he half started up with a disdainful gesture, but Therese bent forward, whispering, "It is the best, your highness, that he does not suspect whom he has the honor of speaking to."

The duke sat down again, and fixed his eyes on the face of the youth, who, plunging into the manuscript at once, heeded nothing that passed.

There was something grand in the expression of that young face, as he read. The dark eyes began to flash, the strong mouth trembled with excitement, and the thronging ideas stirred his forehead as the tempest sweeps across the surface of a lake. At last he looked up, evidently struck by the contrast afforded by the person of the writer, and the grand ideas that had so completely fired his brain.

"And these thoughts are yours? These deep, beautiful views of human liberty? I am mistaken. You are not of the court. Spite of this kingly palace, spite of all that should be proof against it, the writer of this belongs to the people. I have lacked but language to say these things a thousand times. Now, I thank God that he has given me the power to multiply these thoughts and send them through all France. Monsieur, I took you for a nobleman; but you are greater than that—a friend to the people."

This enthusiasm seemed to disconcert its object not a little. But there is a kind of vanity that will thrive on any kind of husks, and but for the presence of Therese, the Duke of Orleans was contemptible enough to have gloried in this praise. But though the Liegoise stood immovable, without a change of features, or one gleam of consciousness that might betray her own authorship of the papers, her presence forbade a full appropriation of the enthusiasm lavished upon them; and he hastened to break in upon the youth.

"Enough," he said, with an air of wounded modesty. "Your craft shall give these ideas to the people of France. Some day, you may be called upon to tell them who has been their best friend. Till then, I trust you."

The gesture, with which this dismissal was accompanied, had a kingly authority in it, which filled the young man with fresh perplexities. But he folded up the manuscript, placed it within the bosom of his blouse, and went back to the room where Tournay and his children sat waiting for him.

Hortense did not seem to heed his presence, for she was by a window, looking out upon the ravages left by the storm. The hail had fallen so thick that it lay like drifts of snow among the

grass. The forest leaves hung in tatters and shreds from the boughs, and torn fragments littered the ground. The bright blossoms which had made those grounds so beautiful in the morning, now glowed up through the drifts of hail in bruised and gorgeous masses of colors, beaten down to the very roots by this wintery tornado. It was a mournful sight, this desolated park, and Hortense looked out upon it with her troubled eyes clouded like the heavens. She was not thinking of the storm, but of the beautiful woman who had persuaded Louis from her side, almost without a word.

I have said Hortense did not look around when the door opened, but a flush warmed her cheek, and a thrill ran through her frame. She had half forgiven him already.

The youth went up to where she stood, and strove to look into those averted eyes.

"Hortense," he said, pleadingly, "forgive me. It was for France."

The poor girl gave a little, relenting sob. "Oh! Louis," she said, turning her eyes upon him, "you are my France!"

"Foolish child!" whispered the youth. "As if I could love liberty so well, if I did not love you more."

"Liberty," replied Hortense, shaking her pretty head, and an April smile dawned on her face. "Oh! Louis, I am getting very jealous of this liberty."

"Nay! you shall be its goddess, some day."

As if chilled by a presentiment of what that title might mean in the hereafter, Hortense shrank back with something like a shudder.

"No," she said, with great seriousness, "such titles belong better to La Belle Liegoise. I am but a poor girl, without mother and with two little children to care for. So long as our toil wins bread for them, we need not care for liberty!"

That instant Therese Merincourt came into the room; and such was the contradiction in this woman's nature, that when she saw the children looking wishfully at the refreshments, which neither Tournay nor Hortense had ventured to give them, she went up to the table, and busied herself in filling their pretty white aprons with bon-bons and fruit, while the young girl, half jealous, half thankful, looked on with a painful blush; and Tournay regarded her almost with looks of adoration, for the fall of every bon-bon sent a grateful throb through and through his heart.

But Therese had heard the last words of Hortense as she entered the room, and she muttered to herself, "So! nothing but starvation will make

patriots of such as these. Well, let it come then!"

But she drew near to the young girl, and looked earnestly in her face, while her own took a gentle and almost tender expression, as if touched by unutterable mournfulness by the feelings she read there.

"Hortense Tournay, you were a child almost when I saw you last in Liege; and I—but we are both changed. You are frightened, you shrink from me because of this beauty, and from a knowledge that I have some power over him you love. You who are so good—who have so much that will never come back to me—who have one true, honest heart all to yourself. Do not blush, the very power is a happiness that should not be wasted. Look in my face, Hortense Tournay, and believe me, once for all, when I protest that I have no heart for anything but France—no love that is not revenge—and that I would rather perish than give one pang to a devoted bosom like yours. Never think of me again for your own sweet sake, but when you remember the liberty which shall yet be given to France, and which your lover shall help to win."

Hortense looked down, humbled by words, that were at once gentle and severe.

"I was surprised to see you here."

Therese interrupted her.

"Be surprised at nothing that regards me or my movements. But when we meet again, no matter how or where, remember that Therese Merincourt is your friend; and mark me, girl, the day is coming, when her friendship will be worth many lives!"

"What are you speaking of?" inquired Tournay, tearing himself from the children and approaching the group at the window.

"Of France and her destiny. Of that liberty which you shall yet taste, my good, old friend!" answered Therese.

Tournay pointed to his children, who, seated on the floor, were crowding fruit into each other's mouths. With a fond, fond smile from them, he glanced at Louis and Hortense, gathering them all in one loving gaze.

"These are my France, and all the liberty I ask is permission to earn the bread that shall keep them smiling and rosy."

His eyes had wandered back to the children, and he drew toward them with an exulting smile. This was the answer Hortense had given a moment before. She, too, wanted only bread for those beloved ones.

Therese turned away, muttering, "Liberty is Omnipotent, she will know how to reach them."

The lion's dame is gentle sometimes till you touch her cubs." As she uttered these words, Therese watched the elder sister, as she prepared the little ones to depart on their way back to Paris: and she thought of the little garret home, which would seem so small and dim after the glories of Mendon.

When they were gone, Therese went forth into the Park again. There was something in the devastation going on there which forced her into its midst. The storm was over, and gleams of sunshine shot through the oak branches, on which the torn and tortured leaves hung quivering. The great hail crunched under her feet, and its white chilliness looked ghastly as the sun streamed over it, extinguishing itself, but making the ice ridges colder by contrast. Not a flower was in sight. The air was yet full of torn foliage.

She came out upon the terrace and looked abroad. All the earth was covered with cold green and colder white. The harvest fields, two hours before so rich with promise, lay flat and broken up, the corn all cut into chaff by the hail, or uprooted by the wind. Of all the abundance that had glowed there in the morning, nothing remained but one gloomy waste of ruin, over which the sunshine seemed to laugh in derision. Therese Merincourt laughed also, but it was a wierd laugh, that grated on the winds sighing along the ground over which they had raved an hour before.

"You find pleasure in the scene, fair sybil," said a silky voice at her elbow. "While I can but admire the beauty which seems made for a storm like this. How grandly you looked, ma belle, a moment since, with the hail drifting through those tresses like pearls, and those lips parted like a prophetess suddenly inspired."

"True, your highness, I was inspired. This ruin has given me an idea, that properly worked out, shall take a year from the bondage of France, and plant your feet upon her throne."

"And that idea springs out of the storm? I do not comprehend, my prophetess!"

"Look abroad, your highness!"

"I do, ma belle."

"Two hours ago, the earth was clothed with a rich harvest. From horizon to horizon all was golden and full of grain."

"True. It was but this morning I remarked that France had never given her children so rich a harvest."

"And now," said Therese, sweeping her hand toward the horizon, "all is ruin. In all this broad arena there is not corn enough left to feed the king's guards a single day."

"Nothing can be more certain," answered the duke, beginning to weary of the subject, as he always did of a continuous thought. "But how is this to make me king? I do not comprehend."

"The storm has spread perhaps through all France. Food will be scarce next winter. A famine must set in. Oh! your highness, there is great patriotism in hunger. The cry of liberty rings loud from starving lips."

"Well, but how is storm or famine to bring Louis Phillip, of Orleans, nearer to the throne?" asked the duke, shrugging his shoulders impatiently.

"By making Louis Phillip, of Orleans, the benefactor of these suffering people. Let him turn the immense wealth which fills his coffers into grain—there is yet plenty of the last year's harvest—and when hunger has made Paris clamorous against the court, feed the people over whom you would reign. He who controls the bread of a nation may laugh at the sword."

"It is a grand idea!" exclaimed the duke, elated, as he always was, with a new project. "But how am I, a prince of the blood, to turn corn merchant?"

"Give me gold enough, and in a single month, your highness shall be master of food enough to famish or feed Paris."

"Gold to you? And how would this be accomplished? Not by yourself, ma belle. Heavens! but such beauty would find this traffic in grain a sorry employment."

Therese smiled scornfully.

"When a woman seeks political power she does not act herself, but influences men to work out her wishes. There is not a Jacobin club in Paris, that does not work for Therese Merincourt, young as she is, without knowing it. In these clubs I will find agents for our holy work—for is it not holy to feed the poor?"

"And are you thus connected? Do you, indeed, possess this power over the *canaille*?" inquired the duke, turning visibly pale, and regarding the beautiful woman before him with new-born distrust.

She smiled tranquilly. "Else how could I have brought fresh power to the potent Duke of Orleans? Else why do the people greet him with cheers in the streets of Paris, while the king and queen are insulted in the same breath?"

"And you have done this for me? You, after refusing all that I have to give, and repressing my love, my adoration, with such cruel rigor!" exclaimed the duke, attempting to take her hand, which she flung haughtily out of reach.

"Hush! prince. I command you, let this subject rest between us now and forever. It is far easier for you to be made the first ruler of France, than to kindle one spark of love in the heart of Therese Merincourt."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARY.—A MONODY.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

Oh, weep, ye leaden clouds!
Surely the Heavens should weep,
While Mary lies asleep
In her white folded shroud!
What time she laid her head
Down with the dreamless dead,
I wildly wept aloud.

Grow tender, sullen skies!
Her waxen hands I've placed
Over her pulseless breast—
And here she lies
Before her worshipper!
She does not speak—or stir—
How mute and wan she lies.

Grow pitying, icy rain!
Weary, and weak, and worn,
I buffet, mad, the storm—
'Tis all in vain!
The night glooms dark—no star
Looks down from Heaven afar!
Oh, cruel, pitiless rain!

Now gently strike, thou spade!
Fashion the grave with care!
My Mary was so fair
She must be quiet laid

To sleep right tenderly—
Oh, sexton, list to me,
And gently strike thy spade.

Drop lightly on, hard clods!
Alas! upon her breast
Ye fall—are rudely prest—
Cold, dull, insensate clods—
Thus iron hoofs of Fate
On my heart desolate,
Unpitying, crushing, trode!

Drift gently downward, snow!
A white shroud soft and wide
(The grave-mound let it hide!)
Over her kindly throw!
Drift, without speck or stain,
Where my tired head hath lain—
Her purer breast than snow.

Now hush, wild Winter gale!
Sing murmurs low and deep!
Such sounds will lull to sleep
Like drowsy goblin tale—
And I will dream beside
My gentle sleeping bride—
My Mary, cold and pale!

A VALENE.

BY MARION MAYWOOD.

WHERE the golden sun is shining,
Yonder in the grassy glade,
Where the Summer flowers are twining,
Was our cherub infant laid;
There a humble mound is seen,
There we buried Avalene.
Came she, when the flowers were springing,
She the soonest one to fade;
Summer came—no gladness bringing,
For our angel one was dead;
Fields and forests yet were green,
When we buried Avalene.

Mournfully the winds are breathing
O'er the gentle sleeper now,
Flowers her lowly bed are wreathing,

Such we placed upon her brow;
Emblems of herself, they seemed,
Fair and sinless Avalene.

Twice I've seen the blossoms dying,
Since we laid her there to rest,
With an opening rose-bud lying
Motionless upon her breast;
Clasped her dimpled hands between,
Thus we buried Avalene.

Never more as once, in brightness
Will the Summer days appear;
For my heart has lost its lightness
Since our floweret faded here,
Since the cypress boughs were green—
'Round the grave of Avalene.

AUNT MARY.

BY JANE WEAVER.

In a quiet by-street of the bustling little town of B——, might be observed, not many years ago, a small house, which at first sight might have been deemed uninhabited, so seldom were any sounds of life to be heard within its tranquil walls, or busy footsteps seen emerging from its threshold. At the back of the house, however, which commanded a pleasant view of the wide valley and green hills beyond, the windows were hung with snow-white curtains, and decked with flowers, whilst glimpses might be caught of a female form within, gliding noiselessly from place to place.

This unpretending dwelling was the home of a quiet maiden lady, one who had truly a wide family connexion, but was known to few beyond her own circle, save the poor, the sick, and those of saddened heart. She lived not in the world or for the world; the petty interests, the news of the day, which ordinarily engross so large a share of attention amongst the inhabitants of a country town, were to her matters of indifference; but her warm heart was ever ready to share the joys and sorrows of those she loved, and in spite of the tranquil tenor of her own life, she could be joyous as a child when surrounded by the young and the light-hearted.

Her happiest hours were those she spent alone in her peaceful home, around which there breathed an atmosphere of order and tranquillity; but her warm welcome was ever ready to greet the numerous tribe of nieces and nephews who delighted to gather around the good aunt on all occasions of family festivity. Gladly did she promote the youthful pastimes of the merry band, and when they had turned everything upside down, and then taken their departure, she would quietly set her house to rights, rejoicing in the thought of their happiness.

Aunt Mary's birthday fell in the month of May, and on that day it was an understood thing that none of her family went to visit her; but each year, on the return of this anniversary, a dignified-looking man might be seen arriving in a post-chaise at the first hotel in B——, and proceeded forthwith to Aunt Mary's house. There he spent his days, from morning till evening, during his brief stay in the town.

They took long walks together, and seemed constantly engaged in earnest conversation.

The visits of this remarkable-looking strange gentleman to the elderly maiden lady, who was looked upon as a pietist by her neighbors, at first excited much attention in the town of B——; but gradually the nine-days' wonder passed away. The stranger was a professor in a neighboring university, and a well-known author. All his books made their appearance, as soon as published, on Aunt Mary's table, and her correspondence with him was frequent and uninterrupted.

The inhabitants of B—— had long become quite accustomed to this enigmatical guest; but the young nieces and nephews, especially the former, never ceased perplexing themselves and tormenting their parents with questions on the subject. "Was he a relation of Aunt Mary? If so, was he related to them too? or was he a friend? But it was not usual to have such friends, was it?" The parents, however, were silent, and the mystery remained unsolved.

Whether Aunt Mary had ever been pretty or not, was also a frequent subject of deliberation. By the side of her friend, who, although a few years older, was still in the full vigor of manhood, she looked, it is true, somewhat faded; but there was a gentle grace in her whole being, an atmosphere of peace surrounding her, which imparted to her a charm beyond that of beauty or of intellect, for it was one which the changes of time could not efface.

Mary's health was very delicate, and her strength began early to fail her. One or other of her nieces had constantly been with her, and to her silent influence they were much indebted for the cultivation of their minds; but now she begged her eldest sister to permit Herminia, her favorite niece to come and stay with her during her remaining days.

The youthful Herminia gladly acceded to the wish of her loved and honored aunt, although she could not believe her health to be really in a declining state. "But, mother," said the young girl, "before I go to live with Aunt Mary altogether, you must tell me the history of the professor, otherwise I shall feel so strange when he comes."

"Yes, my child," replied the mother, "you are right; it is time you should know something of this matter. I will gladly tell you what I know myself, though that is not much. It is a curious history. You know that Mary was our youngest sister, the darling of our whole family. We two elder sisters married during my dear mother's life-time, but Mary was scarcely fourteen when we lost this much-loved parent. Her death was a deep sorrow to us all; but Mary could not be comforted. From this time forward her home was far from being a happy one; my father's temper was quick, he never showed much sympathy for her trials, and shortly married again. We none of us loved our step-mother much. She was not unkind, but uncertain and superficial; at first she almost overwhelmed Mary by the vehemence of her affection, afterward she seemed indifferent to her, and Mary became increasingly quiet and reserved, seldom conversing with any one save her pastor, and devoting her time chiefly to her books and flowers, of which she was very fond. Still, at times, her natural cheerfulness showed itself, and, though she never seemed to bestow a thought upon herself, she was certainly very lovely."

"Am I at all like her, mamma?"

"Not a bit, my dear; you will never be half so pretty as Aunt Mary was. To return, however, to my story. It befel one day, that Dr. R——, the professor, being on a visit at B——, during the vacations, became acquainted with Mary; they liked one another, and we all deemed it a happy event, when their betrothal was announced to us. Mary was now in her eighteenth year, and it seemed as though her good qualities had never, until this moment, been duly appreciated in the family. Her father, her brother, and her brothers-in-law, appeared to have their eyes suddenly opened to perceive the superiority of her mind and the amiability of her disposition. Her step-mother, too, was seized with a fit of motherly tenderness, and set herself zealously to work to prepare her *trousseau*, &c.

"Mary, in the meanwhile, bloomed like a rose; she and the doctor suited one another admirably with their taste for study—books and learned languages; they exchanged cart-loads of letters, and in spite of all their learning seemed as happy as two children together. Everything, in short, appeared to me to be going on well and prosperously; but it struck me, as time passed on, that Mary now but seldom bent her steps to the good pastor's house, and was very shy and silent when in his company.

"They had been engaged for about six months,

when tidings came that Dr. R—— was appointed to the post of Professor in N——. The wedding day was now fixed, the banns had been published, the wedding dress was ready.

"The professor came to pay his bride a final visit, before he returned to bear her from her old home to the new one he had prepared for her. Mary was joyous and loving as ever. The professor was to take his departure by a night coach, and the bridal pair took a long ramble together in the evening. I think they bent their steps toward the church-yard, which was one of their favorite resorts. Mary came home full of animation, but somewhat moved, as though the conversation had been more than usually earnest; and when the hour of departure arrived, she and the professor bid each other a tender farewell.

"Next morning (I was then on a visit to my father's house) Mary came down to breakfast, looking so deadly pale that we all felt alarmed, though we ascribed it to the emotion she had experienced on parting with her betrothed. Our step-mother, wishing to cheer her, said, 'To-morrow, Mary, we will go to S——, and complete our purchases; we have scarcely a month left now before the wedding.' To this Mary replied quietly, but in a subdued tone, 'You will have no more trouble about that, mother: I shall have no wedding day.'

"We all sat gazing upon her in astonishment, and should have believed her to be demented, had she not endured, with the most tranquil composure, the storm of questions and reproaches which now burst over her head. 'And Ludwig?' I at last ventured to inquire. 'I have already written to him early this morning.' This was the only answer we could extract from her. On the second day after this scene, the professor arrived in a state of great agitation; we all felt for him, and hoped much from his influence. He made no observation as to what had passed between them. Mary received him calmly, though with an appearance of timidity. They went together into the garden, and seating themselves in the arbor in which they had first pledged to each other their troth, they remained for hours in earnest conversation. We were full of hope; but at length they both came forth, pale as death; and the professor said to my father, that he felt himself compelled to bow to Mary's decision, and renounce the happiness of calling her his own. He then gave us each his hand, imprinted a kiss on Mary's ice-cold brow, and then took his departure.

"Little as I could understand Mary's conduct on this occasion, I pitied her too much to feel

any inclination to reproach her; but my father and mother were enraged with her. I took her to my own home, and at first her health seemed so much shaken, that I had great fears for her life; but with me she enjoyed entire rest and quietness, and by degrees she revived.

"One difference we observed between this pair and others who had broken off their engagement was this—no letters or presents were returned on either side; but, on the contrary, the former lovers continued to correspond, though less frequently than before, and Mary always seemed as anxious about the contents of each letter as though her life depended on it. I could not believe that all was at an end between them; and when Mary had recovered her health and strength, I exhausted all my powers of persuasion to induce her to change her mind, or at least to tell me why she would not do so. But, gentle and yielding as she was on all other points, on this she was immovable. I must say, however, that she was in all respects even better and more loveable than before. She seemed never to think of herself; so good, so gentle, so kindly to the poor was she—a very ministering angel upon earth.

"When our father's first vexation had subsided, Mary returned home. People get accustomed to everything; and if time does not bring roses, it at least takes away thorns. Our father ceased to speak on the subject which had caused him so much irritation, and I believe ere long he learned to feel that when he received back his pale child under his roof, he had received an angel unawares.

"Eight years passed on: our father died; our step-mother went to reside with relations in a distant town. We should all gladly have had Mary to live with us, but at this time the old house in B—— was left to us by a distant relative, and Mary begged us, as it was not very saleable, to allow her to make it her home. Her request was of course readily granted; and from that day forward everything has gone on just as you have seen it. Mary and the professor have continued to correspond; he visits her every year on her birthday—he sends her all his writings—but not one amongst us has ever been able to discover the cause of their separation."

* * * * *

This was all that Herminia could learn regarding the history of her aunt's life, and it only served to stimulate her curiosity to learn the true solution of the riddle. This curiosity was transformed by degrees into an emotion of the deepest and tenderest sympathy when she was brought into close and daily intercourse

with this beloved aunt, and lived under the abiding influence of her tranquil, unruffled, and truly Christian spirit. Still she would not have ventured to ask a question on the subject in which she was so much interested.

Thus their days flowed smoothly onward; but time soon proved Aunt Mary to be in the right with regard to her state of health. A wasting disease consumed her life, her strength gradually failed, and ere long she was entirely confined to bed. Herminia would yield to none the dear and sacred duty of tending this beloved relative during her illness. The bond between aunt and niece became each day closer, and their intercourse more confiding; the instinct of maternal love, which had hitherto lain dormant in Mary's breast, now seemed to waken in all its strength toward the young maiden who watched over her with such devoted care.

It was the commencement of autumn, that season oft times so fatal to invalids. Herminia sat by the sufferer's bed, gazing silently, during the still evening hours, upon the pallid features of the once lovely Mary. Suddenly, the latter opened her hitherto half-closed eyes, and said, "My child, have you written to the professor?"

"Yes, aunt, I wrote the moment you desired me to do so."

"That is right. I think, then, he will soon be here," she said, with a gentle smile. The tears started to Herminia's eyes, her heart was full to overflowing; for the first time in her life, she ventured on the further question.

"Aunt, dear aunt, since you care for him so much, why, oh! why? Oh! you would have made him so happy!"

Mary laid her hand gently on the weeping girl and replied, "Dear child, I have not many days to live. You have loved me so well, I would not that you should deem me to have been capricious or singular. I will therefore tell you what I have never yet told to mortal ear. Draw closer to me, my child; I cannot speak loud, and my words must be very brief. Push the lamp aside, for a little—it dazzles my eyes.

"Herminia, I was younger than you, almost a child, when I sat by my mother's dying bed, as you now sit by mine. But, to me, to lose my mother was to lose my all. I was beside myself with grief. I thought by prayer to win her back from that heavenly home on whose threshold she seemed to stand. I felt as if I could not give her up. My mother herself was the only one who had power to calm my troubled spirit. That night she spoke to me long and tenderly, pointing me to that deep, firm, heartfelt faith, which had been the joy and comfort of her own

life; but my sorrow ever burst forth anew, and I exclaimed at length, 'Mother, oh, dearest mother! how can I keep in the right way, and be good as you would have me be, when I no longer have you to guide me? Oh, promise me that even from heaven you will come to your poor child.' 'My child,' she replied, in a grave and earnest tone, 'you know not what you ask; it is not in accordance with God's will that it should be so. Our heavenly Father has given us His word to be a lamp to our path, and that lamp gives light enough for us. But I promise you,' she added, 'if God permits it, I will come to you, my child, if ever your soul should be in peril.' Those were her last words!"

For some moments Aunt Mary ceased to speak, and then in brief and interrupted sentences, she continued as follows:—

"Herminia, Ludwig was very dear to me—dearer than words can tell. I was aware that he did not altogether think with me; and the knowledge that such was the case often caused me grief, but I never thought of giving him up on that account. He was a noble hearted man; I had confidence in the power of love; I thought God would make me the instrument of leading him to a true and living faith. But, my child, this is a harder task than we are fondly apt to dream. Ludwig has a brilliant and highly cultivated mind; the opinions of one we love are full of fascination for us. I did not avoid sacred subjects with him, for I was anxious for his conversion. By insensible degrees, however, his ideas and opinions glided into my mind, and gained possession of my heart. I thought as Ludwig did, so long as he was by my side; when I was alone, I felt in my inmost heart, that this was not truth; but the star which had hitherto beamed upon my path, had ceased to shine for me; I could no longer look upward as a child does to its father. I was often unhappy, but yet I never thought of giving Ludwig up. That last evening I told him all that was on my mind, and unburdened my whole heart to him. Nothing that I said, however, seemed to trouble him; he proved to me clearly that my present discomfort merely arose from my being in a transition state, and that I was on the high-road to truth. Once more he built up before my dazzled eyes the imposing edifice of his rationalistic theories. I can now scarcely tell how it befel, but I was as one entranced. I believed myself to be convinced, and returned home in a state of wrapt excitement; my mind awakened, as I thought, to a new life. Herminia, on that night, in the hour of slumber and of dreams, I once more beheld my mother's gentle face, heard once more

her loving, warning voice. On awaking, my path was clear to me; as his wife, I felt that I could not have resisted the influence he exercised over my mind, and I severed the bond which united us. He said much to me on the subject, promised that he would never utter a word which could shake my faith; but, ah! I well knew that a premeditated silence was often more difficult to resist than a direct attack, against which we are more apt to be prepared. My way was plain to me, and God has been very good to me, and has blessed me far beyond my deserts. But one prayer, the first and last, I have daily offered to my heavenly Father since that sorrowful hour, the prayer which has come from the very depths of my heart, has not yet been answered. Ludwig is still an unbeliever, and he is too true to deceive me; were heaven itself to be purchased by a lie, he would not keep back the truth. And now, good night, my child."

Next morning, a letter came; Mary read it with beaming eyes. "He has not yet received your letter, Herminia; but he will soon be here."

Mary's sisters came to see her; she took a tender farewell of each, but did not express a wish for any one of them to remain. She lay in tranquil repose, as if expecting one for whose coming she longed.

At last a carriage drove up to the door: the professor sprang out, and hastening breathlessly toward Herminia, exclaimed, "Is she yet living? Thank God!" was the heartfelt rejoinder, as she replied in the affirmative, and led him to the door of the sufferer, who needed no preparation to be ready to receive the much-desired visitor.

Long were the two alone together, until at last Herminia ventured into the apartment. Ludwig sat by Aunt Mary's side, whilst she, supported by pillows, gazed upon him with happy, beaming eyes. Her hand, clasped in his, rested upon the open Bible, the most precious heritage she had received from a dying mother.

Herminia was about timidly to withdraw, but Mary, with a gentle and loving smile, beckoned her toward her, and said, "Thank God, my child, my prayer is heard; the sacrifice of my earthly happiness has not been in vain."

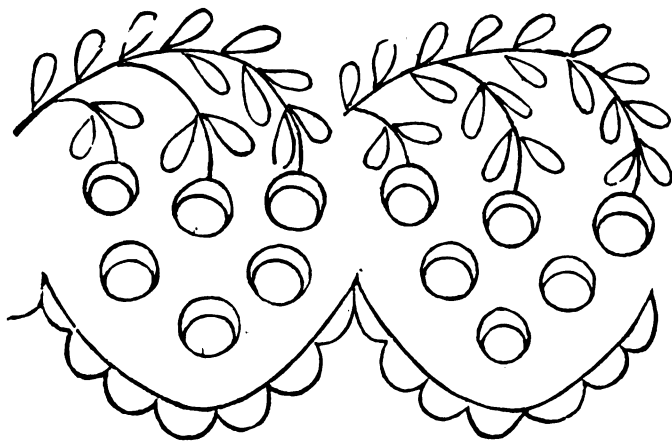
Few were the words Aunt Mary uttered after this; but she parted not again in this world with him from whom she had so long been severed. Together they partook of the supper of the Lord; and then, with a smile of unutterable bliss on her pallid features, she "fell asleep." Her countenance in death was heavenly in its

loveliness, as though a ray of light from her eternal home had fallen upon her.

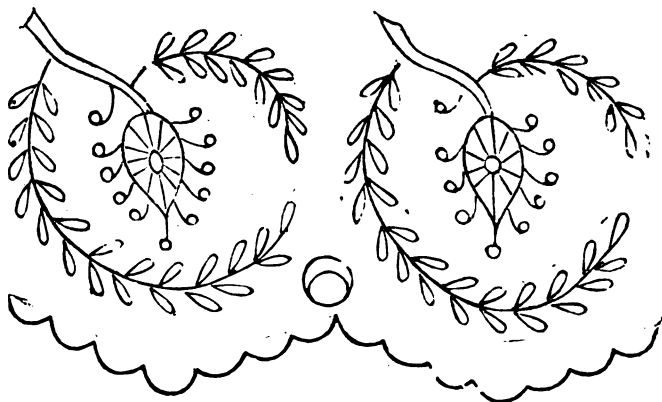
The "still house" is now closed, perchance at some future day to become a busy one.

Meanwhile, to the few that knew and loved her who once dwelt within its walls, it will ever be a spot consecrated by the gentle and holy image of "Aunt Mary."

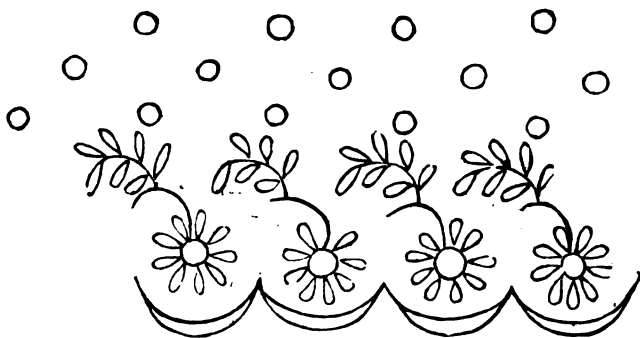
VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



EDGE FOR PETTICOAT.



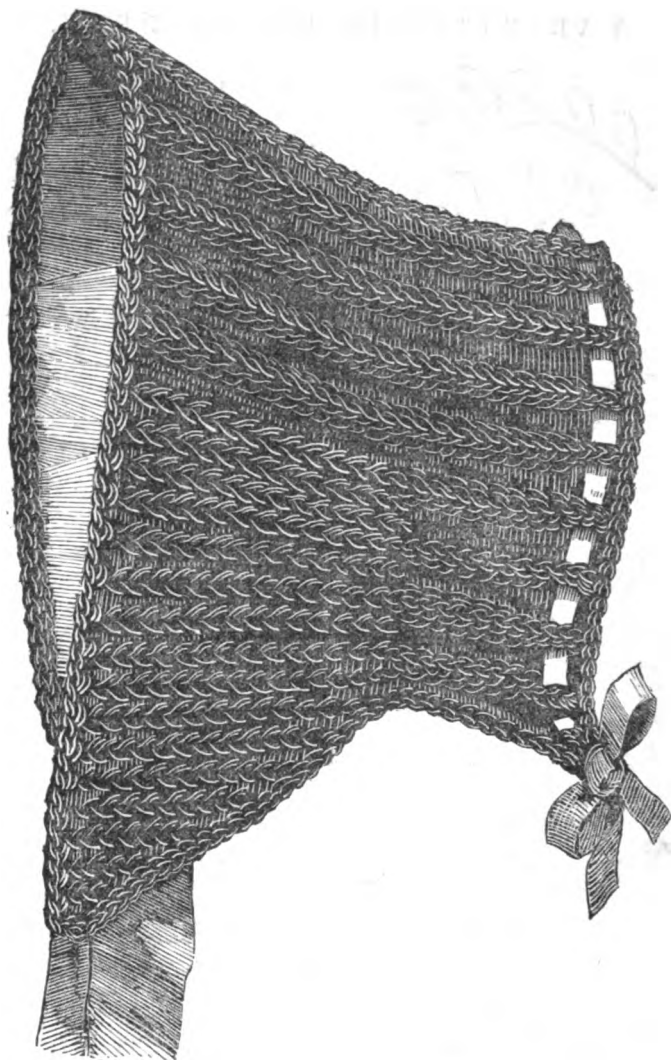
FOR BABY'S BLANKET.



FOR BOTTOM OF INFANT'S DRESS.

WARM, KNITTED UNDER-CAP.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.



MATERIALS.—Brown 4-thread or 8-thread Berlin wool, and two bone needles; also two yards of inch-wide sarsenet ribbon.

Cast on 86 stitches, and knit one plain row.

1st pattern row, do 28 stitches in double knitting; then knit 2, purl 2 for 80 stitches, and again do 28 stitches in double.

2nd, in the same way, making the centre in ribbed knitting.

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Continue this until an inch is done; then work backward and forward in the first 28 stitches, in double knitting, without any of the centre, except two 4-oz. stitches, to prevent a hole appearing. The way to accomplish this is, after the 28 stitches to do the 2 next, whether knitted or purled. Turn, slip the first stitch, and do the others as usual. The next time you come to the ribbed part, you may do 6, and the next

4, so as never to turn twice following at the same stitch. Do 10 rows so; then knit across the centre, and work the 28 at the other end in the same manner.

Do another inch completely across, as at first, and then take in two stitches at the end of every row, repeating the extra rows in the double knitting.

Now do the whole length in the ribbed knitting, and from the back, by working much as

you did the double knitting backward and forward from the centre to the end, leaving two extra stitches at the middle every time you come to it.

For the open hem, do one plain row. 2nd, knit 1, x make 1, knit 2 together, x to the end.

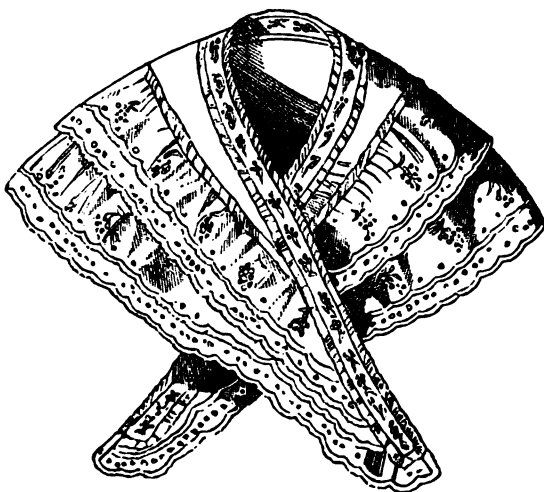
Knit a plain row, and then cast off loosely.

Run a yard of ribbon in the back, and tie in a bow behind, sew on strings at the ears.

NOVELTIES OF THE MONTH.



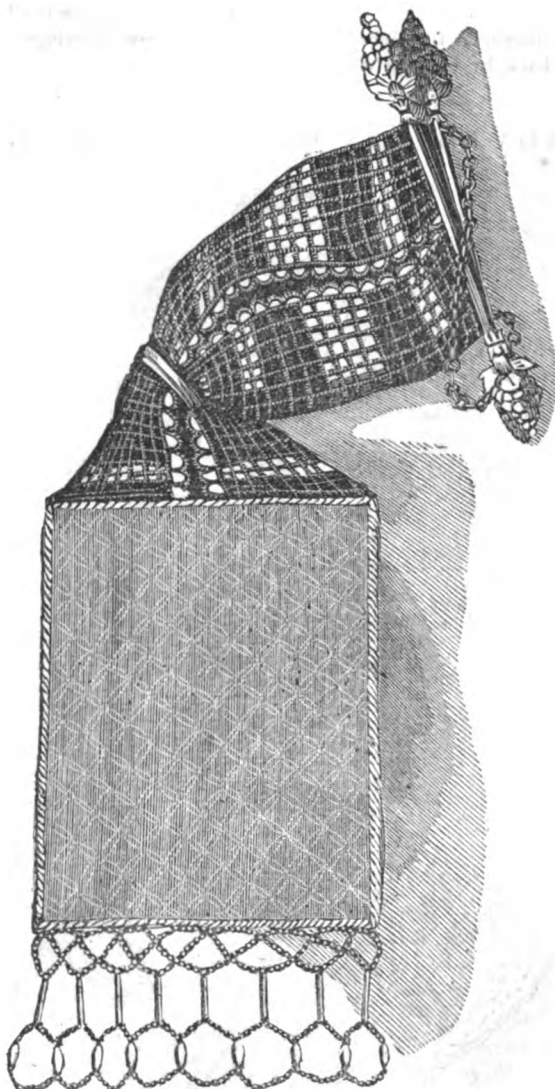
BASQUE.



MUSLIN FICHU.

KNOTTED PURSE.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



MATERIALS.—18 yards of coarse gold thread, 16 lengths, 1 and one-eighth yards in each; 2 skeins of fine ditto; 3 shades of pink netting silk, 1 skein of each; 1 and-a-half yards of sarsenet ribbon, 4 inches wide; and the kind of purse garniture termed *diabie*, with handsome fringed end.

Divide the 18 yards of coarse gold-cord into
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thus be 16 pairs of threads. Knot the outer pair on each side together one-third of an inch from the pin, and the intermediate ones are knotted in forms thus:—Take second and third pairs, which make 4 threads, and which I will reckon as 1, 2, 3, 4, beginning from the left hand. Hold 2nd and 3rd between the third and little fingers of the left hand, then take No. 1, and pass a loop of it under 2nd and 3rd. Take 4, pass the end up the loop, across 2 and 3, and under both the threads of 1. Then over 2 and 3, and down the loop. Knot every 4 threads in the same way. It will be observed that 2 and 3 are not twisted at all—1 and 4 forming the knot.

2nd row.—Begin with the 2 first pairs to the left, not as in the alternate rows, with 2nd and 3rd. Knot the 4 threads as directed; continue along the line to the end, there being no single pair in this row.

The 3rd row is like the first, knotting a single pair at each end.

4th row like the 2nd, and so on until the

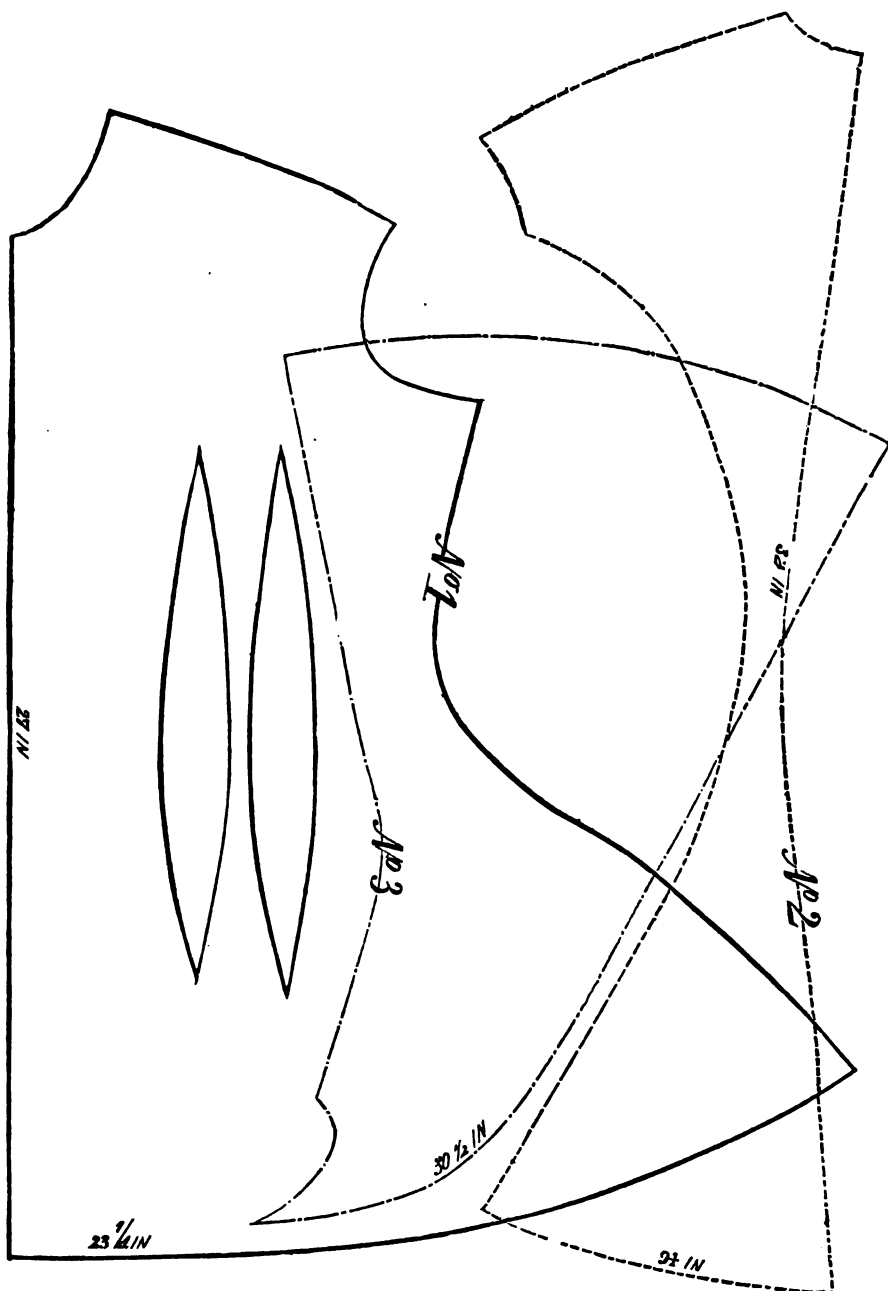
whole of the gold thread is used up. You will then have an oblong piece of gold net, which lined with two thicknesses of ribbon, and folded in half, forms the bottom of the purse. Good gold-cord should cover the seams and run along the bottom. The upper part of the purse is made in crochet with the darkest silk, and Boulton's tapered indented crochet-hook, No. 17. Make a chain of 100, work 1 row of sc., and x, 2 of open square crochet, then 2 rows of fine gold thread, 3 of second shade of silk, 3 of light, 3 of second, 2 of gold, x; repeat. Sc. a row of the darkest silk at the top; sew this on the lower part of the purse, making the ends come in the centre of one side. Let the gold-cord cover the join. Then work one row of fine gold thread down one side and up the other, joining them for a few stitches at the bottom. Sew on the bars at the top very firmly, letting the opening come in the centre of one, slip on the ring, and the purse is complete.

NEW STYLE MUSLIN BODY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



MUSLIN BODY ornamented with puffings in of the body and on the sleeves; embroidered which silk ribbons are run; bows on the front muslin trimmings The small fichu accom-

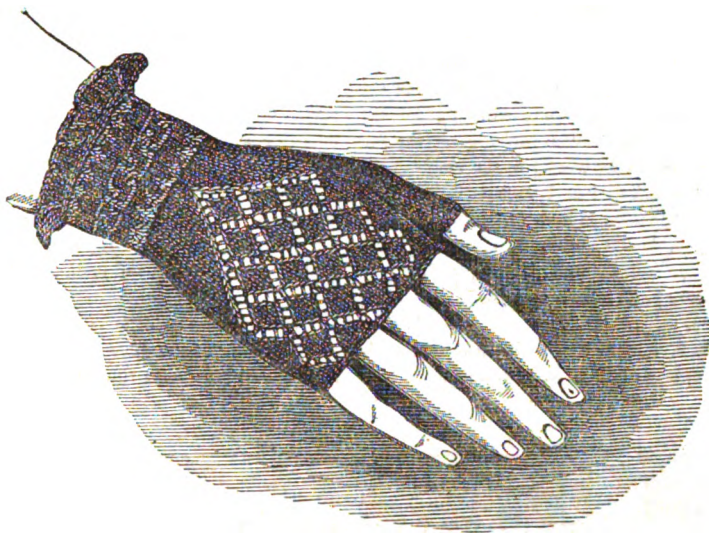


panying the top of the body is terminated by a fringe; the second is formed on the body itself by a puffing and trimming.

No. 1. Front.
No. 2. Back.
No. 8. Side-piece of back.

KNITTED MITTEN AND BRACELET.

BY SARAH COPLEY.



MATERIALS.—Sixteen skeins of black German wool, 6 skeins of bright scarlet ditto, 4 needles No. 14, and 4 of No. 15, eagle card-board gauge, for a large hand; and for a small hand, Nos. 15 and 16, or even finer, in proportion to the dimensions required.

Begin with the finest of the two sizes, and cast on 20 stitches on each of three needles, 60 altogether. Join into a round, and knit two rounds in black wool.

3rd.—All scarlet.

4th.—† 3 scarlet, 1 black, †; repeat.

5th.—† 1 black, 1 scarlet, 2 black, †; repeat.

6th, 7th, and 8th.—Black.

9th.—† 5 s., 1 b., †; repeat.

10th.—† 1 s., 3 b., 1 s., 1 b., †; repeat.

11th.—† 1 s., 1 b., 5 s., 1 b., 4 s., †; repeat.

12th.—† 2 b., 1 s., 1 b., 1 s., 3 b., 1 s., 1 b., 1 s., 1 b., †; repeat.

13th.—† 3 s., 1 b., 5 s., 1 b., 2 s., †; repeat.

14th, 15th, and 16th.—Black.

17th.—Like 5th.

18th.—Like 4th.

9th.—All scarlet.

Knit two rounds of black, and then take the coarser needles to form the hand, which is done in the following manner:—

Take half the stitches on one needle, and work

the pattern on this needle only; the other half of the stitches will occupy two needles, being equally divided until you begin to form the thumb, when you will put 4 stitches only on one needle, and 26 on the other.

For the right hand the thumb needle will follow the long needle, for the left hand it will precede it. The needle with 26 on will always be knitted plain; as will every alternate round.

The directions up to the 15th pattern round, refer entirely to the long needle.

1st Pattern round, l. n. (long needle.)—K. 15, m. 1, k. 15.

3rd.—K. 18, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 18.

5th.—K. 12, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 12.

7th.—K. 11, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 5, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 11.

9th.—K. 9, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 3, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 3.

11th.—K. 8, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 1, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 8.

13th.—K. 7, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 5, m. 1, k. 3 t., m. 1, k. 5, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 7.

15th.—K. 5, k. 2 t., † m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 3, k. 2 t., † twice, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 5.

Begin now to form the thumb, thus, 4 stitches only being on the needle, k. 2, m. 1, k. 2. The next round is, of course, plain. The third, fifth, and every other alternate round, k. 2, m. 1, knit all but the last 2; m. 1, k. 2. In the 3rd row there is 1 to knit between the 2 made stitches; in the 5th there are 3, and so on, until there are altogether 25 on the needle, (that is, an increase of 21,) which forms the thumb. Then, k. 2, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 17, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 2; which do in every alternate round until the length for the hand is done—the directions sufficing for the thumb, until separated from the fingers; the following directions refer wholly to the long needle.

17th.—K. 4, k. 2 t., † m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 1, k. 2 t., † twice, m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 4.

19th.—K. 3, k. 2 t., † m. 1, k. 5, m. 1, k. 3 t., † twice, m. 1, k. 5, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 3.

21st.—K. 4, † m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 3, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 1, † twice, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 3, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 4.

23rd.—K. 5, † m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 1, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 3, † twice, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 1, k. 2 t., m. 1, k. 5.

25th.—K. 6, † m. 1, k. 3 t., m. 1, k. 5, † twice, m. 1, k. 3 t., m. 1, k. 6.

27th.—K. 5, k. 2 t., † m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 3, k. 2 t., † twice, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 5.

29th.—K. 4, k. 2 t., † m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 1, k. 2 t., † m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 4.

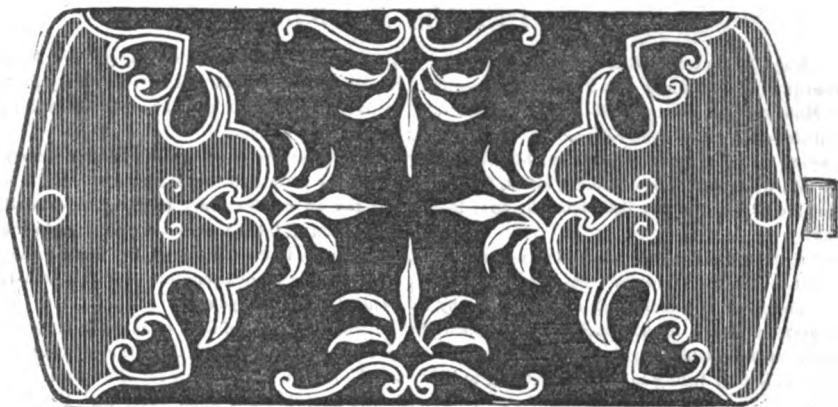
31st.—K. 3, k. 2 t., † m. 1, k. 5, m. 1, k. 3 t., † twice, m. 1, k. 5, m. 1, k. 2 t., k. 3; repeat from the 21st to the 32nd inclusive. Now slip on the fine needles all the stitches, except the 21 which form the thumb, which distribute on three of the coarser needles. Cast on six additional stitches, and knit six plain rounds, taking in one of the six in every round. Cast off. Remove the fine needles from the 61 stitches that are left for the hand, and again repeat from the twenty-first to the thirty-second rounds, inclusive; cast off.

Work an edging in scarlet Pyrenees wool for the trimming of the wrist, and a very narrow one in black Pyrenees for the top of the mitten.

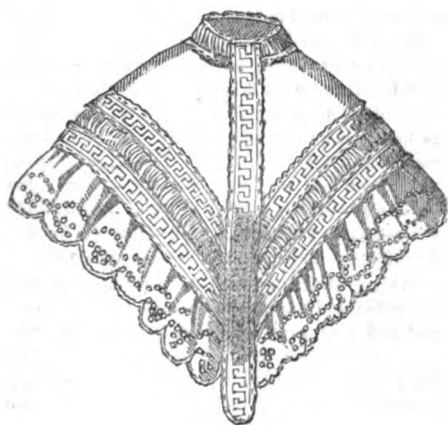
NEW STYLE OF SLEEVE.



VARIETIES FOR THE MONTH.



CIGAR-CASE IN APPLIQUE (REDUCED SIZE.)



CAPE.



SPRIG IN EMBROIDERY.



INITIALS FOR MARKING.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE FRENCH GIRL.—Oh! dear Monsieur Peterson, you did really publish my poor little letter, and it read *charmante*. Pardon me for saying so of my own production, but the dear black and white hen I see running about, from my window, is as proud of her little bantling as if there were fifty.

Ah! sir, I will move your heart to pity now. Our room—it is not the same now; no—we have moved again; our room is plainer and meaner than any I have ever yet seen. It has such common paper on the wall—merely a blank ground with a coarse vine that seems forever trying to catch something to hold itself up by.

I speak of it with horror—I cannot help it if it is wrong—I cannot help it—I have taken some shoes to bind! and they lie beside me now, a great pile of nasty smelling morocco. But how could I help it? In a corner, on a low bed, with a plain Marseilles spread over it, the only vestige of happy days now gone, lies my mother; no longer like a lily. Ah! no, my darling, blessed mamma! her eyes are so large, they frighten me every time I go near her, and there is a great blue and yellow vein under them and above them, so black! Her teeth, too, beautiful pearls, seem coming out through her lips—ah! it is dreadful. She gasps, and pinches the counterpane with her fingers that look like claws—I am crying, oh! so bitterly, Monsieur Peterson—I feel so lonely—so deserted! But I must hurry lest papa come in—he knows not I write, nor shall I let him. Papa alters so very quickly! The tears scald my cheeks as I look upon his fine figure grown so thin! and the clothes all threadbare, and he such a gentleman! Oh! to see him thus breaks my heart. I took the coat last night while he slept, and tried to rub the shining look out of the arms and the collar, and straighten the elbow. I might almost have done it with my tears. I know not what comes over me to make me weep so easily; the tears spring like a fountain, and before I know it my cheeks are all wet. Papa writes and writes. With my help he has translated, this week, I know not how many pages, it seems hundreds. For all this labor what will he get? Oh! such a pitiful little sum! scarcely more than you, generous Monsieur Peterson, gave me. Ah! that money! Could you have seen me when it came! I dared not open the letter. My heart beat like hammer-strokes. My forehead was cold and wet. My fingers trembled so I could hardly hold it. I crept in the corner behind the bed, in the very darkest corner, that the sun might not witness my disappointment—if such it was to be. Then judge of my delight when I saw a bank bill—a beautiful,

white, crisp note—ah! how many have I crushed carelessly in my hand and thrust into my portmonie without even counting them—but those times are gone, I fear, forever.

Since then the dear invalid, *pauvre mamma*, has had every little delicacy she could wish. I go and buy her an orange every morning, and another in the evening; I keep such very nice tea in the little closet—and, it may be fancy, but I think she grows better; gains more strength. Ah! my mother, what would I not do for you?

I was trying to think of some pretty little incident to write for you—and clearing the cobwebs from my mind—for it is a very garret of confusion and disorder, lately) when papa came in. He looked so strangely. His hat was pushed back from his pale forehead. There was something like a smile and something like a tear in his eye. And yet I saw a change; a change from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot—even his old threadbare coat seemed renewed. I could not help it—I cried out what is it?

He took from his pocket and held it up, a letter, and told me to spring for it. I caught it out of his dear hand, and what think you? it was a letter from Paris, dear, delightful Paris. Papa's hand trembled as he opened it—it was from Gen. Legalier, one of papa's once intimate friends. I never saw papa cry before, but now the tears chased each other down his cheeks—and he took from the inner paper folded, oh! so nicely, fifty dollars. Oh! Monsieur Peterson, do you not think our fortune is going to change? It seems our little chateau was not confiscated, through ignorance, and the general holds it in his own name, and will give papa all the money from the rents. Joy! joy! we will find a better home—we will put the pretty geranium in this ugly window where the sunlight shall fall more brightly—and I will have blue curtains like those in my favorite room at home. Suppose we should go back to dear, beautiful Paris? Oh, I am wild at the thought. If I do, such letters as I will write you! There I shall see my old *bonne*, who, I suppose, is nearly dead with grief by this time.

Dear Monsieur Peterson, I resume my pen again just to tell you that we are in a little cottage in the suburbs of your beautiful city; what do you think of that? It is as pure as a thought of heaven. Its walls are white—everything is so well finished, and I am half wild among the shrubbery. Peaches are growing in the garden, four trees, all full of fruit—you shall have some when they ripen, if I have to bring them myself. Mamma is positively sitting up on her bed, and the wind from the window fans her brow till she smiles. My geranium is blossoming beautifully; my little bird, (did I tell you that I had

to sell my sweet Fanny? but I bought her back again) sings in my chamber, and all is bright again. But I did not mean to make this simple letter so long—pardon.

LUCILLE.

EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Occasionally we have a contributor, who takes fire at a suggested alteration. More rarely we receive complaints at corrections we have made. It is a thankless business, either to recommend a correction, or, when the error is patent, to make it; and we never do either if we can avoid it. But there are so many cases, in which the experience of an editor exceeds that of a contributor, that the duty is frequently imperative. On this point, we will quote a sensible letter, which we have had lying in our drawer for months, from one of our ablest correspondents. "I am glad always of your criticisms," she writes, "and have found them useful. I have been surprised at finding how much editors have to do with the success of their contributors; but many clues they give to the art of composition, and to the tact which wins popularity. To those who are struggling for success, and watching eagerly for every help, the smallest suggestion is valuable. And, therefore, I think that editors must often have 'builded better than they knew.' They remove a few chips and straws, or give a little needful moisture, and when the bulb beneath has opened into a lily—who thinks of the gardener?"

On the other hand, we continually receive the crudest articles, with a request that we "will correct," as the writer is "young and inexperienced." Our time is so limited, that it is as much as we can do, generally, to read the manuscripts forwarded to us. Occasionally we find leisure to comply with the author's desires; but mostly we have to re-write the article complete: a task more onerous than to produce an original composition of the same length. Now, though we are glad to welcome new contributors, if they have superior merit, we do not want second-rate ones, especially those whose tales or poems require to be accompanied with "please correct all faults."

"THE PRESS."—This is the title of a new daily, published in Philadelphia, of which J. W. Forney, Esq., is proprietor and editor. It is conducted with great ability; is eminently high-toned; and though democratic in its affinities, is less a partizan paper, than a literary and commercial one. A first class journal of this description is an acquisition to our city. We heartily wish it success.

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.—Some one says that the darkest cloud which overshadows human life may often appear the brightest to the angels who watch over us from heaven.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.—Says the Rockland (Mass.) Gazette:—"A lady can scarcely invest two dollars to better advantage than to pay it for a year's subscription to Peterson."

PRIDE OF BIRTH.—If there is one thing more absurd, in a republican country, than another, it is what is popularly called "pride of birth." To be proud of virtuous ancestors is no vice; but not so to be proud of those who were merely rich or fashionable. Saxe has hit off this foible so well, in his capital verses, that we quote them for preservation.

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest thing is the pride of birth,
Among our "fierce democracies!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten peers—
A thing for laughter, flouts, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the other end
By some plebeian vocation!
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station:
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes,
But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation!

APPROPRIATENESS OF DRESS.—We do not know who is the author of the following; but it is full of truth; and for that reason we copy it. "As a rule, dress is beautiful according to its appropriateness; and it is precisely in this particular that the French have the advantage over us. A young French maiden dresses with far greater simplicity than our American girls. After marriage, the style of her dress alters; and, as age advances, the French woman so adroitly arranges her costume, that, without assuming youth, (at all times a most unsatisfactory process) she artfully contrives to conceal the ravages of time, and, in most cases presents a pleasing exterior. A dress, to be *comme il faut*, should not only be adapted to the age and style of the wearer, but should also be suited to the occasion for which it is required; and should, moreover, bear some proportion to her circumstances. Extravagance in dress, and a servile imitation of the costly follies of the class immediately above, or merely richer, is one of the growing evils of the day. Oh, that young ladies would believe that the greatest simplicity is not only compatible with the most exquisite refinement, but is generally the test of it!"

A HAPPY RETORT.—Leigh Hunt was asked by a lady at dessert if he would not venture on an orange? "Madame," he replied, "I should be happy to do so, but I am afraid I should tumble off."

OUR FASHION PLATE.—We call attention to the magnificent manner in which the fashion plate for this month is colored.

FOR GREEK PAINTING.—*Hiawatha Wooing* is a beautiful new engraving, recently published from Longfellow's late poem, size of plate 14 by 18. The Indian costume, and rich and varied scenery, with paper prepared for the purpose, make it the most desirable of all pictures used for this art. When painted by the direction furnished, it can be hardly distinguished from the finest oil painting. It will be sent, post-paid, on a roller, on receipt of price, \$1.50, with full directions for painting it. A liberal discount to teachers and dealers. Address J. E. Tilton, Publisher and Dealer in Artist Goods, Salem, Massachusetts.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Burton's Cyclopædia of Wit and Humor. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This work is being published in semi-monthly parts, of the largest royal octavo size, at twenty-five cents a number. There will be twenty-four numbers in all, of which three are already on our table. The editor is William E. Burton, the comedian, wit and author, the most competent person, perhaps, for the task, now living. His plan is to give specimens, but in the shape of complete articles, of written humor and eccentricities, from the most eminent humorists of America, England, Ireland and Scotland: and if he executes his design as cleverly as he has begun it, which we cannot doubt, the Cyclopædia will become one of the standard works of the language. Each number is to be embellished with a steel engraving, in addition to numerous wood-cuts. The typographical execution of the book is excellent. We notice, among the selections, some racy verses, which we quote, by one of our contributors.

THE QUILTING.

BY ANNA BACHE.

The day is set, the ladies met,
And at the frame are seated;
In order plac'd, they work in haste,
To get the quilt completed.
While fingers fly, their tongues they ply,
And animate their labors,
By counting beaux, discussing clothes,
Or talking of their neighbors.
"Dear, what a pretty frock you've on"—
"I'm very glad you like it."
"I'm told that Miss Micomicon
Don't speak to Mr. Micat."
"I saw Miss Bell the other day,
Young Green's new gig adorning!"—
"What keeps your sister Ann away?"
"She went to town this morning."
"Tis time to roll!"—"my needle's broke"—
"So Martin's stock is selling;"—
"Louisa's wedding gown's bespoke"—
"Lend me your scissors, Ellen."
"That match will never come about"—
"Now don't fly in a passion;"
"Hair-puffs, they say, are going out"—
"Yes, curls are all in fashion."

The quilt is done, the tea begun—
The beaux are all collecting;
The table's cleared, the music heard—
His partner each selecting.

The merry band in order stand,
The dance begins with vigor;
And rapid feet the measure beat,
And trip the mazy figure.

Unheeded fly the moments by,
Old Time himself seems dancing,
Till night's dull eye is op'd to spy
The steps of morn advancing.
Then closely stow'd, to each abode,
The carriages go tilting;
And many a dream has for its theme,
The pleasures of the Quilting.

The work is published by subscription, and will be mailed free to any address within three thousand miles, on receipt of the price. J. B. Ford, New York, is the General Agent. The agent for Philadelphia is Joseph Buck, Arcade.

Mormonism: Its Leaders and Designs. By John Hyde, Jr. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: W. P. Feltz & Co.—The author of this work is an Englishman, who became a Mormon; visited the Salt Lake; discovered the enormities practised there; repented of his temporary delusion; and to expiate his error as much as possible, wrote this revelation of the wickedness, impostures, and profligacy of the leaders at Utah. Mr. Hyde does not seem to wish to excite prejudice against the Mormon, nor to minister to a prurient love for scandal; but to warn the credulous and unwary. The volume is full of narratives, so frightful that we would have refused believing them, if they had come to us less positively authenticated. The cause of morals and religion both would be well served, if every man and woman, in the United States, could read this book.

The Northwest Coast; or, Three Years' Residence in Washington Territory. By James G. Swan. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—For a concise and reliable description of that portion of our Northwest coast, which lies between the Columbia river and the straits of Fuca, this work will long be without a rival. The author has been careful to speak generally from personal experience, and when this was impossible, to state whence he derived his information. We have found the volume both interesting and instructive. It is profusely embellished with illustrations.

Memoirs of the Lives of the Poets. By Mrs. Jameson. 1 vol., 24 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This charming work is here re-produced in the blue and gold miniature style which Ticknor & Fields have made so popular. We presume most of our fair readers are already familiar with the well-earned reputation of the book, even if they have never read it, so that they need no incentive to its purchase, now that so elegant an edition can be had so cheaply.

The Black Dwarf: And Legend of Montrose. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Two more volumes of this unrivalled edition of Scott's novels are on our table. We can only repeat what we have often said before, that this "Household Edition" ought to belong to every cultivated family.

Mrs. Hale's New Cook-Book. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, the literary editor of that capital paper, "The Press," says of this work:—"Considering how much we are the slaves of what go by the name of 'creature comforts,' society owes a good deal to Mr. Peterson for placing before them a new and good Cook-Book. The novelty is nothing, but the goodness is a great deal, consisting as it does of giving a great variety of culinary information, and adjusting the receipts so as to adapt them either for those who have a great deal or very little to spend. A cook-book on an economical basis, yet containing all that the *cuisiniere* ought to know, were she to provide for a family of large means and pretensions, is what the public wanted, and they have it here. The book has a table of contents, under the different chapters, and also a very full index at the end. It is handsomely printed, and substantially bound."

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. By S. Adams Lee. 2 vols., 18 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is the first time that the poetical works of Leigh Hunt have been entirely collected, and the task, fortunately for the public, has been performed by the poet himself. Mr. S. Adams Lee supplies an introduction, characterized by a discriminating, yet hearty criticism. Hunt may be regarded almost as an American, his parents having come from this New World. Some of the most beautiful poetry in the language may be found in these volumes, which are published in the famous "blue and gold."

Biographical and Historical Sketches. By T. B. Macaulay. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Most of these sketches have been taken from Macaulay's History of England. Their brilliancy, however, does not suffer, from being thus separated from the text; but on the contrary becomes the more apparent. The book is excellent reading. It is published, by a happy thought, as one of "Appleton's Railway Library."

Punch's Pocket-Book of Fun. By S. P. Avery. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is a selection of the best things to be found in the twenty-five published volumes of "Punch;" which is to say that it is about the wittiest volume in the language. It is printed neatly; bound as part of "Appleton's Railway Library;" and illustrated with seventy-five engravings after Leech and others.

White Lies. By Charles Reade. Part I. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This new novel, by the author of "It Is Never too Late to Mend," is to be completed in four parts. So far it has all the merits which characterize former works of the same author; and higher praise than this it is impossible to bestow.

A Child's History of Greece. By John Bonner. 2 vols., 18 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this work is already favorably known for excellent histories for children of the United States and Rome. The present one begins at B. C. 506. It is illustrated with numerous engravings of merit.

Corinne; or, Italy. By Madame de Stael. 1 vol., 8 vo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—A cheap, double-column, octavo edition of de Stael's immortal novel. Everybody, at some period in life, finds expression, in this work, for some of his or her deepest thoughts and emotions, so that "Corinne" will be a standard novel in all ages and countries.

Sam Slick: The Clockmaker. By Judge Hakiburton. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—This racy work has long been out of print, and as it is inimitable in its way, we are glad to see a new and handsome edition of it.

ART RECREATIONS.

GRECIAN PAINTING, AND ANTIQUE PAINTING ON GLASS.—Mr. J. E. Tilton, Salem, Massachusetts, will furnish all materials and directions. He deals extensively in the artist's material line, and will fill orders promptly. We annex his

CIRCULAR.

The subscriber will furnish for \$3.00 a package of twelve mezzotint engravings, (suitable for practice) and full printed instructions for Grecian painting, and a new style originating with himself, and equal to the finest copper painting, called Antique Painting on Glass, with a bottle of preparation, receipt for varnish, &c. The directions are so explicit as to enable any one to learn fully without a teacher. He also includes at above price, directions for Oriental Style and the beautiful art called Potichomanie.

For \$2.00 more, or \$5.00, he will send with the above all paints, brushes, oils, varnishes, &c. &c., needed for these arts, (Grecian and Antique) and other oil painting.

For directions only, in the above arts, Grecian, Antique Painting, Oriental, Potichomanie, sent free, by mail, one dollar, they are so full and plain, that any one with no previous knowledge of drawing can be sure to acquire.

He has also published a new picture for Grecian and Antique Painting, called "Les Orphelines." The paper, printing and engraving are thoroughly fitted for it, and the effect and finish, when painted, are fine, and superior to canvass painting. Price with rules for painting it, colors, how to mix, &c., one dollar, sent free, by mail. Address,

J. E. TILTON, Salem, Massachusetts.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Potatoes Custard.—Roast thirty fine potatoes in the ashes, peel and take away all the black particles, weigh three pounds of the inside, and pound them with one pound of fresh butter; when well beaten, add twelve yolks of eggs, one pound of pounded sugar, two ounces of candied orange-flowers pulverized, a good pinch of salt, some whipt cream, and the whites of twelve eggs whipt firm; pour the whole into a crust and put it into a moderate oven for two hours, or more if necessary; brown it and serve.

Batter for Frying, French Mode.—Melt two ounces of fresh butter in a pint of warm water, with a little salt, mix it carefully in a basin, with eight ounces of finest flour with a wooden spoon until it becomes a soft and smooth paste. It should form itself into a cord, and adhere to the spoon when lifted up from the basin; add, toward the finishing, all the butter which remains on the surface of the water, but not carelessly, so as to mix the flour into a firm paste, and be afterward obliged to moisten it with water, by which means the proper effect is not produced in the frying. At the moment of using it add a white and a half of egg whipt, then dip the articles to be fried in this batter, and throw them into the fat or oil when properly hot.

To Make Crumpets.—Make a strong batter of a pint of warm milk, a quarter of a pint of yeast broth strained, and a sufficient quantity of flour. Cover it, and set it in a warm place to rise, then add a quarter of a pint of warm milk, an ounce of butter, worked up in a little flour, but only flour enough to prevent the batter from being too thin. In a quarter of an hour have the iron rings ready, on a plate of iron over the stove. Pour the batter into these rings, and bake the crumpets.

To Detect the Admixture of Chicory with Coffee.—Shake the suspected coffee in water in a wineglass. If the coffee is pure, it will swim, and scarcely color the water. If adulterated, the chicory will sink, and give a deep red tint to the water. Or, throw the mixture into a glass of water, a deep tint will be produced almost immediately if chicory be present.

Lemon Flavoring for Puddings.—Peel six lemons very thin indeed; put the peel into a glass bottle, and add a tablespoonful of bitter almonds, blanched, or the same quantity of peach or apricot kernels. Cover the whole with brandy; shake it frequently, and in a month strain it, and if kept closely corked it will keep for years.

When Meat is Tainted, the taint may be removed by covering it a few hours with common charcoal, or by putting a few pieces of charcoal into the water in which the tainted meat is boiled.

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, &c.

HEALING OINTMENT FOR WOUNDS, &c.—Take a quarter oz. of white wax and a half oz. of spermaceti (which is a hard white material), and put them in a small basin, with two ounces of almond oil. Place the basin by the side of the fire, till the wax and spermaceti are dissolved. When cold, the ointment is ready for use. This is an article which it is much better to make than to purchase. When you make it yourself, you know that it has no irritating or inferior materials in it.

FOR A SWELLEN FACE ARISING FROM TOOTH-ACHE.—Get a poppyhead, and boil it in about a pint of water, and bathe the face with it as hot as you can bear it, twice a day. The swelling will go down in two or three days. This is also poison.

ANTIDOTE FOR STRYCHENINE.—Dr. Shaw, of Texas, states that he has found sweet oil, drank freely, a successful antidote to strychnine in two cases. The oil is to be poured down without any reference to the patient's vomiting. Prof. Rochester has reported two cases of poisoning by the same terrible drug, successfully treated by a free use of camphor internally and mustard poultice outside.

EGGS FOR BURNS.—The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothe the pain, and exclude the burned parts from the air. This simple remedy seems to us far preferable to collodion, or even cotton.

FOR BAD EYES.—Get a pennyworth of refined white copperas, and dissolve it in a pint of spring water, and put it in a bottle. Wash the eyes in warm water, and then bathe them with the above lotion. Do not let it go near the mouth, as it is poison.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Printing Colors on Glass.—A novel and ingenious process for printing colors on glass has been invented by Mr. Henry Page, of London. The surface of calico, paper, or other suitable material, is coated with size, gum, or starch, and, when dry, the design is printed on it with colors made up in varnish or oil. The size prevents the printed colors from entering the surface on which the design is printed, and when the whole is dry it may be kept rolled up until wanted to be fixed on the glass. The glass is then prepared by taking off its polished surface with emery, or other suitable material, and made quite rough. It is, in this state, ready to receive a coat of hard white varnish, japan, copal, or other appropriate body varnish, and when this is done, and before it dries, the surface of the printed design is turned down upon it, and pressed down evenly. When quite flat the back is wetted with water, which softens the size, and allows the fabric on which the design was printed to come away, leaving only the printed design on the glass. The whole is dried off together, and then washed well in water, to remove any size that may have passed in the transfer. The design or ornament now only requires hardening, and this is effected by placing the glass in a drying stove, oven, or other suitable apparatus, care being exercised that the heat is applied slowly, and not carried high. The heat is on no account to be carried beyond the degree the nature of the colors will allow without injury.

To Preserve Lettuce Stalks in Imitation of Ginger.—Gather the stalks, when going to seed, but before they become tough; cut them into pieces of two or three inches in length; put them into water, and boil till tender. Make a thin syrup, and let it cool before you put in the stalks. Boil the syrup only, every day, for a fortnight, then make a better syrup, to each 1½ lbs. of sugar, 2 ozs. of ginger, and boil till quite clear.

To prevent Paper, when pasted, from becoming cockled, or puckered, place several pieces of paper above and below it, and then place the whole under a weight. This cannot be conveniently done in pasting engravings in scrap books, or in any book in which the leaves are bound together. Try some very strong gum water, instead of paste. Damp the print as little as possible with the gum water, and press it down with a handkerchief rolled up tight in the hand.

The pure white of Feathers, when once soiled can never be restored. When feathers are much crushed and crumpled, holding them in the strong steam of boiling water revives them immediately. For yellow feathers a little lemon juice is very useful to brighten the color.

Eugenie Perfume.—Extract of musk, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint; extract vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint; extract Tonquin bean, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint; extract Neroli, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint; extract geranium, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint; extract rose triple, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint; extract of sandal wood, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint. The ladies will find this a very nice article.

THE TOILET.

WHITE TEETH, Perfumed Breath and beautiful Complexion can be acquired by using the Balm of a Thousand Flowers. What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when using the Balm of a Thousand Flowers as a dentifrice would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth as white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate that their friends will never mention it. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure each bottle is signed Pettridge & Co., N. Y. For sale by all druggists.

"WOODLAND CREAM."—A pomade for beautifying the hair. Highly perfumed, superior to any French article imported, and for half the price. For dressing ladies' hair it has no equal, giving it a bright, glossy appearance. It causes gentlemen's hair to curl in the most natural manner. It removes dandruff, always giving the hair the appearance of being fresh shampooed. Price only fifty cents. None genuine unless signed Pettridge & Co.

ENIGMAS.

I.

A carpenter my whole once made,
Which with a cushion was array'd,
With pretty flowers thereon displayed;
And now you would admire me.
Behold me and then I shall be,
The very instrument, you'll see,
With which the carpenter made me;
And workmen all require me.

II.

My second when oppressed with thirst,
With longing lips invokes my first:
My third may hold a numerous fry;
If thou would'st look on innocence

And peace, before they vanish hence,
Lo! slumbering in my whole they lie.

III.

My first doth cause the face of Nature
To change each color, form, and feature,
And many a nymph, 'tis said, there are
Like it, so pure, and chaste, and fair;
On beauty's cheek my second lies,
When pearly tears bedim the eyes
Of some loved maid, or in each ear
It may with equal grace appear;
My pretty little whole doth bring
With it sweet pleasing thoughts of Spring,
And may in numbers oft be found,
By those who range the country round.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—**MORNING WRAPPER OF BLUE CASHMERE**, bordered with an India pattern in gay colors. The corsage is made open in front, over a linen chemise. Petticoat of jaconet richly worked. Cap of Valenciennes lace.

FIG. II.—**BLACK SILK DRESS**, for home wear, with three skirts, each richly embroidered. Basque of grey cloth, trimmed with a pink silk, having horizontal stripes of black.

FIG. III.—**THE INCOMPARABLE**.—A mantle of black silk, trimmed with a deep fall of black lace and heavy fringe.

FIG. IV.—**THE ELEGANTE**.—A mantle of black silk figured in diamonds, and trimmed with three rows of ball fringe, the lower row being much deeper than the other two.

FIG. V.—**A BASQUE OF THIN MULL**, trimmed with flounces of embroidered mull. The berthe *a la Raphael* is formed by a narrow mull flounce, headed with a puffing, through which ribbon is to be run. A similar puffing extends round the skirt, the neck, and the sleeves. Bows of rich ribbon ornament the basque.

FIG. VI.—**A CAPE OF THIN MUSLIN**, made close in the neck, and trimmed with insertions, puffings and a fall of rich lace.

FIG. VII.—**MUSLIN FICHU**, open in front. This fichu is ornamented with an insertion, bordered by a gathered Valenciennes, and trimmed with two embroidered bands.

FIG. VIII.—**BLONDE CAP** terminated by a fringed ribbon; crown, blonde turned in the shape of a shell: checker work of narrow velvet on the front; inside loops of velvet with fringed ribbon; a large silk bow terminates the velvet checker work.

FIG. IX.—**TULLE CAP** ornamented with narrow black velvets forming points with a bow of ribbon in the middle; curtain in the form of an aureola, trimmed with twist fringe: on each side a tuft mixed with blonde and ribbon.

FIG. X.—**MUSLIN SLEEVE** with slashes, separated by wide embroidered insertions: the sleeve is terminated by a deep band of embroidered muslin.

FIG. XI.—MUSLIN SLEEVE ornamented with slashes forming puffs of muslin, running all along the seam: these puffs should gradually diminish toward the top of the arm.

FIG. XII.—NEW STYLE OF SLEEVE.—This sleeve is short and wide; it is eleven inches long down the front seam, and twenty-two inches behind; that is to say, the back is twice as long as the front. The sleeve is put in with plaits rather low down; the top is covered by a jockey slit up and sewed like the widths of the skirt on a band under it. The cuff is wide enough in the opening for the under-sleeves; it is three inches deep in front, and five inches behind; it is made like the jockey.

Bonnets still retain their old shape, as will be seen by our illustration. They are usually trimmed heavily on the brim, though some are only ornamented by a wreath of flowers. Fringes are in high favor as ornaments for bonnets. They are put on the edge of the front instead of the row of lace turned back, and then round the crown and curtain. A beautiful bonnet of Belgian straw is trimmed along the edge of the front with a kind of fringe made of cherry velvet, from which hangs down a row of small black jet olives. On the front, a garland of cherry velvet of the same kind, turns toward the curtain, which last is also bordered with cherry fringe. For ornaments, tufts of red fruit and foliage. Another bonnet, more simple but very beautiful, has the front formed of pale grey straw, and the crown of green silk covered with black lace. The crown is encircled by a series of loops of green ribbon and black lace, and the front is edged with a bias row of green silk. Bouquets of daisies are intermingled with the inside trimming. Some bonnets of white straw have been trimmed round the crown with wreaths of flowers. One is ornamented with a wreath of ivy, and another with a wreath of blue corn flowers. Wreaths and bouquets of verbena have been much employed for ornamenting bonnets of grey straw.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Flounces are still in vogue, but there are many dresses with double skirts, and not a few with ornaments called pyramids up each side of the front. These pyramids are woven in the skirt itself and of a different color; the patterns are various, some being striped, others checkered. On silk dresses with a double skirt, the pyramids are on the second skirt and consist of velvet in quadrilled

bands. At the bottom a deep fringe is added; nothing can be more elegant. The upper skirt should be excessively full, so as not to confine the other. Sometimes, to avoid this inconvenience, it is left open at the sides. If it is not wished to have the side-ornaments plain on the stuff, an opening is made and laced with narrow velvets through which the first skirt is seen. There are more dresses made without *basquines* than heretofore. The corsage is high, and somewhat rounded in front, and if the material of the dress is of plain silk, a wide sash with rounded ends and edged with a narrow black lace, is often worn. For evening dresses, there is almost always a point before and behind. This gives an elegant contour to the figure. Berthes are still worn, some reaching very low, even below the waist like a pelérine. For trimmings, fringes formed of round balls, or little tufts, pendant buttons, net-fringes are the principal ornaments. They are applied in profusion. For morning dresses of nankeen or quilting, white cotton braid and buttons are made. As a novelty, there are some under-sleeves and collars embroidered in color. They are either jaconet or muslin. Tulle under-sleeves for full dress are still made as voluminous as ever.

BLACK SILK BURNOUS are decidedly in favor. It is said that black velvet ones will be much worn this winter. The silk ones are not lined, they are trimmed with pinked ruffles and have a hood.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF BLUE AND WHITE PLAID SILK.—Coat of black silk, ornamented with buttons. Straw hat trimmed with black velvet ribbon and bunches of scarlet berries.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF BLUE POPLIN, WITH SCARLET AND GREEN STRIPES.—This dress is sufficiently short to show the edge of a richly embroidered under-skirt. On each side of the front of the skirt is a trimming of black velvet ribbon and buttons. A loose sacque of blue silk is trimmed to correspond with the dress. Bonnet of white silk, with a full blonde inside trimming and velvet bow.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY.—This is a sacque of black velvet, trimmed with silk braid and buttons. Very full trousers of cambric, with deep vandyke ruffles. Hat of white beaver with plumes.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

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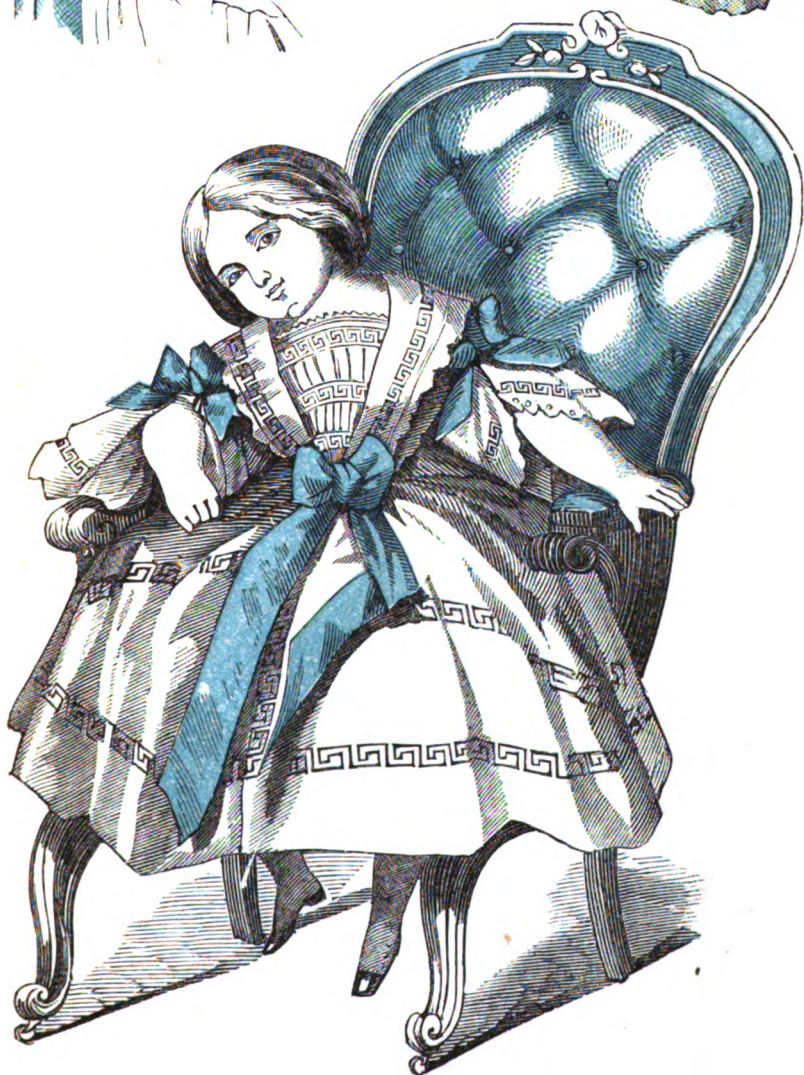
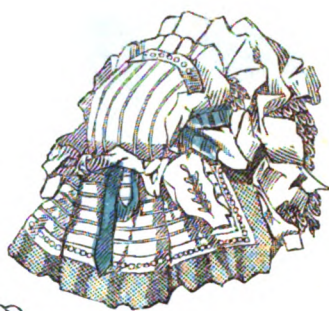
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LES MODES PARISIENNES.





CAP.



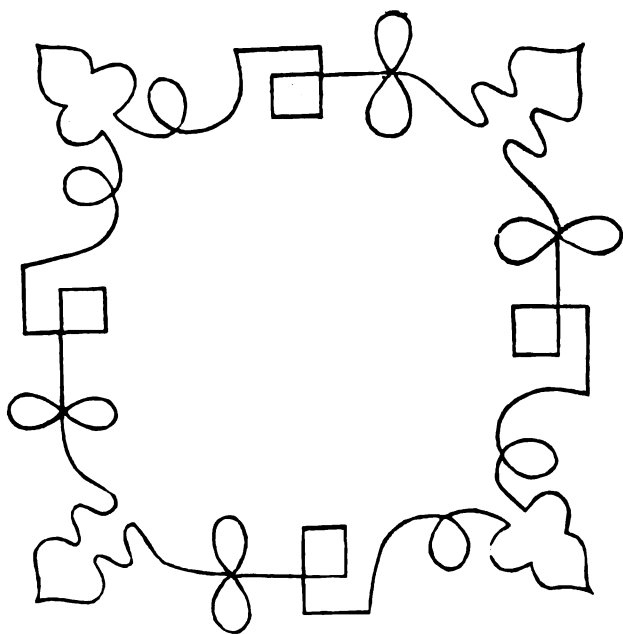
COLLAR AND SLEEVE.



BONNET.



THE ST. CLOUD.



BRAIDING FOR CHILD'S CAP.



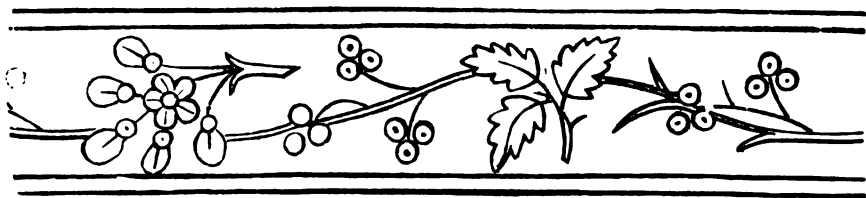
THE LABRADOR.



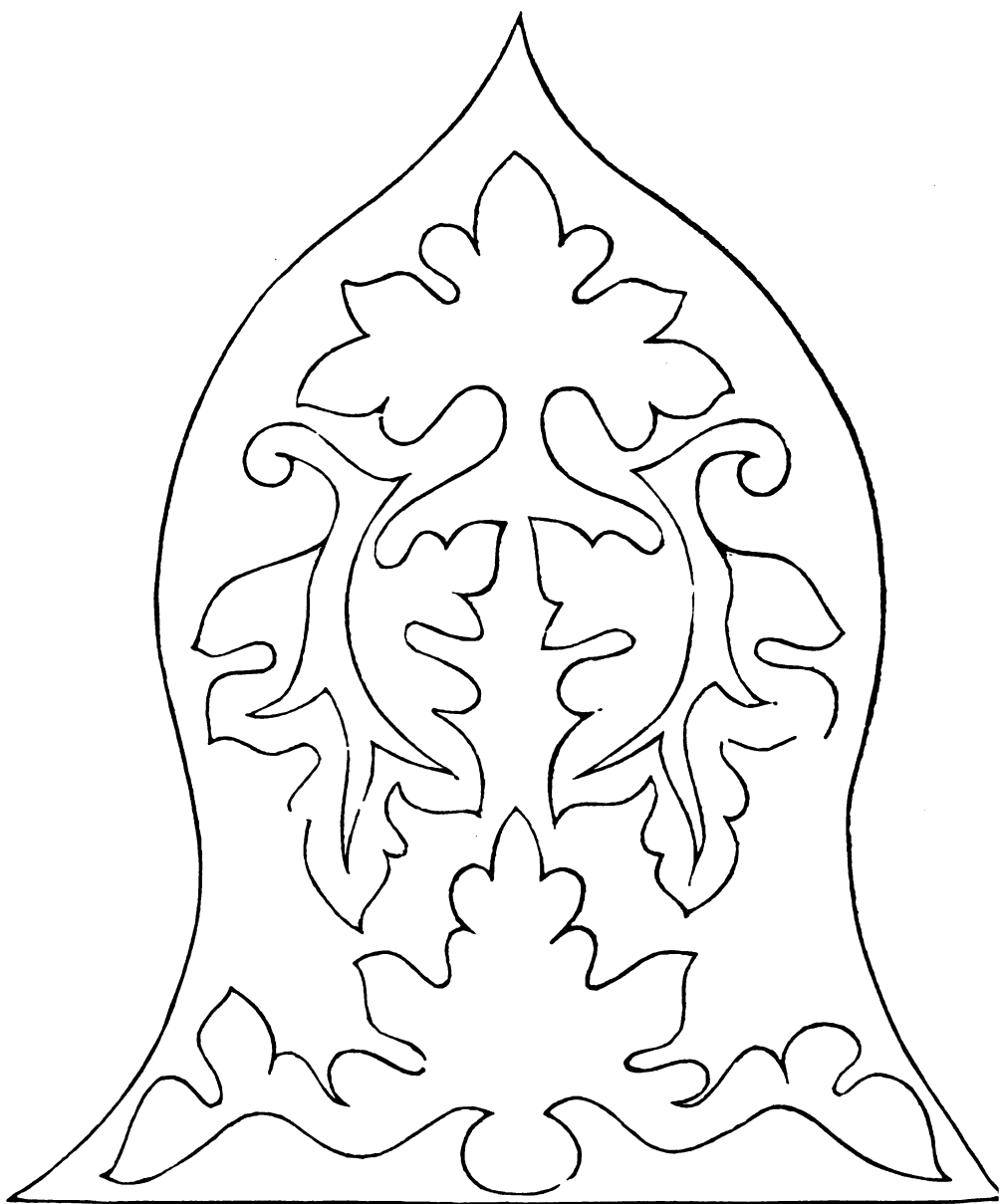
WREATH FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



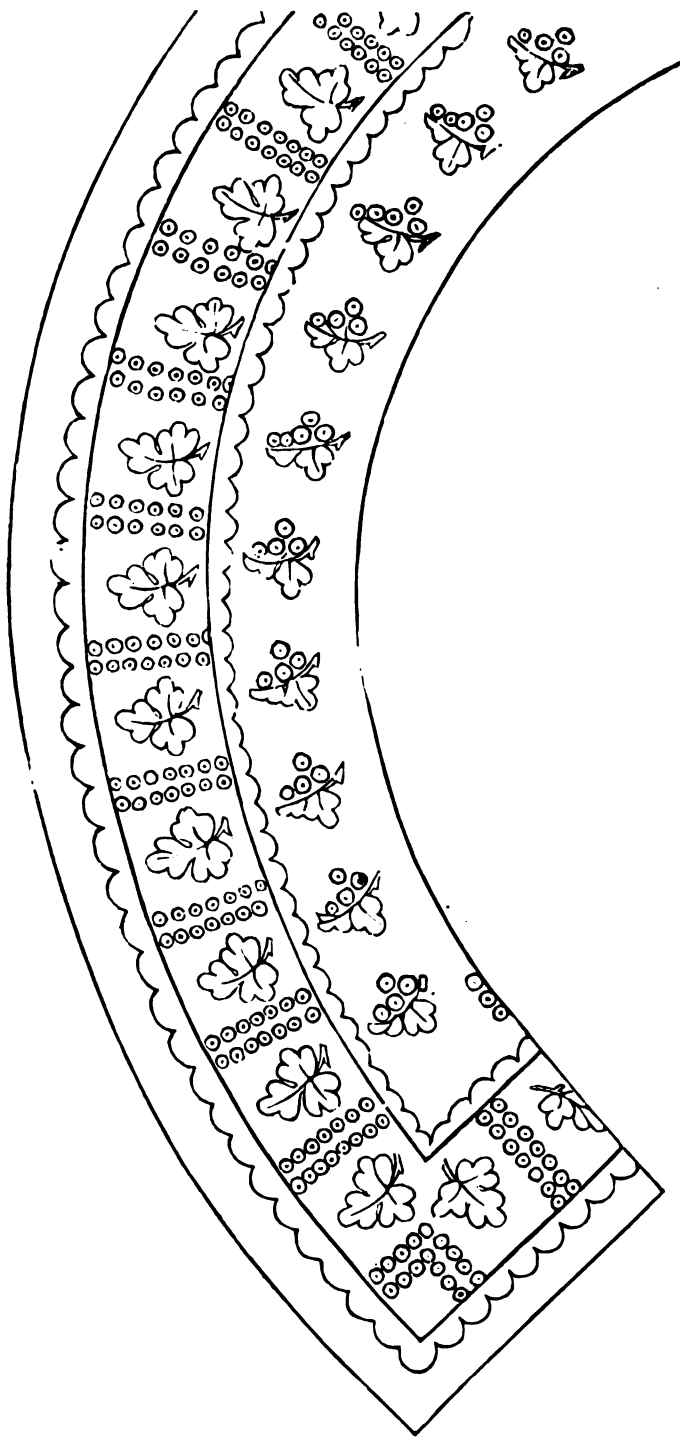
OPERA CLOAK.



INSERTION.



BRAIDING PATTERN FOR SMOKING CAP.



NEW STYLE COLLAR.



INITIALS.

WHEN FRIEND MEETS FRIEND.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

ALLEGRETTO
QUASI
ANDANTE.

When friend meets friend long loved and

mf

p

Detailed description: This is the first system of a musical score. It consists of two staves, treble and bass. The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRETTO QUASI ANDANTE'. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music is written in a 4/4 time signature. The first staff has a melodic line with a dynamic marking of *mf*. The second staff has a harmonic accompaniment with a dynamic marking of *p*. The system ends with a repeat sign.

proved, How swift - ly steal the hours a - way. The heart for - gets each wea - ry care, And warm - ly beats with bound - ing

Detailed description: This is the second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The tempo remains 'ALLEGRETTO QUASI ANDANTE'. The key signature remains one sharp. The system ends with a repeat sign.

play. Joys, spark - ling eyes, and beaming smiles, and voi - ces glad their witch-e-ry hand, To crown that sweet, that happy

hour, The happy hour when friend meets friend.

The blackbird loves the close of day,
 The skylark loves the morning dawn,
 The nightingale the hour loves best
 When other birds to sleep are gone;
 The schoolboy loves the hour of play,
 The slave the hour his labors end,
 But oh! give me that happy hour,
 The happy hour when friend meets friend.



NAME FOR MARKING.



NEW STYLES OF FALL CLOAKS.

ic
dei.



THE HARVEST HOME.

But the solemnity of the scene produced no corresponding feelings in the artist. He glanced around, indeed, under the impulse of his
his body lies—where is his soul?
It was the young actor who spoke. He looked upward to the disfigured ceiling, and then shudderingly at his friend.

THE SHARPEST POINT.

Figures prepared for the Atlantic Magazine

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 5.

THE ARTIST AND THE ALTAR.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"WHAT shall we do?"

Such was the exclamation of a man who stood on the stage of a theatre, looking at the scenic representation, half finished.

Suddenly he resumed,

"It must be as much like an altar as possible—I have it! the old church where that picturesque white-headed fellow held forth yesterday."

"Shame!" exclaimed a young man—"the venerable minister spoke words that probed me to the heart, and though I am an actor—I can respect age and goodness."

"Oh! well—I rank them all long tongued hypocrites," replied the artist, sneeringly, poisoning his brush—"at any rate, be he saint or sinner, his pulpit is the very thing; I'll go up and sketch it."

A few minutes brought him to the venerable edifice, for it was not very distant from the theatre.

The old church stood back on the road, covered with ivy and surrounded with trees. It was a week day, but the hammer resounded there—workmen were in the belfry, mending the old stone tower.

But the stillness was broken below. Opening the venerable doors, the young man stood on the threshold.

He did not lift his hat, but gazed about with a careless look of admiration.

The stillness was most impressive; the sun came in, subdued by the deep-set windows with their stained dyes into a melancholy but sweet lustre, both deepened and dimmed by the thick circular plates of glass set round the wall at regular distances: and the whole interior was filled with a dark, clear glow.

But the solemnity of the scene produced no corresponding feelings in the artist. He glanced around, indeed, under the impulse of his

naturally fine taste; but he felt no veneration; in fact, he began to whistle, as he walked up the aisle. To him that venerable edifice, thick with holy associations, was only a thing for polite mockery.

"Yes, a fine old altar," he soliloquized, looking at it professionally, "it will be just the thing—just the thing!"

Throwing off his hat, as he spoke, he took his pencil and paper out and moved forward to begin the work.

The light made a beautiful halo about his head—it was a noble head—a glorious though slightly sensual face; and as he stood there, his countenance beaming with the exaltation of genius, he seemed a man inspired.

The work grew rapidly beneath his hands. Already, in imagination, he saw it painted; heard the applauding shouts of the audience as the curtain drew up; received the compliments of the beautiful chief actress for the perfect character of the illusion. He dashed in the shadows here, and brought the light out there, with increased spirit. Never had he sketched, in his own opinion, so felicitously, or with such rapid ease.

"There—a deuced good copy," he said, when he had finished, "now if that old white-haired saint would consent to be painted by a sinner, why——"

He never spoke again. An awful crash responded to his words—a stone, loosened from the tower, a mighty stone, came crushing through the roof—it fell upon his unprotected head and buried him beneath it.

It was a terrible spectacle.

"He made sport of sacred things—and here his body lies—where is his soul?"

It was the young actor who spoke. He looked upward to the disfigured ceiling, and then shudderingly at his friend.

The crowd about him were awed; the white-headed man of God led him away sobbing into his study.

The actor never returned to the stage. The old man is dead, and the actor now preaches God's word in the ancient pulpit.

LADY! TAKE BACK.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

LADY, take back those awful words,
Thy claim to human nature prove;
Say not that thou wilt never ope
Thy bosom to the plea of love.
Say not that thou wilt live divorced
From all the passions of the heart—
A cold and icy monument,
Standing in loneliness apart.

Pass not so haughtily along,
Treading the bleeding heart to earth,
Crushing the proffered boon as though
It were a worm of meanest birth.
Love crieth out to thee, proud maid,
Begging a shelter in thy breast;
Oh, turn him not in wrath away,
But welcome him and be ye blest.

Nature is eloquent with thee,
Saying 'tis meet that all should love,
For love is sovereign here below,
And God's sweet arbiter above.
Art still unmoved? Well, be it so!
Love yet will be revenged on thee;
Thou spurnest him in anger now,
And laughest to behold him flee.

But mark the words I speak to thee—
It is no idle tale I tell,
But one which thou had'st better heed
And ponder over long and well;
The day shall surely come when thou
In agony of soul shalt cry
For love, for human love;—but fate
Thy wild entreaty shall deny.

For sympathy thy heart shall pray,
In heavy chains of anguish bound,
But sympathy for thee nowhere
In living bosoms shall be found.
That haughty head shall yet be bent,
That stony heart one day shall melt,
And thou shalt feel humility
As deep as mortal ever felt.

But ere that time shall come to thee
The scorn that darts from thy dark eyes
Will make thee friendless; none will stay
To soothe thy spirit's agonies.
In that dark hour when Love is deaf,
And sympathy withholds her light,
Remember 'twas thyself that caused
Thy icy heart's unnatural blight.

DEAF AND DUMB.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

THEY said, that in thy mind's fair cell,
There reigns for aye a silence drear;
That Pleasure's shout, and Sorrow's knell,
Alike fall soundless on thine ear.
They said, that in its silent home,
Thy mind with minds, held converse high,
Heard voices in the Sage's tome,
The Poet's written minstrelsy.
They said too, that thy Spirit spoke
In answering phrase of earnest song;
That tides of thought from silence broke,
And flowed in tuneful waves along.
I gazed upon thy blooming face,
I gazed upon thy youthful form,
That form, instinct with artless grace,
That face, with Beauty's rose-tint warm.
And when I met thy glances bright,
And when thy smile replied to mine,

I felt that thine was power, to light
Quick fires within Affection's shrine.
I said, "So young, so sweet, so fair,
So blooming in luxuriant health,
So circled by fond kindred care,
So richly dowered with mental wealth;
Well may she spare the hearing ear,
And well the joy of speech forego,
With gifts so varied, bright, and dear,
To cheer her pilgrim-time below."
And then they said, "Yet more, her heart
Has felt Religion's blest control;
And she has chosen 'the better part,'
For God has spoken in her soul."
Oh! is it thus? Rejoice! rejoice!
Fast fly our mortal years along—
In Heaven thou'lt hear thy Saviour's voice,
And answer with an angel's tongue.

BEAUTY AND BEES.

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

"TAKE my word for it, Mary, coquetry's a losing game."

This speech was responded to by a round of laughter and a buzz of comments, from the group of idlers at Nahant, amidst whom Helen Carleton stood like Calypso amid her nymphs.

"Miss Carleton abjuring coquetry! Nell Carleton giving advice!"

"No, but my friends, I'm in earnest. I am not young, you see, and fresh, gentle, tractable, like this blushing cousin of mine. I am spoiled, I suppose, and can only slide henceforth 'where the world has set the grooving;' so heed what I say, little Mary, but never what I do."

Spoiled, with her ripe and perfect beauty, her ready wit, and the generalship which made Helen everywhere a reigning belle!

"I came near losing my life once through coquetry; and have never flirted since—except now and then, involuntarily, from habit."

"Losing your life! Not by a broken heart?"

"You may smile at the thought of my heart receiving wounds; but I assure you it has vulnerable spots; and this time, if the sword had not glanced, I should hardly stand here, Helen Carleton."

The lady's friends, rivals, stood in breathless expectation. What fancy or what deep design had induced Helen to open her proud heart thus before them all?

"Perhaps when I was younger, in my teens, I was unlike my sex, fond of admiration; and unlike any other sex, fickle. Unlike the rest of daughters, too, I was not willing to take my parents' word for the unsatisfactoriness of pleasure; so I laughed, and they frowned, I was proud of conquests for which they blushed. My mother wept, but I had seen her weep for a new dress; my father stormed, I had seen him storm at his horse, his dog; I was happy in my course, they could not say as much for theirs, were jealous I believe, and checked me."

"Checked you?"

"Yes, they declared that if I did not marry one of the four swains, who had somehow got the delusion in their heads that I meant to marry them—I should take the next to whom I engaged myself, were he grey or green. I smiled and acquiesced: how quietly we look at future troubles in our youth! They went one by one, the

four; I dismissed them with innocent surprise and regret, hoped we should still be friends, and left them grateful; as one should always leave rejected swains.

"Well, the fifth came, and he was neither grey nor green; but red as chanticler. I had not bargained for the color, yet he was so charmingly fresh and awkward, and looked such a contrast to us, was such a ridiculous son-in-law for any one, that I couldn't resist the drollery of the game; and smiled my best smiles for Jabez Jenks. Dear mother looked on as I meant that she should, in dismay; and my sire in stern disapproval. I defended Jabez and all his defects; his red hair was not half so common as black, and I was glad it did not even curl; his blushes were proof of ingenuousness; his bony wrists of strength; his impertinent ease in our presence—of acquaintance with the world.

"So far it was very well, but the creature actually won on my friends with gifts, and an exaggerated account of his worldly prospects; and then had the audacity to press his suit with me. He was told in my presence how I had defended, and praised, and vowed to be true to him; so in my mother's presence—the dull fellow—he coolly invited me, *me* to assume the title and honors of Mrs. Jabez Jenks!

"I was young enough then to blush—at least with indignation; and I did blush, whereupon Jabez took my hand in his, and endeavored to re-assure me with tender promises; and led me toward the piazza, that he might unfold his intentions at greater length. I crowded back my tears, and said, playfully, 'But suppose I do not chose to marry you now?' My mother started; Jabez only looked perplexed. 'Why, has not Mrs. Carleton just spared you the delicate task of confessing your love? Ah, Miss Nelly, I know you by heart: I said from the first—I told Ned Saunders, who used to visit here so much, that I could chain the little will o'-wisp; but it was only my intention to punish, I didn't mean to fall in love and marry you.'

"I knew very well what his boast had been, and his intentions too; but made no comment, except that if any kind of wisp, I was a *nell-o'-wisp*; and if he could chain that, he might have the opportunity now.

"He 'didn't quite understand'—he never did,

for that matter—I explained. Horses had come to the door for a ride; we would mount them, and if he reached the goal first, I'd be Mrs. Jabez Jenks. You need not call me wild, I was a good rider and my horse like a bird; his horse was clumsy as himself. Off we sped, I looked back and saw that maternal eyes were peering from the window—I loitered, walked through the brook, waited to pick wild honeysuckle, to re-adjust my veil; and Jabez, unwilling to seem too eager, walked his heavy horse a few rods in advance. I tried my strength—my stud outstripped his as a swallow might outstrip a frog; I turned back, prattled about the weather, the trees, the sky, anything but his love and his hopes. We came to the last mile, Jabez evidently thought that I had no wish to win, he had such a ridiculous air of the easy victor! It was too much, 'Follow exactly in my path, unless you can gain the lead,' I exclaimed, touched my reins and passed Jabez in an instant; but Jabez was close behind. I leaped a fence—a feat I knew my cavalier had never tried—he leaped it also, bringing down half the rails behind him, but escaping safe; I plunged into a wood, the boughs crackled straightway under his horse's hoofs, nearer, nearer—oh! my unfortunate promise! I heard, as I flew, the heavy, incessant tramp behind, now muffled in moss, now splashing in the river, now rattling among loose stems in the woods, but always nearer, nearer, till I could feel the creature's breath—the two creatures' breaths—I looked back, Jabez had lost his hat; his red hair—he wore it long because I admired its beauty and luxuriance—his red, long hair was bristling in the wind 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine;' his feet had lost the stirrups, and were clasped convulsively about the foaming steed—Mrs. Jabez Jenks, forsooth!

"I saw no hope, my lover looked determined as a fiend, my future dark as realms which fiends inhabit. Wasn't that tragedy? Wasn't there a chance for a lost life and a broken heart? I see in your faces that you would have broken

the promise rather; but it is one of my numerous inconsistencies that while acting all kinds of—well, romance—I will not forfeit my word. You have heard how persons who are on the verge of drowning, feel all their past life whirling past them in a clear, quick tide of memories; just such a tide of presentiments, or forebodings whirled through my brain as Jabez panted on—the engagement, the congratulations, the bridal, the house, and everywhere that ruddy fiend for central figure! I saw perfumed billets directed to Mrs. Jabez Jenks, saw his six half-sisters—all ruddy, determined, self-complacent like himself—coming to make me a visit: I took them to parties, introduced them to my friends! I saw myself in the street, at church, at this very Nahant hotel leaning upon his arm, responding to his comments, enduring, perhaps, his reproaches; and noticed as—Mrs. Jabez Jenks! I cannot recall the minute and sickening details through which imagination carried me—and where could I turn for relief?

"Now blessed be all bees that ever hived, I found relief at last! We were passing a farmhouse, and among other rural prettinesses, there was a staging with bee-hives, and bees all abuzz. Jabez detested bees—once a bee, with bad taste, had stung his lip—he was fairly afraid of them, I had seen him drop a flower when it held a bee, seen him turn two shades redder when bees only flitted past: now then, for my last hope! Jabez followed innocently enough at first, as I entered the narrow foot-path through the grass, I was desperate—sooner be stung to annihilation than become Mrs. Jabez—my good horse helped me, with a switch of his tail called forth the insects in a cloud, and the clatter of hoofs behind me stopped. I never looked to see wherefore—ten thousand cares and woes had flown away with those unconscious wings. I reached the quiet old well which we had chosen as our goal, and didn't I drink confusion to Jabez Jenks; and didn't I offer my horse his draught with as loving and grateful hand as ever gave wine-cup to minstrel in feudal halls of old!"

HEAVEN A HOME.

BY CLARA H. HOSFORD.

I LOVE to think of Heaven!
Where death can never come,
Nor sin, nor pain, nor sorrow—
Of Heaven, for 'tis home!

Worn out with pain and sorrow,
Life's rugged path I roam;
But still my heart is turning
To Heaven as my home!

A HALLOW E'EN FROLIC.

BY A. L. OTIS.

"I AM tired of conventionalities! I will have one day of genuine fun," I said. "I am going to see my cousin Hepsy, at Chesnut Corner, and have a flirtation with her rustic beaux in real rustic style. I shall wear my flaming red-and-black plaid dress, with black velvet bows in my hair, and I shall not be a bit too fine for any kind of romping."

"Well, well, go, Ada," said my aunt. "You have been surfeited with apathetic parties among the fashionables. Yes! go, and have your genuine fun among those who have a little of animal spirits left in them. But don't flirt."

"Why, aunt, I am coming back to-morrow, and I can't do any damage in one day! Leave me free."

"Well, my dear, this is Hallow Eve, a great time for flirting in the country, and made much of in your uncle's house. Have your play out, and come back refreshed."

So I dropped down upon my country cousins one bright October day. They were a jovial set, and quite ready to respond to my wish for "genuine fun."

Before afternoon a nutting party was got up, and a vigorous time we had of it! But it is with the evening that I have to do now.

The youths of the nutting party all went home to supper, having doubtless horses and cattle to feed, or sheep to fold. But they promised to return in an hour or so, and we were to have the usual festivities of the night—roasting chesnuts, eating apples, and trying our future fate by the candle conjuration, together with the one intellectual variety of story-telling.

The roaring wood fire danced up the chimney from the span-clean kitchen hearth, and about seven o'clock we were all assembled around it, seated upon those narrow, straight-backed, rush-bottomed chairs, one finds only in unsophisticated country families. In the corner, to the right, sat dear old uncle, and in the opposite one his merry wife. Next to him I came, being the honored guest on this occasion. Then Hiram Hasher—"my beau," the girls called him, from his being so attentive to me all the afternoon that I could hardly gather a nut without his interference. Once especially he had "paid me particular attention," by taking me under his

arm, and springing across quite a wide brook with me, a feat of his which gave me a vivid idea of a rabbit carried off by a bird of prey, and left me astonished out of all sense of proper gratitude. I must confess that my Hiram was the boor of the party, and with all his six feet of healthy muscle, topped by a handsome face, had but very, very little of the gentleman in him—enough, perhaps, to nestle about his heart and keep it good, but not enough to reach his head and make him courteous and gentle.

Next to Hiram came Sally Nixon, then her beau, and so on alternately, until the half circle ended in my aunt. Firelight never danced on blither features.

"First let's pop some corn," was the cry, and it was done.

"There's suthin' else I'd like to pop," whispered Hiram.

"What?" said I, innocently.

"The question—if you'd say 'yes' to it." I noticed that this joke was whispered into several other ears, and I began to suspect that the corn was called for principally to introduce it. Country folk do get so attached to an old joke! They scorn a new one, as they do a new theory in agriculture.

When each girl had a lap full, and each youth a pocket full of corn to munch, we proceeded to the chesnut roasting. A shovel with a long handle was brought. It was one my uncle had had made for the purpose, for he stoutly upheld the old time games, and he now placed it over the fire with a zealous earnestness that was very laughable to me. Upon it were placed two chesnuts, and my uncle called upon me to name them. So I said,

"Let the little one be Lizzie Brown, and the large one Nathan Wilding." These two were the most evident lovers of the party. The shovel grew hot. We watched in breathless interest. The little chesnut, named Lizzie, began to sing and glide about. It fairly danced at length around, and around the motionless large one, while we shouted with laughter to see the demure Lizzie's representative paying such frolicsome court to Nathan's. He, poor fellow, blushed and seemed quite ashamed of his proxy. Presently, however, the steam from the large chesnut

went off like a gun, and the little one seemed so alarmed that it sprang into the fire.

"There you have got the mitten, Nate!" cried the young men, delighted.

"No!" said Nathan, in a disappointed, depreciating tone. Just then Nathan's nut began to dance more vigorously, and at last edged itself off into the fire also.

"There, I thought I'd do that," said Nate, highly gratified, and looking around proudly. "I thought I'd go after her, and not be such a sneak as to give it up so!"

Two more were called for, and named "Hiram Hasher and the city girl."

"Yes, yes," said my aunt, laughing till the tears ran out of her eyes, "Ada and Hiram. The long, white topped one Hiram, and the little dark brown one Ada."

I confess that I felt quite tremulous, and anxious that my chesnut should behave itself, while Hiram leaned forward, mouth and eyes open, gazing with ludicrous faith at the shovel.

While he was thus intent—I (I mean my chesnut) began to whirl and whirl rapidly on its own axis, while his waltzed about it. But mine at last popped straight out, and struck the gazer a smart blow on the nose, at which he drew up with a sudden jerk, that set us roaring till the rafters rang again.

I was so innocent as to be delighted at the spirited conduct of my little deputy. But my exultation was short-lived, for to my horror, Mr. Hiram turned to me, blushing to the ears, and before I had time to dodge, had given me a hearty kiss upon the cheek. I am naturally quick-tempered, and entering thoroughly into rustic feelings, I started up with the intention, I do believe, of bestowing a box on the ear, in return for the kiss, but he caught my hand, and stammered,

"It—it—it—it's the custom! I didn't mean to offend."

So I laughed with the rest, and two more chesnuts were put upon the shovel. An hour passed in this amusement, and then came the time for stories.

My uncle told one about the war of 1812, my aunt one of witches, and I one about Saratoga, it being called for by Hepsy, who knew it of old. And then we sang songs. "The Mistletoe Bough," and "The Rose of Allandale," "Widow Machree," and others in the comic line. Then we wound up with "Uncle Ned" and "Old Folks at Home," in four parts, which set my uncle to wiping his specs.

At ten the party broke up, but then came the business of the evening for some of us.

Hepsy, Lizzie and I, who all belonged to the family for the time, retired to the dark, dreary parlor. We were each to stand before the mantle-piece, with a sheet wrapped around us, and a candle in our hand, into which pins had been stuck to mark the hours. It was now ten. As the pins marking twelve dropped out, our future husbands were to walk in, provided we had neither laughed nor spoken one word.

I did it for frolic, but the other two girls believed implicitly. Standing and looking at their earnest faces, I could not help laughing. It was impossible to help it. My candle shook in my hand, and at last I gave way. So I was disqualified, but as I knew my friends were trembling with fright, I did not leave them, and continued to hold my light. I, having no hopes from the experiment, found it most intolerably dull work, standing there in the cold; but they seemed buoyed up by excitement. We all three watched our candles eagerly, and I could not help wishing some charitable draught would put them out, and end the spell. I knew nothing would come of waiting, but not to have the laugh against me for a coward, I stayed—fortunately.

Two mortal hours dragged themselves by. Then my pin dropped, but the hall clock had not yet struck twelve. Hepsy's pin fell. Then the clock began. It was the critical time, and I think three paler faces never listened to twelve tedious strokes. At the last clang, Lizzie's pin fell, and the door swung open. Standing there opposite to us, in the dark passage, were three tall figures, like ourselves in white, each holding the sheet over its face with one hand.

With ghastly cheeks, and dilating eyes, we looked, and looked in marble stillness. The three spectres were also motionless, except their eyes, which reflected our lights and moved occasionally. After some moments of hesitation, still maintaining silence, I beckoned to the girls to approach with me. But they shrank back, and it took violent persuasive pantomime to induce them to accompany me. At last they came. In advancing I looked sharply, for I wanted to manage not to take the wrong spectre, and disappoint either of the lovers. I recognized Nathan, and Hepsy's friend: the third I absolutely could not guess. It certainly was not Hiram. I was now trembling as much as any of the others, and fell back a little. I did not wish to rush upon my fate in the shape before me. The girls came to a full stop too. Still the figures were like statues, and we three stood directly before them with our candles.

I took courage, and signified by motions that

we must pull the white cloths from the hidden faces simultaneously. We advanced, and each took up a corner of the sheets. Now I began to perceive a smothered sound, and a certain shaking of the garments, which convinced me these ghosts laughed carnal laughs: so giving the signal bravely, we pulled, or attempted to. The sheets fell, coats and boots appeared, we caught one glimpse of three faces, quick with merriment, before our candles were dashed from our hands, and we were left for an instant in darkness, amid shouts of laughter from my uncle and aunt in the back-ground. I don't know what the others did, but my ghost held my hand meanwhile, and seemed to take great satisfaction in the feel of flesh and blood, if I may guess by the way it pressed it. And after the peep I had had of its face, I did not object.

My aunt came forward with candles, and the spectres fled before her, slamming the front door after them, as if they had been carried off in a whirlwind.

But who, you ask, was my spiritual visitor? It was of much import to me, dear reader, but it is little to you. To this day I have not found out how he got there, but I *guess* that cousin John took the trouble to go up to the city for him, on purpose to have the joke complete. What will not those energetic country lads do for a frolic!

They all tried to make me believe it was a real apparition—a fetch, and no reality, but I knew better, for there was a tangible ring on the ghost's finger, which has ever since that night been on mine!

Nor have I ever since played HALLOW E'EN.

AN EVENING REVERY.

BY CLARENCE MELVIN.

GLIDING round me soft and sweet,
Angels' pinions lightly meet;
While the evening shadows glide
Slowly from the mountain side;
And the Summer air that breathes
Softly through the crimson leaves,
Strays amid my flowing hair—
Whispers in a voice of prayer,
"Earth is dark, but Heaven is fair!"

Fading from the Western sky,
Where the sunset islands lie,
Day's last glances, turned afar,
Brighten to the evening star;
And the pillars rising slow,

Shutting out the daylight glow,
Lengthen with the dreams of night,
Towering to the giddy height
Where the upper Heavens unite.

Dark with cypress, waving lone,
Where the twilight shades are thrown,
Memory holds her spell of power,
Lighted by the present hour;
Dreams that came with morning's ray,
Dying with expiring day,
Woke too soon, by promise led,
With the fields of hope outspread,
Passed to mingle with the dead!

COME TO ME IN MY DREAMS, LOVE!

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

Oh, come to me in dreams, love,
A spirit enshrined in light—
The star of my worship that gleams, love,
A gem on the brow of the night!
And speak to me soft and low, love,
Lest maybe there's some one near!
Musical murmurs, you know, love,
Fall sweetest and best on the ear.

Oh, come to me in my dreams, love,
When Fancy is pluming her wing,
And changing and grotesque the scenes, love,
That Wisdom or Folly may bring!

Let your eyes beam as of yore, love,
And your lips seek mine in a kiss,
For I can't say there's in store, love,
While waking, such pleasure as this!

Oh, come to me in my dreams, love,
And catch what my lips may reveal;
For strange and queer as it seems, love,
I say in my sleep what I feel!
No faith they say can be put, love,
In vows that are breath'd while asleep—
But eyes of mine, open or shut, love,
For you their lone vigils but keep!

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

HORACE FLINTWOOD sat alone in his scantily furnished apartment. Outside the meagre windows the rough storm beat clamorously for admittance, and the wind, whistling and moaning down the great black-throated chimney, made bright, waving phantoms of the red flames which leaped over the few bits of wood upon the hand-irons.

There was but a little fire—yet that little lighted up the handsome face of young Flintwood with a pale, ghostly gleam. And in that face, by the light, you could read the fearful tale of utter poverty, and near starvation! There was hunger in the wild expression of the hollow eyes, and upon the broad, white forehead, where the transparent skin failed to conceal the delicate vein-tracery wrought there.

Two years before, Horace Flintwood had left his pleasant home in a country section of Massachusetts, and his aged parents, to seek his fortune in the great city of the West, C—; where we find him at the commencement of our story.

The old homestead, the blessed old place where his childhood had been passed, was mortgaged, and it was to obtain money to save the home of his parents from stranger hands, that young Flintwood had bid farewell to those he loved and joined the great stream of western emigration. His trade—that of a bricklayer—at first procured him ready money in flattering quantities; but as people were unsatisfied with settling so far east as C—, the young mechanic soon found himself deprived of employment.

He would have followed the current on—even to the shores of the Pacific, but an attack of fever brought him to his bed, and he, at length, arose to find himself deprived of every dollar which he could once call his own. On the very verge of starvation! He thought of begging his way back to his parents, but his pride revolted. They were poor, and looked to him for the restoration of their dissipated fortune! Should they see him come back to them penniless and starving? No, not even if he died in that great city alone, and for the want of bread! He could not go back to them only to increase their cares, and be but an additional burden upon their scanty means.

Horace Flintwood was thinking of all this,

while sitting there by the waning fire that chill November night, and as he thought, despair crept into his heart. Out on the muffled air boomed, shrill and clear, the bell upon a neighboring tower pealing eleven!

As the last echoing ring ceased, there came a short, quick rap at Horace's door. He answered the summons, and a figure, closely wrapped in a black cloak, strode into the room, and without a word sat down on the chair which Horace had vacated.

"A wild evening, friend," Horace remarked, to break the awkward silence.

"Very. Are you engaged for this evening?" The stranger's tones were quick and imperative.

"Engaged?" Horace started at the question, "certainly not at this time of night."

"Are you in want of money?" The unknown bent a glance of piercing inquiry upon Horace, from a pair of black, flashing eyes, set far back under cliff-like brows.

"Sir, I am not accustomed to answer questions concerning my private affairs." Horace drew himself up proudly, and something like a frown passed over his pale brow.

"I require a job of work done—done by a good, faithful hand—a discreet workman, I mean, and such is your reputation among those who best know you."

Horace bowed.

"It is a small job, but I wish it finished to-night—to-night!" repeating the words with startling emphasis, "and you must do it!"

"Well, sir, work would be very acceptable to me—I need the money bad enough, but midnight is rather a singular time to call upon the services of a bricklayer."

"Granted—but I ask it, nevertheless—and still farther; you must be blind-folded, and conveyed to the place where you are to labor in a close carriage, and return to your lodgings in the same way. Moreover, you must swear never to reveal a single thing which may occur to you this night, to any living creature!"

The unknown had risen to his feet, and stood silently and haughtily awaiting Horace's reply.

The young bricklayer seemed much struck by the mysterious proposition of his strange visitor.

"Could I but know that there was nothing criminal, nothing——"

"It is enough that you have nothing to do but follow my directions. All will be well with you; and the pay shall be yours in advance, if you require it." He flung down a purse, well filled with gold, upon the table. Horace's eyes glistered, but he was silent.

"There are one hundred dollars—they are yours, if you consent."

"One hundred dollars! impossible! I cannot accept—it looks too much like a bribe for committing some horrid crime—some——"

"Hush! my friend, I know your circumstances, and your services to-night will fully compensate me for the trifling sum. Do you consent?"

Horace threw on his well-worn overcoat, and taking with him some small implements of his trade, he followed the unknown to the waiting carriage. Once within the vehicle, a handkerchief was bound tightly over his eyes, and the night of blindness settled over every object.

On, and on rolled the phaeton, over Boynton's Bridge, and past the canal toll-gate, over the brick pavements, out upon the plank road, until at last the wheels revolved upon the hard gravel of a turn-pike. Bye-and-bye, the way became rough and stony, and Horace knew that they had left the city and its environs far behind them. Not a word had been exchanged between the young mechanic and the unknown; and the man who held the reins and guided the horses, was silent as the grave.

At length the carriage stopped, and Horace was assisted to alight. He was conducted up a grassy path, and into some sort of a building—he knew it by the confined air and the heavy clang of doors behind him. With the unknown holding fast to his arm, he ascended two flights of stairs—then passed through several mouldy, damp rooms; then down a flight of steps; through a long, empty corridor; and then, successively descended four winding staircases—the last of unhewn stone. The air grew moist and dense, the odor oppressive.

"Where are you leading me?" Flintwood ventured to ask of his mysterious guide.

"It matters not!" was the brief, stern reply.

They stopped before a massive, iron door, strongly secured by bolts, fastening in grooves cut far into the solid rock of the casing. Down into their niches fell the ponderous bars as the twain passed through the entrance, and the door closed to with a dull, heavy bang.

The unknown paused, and drew off the bandage from Horace's eyes.

They stood in a long, low apartment, the sides of which were of black brick, and the arched roof of dingy grey stone. The dim light which the unknown carried in his hand only served to make more hideous the dismal gloom of the place.

In the centre of the room there was an oblong box, of unpolished oak, screwed together by heavy iron screws, and in general appearance not unlike a coffin. A thrill of superstitious horror passed through Horace's frame; he started back a few paces, still regarding with distended eyes the object before him.

"Well?" he spoke, inquiringly.

"That box," returned the unknown, "contains a treasure—of what form it matters not to you; suffice it that I wish it placed here"—he pointed to a recess in an angle of the wall—"and then you are to build across the aperture a solid line of masonry—solid, mind you! two tiers of brick, breastwise, and a coat of strong plaster over the whole! You will find all the materials, necessary to your work, here; and at precisely four o'clock I shall expect to have the job complete. Until that hour you will be alone—then I will come for you!"

Horace drew back. "I cannot, unless I know the contents of that casket! It may be that I am employed—made the instrument of some dreadful villainy! indeed, indeed I cannot go to work in this blind uncertainty!"

"Chose between it and death!" came through the clenched teeth of the unknown, and drawing a revolver from his breast, he held it in frightful proximity to the young man's forehead.

"Your decision!" His voice was low, but awfully clear and distinct.

"I consent!" Horace spoke the words without a shadow of quavering.

"Enough! and now I leave you to yourself. If your work is done to my satisfaction, an additional hundred shall reward you for the fright I have given you!" He lighted an iron lamp which hung suspended from the roof of the cellar, and with a courteous "good night," the unknown withdrew, bolting the door behind him.

Horace was left alone in the silent and mysterious chamber.

A strange awe stole over him, and mingled with the overmastering curiosity he felt to examine the sealed box. Come what would, he determined to have a glimpse of "the treasure" concealed there, and Horace Flintwood, when once resolved upon anything, however perilous, was as immovable as the eternal Rock of Gibraltar!

Securing the great door upon the inside, with

a couple of rusty bars which had probably been unused from time immemorial, he drew from his pocket a mason's small chisel, and applied it to the screws upon the box. They yielded, one after another, and in a short space of time Flintwood drew off the oaken cover. A sight met his eyes which well nigh paralyzed him.

The body of a girl, young and surpassingly fair, robed in white linen, lay before him! There was death upon her brow, and eternal slumber on her lips! Her long, chesnut hair swept bright and glistening down her wax-white neck, and the lids over her full, half-closed blue eyes, seemed but drooping before the fixed gaze of him who bent over her. Entranced, enraptured, fascinated, Horace gazed upon the corpse!

Speech, motion, everything seemed gone out from him—all his faculties were concentrated into one sense—that of seeing!

The striking of a distant clock the hour of one, aroused him to a sense of his condition. His thoughts came back, and rushed through his brain with the rapidity of lightning.

Wall up this beautiful creature in a cellar, amid the dampness and everlasting gloom! Who knew what fearful secret might be buried with her? Who could tell the story of her death? What might not those lips—unsealed from their cold silence—reveal of foul crime and base villainy?

Could he bury her up from sight forever with that dreadful mystery hanging around her? Would he do the deed? Never! God helping him, never!

Immediately he set about an examination of the walls of the cellar, and by careful sounding he was enabled to detect the outer wall! He brought some of his tools to the side of the masonry, and in fifteen minutes had made an aperture the size of a man's body through the brickwork. Fresh air, from heaven's outer courts, fanned his brow, and the heavy plunge of rushing water could be distinctly heard. Evidently the building into which he had been so strangely conveyed, was situated in the vicinity of some river, if not upon its very banks.

A wild, romantic plan—possible from its very impossibility—swept through his mind. Why not remove the body to the shores of the river, from whence he could, he felt convinced, subsequently discover and take it away to, at least, Christian burial. He could brick up the recess, as his employer required, and who would be the wiser?

This plan, once conceived, was carried into effect without hesitation. By diligent labor he soon enlarged the cavity in the wall sufficiently

for his purpose, and letting himself carefully out he reconnoitered the premises. The night was black as Erebus, and he could ascertain but little beyond the fact that he stood in a deep drain which surrounded the mansion. The ascent from this drain was steep and precipitous, but Horace felt within himself the power to do great things, and he returned at once to the cellar.

Replacing the cover upon the box, and lightly fastening the screws, he sprang through the aperture and drew it after him. With the greatest difficulty he succeeded in raising the heavy, oaken box to the surface of the ground, for the sides of the drain were wet and slippery. The gush of water could be very plainly distinguished at but a little distance off, and close upon the mansion, evidently between him and the river, rose a black copeswood of low alders. Into these he at once dashed, bearing his load, and in fifteen minutes he stood upon the borders of a great river—a river which, he felt assured, was none other than the Des P——.

He deposited his burden, for he had not a moment's time to waste, in a dense thicket close to the river's edge, and marking the spot by suspending his white pocket-handkerchief from an overhanging branch, he hastily retraced his way and arrived in safety in the vault. Drawing forth his watch—the little silver watch which had been his dead sister's, and which no earthly need could induce him to part with—he saw that it was near two o'clock. But a brief period remained for the performance of his task, and never did mortal man labor with greater assiduity than did Horace Flintwood. At the end of eighteen minutes, the torn wall was mended in so skilful a manner that it would have defied the scrutiny of the closest observer. This done, he commenced upon the recess. Tier after tier of brick rose up, and at length the aperture was closed. It only remained to add another thickness of brick, and over all the thick coat of plaster, as the unknown had indicated. Flintwood was just putting the finishing touch to the plastering, when the great door (which he had previously unfastened) swung slowly open, and his mysterious employer entered the room.

A sardonic smile gleamed from his black, fiery eyes, for no other feature of his face was visible.

"So you are punctual to the time, my friend." He approached and laid his hand upon Flintwood's shoulder, "Well, I admire punctuality. And now, as we are about to go forth from hence, I require you to swear eternal silence on the events of this night—silence as unbroken as the darkness of the tomb!"

The wild eyes flashed savagely down into

Horace's face, and though his voice did not tremble, his cheek became paler as he spoke,

"I swear!"

"Enough! A man like you will keep an oath! Your work is done well."

"I am happy to have pleased you! It was thoughtful in you to select such a place for your gold—the most cunning burglar would never guess it!"

"You will lose nothing by your exceeding cleverness," he said, as he was fixing the bandage over Horace's eyes, "here, my friend, is a little present for you," and he placed a parcel in the mechanic's hand.

The same road was driven over, the same unearthly silence preserved in the phaeton, and near daybreak, Horace was left blind-folded at the door of his lodgings. He tore off the handkerchief and looked wildly around him, but he saw only great, crazy houses and smoky manufactories. The carriage and its mysterious occupants had vanished.

He bethought himself of the parcel given him by the unknown, and breaking it open, he found simply a one hundred dollar note enveloped in brown paper.

Early on the morning subsequent to the events chronicled above, a boat, containing two persons, might have been seen proceeding at good speed up the Des P— river. Arrived within half a mile of Woodstock the way lay through, or between, high banks, which were covered with a thick growth of scrubby maples and tangled witch-hazel. From the overhanging bough of a low tree a white handkerchief fluttered in the wind, and the signal did not long escape the anxious eye of the taller of the two boatmen.

"'Tis the very place! I knew it!" he exclaimed, triumphantly.

In a few moments the boat was resting in a little cove directly beneath the signal.

Flintwood, for the reader has probably recognized our old friend, sprang upon the shore, followed closely by his companion; and after a brief search, the box containing the mysterious corpse was discovered. Immediately it was placed in the boat, the handkerchief was removed from the tree bough, and the light craft shot off like an arrow down the stream.

They drew up the boat, after a good two hours' sail, at an obscure wharf in the little village of N—, and a carriage, which was evidently waiting their arrival, took them and their freight to a large, old house situated a little out of the village.

Flintwood had the box conveyed to an upper chamber of this building, and when left alone

with it, he unscrewed the cover and looked upon the face sleeping within its shadow. As he gazed, he saw that there was a warm perspiration upon the forehead of the seeming corpse, and a tinge of life-like redness on the slightly parted lips!

The young man sprang from the room, and in fifteen minutes he returned accompanied by a physician. The man of science, after a brief examination of the body, reported "temporary suspension of animation, influenced by some drug administered while in great bodily prostration." Furthermore, the physician asserted that the body was that of Gertrude Winchester, the belle and heiress, whose disappearance had caused so great a sensation of grief and wonder in the fashionable circles of C—, some three months previous!

Dr. Wellman suggested the most rigid secrecy concerning the mysterious discovery of the body, and, in the meantime, exerted himself to the utmost to restore the lady to life and consciousness. His efforts were successful, and by sundown of that day Gertrude was able to converse. So soon as deemed practicable by the medical attendant, the story of her abduction from the dismal vault of the old country home was told to her, and at her request Flintwood was called in, and she gave succinctly the following account:—

"Fifteen months ago, my father, Norton Winchester, died, and I, by his will as well as by right, was made sole heir to his great property. I had neither brothers nor sisters, and my mother being deceased some four years, I had no nearer relative than a maternal cousin, who is known as Col. Glines—Richard Glines, of Woodstock Downs. This man's envy was excited, it appears, toward me, and although he was careful to avoid arousing my suspicions, I soon came to know that he nursed against me the bitterest rancor. Probably this was, in some measure, increased by my refusal to form a matrimonial alliance with his son—a dissolute young man—whom I could regard with no other sentiment than the most sincere pity.

"I have ever been fond of equestrian sports, and was in the habit of riding out every pleasant morning, on a horse which my poor father imported for my especial use. On the last of August, as I was taking my accustomed ride—as it happened entirely unattended—in passing through a strip of forest near W— Moor, I was seized by a violent hand, and drawn from my horse into a close carriage which had driven hurriedly up. Half dead with terror, yet I recognized in the countenance of the man who

held me firmly in my seat, the hated features of Col. Glines! To all my cries and agonized inquiries as to what he intended to do with me, he made but one reply—a low, almost infernal laugh.

“At last, but all too soon, the carriage stopped at the gateway of that horrid place known as ‘Woodstock’s Terror’—the house rendered terrible by the Rillston murder, committed there ten years ago—and more dead than alive I was dragged within the shadow of its dreadful rooms. Words cannot express to you the agony I suffered for the next two months. Persecuted by Col. Glines, tortured with the presence of his wretched son, and confined a prisoner in the dwelling of my deadliest enemies! No tidings of the world beyond those high, black enclosures reached me: and I gave myself up for lost! Indeed, I little cared how soon death came and released me from this horrible bondage. Every day I was beset with arguments, entreaties, threats and imprecations, all tending toward gaining my consent to a marriage with Harwell Glines. I remained firm to the last, and received in return for my temerity an apartment under ground, and securely barred and bolted. The rigorous, unusual confinement brought on a lingering fever, and I could plainly see that my persecutors intended it should terminate in my death. I had taken no medicine throughout my illness, and therefore you may well believe I was surprised, when Col. Glines brought me, one morning, a dark liquid mixture, which he said would make me well. I drank more from thirst than from the wish of reviving to my dread life again, and immediately a slumberous sensation benumbed every faculty. I heard voices in conversation—those of Col. Glines and

his son—I heard them arrange the disposition of my body when the sleeping potion should have taken effect, and with scarcely a thrill, I learned that I was to be placed in the cellar, and enclosed within a solid pile of masonry while yet alive! I remember no more! It is all a blank and void till now.”

Gertrude Winchester fully recovered her health beneath the hospitable roof of the kind boatman, and in due time appeared again to her astonished household, who had mourned her dead.

Col. Glines had applied for legal possession of her property, but owing to some delay in the city courts he had not been able to assume formal occupancy.

Immediately on Gertrude’s re-appearance, he fled from “Woodstock’s Terror” with his son, and no subsequent tidings of them ever reached C—. “Woodstock’s Terror” soon became a ruin, and one night it was reduced to ashes during a violent thunder-storm. Whether it was fired by a bolt from heaven, or by the hand of man, was never known.

Gertrude Winchester naturally felt very grateful to Horace for rescuing her from a dread fate, and she displayed her gratitude in a somewhat singular manner.

It was quite a little romance, the newspapers of the day said, and now it had all ended in that common-place affair—a wedding—with eight bridesmaids, and a corresponding number of groomsmen.

With the full approbation of his bride, Horace Flintwood went North, and returned accompanied by his worthy parents, who henceforth, through their lives, found a pleasant home in the luxurious residence of their son and his affectionate young wife.

I AM NOT LONELY.

BY BESSIE BAYNER PARKES.

I AM not lonely, oh, my love,
Save in so far I have not thee,
Without whose smile the changeful days
Are all alike to me.

Yet while the Winter blooms to Spring,
And Summer doth to Autumn wane,
I will not say their various wealth
Is lavished forth in vain.

Since Nature hath November days,
Wherein she broods on future flowers,
We may not put less noble use
To any time of ours.

Their own soft lights and tender glooms
The poet’s eye and poet’s ear,
Hath every feeling of the heart,
And season of the year.

Ah! pondering on the hours I gain,
And counting up the hours I lose,
I find them both so full of love,
I scarce know which to choose.

With thee the joy is almost pain,
And swift the days fleet by,
I find thee not in sight more dear,
Nor less in absence nigh.

LOVE'S LABOR WON.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," &C.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 258.

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

MARTYRDOM.

Mother, mother, up in Heaven,
Stand upon the jasper sea,
And be witness, I have given
All the gifts required of me;
Hope that blessed me, bliss that crowned,
Love that left me with a wound,
Life itself that turned around.

MRS. BROWNING.

An evil fatality seemed to attend all events connected with Margaret Helmstedt. The letter mailed at midnight, by being one minute too late for the post, was delayed a whole week, and until it could do no manner of good.

The little packet schooner "Canvass-Back," Capt. Miles Tawney, from Washington to Norfolk, on board which Ralph Houston, the next morning, embarked, when but thirty-six hours out got aground below Blackistone's Island, where she remained fast for a week.

And thus it unhappily chanced that Major Helmstedt, who reached Washington, on his way home, a few days after the departure of the Houstons from the city, and took passage in the first packet for Buzzard's Bluff, arrived thither the first of the returning soldiers.

Having no knowledge or suspicion of the important events that had occurred, he caused himself and his baggage to be landed upon the beach, below the mansion, in which he naturally expected to find his daughter dwelling in honor and security.

Leaving his trunks in charge of a loitering negro—whom he had found upon the sands, and who to his hasty inquiries had answered that all the family were well—he hurried up to the house.

He was met at the door by a servant, who with ominous formality ushered him into the parlor, and retreated to call his mistress.

Mrs. Houston soon entered with a pale face, trembling frame and a half frightened, half threatening aspect, that greatly surprised and perplexed Major Helmstedt; who, however, arose with stately courtesy to receive and hand the lady to a chair.

After respectfully saluting and seating his hostess, he said,

"My daughter Margaret, madam, I hope she is well?"

"Well, I am sure I hope so too; but Margaret is not with us," replied the little lady, looking more frightened and more threatening than before.

"How, madam? Margaret not with you?" exclaimed Major Helmstedt, in astonishment, that was not free from alarm.

"No, sir—you must listen to me, major—it could not be helped," replied Nelie, who straightway began; and with a manner half deprecating and half defiant, related the story of Margaret's indiscretions, humiliations, and final expulsion.

Major Helmstedt listened with a mighty self-control. No muscle of his iron countenance moved. When she had concluded, he arose with a cold and haughty manner,

"Slanders, madam! Slanders all! I can say no more to a lady, however unworthy of the courtesy due to her sex; but I shall know how to call the men of her family to a strict account for this insult!" And throwing his hat upon his head, he strode from the room.

"Major Helmstedt! Major Helmstedt! Come back, sir. Don't go; you must please to listen to me!" cried Nelie, running after him; the principle of fear now quite predominating over that of defiance.

But the outraged father, without deigning a word or look of reply, hurried onward toward the beach.

Nelie, in great alarm, despatched a servant in haste after him, to beseech him, in her name, to return and stay to dinner; or, if he would not honor her so far, at least to accept the use of a carriage, or a boat to convey him whithersoever he wished to go.

But Major Helmstedt, with arrogant scorn, repulsed all these offers. Throwing a half guinea to the negro to take temporary charge of his trunks, he strode on his way, following the windings of the water-side road for many miles, until late in the afternoon he reached Belle-

view, whence he intended to take a boat to the Island.

His cause of indignation was reasonable, and his rage increased with time and reflection. That Margaret had been foully wronged by the Houstons, he from his deepest convictions believed. That the charges brought against her had the slightest foundation in fact, he could not for a moment credit. All his own intimate knowledge of his pure-hearted child, from her earliest infancy to the day when he left her in Mrs. Houston's care, conclusively contradicted these calumnies. But that for some reason or other, unconfessed, the Houstons wished to break off the contemplated alliance with his family, he felt assured. And that his daughter's betrothed was in correspondence with Mrs. Houston, and in connivance with her plans, he had been left to believe, by the incoherence, if not by the intentional misrepresentations of Nelie's statement. That they should wish, without just cause, to break the engagement with his daughter, was both dishonorable and dishonoring—that they should attempt this through such means was scandalous and insulting to the last degree. That Ralph Houston should be either an active or a passive party to this plan, was an offence only to be satisfied by the blood of the offender. His pride in an old, untainted name, no less than his affection for his only daughter, was wounded to the very quick.

There seemed but one remedy; it was to be found only in "the bloody code," miscalled "of honor;" the code which required a man to wash out any real or fancied offence, in the life stream of the offender; the code which often made an honorable man responsible with his life, for careless words uttered by the women of his family; that code which now enjoined Philip Helmstedt to seek the life of his daughter's betrothed, his intended son-in-law, his brother-in-arms. Nor was this all. The feeling that prompted Major Helmstedt was not only that of an affronted gentleman, who deems it necessary to defend in the duel his assailed manhood—it was much more—it was the blood-thirsty rage of a scornful and arrogant man, whose honor had been wounded in the most vulnerable place, through the only woman of his name, his one fair daughter, who had been by her betrothed and his family rejected, insulted, and expelled from their house, branded with indelible shame!

Ralph Houston must die.

He said it with remorseless resolution, with grim satisfaction, and in his heart devoted the souls of his purposed victim and all his family to the infernal deities.

In this evil mood and in an evil hour, Major Helmstedt unhappily arrived at Belleview, and still more unhappily there met Ralph; who in pursuance of his vow never to set foot upon Buzzard's Bluff again, had that morning landed at the village, with the intention there to engage a boat to take him to Helmstedt's Island, whither he was going to seek Margaret.

It was in the principal street of the village, and before the only hotel that they chanced to meet.

Ralph advanced with eager joy to greet his father-in-law.

But Major Helmstedt's mad and blind rage forestalled and rendered impossible all friendly words or explanations.

How he assailed and insulted Ralph Houston; how he hurled bitter scorn, taunt, and defiance in his teeth; how, in the presence of the gathering crowd, he charged falsehood, treachery and cowardice upon him; how, to cap the climax of insult, the infuriate pulled off his glove and cast it sharply into the face of the young man; how, in short, he irremediably forced upon Ralph a quarrel, which the latter was upon all accounts most unwilling to take up, would be as painful as needless to detail at large.

Suffice it to say, that the circumstances of the case, and the public sentiment of the day considered, he left the young soldier, as a man of honor, no possible alternative but to accept his challenge.

"Needs must when the devil drives;" and as there is no honorable means of avoiding, I must meet this mad-man and receive his shot. I am not, however, obliged to return it. No code of honor can compel me to fire upon my Margaret's father," thought Ralph. Then aloud he said,

"Very well, sir; my brother Frank has doubtless by this time reached home, and will, with any friend whom you may appoint, arrange the terms of the meeting," and lifting his hat, Ralph Houston, "more in sorrow than in anger," turned away.

"There is no honorable way of escaping it, Frank! else be sure that I should not give him this meeting. As it is, I must receive his fire; but so help me heaven, nothing shall induce me to return it," said Capt. Houston, as he talked over the matter with his brother, that evening, in the private parlor of the little inn at Belleview.

"Then without a thought of defending yourself, you will stand up as a mark to be shot at, by the best marksman in the country? You will be murdered! just simply murdered!" replied the younger man, in sorrow and disgust.

"There is no help for it, Frank! I must meet him, must receive his fire, and will not return it!"

"You will fall," said the youth, in a voice of despair.

"Probably. And if I do, Frank, go to my dearest Margaret, and bear to her my last words. Tell her that I never so sinned against our mutual faith, as for one instant to doubt her perfect purity; tell her that I was on my way to take her to my heart, to give her my name and to defend her against the world, when this fatal quarrel was forced upon me; tell her that I never fired upon her father; but that I died with her name upon my lips and her love within my heart! If I fall, as I probably shall, will you tell my widowed bride this?"

"I will! I will!" exclaimed Frank, in a voice of deep emotion.

Meanwhile the innocent and most unhappy cause of the impending duel, had passed a miserable week on the solitary Island, in dread anticipation of her father's and her lover's return, and with no one near her to breathe one hopeful, comforting, or sustaining word to her fainting heart.

It was late on the evening of the day of her father's arrival, that she sat alone on the front piazza of her solitary dwelling, wrapped in despairing thought, yet with every nerve acute with involuntary vigilance; when amid the low, musical semi-silence of the autumnal night, the sound of a boat pushed gratingly up upon the gravelly beach, reached her listening ear.

And while she still watched and waited in breathless anxiety, she perceived by the clear starlight the tall figure of a man, dressed in the blue and buff uniform of an American officer, and in whose stature, air and gait she recognized her father, approaching the house.

In joy, but still more in fear, she arose and hurried to meet him. But so terrible was the trouble of her mind and the agitation of her frame, that she could scarcely falter forth her inaudible words of welcome, before she sank exhausted in his arms.

In silence the soldier lifted her up, noticing even then how very light was her wasted frame; in silence he kissed her cold lips, and bore her onward to the house, and into her mother's favorite parlor, which was already lighted up, and where he placed her in an easy-chair. She sank back half fainting, while he stood and looked upon her, and saw how changed she was.

Her attenuated form, her emaciated face, with its cavernous eyes, hollow cheeks and temples, and pallid forehead in fearful contrast with her

flowing black locks and mourning dress, gave her the appearance of a girl in the very last stage of consumption. Yet this was the work only of calumny, persecution and abandonment.

Some one should write a book on Unindicted Homicides.

While Major Helmstedt gazed in bitterness of heart upon this beautiful wreck of his fair, only daughter, she fixed her despairing eyes upon him, and said,

"My father, do you wonder to find me here?"

For answer, he stooped and kissed her forehead.

"Father, my heart bleeds for you. This is a sorrowful welcome home for the returning soldier."

"Trouble not yourself about me, my child. Your own wrongs are enough, and more than enough, to engage your thoughts. I know those wrongs, and by the soul of your mother, they shall be terribly avenged!" said Major Helmstedt, in the low, deep, stern voice of relentless determination.

"Father, oh, God! what do you mean?" exclaimed Margaret, in alarm.

"I mean, my much injured child, that every tear they have caused you to shed, shall be balanced by a drop of heart's blood, though it should drain the veins of all who bear the name of Houston!"

"Oh, heaven of heavens, my father!" cried Margaret, wringing her pale hands in the extremity of terror. Then suddenly catching the first hope that came, she said,

"But you cannot war upon women."

"Upon all men that bear the name of Houston then! Yet did not they spare to war upon women—or rather worse, upon one poor, defenceless girl! Enough! they shall bitterly repay it!"

"But, father! my father! it was not the men, they were ever kind to me. It was the women of the family, and even they were deceived by appearances," pleaded Margaret.

"It is you who are deceived! Mrs. Houston acted in concert with her husband and his son!"

"Ralph? never, never, my father. My life, my soul, upon Ralph's fidelity!" exclaimed Margaret, as a warm glow of loving faith flowed into and transfigured to angelic beauty her pale face.

"Miss Helmstedt, you are a fond and foolish girl, with all your sex's weak credulity. It is precisely Ralph Houston whom I shall hold to be the most responsible party in this affair!"

"Oh! my God!"

These words were wailed forth in such a tone of utter despair, and were accompanied by

such a sudden blanching and sharpening of all her features, that Major Helmstedt in his turn became alarmed, and with what diplomacy he was master of, endeavored to modify the impression that he had given. But his palpable efforts only confirmed Margaret in her suspicion that he intended to challenge Ralph, and made her more wary and watchful to ascertain if this really were his purpose, so that, if possible, she might prevent the meeting. That the challenge had been already given she did not even suspect.

But from this moment, the father and daughter were secretly arrayed against each other; he to conceal from her the impending duel; she to discover and prevent the meeting. And while he talked to her with a view of gradually doing away the impression that his first violent words had made upon her mind, she watched his countenance, narrowly, keeping the while her own counsel. But it was not entirely the wish to conceal her own anguish of doubt and anxiety, but affectionate interest in him, that caused her at length to say,

"But, my dear father, you are just off a long, harassing journey; you are indeed greatly exhausted; your countenance is quite haggard; you are needing rest and refreshment. Let me go now and give the orders, while you occupy my sofa. Say, what shall I bring you, dear father?"

"Nothing, nothing, Margaret; I cannot——" began Major Helmstedt; but then suddenly reflecting, he said, "Yes, you may send me up a cup of coffee, and any trifle with it that may be at hand. No, I thank you, Margaret, you need not draw the sofa forward. I am going to my study, where I have letters to write. Send the refreshments thither. And send—let me see—yes! send Forrest to me."

"Very well, my dear father," replied the maiden, leaving the room. "'Letters to write!' 'letters to write!' and 'send Forrest.' So late at night, and just as he has returned home, oh, my soul!" she cried, within herself, as she went into the kitchen to give her orders.

When the tray was ready, Forrest was told to take it up to his master's study.

Margaret, after a little hesitation, drawn by her strong anxiety, followed; her light footstep on the stairs and through the hall waking no echo. As she approached the door of her father's study, she heard the words,

"Forrest, take this case of pistols down stairs and thoroughly clean them; let no one see what you are about. Then have a boat—the soundest in the fleet—ready to take me to the landing below the burial ground at Plover's Point. Do

you prepare to go with me, and listen farther. At about daybreak to-morrow, a gentleman will arrive hither. Be on the watch, and quietly bring him to this room. Have breakfast served for us here, and the boat ready for our departure when we rise from the table. And mind, execute all these orders in strict privacy, and breathe no word of their purport to any living creature. Do you understand?"

"I think I do, sir," replied the astonished negro, who imperfectly comprehended the affair.

Margaret knew all now! Her father had challenged her betrothed! The only two beings whom she loved supremely on this earth, were in a few hours hence to meet in mortal combat!

With a heart that seemed paralyzed within her suffocating bosom, she crept, reeling, to her own chamber, and with the habitual instinct of soliciting Divine counsel and assistance, she sank upon her knees beside the bed. But no petition escaped her icy lips, or even took the form of words in her paralyzed brain; intellect seemed frozen with horror; and her only form of prayer was the eloquent, mute attitude, and the intense yearning of the suffering heart after the All Merciful's help and pity. She remained many minutes in this posture of silent prayer, before the power of reflection and of language returned to her, and even then her only cry was,

"Oh! God of pity, have mercy on them! Oh! God of strength, help and save!"

Then still looking to the Lord for guidance, she tried to think what was best to be done. It was now ten o'clock. Day would break at four. There was but six hours of a night to do all, if anything could be done. But what indeed could she do? Cut off by the bay from all the rest of the world, and with fifteen miles of water between herself and the nearest magistrate, what could the miserable maiden do to prevent this duel between her father and her lover? To a religious heart filled to overflowing with love and grief, and resolved upon risking everything for the safety of the beloved, almost all things are possible. Her first resolution was the nearly hopeless one of going to her father and beseeching him to abandon his purpose. And if that failed, she had in reserve a final, almost desperate determination. But there was not a moment to be lost.

Still mentally invoking Divine aid, she arose and went to the door of her father's study. It was closed; but turning the latch very softly, she entered unperceived.

Major Helmstedt sat at his table, so deeply absorbed in writing as not to be conscious of her presence, although his face was toward the door.

That face was haggard with care, and those keen, strong eyes that followed the rapid gliding of his pen over the paper, were strained with anxiety. So profound was his absorption in his work, that the candles remained unsnuffed and burning with a murky and lurid light, and the cup of coffee on his table sat cold and untouched.

Margaret approached and looked over his shoulder.

It was his last will and testament that he was engaged in preparing:

The sight thrilled his daughter with a new horror. Meekly she crept to his side and softly laid her hand upon his shoulder, and gently murmured,

"Father, my dear father."

He looked up suddenly and in some confusion.

"What, Margo! not asleep yet, my girl? This is a late hour for young eyes to be open. And yet I am glad that you came to bid me good night before retiring. It was affectionate of you, Margo," he said, laying down his pen, putting a blotter over his writing, and then drawing her to his side in a close embrace, "yes, it was affectionate of you, Margo; but ah, little one, no daughter loves as a true wife does. I have been thinking of your mother, dear."

"Think of her still, my father," replied the maiden, in a voice of thrilling solemnity.

Major Helmstedt's countenance changed, but controlling himself, he pressed a kiss upon his daughter's brow, and said,

"Well, well, I will not keep you up. God bless you, my child, though I cannot. Good night," and with another kiss he would have dismissed her. But softly laying her hand upon his right hand, she asked in a voice thrilling with earnestness,

"Oh, my father, what is this that you are about to do?"

"Margaret! no prying into my private affairs, I will not suffer it!" exclaimed Major Helmstedt, in a disturbed voice.

"My father, there is no need of prying! I know all! Providence, for His good purposes, has given the knowledge into my hands. Oh! did you think that He would permit this terrible thing to go on uninterruptedly to its bloody termination?"

"What mean you, girl?"

"Father, forgive me; but I overheard and understood your orders to Forrest."

"By my soul, Margaret, this is perfectly insufferable!" exclaimed Major Helmstedt, starting up, and then sinking back into his chair.

But softly and suddenly, Margaret dropped at his feet, clasped his knees, and in a voice

frighted with her heart's insupportable anguish, cried,

"Father! my father! hear me! hear me! hear your own lost Marguerite's heart-broken child, and do not make her orphaned and widowed in one hour!"

"Orphaned and widowed in one hour!"

"Yes, yes, and most cruelly so, by the mutual act of her father and her husband."

"By her father and husband?"

"Yes, yes! Am I not Ralph Houston's promised, sworn wife? Oh, my father!"

"Death, girl! You call yourself his promised wife; you pray me to stay my hand, nor avenge your wrongs, nor vindicate my own honor; you who have been calumniated, insulted, and expelled from his house?"

"Not by him, father! not with his knowledge or consent! Oh, never! never! My life, my soul, upon his stainless faith!"

"My daughter, rise and leave me, I command you," said Major Helmstedt, giving his hand to assist her.

But she clung to his knees and groveled at his feet, crying,

"Father! father! pardon and hear me; hear me for my dead mother's sake! hear your Marguerite's orphan girl! do not make her a widow before she is a wife! My father, do not, oh, do not meet my betrothed in a duel! He was your oldest friend, your brother-in arms, your promised son; he has stood by your side in many a well fought battle; in camp and field you two have shared together the dangers and glories of the war. How can you meet as mortal foes? Crowned with victory, blessed with peace—you were both coming home, you to your only daughter, he to his promised bride—both to a devoted girl, who would have laid out her life to make your mutual fireside happy; but whose heart you are about to break! Oh! how can you do this most cruel deed? Oh! it is so horrible! so horrible! that you two should thus meet. Duelling is wicked, but this is worse than duelling! Murder is atrocious, but this is worse than murder! This is parricide! this is the meeting of a father and son, armed each against the other's life! A father and a son!"

"Son! no son or son-in law of mine, if that is what you mean."

"Father, father, do not say so. He is the sworn husband of your only child. My hand, with your consent, was placed in his by my dying mother's hand. He clasped my fingers closely, promising never to forsake me! A promise made to the living in the presence of the dying! A promise that he has never retracted,

and wishes never to retract. My soul's salvation upon Ralph Houston's honor!"

"Margaret Helmstedt! put the last seal to my mortification, and tell me that you love this man—this man whose family has spurned you!"

"I love him—for life, and death, and eternity!" she replied, in a tone vibrating with earnestness.

"You speak your own degradation, miserable girl."

"This is no time, heaven knows, for the cowardice of girlish shame. Father, I love him! For three long years I have believed myself his destined wife. Long before our betrothal, as far back, or farther, perhaps, than memory reaches, I loved him, and knew that he loved me, and felt that in some strange way I belonged finally to him. Long, long before I ever heard of courtship, betrothal, or marriage, I felt in my deepest heart, and knew he felt it too—that Ralph was my final proprietor and prince, that I, at last and forever, was his own little Margaret—aye! as your Marguerite was yours, my father. And always and ever, in all the changes of our life, in joy and in sorrow, in presence and in absence, I seemed to repose sweetly in his heart as a little bird in its nest, loving him too quietly and securely to know how deeply and strongly. But oh, my father, it has remained for the anguish of this day to teach me how, above all creatures, I love my promised husband, even as my mother loved hers. The blow that reaches Ralph's heart would break my own. Father, I can conceive this globe upon which we live, with all its seas and continents, its mountains, plains and cities, its whole teeming life, collapsing and sinking out of sight through space, and yet myself continuing to live, somewhere, in some sphere of being; but, my father, I cannot conceive of Ralph's death and my own continued life, anywhere, as possible! for there, at that point, all sinks into darkness, chaos, annihilation! Swift madness or death would follow his loss! Oh, my father, say, is he not my husband? Oh, my father, will you make your child a widow, a widow by her father's hand?"

"Margaret, this is the very infatuation of passion!"

"Passion! Well, since grief and terror and despair have made my bosom so stormy, you may call it so! else never should my life long, quiet, contented attachment to Ralph be termed a passion, as if it were the feverish caprice of yesterday. But oh, heaven! all this time you are not answering me. You do not promise that you will not meet him. Father, I cannot die

of grief, else had I long since been lying beside your other Marguerite! But I feel that I may go mad, and that soon. Already reason reels with dwelling on this impending duel! with the thought that a few hours hence—! Father, if you would not have your Marguerite's child go mad, curse the author of her being, and lay desperate hands upon her own life, forego this duel! do not make her a widowed bride!"

"Wretched girl, it were better that you were dead, for come what may, Margaret, honor must be saved."

"Then you will kill him? My father will kill my husband!"

"Why do you harp upon this subject forever? Shall I not equally risk my own life?"

"No! no! no! he will never risk hurting a hair of your head! my life and soul upon it, he will fire into the air. I know and feel what he will do, here deep in my heart. I know and feel what has been done. Father, you met him in your blind rage, you gave him no chance of explanation, but goaded and taunted, and drove him to the point of accepting your challenge. You will meet him, you will murder him! and I, oh! I shall go mad, and curse the father that gave me life, and him death!" she said, starting up and wildly traversing the floor.

"Still waters run deep!" Who would have supposed this quiet maiden had inherited all Marguerite De Lancie's strength of feeling?" thought Major Helmstedt, as in a deep trouble he watched his daughter's distracted walk.

Suddenly, as that latent and final resolution before mentioned, recurred to her mind, she paused and came up to her father's side, and said,

"Father, this thing must go no farther."

"What mean you, Margaret?"

"This duel must not take place."

"What absurdity! it must come off. Let all be lost, so honor is saved."

"Then listen well to me, my father," she said, in the long, deep, quiet tone of fixed determination, "this duel shall not take place!"

"Girl, you are mad. 'Shall not?'"

"Shall not, my father!"

"What preposterous absurdity. Who will prevent it?"

"I will!"

"You! Come, that is best of all. How do you propose to do it, fair daughter?"

"I shall lay the whole matter before the nearest magistrate!"

"Poor girl, if I did not pity you so deeply, I should smile at your folly! Why, Margaret, the nearest magistrate is fifteen miles off. It is now

eleven o'clock at night, and the proposed meeting takes place at five in the morning."

"Then the more reason for haste, my father, to save you from a crime. I will order a boat and depart immediately," said Margaret, going to the bell-rope and giving it a sudden peremptory pull.

"Oh, then I see that this will not do. You are desperate, you are dangerous, you must be restrained," said Major Helmstedt, rising and approaching his daughter.

"Father, what mean you now? You would not—you, a gentleman, an officer, would not lay violent hands on your daughter?" she said, shrinking away in amazement.

"In an exigency of this kind, my daughter leaves me no alternative."

"No! no! You would not use force to hinder me in the discharge of a sacred duty?"

"Margaret, no more words. Come to your room," he said, taking her by the arm, and with gentle force conducting her to the door of her own chamber, in which he locked her securely.

Knowing resistance to be both vain and unbecoming, Margaret had, for the time, quietly submitted. She remained sitting motionless in the chair in which he had placed her, until she heard his retreating footstep pause at the door of his study, and heard him enter and look the door behind him.

Then she arose and stepped lightly over the carpeted floor, and looked from the front window out upon the night.

A dark, brilliant starlight night, with a fresh wind that swayed the branches of the trees.

Almost Omnipotent is the religious heart, willing to sink all things for the salvation of the beloved.

The means of escape, and of preventing the duel, were quickly devised by her suggestive mind. Her chamber was on the second floor front. A grape-vine of nearly twenty years growth reached her window, and climbed up its side and over its top. The intertwined and knotted branches, thick as a man's wrist, and strong as a cable, presented a means of descent safe and easy as that of a staircase. And once free of the house, the course of the brave girl was clear.

There was no time to be lost. It was now half past eleven o'clock. The household, except her father and the servant, whom he had ordered to watch with him, was wrapped in sleep. Her father she knew to be deeply engaged writing his will in the study. Forrest she supposed to be employed in cleaning the pistols in the back kitchen.

There was nothing then to interrupt her escape but the dogs, who before recognizing would surely break out upon her. But there was little to dread from that circumstance. The barking of the dogs was no unusual event of the night. Any noise in nature, the footstep of a negro walking out, the spring of a startled squirrel, the falling of a nut or a pine cone, was frequently enough to arouse their jealous vigilance, and provoke a canine concert. Only when the barking was very prolonged was attention usually aroused. Of this contingency there was no danger. They would probably break out in a furious onslaught, recognize her and be still.

But there was another serious difficulty. Margaret was very feeble; weeks of mental anguish, with the consequent loss of appetite and loss of sleep, had so exhausted her physical nature that not all the proverbial power of the mind, over the body, the spirit over the flesh, could impart to her sufficient strength for an undertaking, that, in her stronger days, would have taxed her energies to the utmost. A restorative was absolutely necessary. A few drops of distilled lavender water—a favorite country cordial—gave her a factitious strength.

Then tying on her black velvet hood, and her short black camlet riding cloak, she prepared to depart. First, she bolted her door on the inside that her father might not enter her room to ascertain her absence. Then she softly hoisted the window, and with perfect ease crossed the low sill and stepped upon the friendly vine, where she remained standing while she let down the window and closed the blinds.

Thus having restored everything to its usual order, she commenced her descent. Holding to the vines, stepping cautiously, and letting herself down slowly, she at length reached the ground safely.

Now for the dogs. But they were quiet. Their quick instincts were truer than her fears, and she passed on undisturbed.

How still and brilliant the starlight night. No sound but the sighing of the wind in the trees, and the trilling of the insects that wake at eve to chirp till day; and all distinctly, yet darkly visible, like a scene clearly drawn in India ink upon a grey ground.

She passed down through the garden, the orchard, and the stubble field to the beach, where her little sail boat the "Pearl Shell," lay.

For the trip that she contemplated of fifteen miles up the mouth of the river, a row boat would have been far the safer. But Margaret was too weak for such prolonged labor, as the management of the oar for two or three hours

must necessitate. The sail boat would only require the trifling exertion of holding the tiller, and occasionally shifting the sails. Happily the tide was in and just about to turn; the boat was, therefore, afloat, though chained to the boat-house, and so needed no exertion to push her off. Margaret went on board, untied the tiller, hoisted the sails, unlocked the chain and cast loose. She had but time to spring and seize the tiller, before the wind filled the sails and the boat glided from the shore.

So far all had gone marvelously well. Let who would discover her escape now, she was safe from pursuit. Let who would follow, she could not be overtaken. Her boat was beyond measure the swiftest sailor of the Island fleet. True, before this fresh wind the boat might capsize, especially as there was no one to manage it except herself, who to shift the sails must sometimes let go the tiller. But Margaret was without selfish, personal fear; her purpose was high, and had been so far Providentially favored; she would, therefore, believe in no accidents, but trust in God.

And what a strange scene was this, in which the solitary girl-mariner was out upon the lonely sea.

The broad canopy of heaven, of that deep, dark, intense blue of cloudless night, was thickly studded with myriads of stars, whose reflection in the mirror of the sea, seemed other living stars disporting themselves amid the waves. Far away over the wide waters, darker lines upon the dark sea, suggested the distant shores and headlands of the main. Straight before her flying boat, two black points, miles apart, indicated the entrance to the mouth of the Potomac river. She steered for the lower, or Smith's Point.

Under happier circumstances, this lonely night ride over the dark waters would have charmed the fancy of the fearless and adventurous girl. Now her only emotion was one of anxiety and haste. Taking Smith's Point for her "polar star," she gave all her sail to the wind. The boat flew over the water. I dare scarcely say in how marvelously short a time she reached this cape. This was the longest part of her voyage.

Hugging the Northumberland coast, she soon reached and doubled Plover's Point, and ran up into the little cove, the usual landing-place, and pushed her boat upon the sands.

She next sprang out, secured the boat to a post, and began to climb the steep bank, that was thickly covered with a growth of pines, from which the place took its name.

Here danger of another and a more appalling

form threatened her. Fugitive slaves, than whom a more dangerous banditti can nowhere be found, were known to infest this coast, where by day they hid in caves and holes, and by night prowled about like wild beasts in search of food or prey. More than to meet the wild cat or the wolf, that was not yet banished from these woods, the maiden dreaded to encounter one of these famished and desperate human beasts! Lifting her heart in prayer to God for assistance, she passed courageously on her dark and dangerous way; starting at the sound of her own light footstep upon some crackling, fallen branch, and holding her breath at the slight noise made by the moving of a rabbit or a bird in the foliage. At last she reached the summit of the wooded hill, and came out of the pine thicket on to the meadow. Then there was a fence to climb, a field to cross, and a gate to open before she reached the wooded lawn fronting the house. There the last peril, that of the watch dogs, awaited her. One mastiff barked furiously as she approached the gate; and as she opened it, the whole pack broke in full cry upon her.

She paused and stood still, holding out one hand, and saying gently,

"Why, Ponto! Why, Fido! What is the matter, good boys?"

The two foremost recognized and fawned upon her, and under their protection, as it were, she walked on through the excited pack, that one by one dropped gently under her influence, and walked quietly by her side.

So she reached the front of the house, passed up the piazza and rang the bell. Peal upon peal she rung before she could make any one in that quiet house hear.

At last, however, an upper window was thrown up, and the voice of Dr. Hartley asked,

"Who's there?"

"It is I, Dr. Hartley. It is I, Margaret Helmsstedt! come to you on a matter of life and death!"

"You! You, Margaret! You at this hour! I am lost in wonder!"

"Oh! come down, quickly, quickly, or it will be too late!"

Evidently believing this to be an imminent necessity for his professional services, the doctor drew in his head, let down the window, hastily donned his apparel, and came down to admit his visitor.

Leading her into the sitting-room, he said,

"Now, my dear, who is ill? And what, in the name of all the saints, was the necessity of your coming out at this time of night with the messenger?"

"Dr. Hartley, look at me well. I came with no messenger! I left the Island at midnight, and crossed the bay, and came up the river alone!"

"Good heaven, Miss Helmstedt! Margaret! what is it you tell me? What has happened?" he asked, terrified at the strange words and the ghastly looks of the girl.

"Dr. Hartley, my father has challenged Ralph Houston! They meet this morning, in the woods above the family burial ground. I escaped from the room in which my father had locked me, and came to give information to the authorities, that they may, if possible, stop this duel. What I desire particularly of your kindness is, that you will go with me to Squire Johnson's, that I may lodge the necessary complaint. I regret to ask you to take this trouble; but I myself do not know the way to Squire Johnson's house."

"Margaret, my dear, I am exceedingly grieved to hear what you have told me. How did this happen? What was the occasion of it?"

"Oh, sir! spare me! in mercy spare me! There is indeed no time to tell you now. What we are to do should be done quickly! They meet very, very early this morning."

"Very well, Margaret. There is no necessity for your going to Squire Johnson's, for indeed you are too much exhausted for the ride. And I am now suffering too severely with rheumatism to bear the journey. But I will do better. I will put a servant on a swift horse, and despatch a note that will bring Mr. Johnson hither. We can go hence to the duelling ground and prevent the meeting. Will not that be best?"

"So that we are in time—anything, sir!"

Dr. Hartley then went out to rouse the boy whom he purposed to send; and after a few moments returned, and while the latter was saddling the horse, he wrote the note, so that in ten minutes the messenger was despatched on his errand.

Day was now breaking, and the house servants were all astir. One of them came in to make the fire in the parlor fire-place, and Dr. Hartley gave orders for an early breakfast to be prepared for his weary guest.

Missing Clare from her customary morning haunts, Margaret ventured to inquire if she were in good health.

At the mention of his daughter's name, Dr. Hartley recollected now, for the first time, that there might be some good reason for treating his young visitor with rebuking coldness, and he answered with distant politeness, that Clare had gone to pay her promised visit to her friends at Fort Warburton.

Margaret bore this change of manner in her host with her usual patient resignation. And when the cloth was laid, and breakfast was placed upon the table, and the doctor with professional authority, rather than with hospitable kindness, insisted that the exhausted girl should partake of some refreshment, she meekly complied, and forced herself to swallow the contents of a cup of coffee, though she could constrain nature no farther.

They had scarcely risen from the table, before the messenger returned with the news that Squire Johnson had left home for Washington city, and would be absent for several days.

"Oh! heaven of heavens! What now can be done?" exclaimed Margaret, in anguish.

"Nothing can be done by compulsion, of course; but something may be accomplished by persuasion. I will go with you, Miss Helmstedt, to the ground, and use every friendly exertion to effect an adjustment of the difficulties between these antagonists," said Dr. Hartley.

"Oh, then, sir, let us hasten at once. No time is to be lost!" cried Margaret, in the very extremity of anxiety.

"It is but a short distance, Miss Helmstedt! Doubtless we shall be in full time," replied the doctor, buttoning up his coat and taking down his hat from the peg.

Margaret had already, with trembling fingers, tied on her hood.

They immediately left the house.

"What time did you say they met, Miss Helmstedt?"

"I said 'very early,' sir. Alas! I do not know the time to the hour. I fear, I fear—oh! let us hasten, sir!"

"It is but five o'clock, Margaret, and the distance is short," said the doctor, beginning to pity her distress.

"Oh, God! perhaps it was at five they were to meet! Oh! hasten, hasten."

Their way was first through the lawn, then through the stubble field, then into the copse wood that gradually merged in the thick forest behind the burial ground.

"Do you know the exact spot of the purposed meeting, Margaret?" inquired the doctor.

"Oh, no, sir, I do not. I only know that my father gave orders for the boat to be in readiness to take him (and his second, of course,) to the beach below the burial ground at this point. Now as the beach is narrow, and the burial ground too sacred a place for such a purpose, I thought of these woods above it."

"Exactly; and there is a natural opening, a

sort of level glade on the top of this wooded hill, that I think likely to be the place selected. We will push forward to that spot."

They hurried on. A walk of five minutes brought them to within the sound of voices, that convinced them that they were near the duelling ground!

A few more rapid steps led them to a small, level, open glade on the summit of the wooded hill.

Oh! heaven of heavens! what a sight to meet the eyes of a daughter and a promised wife.

The ground was already marked off. In the drawing of the lots, it seemed that the best position had fallen to her father, for he stood with his back to the rising sun that shone full into the face of Ralph, at the same time dazzling his eyes, and making him the fairest mark for the best marksman in the country!

At right angles with the principals stood the seconds, one of them having a handkerchief held in his hand, while the other prepared to give the word!

Margaret had not seen her betrothed for three years, and now, oh! agony insupportable! to meet him thus!

So absorbed were the duellists in the business upon which they had met, and so quietly had she and her escort stolen upon the scene, that the antagonists had perceived no addition to their party, but went on with their bloody purpose.

At the very moment of the entrance of the new-comers upon the scene, the second of Major Helmstedt gave the word,

"One—two—three—fire!" Frank Houston dropped the handkerchief, Ralph fired into the air, and Margaret, springing forward, struck up the pistol of her father, so that it was discharged harmlessly into the upper branches of an old tree.

All this transpired in a single instant of time, so suddenly and unexpectedly, that until it was over no one knew what had happened.

Then followed a scene of confusion difficult or impossible to describe.

Major Helmstedt was the first to speak. Shaking Margaret's hand from his arm, he demanded in a voice of concentrated rage,

"Miss Helmstedt! What is the meaning of this? How durst you come hither?"

Margaret, dropping upon her knees between the combatants, and lifting up both arms, exclaimed,

"Oh, father! father! Oh, Ralph! Ralph! bury your bullets in this broken heart if you will! but do not point your weapons again at each other."

"Margaret! my beloved!" began Ralph Houston, springing to raise her, but before he could effect his purpose, Major Helmstedt had caught up his daughter, and with extended hand exclaimed,

"Off, sir! How durst you? Touch her not! address her not at your peril! Dr. Hartley, since you attended this self-willed girl hither, pray do me the favor to lead her from the scene. Gentlemen, seconds, I look to you to restore order, that the business of our meeting may proceed."

"Father! father!" cried Margaret, clasping his knees in an agony of prayer.

"Degenerate child! release me and begone! Dr. Hartley, will you relieve me of this girl?"

"Major Helmstedt, your daughter and myself came hither in the hope of mediating between yourself and your antagonist."

"Mediating! Sir! there is no such thing as mediation in a quarrel like this! Since you brought my daughter hither, will you take her off, sir, I ask you?" thundered Major Helmstedt, striving to un rivet the clinging arms of his child.

"Father, father! hear me! hear me!" she cried.

"Peace, girl, I command you. Fool that you are not to see that this is a mortal question, that can only be resolved in a death meeting between us. Girl, girl, girl! are you a Helmstedt? Do you know that the family of this man have made dishonoring charges upon you? Charges that, by the heaven above, can be washed out only in life's blood? Take her away, Hartley."

"Father, father! Oh, God! the charges! the charges that they have made! they are true! they are true!" cried Margaret, clinging to his arms, while she hid her face upon his bosom.

Had a bomb-shell exploded in their midst, it could not have produced a severer or more painful shock.

Ralph Houston, after the first agonized start and shudder, drew nearer to her, and paused, pale as death, to listen farther, if perchance he had heard aright.

All the others, after their first surprise, stood as if struck statue still.

Major Helmstedt remained nailed to the ground, a form of iron. Deep and unearthly was the sound of his voice, as lifting the head of his daughter from his breast, he said,

"Miss Helmstedt, look me in the face!"

She raised her agonized eyes to his countenance.

All present looked and listened—no one thought by word or gesture of interfering between the father and daughter.

"Miss Helmstedt," he began, in the low, deep, stern tone of concentrated passion, "what was that which you said just now?"

"I said, my father, in effect, that you must not fight; that your cause is accursed; that the charges brought against me are—true!"

"You tell me that——?"

"The charges brought against me are true!" she said, in a strange, ringing voice, every tone of which was audible to all present.

Had the fabled head of the Medusa with all its fell powers arisen before the assembled party, it could not have produced a more appalling effect. Each stood as if turned to stone by her words.

The father and daughter remained confronted like beings charged with the mortal and eternal destiny of each other. At length Margaret, unable to bear the scrutiny of his fixed gaze, dropped her head upon her bosom, buried her burning face in her hands, and turned away.

Then Major Helmstedt, keeping his eyes still fixed with a devouring gaze upon her, slowly raised, extended and dropped his hand heavily upon her shoulder, clutched, turned, and drew her up before him.

"Again! let fall your hands; raise your head; look me in the face, minion!"

She obeyed, dropping her hands, and lifting her face crimsoned with blushes to his merciless gaze.

"Repeat!—for I can scarce believe the evidence of my own senses! The charges brought against you, by the Houstons, are——"

"True! They are true!" she replied, in a voice of utter despair.

"Then, for three years past, ever since your betrothal to Mr. Ralph Houston, you have been in secret correspondence with a strange young man, disapproved by your protectress?" asked Major Helmstedt, in a sepulchral tone.

"I have—I have!"

"And you have met this young man more than once in private?"

"Yes! yes!" she gasped, with a suffocating sob.

"On the day of the festival, and of the landing of the British upon our Island, you passed several hours alone with this person in the woods?"

A deprecating wave of the hand and another sob was her only reply.

"Once, at least, you received this man in your private apartment at Buzzard's Bluff?"

A gesture of affirmation and of utter despondency was her answer.

"The night of that same visit, you secretly left the roof of your protectors, for an unex-

plained absence of several days, some of which were passed in the company of this person?"

For all reply, she raised and clasped her hands and dropped them down before her, and let her head fall upon her bosom with an action full of irremediable despair.

Her father's face was dark with anguish.

"Speak, minion!" he said, "these things must not be left to conjecture! they must be clearly understood. Speak! answer."

"I did," she moaned, in an expiring voice, as her head sank lower upon her breast, and her form covered under the weight of an overwhelming shame and sorrow.

And well she might. Here, in the presence of men, in the presence of her father and her lover, she was making admissions, the lightest one of which, unexplained, was sufficient to brand her woman's brow with ineffable and eternal dishonor!

Her lover's head had sunk upon his breast, and he stood with folded arms, set lips, downcast eyes and impassable brow, upon which none could read his thoughts.

Her father's face had grown darker and sterner, as he questioned and she answered, until now it was terrible to look upon.

A pause had followed her last words, and was broken at length by Major Helmstedt, who in a voice, awful in the stillness and depth of suppressed passion, said,

"Wretched girl! why do you linger here? Begone! and never let me see you more!"

"Father, father! have mercy! have mercy on your poor child!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands and dropping at his feet.

"Minion! never dare to desecrate my name or pollute my sight again. Begone!" he exclaimed, spurning her kneeling form and turning away.

"Oh! father, father! for the sweet love of the Saviour!" she cried, throwing her arms around his knees and clinging to him.

"Wretch! outcast! release me, avoid my presence, or I shall be driven to destroy you, wanton!" he thundered, giving way to fury, and shaking her as a viper from her clinging hold upon his feet, "wanton! courtize——"

But ere that word of last reproach could be completed, swift as lightning she flew to his bosom, clung about his neck, placed her hand over his lips to arrest his farther speech, and gazing intensely, fiercely into his eyes—into his soul, exclaimed,

"Father, do not finish your sentence. Unless you wish me to drop dead before you, do not. As you hope for salvation, never apply that name to—her daughter."

"Her daughter!" he retorted, violently, shaking her off, until she fell collapsed and exhausted at his feet—"her daughter! Changeling, no daughter of hers or of mine are you. She would disown and curse you from her grave! and——"

"Oh, mother, mother! oh, mother, mother!" groaned the poor girl, writhing and groveling like a crushed worm on the ground.

"And I," he continued, heedless of her agony, as he stooped, clutched her arm, jerked her with a spring upon her feet, and held her tightly confronting him.

"I—there was a time when I was younger, that had any woman of my name or blood, made the shameful confessions that you have made this day, I would have slain her on the instant with this, my right hand. But age somewhat cools the head, and now I only spurn you—thus!"

And tightening his grasp upon her shoulder, he whirled her off with such violence that she fell at several yards distant, stunned and insensible upon the ground.

Then followed by his second, he strode haughtily from the place.

Dr. Hartley, who had remained standing in amazement through the latter part of this scene, now hurried to the assistance of the swooning girl.

But Ralph Houston, shaking off the dreadful apathy that had bound his faculties, hastened to intercept him. Kneeling beside the prostrate form, he lifted and placed it in an easier position. Then turning to arrest the doctor's steps, he said,

"Before you come nearer to her, tell me this. What do you believe of her?"

"That she is a fallen girl," replied Dr. Hartley.

"Then no nearer on your life and soul," said Ralph, lifting his hand to bar the doctor's farther approach.

"What do you mean, Capt. Houston?"

"That she still wears the betrothal ring I placed upon her finger. That I am as yet her affianced husband. And by that name I claim the right to protect her in this her bitter extremity; to defend her bruised and broken heart from the wounds of unkind eyes! Had you had faith in her, charity for her, I should have accepted, with thanks, your help. As it is, you have none, do not let her awake to find a hostile countenance bending over her!"

"As you please, sir. But remember that if the assistance of a physician is absolutely required, my services and my home also, await the needs of Marguerite De Lancie's daughter," said Dr. Hartley, turning to depart.

Frank also, at a sign from his brother, withdrew.

Ralph was left alone with Margaret. He raised her light form, shuddering amid all his deeper distress, to feel how light it was, and bore her down the wooded hill, to the great spreading oak, under which was the green mound of her mother's last sleeping-place.

He laid her down so that her head rested on this mound as on a pillow, and then went to a spring near by to bring water, with which, kneeling, he bathed her face.

Long and assiduous efforts were required before she recovered from that mortal swoon.

When at length, with a deep and shuddering sigh, and a tremor that ran through all her frame, she opened her eyes, she found Ralph Houston kneeling by her side, bending with solicitous interest over her.

With only a dim and partial recollection of some great agony passed, she raised her eyes and stretched forth her arms, murmuring in tender, pleading tones,

"Ralph, my friend, my savior, you do not believe me guilty? You know me so thoroughly; you always trusted me; you are sure that I am innocent?"

"Margaret," he said, in a voice of the deepest pain, "I pillowed your head here above your mother's bosom; had I not believed you guiltless of any deeper sin than inconstancy of affection, I should not have laid you in this sacred place."

"Inconstancy! Ralph?"

"Fear nothing, poor girl! it is not for me to judge or blame you. You were but a child when our betrothal took place; you could not have known your own heart; I was twelve years your senior, and I should have had more wisdom, justice and generosity, than to have bound the hand of a child of fourteen to that of a man of twenty-six. We have been separated for three years. You are now but seventeen; and I am in my thirtieth year. You have discovered your mistake, and I suffer a just punishment. It is natural."

"Oh, my God! my God! my cup overflows with bitterness!" moaned the poor maiden, in a voice almost inaudible from anguish.

"Compose yourself, dear Margaret. I do not reproach you in the least; I am here to serve you as I best may; to make you happy if it be possible. And the first step to be taken is to restore to you your freedom."

"Oh, no! Oh, Lord of mercy, no! no! no!" she exclaimed, in an agony of prayer; and then in sudden self-consciousness, she flushed all over

face and neck with maiden shame, and became suddenly silent.

"Dear Margaret," said Ralph, in a tone of infinite tenderness and compassion, "you have suffered so much that you are scarcely sane. You hardly know what you would have. Our betrothal must, of course, be annulled. You must be free to wed this lover of your choice. I hope that he is, in some measure, worthy of you; nay, since you love him, I must believe that he is so."

"Oh, Ralph, Ralph! Oh, Ralph, Ralph!" she cried, wringing her hands.

"Margaret, what is the meaning of this?"

"I have no lover except you. I never wronged you in thought, or word, or deed, never, never, never!"

"Dear Margaret, I have not charged you with wronging me."

"But I have no lover, do you hear, Ralph? I never have had one! I never should have so desecrated our sacred engagements."

"Poor Margaret, you are distracted! Much grief has made you mad! You no longer know what you say."

"Oh, I do, I do! never believe but I know every word that I speak. And I say that my heart has never wandered, for an instant, from its allegiance to yourself! And listen, farther, Ralph," she said, sinking upon her knees, beside that grave, and raising her hands and eyes to heaven with the most impressive solemnity, "listen while I swear this by the heart of her who sleeps beneath this sod, and by my hopes of meeting her in heaven! that he with whom my name has been so wrongfully connected was no lover of mine—could be no lover of mine!"

"Hold, Margaret! Do not foreswear yourself even in a fit of partial derangement. Rise, and recall to yourself some circumstances that occurred immediately before you became insensible, and which consequently may have escaped your memory. Recollect, poor girl, the admissions you made to your father," said Ralph, taking her hand, and gently constraining her to rise.

"Oh, heaven! and you believe—you believe—"

"Your own confessions, Margaret, nothing more; for had an angel from heaven told the things of you, that you have stated of yourself, I should not have believed him!"

"Oh, my mother! Oh, my God!" she cried, in a tone of such deep misery, that through all his own trouble, Ralph deeply pitied and gently answered her,

"Be at ease. I do not reproach you, my child."

"But you believe—oh, you believe——"

"Your own statement concerning yourself, dear Margaret, no more nor less."

"Believe no more! not a hair's-breadth more! Scarcely so much. And draw from that no inferences. On your soul draw no inferences against me; for they would be most unjust. For I am yours; only yours; wholly yours; I have never, never had any purpose, wish, or thought at variance with your claims upon me!"

"You must pardon me, Margaret, if I cannot reconcile your present statement with the admissions lately made to your father. Allow me to bring them to your memory."

"Oh, heaven, have mercy on me," she cried, covering her face.

"Remember, I do not reproach you with them, I only recall them to your mind. You have been in secret correspondence with this young man for three years past; you have given him private meetings; you have passed hours alone in the woods with him; you have received him in your chamber; you have been abroad for days in his company; you have confessed the truth of all this; and yet you declare that he is not, and cannot be a lover of yours! Margaret, Margaret, how can you expect me, for a moment, to credit the amazing inconsistency of your statements?"

While he spoke, she stood before him in an agony of confusion and distress, her form cowering; her face sunk upon her breast; her eyes shunning his gaze; her face, neck and bosom crimsoned with fiery blushes; her hands writhed together; her whole aspect one of conscious guilt, convicted crime, and overwhelming shame.

The anguish stamped upon the brow of her lover was terrible to behold. Yet he governed his emotions, and compelled his voice to be steady in saying,

"Dear Margaret, if in any way you can reconcile these inconsistencies—speak!"

"Speak! Aye! she might have done so. One word from her lips would have sufficed to lift the cloud of shame from her brow, and to crown her with an aureola of glory; would have averted the storm of calamity gathering darkly over her head, and restored her, a cherished daughter, to the protecting arms of her father; an honored maiden to the esteem of friends and companions; a beloved bride to the sheltering bosom of her bridegroom! A word would do this; yet that word, which could have lifted the shadow from her own heart and life, must have bid it settle, dark and heavy, upon the grave of the dumb, defenceless dead beneath her feet. And the word remained unspoken.

"I can die for her; but I cannot betray her.

I can live dishonored for her sake; but I cannot consign her memory to reproach," said the devoted daughter to her own bleeding and despairing heart.

"Margaret, can you explain the meaning of these letters, these meetings, in the woods, on the river, in your own chamber?"

"Alas! I cannot. I can only endure," she moaned, in a voice replete with misery, as her head sank lower upon her breast, and her form cowered nearer the ground, as if crushed by the insupportable weight of humiliation.

It was not in erring human wisdom to look upon her thus, to listen to her words, and not believe her a fallen angel!

And yet she was innocent! More than innocent! Devoted, heroic, holy!

But notwithstanding this, and her secret consciousness of this, how could she—in her tender youth, with her maiden delicacy and sensitiveness to reproach—how could she stand in this baleful position, and not appear overwhelmed by guilt and shame?

There was a dread pause of some minutes, broken at length by Ralph, who said,

"Margaret, will you return me that betrothal ring?"

She started. Her face, that had been burning with fiery blushes, became suddenly pale as death, as she dropped her hands from before it, and lifted to him a piteous, prayerful gaze.

He repeated his demand. She answered, "You placed it on my finger, Ralph! Will you also take it off? I was passive then; I will be passive now."

Ralph raised the pale hand in his own and tried to draw off the ring.

But since, three years before, the token had been placed upon the little hand of the child, that hand had grown, and though now so much emaciated, that the bright circlet seemed to hang loosely upon the slender finger, it was found impossible to draw the ring over the first joint.

Ralph Houston, unwilling to give her physical pain, desisted in his efforts, saying quietly, as he bowed and left her,

"The betrothal ring refuses to leave your finger, Margaret. Well, good morning!"

But a change, beautiful and glorious as a sunburst, transfigured the tortured countenance of the suffering girl!

A smile, holy with the light of faith, hope and love, dawned within her soul and irradiated her brow.

In a voice impassioned, solemn, thrilling with prophetic joy, she said,

"The ring remains with me! I hail it as the bow of promise! Through this dark night, the one beacon light! In this black tempest, the one shining star!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

A SUMMER NIGHT.

BY ADA M. KENNICOTT.

So softly came the twilight,
None heard her footsteps fall;
So silently the quiet stars,
Came answering to her call;
And soon the birds with folded wings,
Were hushed within the nest,
Save one that ever sweetly sings
Within each throbbing breast.
While over vale and woodland,
Crept the silver-footed beams,
Making music in the meadows,
And stars upon the streams;
For the night-bird sang them welcome,
The ripples caught their smile,
And shadows slept 'neath swaying trees
That were singing all the while—
Sweet songs of life and gladness,
Low-breathed by lightsome leaves;
Swelling across the golden grain
And sighing 'mid the sheaves.

Waking responsive echoes,
Where'er they chanced to fall;
Thus came the blessed moonbeams,
With peace that stilleth all.
Of sadness or of murmuring
This weary world may know;
Soft showers from the Celestial founts,
Of clear, untroubled flow.
All silently o'er flood and field,
The soothing influence crept;
In beauty and in holiness,
So hushed, the warm earth crept.
So, gently in each burdened heart,
Did anger die away;
And busy labor, care and strife,
All vanished with the day;
While slowly, with subduing power,
Pure thoughts, like angels, crept
So close within the holy calm,
Earth's stormy passions slept.

"I CAN'T GET MARRIED."

BY J. J. JERMYN.

I DON'T know how it is. There never was a man had a greater capacity for getting married. I am notoriously susceptible. I hate living alone. I can't spend half my income. No forlorn bachelor ever wished so earnestly, as the newspapers say, "to pay for some young lady's dry goods."

Nor am I worse-looking than nine fellows out of ten. I am said to be good-tempered. I am not ridiculously awkward. And yet I can't get married!

Nobody can say I haven't tried. I've tried in town. I've tried in the country. I've tried with brunettes, with blondes, with old maids, with widows. But it won't do. Just when I think I'm about to succeed, pop! she goes, like a bird from a bush.

The last time I tried, I could have sworn I was to be "the happy man." It was with Fanny Hughes. I first began to grow intimate with her, after being sentenced to kiss her in a game of "twirl the platter," down in the country, one glowing autumn, at an old farm-house. Ah! what a kiss. It made my mouth water for a month. From that time I thought of nothing but Fanny.

She was the spiciest mixture of a blue and a romp that ever crazed a man. She rode like a Penthesilea. To see her clear face glowing with the rapid motion, her round bust heaving with the heave of the gallop, and her light laugh ringing through the air till the cows half a mile off looked up from grazing, and wondered if fairies were in the wind—I defy the soberest, flattest of men not to have knocked under. And she was just as irresistible out of her riding-habit, for she sang charmingly, and every now and then flung into her pathetic songs such a comical twang, and dashed her mirthful songs with such an under-music of sadness:—and then she talked so wittily, and had read such a great deal, and in so many tongues, and was so wayward and reckless in her judgment of books, and men, and things, that even if a man did not go out riding with her, and thus escape the Diana of the park, he was sure to find himself at her chair all the evening, and so fall a victim to the Minerva of the drawing-room. Now, I was both riding man and reading man, and so I was hit

on both sides; and I confess I thought Fanny saw it, and had no particular objection. But she was such a romp that it was hard to say. I don't imagine she had a bit of conscious coquetry in her nature. But she couldn't resist the harum-scarum blood that made her light heart dance to all sorts of tunes.

Well, things went on, in this way, till Christmas came around. A large party was to spend it at the mansion of Mrs. Trelawney, Fanny's aunt, who kept it up "right royally." And a merry time we had of it!

The only "spoon" of the party—if I may be allowed the expression of English high-life—was the Rev. Ingulphus Crabbe, "acolyte" he delighted to call himself—who had just taken orders. He was oppressively humble, and wore his hair parted in the middle, with a long, black outer garment—which looked like a surtout arrested half way in its growth toward a great coat—a waistcoat buttoned to the throat, and surmounted by a tight white stock with no visible tie to it, and close-shaven whiskers.

No wonder Fanny laughed at him, and no wonder he was scandalized at her. I used to draw caricatures of him in ridiculous positions, which amused Fanny exceedingly. He would bring Keble's "Lyra Infantium" into the drawing-room, and Prudentius, and other barbarous ecclesiastical poets, and laboriously translate them to Fanny, and ask her to set them to music, which she did, always choosing the most vulgar airs, such as "Jim Crow" and other early negro melodies then popular, which, being played slowly, quite satisfied the Rev. Ingulphus, who thought them charmingly devotional. We men all voted him a prig and a spoon, and none seemed to take a more decided view of him in that light than my charming Fanny.

Well, Christmas came, and we had a yule-log in the great hall fire-place, and a dance afterward under the mistletoe—under that very mistletoe of which a dried-up sprig is now lying on my table. I had been riding with Fanny in the morning, and I thought I had done everything but pop the question. I danced with her the first dance, and kissed her under the mistletoe, and determined to settle the matter that night, come what would.

Toward the close of the ball—for we kept it up very late that night—I looked in vain for Fanny. Nobody had seen her for the last dance or two. The Rev. Ingulphus was missing also; but as he had strongly denounced the affair altogether, and especially the mistletoe part of the entertainment, which he pronounced a heathenish and Druidic superstition, nobody was surprised at his absence, which was, indeed, rather a relief than otherwise. Where could Fanny be? I felt it would never do to go to bed without settling matters. So I went to look for her.

The drawing-room communicated with the hall by a billiard-room, and out of the billiard-room was a little morning-room, which Fanny called hers, but which was common property, for there was always sure to be some fun going on there.

She wasn't in the billiard-room, and she wasn't in either of the drawing-rooms. But as I passed through the billiard-room, on my way to the hall again, big with my great resolve, and the arteries in my temples throbbing like Jullien's drums, I saw a light in the morning-room—for the door stood ajar—and heard voices I listened; indeed, I had only to stop to hear. It was the voice of the Rev. Ingulphus. The tone was as passionate and tender as he could pitch it. In fact, he was in the very heart of a declaration. "Oh! by Jove," I thought to myself, "how I shall make

Fanny laugh with this to-morrow. But let me see the lady," I said.

Stealing to the door, I peeped in. They were sitting on a sofa together, very near each other, before the fire. Her back was toward the door. But there were the golden ringlets, and—oh! the duplicity of human nature—the head was resting on the shoulder of the Rev. Ingulphus.

That day four months, Fanny Hughes was transformed into the Rev. Mrs. Ingulphus. I have met her since accidentally; she is a good deal changed: and I can see she will be a coarse woman, even before she gets to forty. They call her "a dowdy," and as Dogberry says, "it having been proved, most people will come near believing it."

I didn't bear Fanny any malice. But I don't think I danced much the next year, and I certainly didn't feel disposed to make another trial of a romp. One has no security, I felt, with your fly-away style of woman; though how the Rev. Ingulphus contrived to do it I haven't the slightest notion to this day.

It must be, however, in the coat. A soldier or a minister are irresistible to the dear creatures, I suppose. There's magnetism, doubtless, in blue coats and black.

Here I am, still unmarried. Who'll have me? A bid, ladies, for this desirable article. Going, going, going—ah! would I could say "gone."

"THE EARLY DIED."

BY U. D. THOMAS.

SHE early died,
Ere the shadows of care
Fell on her brow
So beautifully fair;
Her eyes were closed
In the slumber of death,
Ere tears had gathered
Their lids beneath;
Then, weep her not,
She has passed away,
To a realm beyond
The realm—Decay.

We miss her here
From the hearthstone lone,
A beam of light
Has forever gone;
A smile has passed
From our longing sight,

Like a beautiful star,
In a cloud at night;
Yet, cease to mourn,
For the smile we miss
Is beaming, e'en now,
In the Vale of Bliss.

A child of song—
Her rapturous strains
Wooded, the sad heart,
From Affliction's pains;
The words she breathed
In her lays of love,
Were like seraph notes
From the spheres above;
Then, weep her not,
For beyond the skies,
She is singing now
In Paradise.

COUSIN ANNA.

BY T. B. ARTHUR.

"FATHER!"

There was no answer.

"Father! father!" And a boy's quick, firm grasp was laid upon the arm of Mr. Jacobs, who sat near the lamp, absorbed in the pages of a book.

"What do you want? you troublesome child!" said Mr. Jacobs, turning upon his little son with an angry countenance.

"Does the world go round? George Andrews says the sun stands still and the world turns round."

"Of course it does, you little simpleton!" replied the father, in a tone of thoughtful contempt of the child's ignorance. "Now, don't come bothering me any more with your silly questions," he added, as he pushed the curious boy away.

Philip was disappointed as well as hurt by this treatment. The strange fact, which had been affirmed by George Andrews that the world turned round, had puzzled his brain sorely. He had thought about it, and imagined the consequences of so singular a phenomenon, until his mind was lost in bewilderment. If the world turned round, it was plain to him that the people would fall off. And then, again, did not the sun rise and go clear across the sky every day. No, no. George Andrews, if he was a big boy, must be wrong. So Philip ran home from the neighbor's house, where he had gone, after tea, to play with the children, and disturbed his father's pleasant state of mind by the untimely intrusion of what he was pleased to regard as a silly question.

Repulsed, harshly, when he should have been received kindly and instructed patiently, Philip moved slowly away from his father's side, and sat down upon the floor to ponder the mystery of the earth's rotation—to look through the apparent truth, and see, by the eye of reason, the real truth that hid itself away from the unassisted natural vision. But, the more he thought, the more impossible seemed the thing which George Andrews had asserted. Forgetting, in a few minutes, his parent's frown, the child, in the eagerness of unsatisfied curiosity, started up from the floor, and crossing the room, disturbed his father with the question,

"Why don't the people fall off?"

"Jane! Take that child to bed."

The nurse was passing the sitting-room door at the moment. Mr. Jacobs' order was imperative; and nurse knew that it must be obeyed.

"I don't want to go to bed," objected Philip.

"Take him away!" The father spoke sternly. "Next time, when you see me reading, don't disturb me with your foolish questions."

Mr. Jacobs turned to his book, and Philip was carried off, in tears, to bed, suffering the penalty of a too eager curiosity. He cried himself to sleep.

Twice repulsed, and punishment added the second time, a new question arose, in Philip's mind, almost as difficult of solution as the problem he had submitted to his father. Was it wrong to seek for knowledge? Ere light dawned upon his feeble intellect, tranquil sleep came with its blessed forgetfulness.

On the next morning, at the breakfast-table, while Mr. Jacobs was relating to his wife some pleasant incident which had occurred on the day before, Philip broke in with the untimely question,

"Father! Where does the sun go at night?"

The inquiry was answered by a frown, and a sharply spoken "Hush!"

"As I was saying, when that troublesome child interrupted me." Mr. Jacobs looked toward his wife again, and went on with his story; but the telling of it took too large a time for the patience of Philip, into whose mind a flood of curious questions was pouring.

"Father!"

No regard was paid to the child.

"Father!"

Mr. Jacobs went on talking across the table.

"Father; why can't we fly like the birds?"

"Haven't I told you a hundred times not to ask questions when I was talking? If you speak again, you shall be sent from the table!"

Philip cowered down in his chair, looking frightened. But his young eyes were just opening upon a world of wonderful things, each of which but half revealed itself. He was what is called a "bright child," by some; and a troublesome child by others. To all who would tolerate him he was an eager questioner. Too soon he

forgot his father's threat to send him from the table if he spoke again. Ere the story was finished, he said, in a loud voice,

"Mother! Does sugar grow on trees?"

"Philip!"

The child started and flushed like one caught in an evil act.

"Leave the table!"

Philip left his place slowly, and went in tears from the room.

"I never saw such a boy!" exclaimed Mr. Jacobs, with an irritated manner, and then fell into a silent, moody state. He did not finish his pleasant story.

"Nobody answers his questions," said the mother. There was a troubled murmur in her voice. "I can't do it; and it's no use for me to begin. It would take all my time, and the wisdom of a Solomon into the bargain. What do you think he asked me yesterday?"

"If the moon were made of green cheese, probably?"

"Just what he did ask! Somebody imposed upon his young curiosity, and he came to me for the truth."

Now it was the father himself who had done this. On the preceding morning, just as he was leaving the house, Philip had caught hold of him and put the question,

"What is the moon made of, father?"

"Of green cheese," was the thoughtless answer—we might call it by a severer name. And Mr. Jacobs dragged himself away from the child's earnest grasp.

"Well, what reply did you make?" inquired Mr. Jacobs.

"I was amused, and laughed heartily."

"Well, what then? Was he satisfied with being laughed at?"

"No. He pressed the question."

"How did you answer him?"

"I began by trying to make him understand that the moon was another world like this?"

Mr. Jacobs laughed out aloud.

"He was easily satisfied, I presume?"

"Indeed, then, and he was not. In less than two minutes he had asked me more questions than an astronomer could have answered to his satisfaction in a month."

"So you gave it up."

"I did, and told Jane to give him a saucer of sweetmeats and bread in which to drown his curiosity."

"Wise woman! It was effectual, I suppose. You heard no more about the moon and green cheese?"

"Nothing more. When I next saw him, he

was asleep on the floor, his face daubed with syrup from chin to eyebrows."

Mr. Jacobs laughed. A moment after, he said, looking serious,

"I must answer Mary's letter to-day."

"Oh, yes. It won't do to put that off any longer," replied his wife. "Poor Mary! I feel very sorry for her. I wonder what kind of a girl Anna is?"

"An ordinary girl, no doubt. Mary's husband was a coarse man; and they've always been very poor. The children have had few opportunities for improvement."

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Jacobs. And her dreamy-looking eyes sunk to the floor. After a brief silence she looked up, adding,

"We shall have to give Anna a home."

"I don't know about that," replied her husband. "It might not be best for our children."

"They are very young."

"So much the worse. She might give their young minds a twist that we could never get out again. I'm afraid."

"The poor girl will have to go out alone and friendless, to make her way in the world. She is your sister's child; and, for appearance sake, if nothing else, we must not abandon her to such a fate. Evil consequences might follow, that would occasion a life-long regret. I think we had better send for her. We need not offer her a home, now, but merely invite her to make us a visit."

"If you are willing," said Mr. Jacobs, "I will write to sister Mary to send Anna here for a few weeks. If we don't like her, we can manage a quiet transfer to other quarters."

"Send for her by all means," replied his wife. "You cannot do less under the circumstances."

So a letter was written, and the niece invited to make them a visit.

When Philip learned that his cousin Anna—he had never heard of her before—was coming to make them a visit, he had a hundred curious questions to ask about her, to none of which he could get a satisfactory answer. As usual, he annoyed his father with his singular and persevering inquiries; and the child got into trouble about his cousin Anna, more than a dozen times before he looked into her face.

At last, the day came when she was to arrive. Mr. Jacobs did not greet the morning with much pleasure; and his wife felt nervous about the unpromising relative, who might prove a disagreeable inmate of their family. She knew that it would be much easier to receive her into the house, than to get rid of her, should her presence be found an injury to the children. As

Anna was to come to the city in charge of a gentleman from the town where she lived, who would bring her to her uncle's house, Mr. Jacobs did not feel called upon to put himself out on the occasion, by meeting her at the cars. It was rather later in the evening than usual, when Mr. Jacobs came home from his store. He felt more than a little uncomfortable about the young relative he was to meet. A dozen times during the day, he expressed to himself regret for having extended the invitation. "Trouble will grow out of it, I am sure," he said, as he walked homeward. "When I saw her, ten years ago, she was the image of her father, and that isn't saying much in her favor. He was always a coarse, vulgar man. What Mary ever saw in him to like is more than I can imagine."

When Mr. Jacobs entered the family sitting-room, a slender girl, with a pale, delicate face, and large, dark eyes, that had in them a singular depth and brightness, arose and advanced a few steps toward him. There was a modest grace, an ease of manner, and an air of refinement about her that made a favorable impression at the first glance.

"Your uncle," said Mrs. Jacobs.

"Is this Anna Freeman?" There was no concealment of surprise on the part of Mr. Jacobs, as he took the young girl's hand and welcomed her cordially. He was pleased beyond measure at finding in his niece one so very different from the individual his thought had pictured. A brief conversation with her about her mother and younger sisters, and her own views of life and prospects, sufficed to give Mr. Jacobs the impression of a superior and well cultivated mind.

Philip had attached himself to her almost from the moment she came into the house, plying her with questions that were patiently answered, and in a way clearly intelligible to his dawning intellect. He was hanging upon her words when his father came home, and interrupted some attractive piece of information he was gathering from her lips. Impatient at the prolonged conversation, he at last broke in with a question,

"Philip!" Mr. Jacobs raised a finger and spoke sternly.

The child was standing by the side of his newly-found relative, who drew an arm around him in an affectionate way, and looking into his face with a gentle smile, said,

"Wait a little while, dear, and I'll tell you all about it."

"I'm afraid he'll worry you to death with his questions," said Mr. Jacobs. "He plys them without mercy, in season and out of season."

"I am used to answering children's questions," replied Anna. "Philip and I have made friends already," she added, tightening the arm that was around the child.

"Have I troubled you with questions?" There was a shade of feeling in the boy's tones as he looked into the face of his cousin Anna.

"No, dear," she answered, "you will never trouble me with questions. Ask as many as you please."

"May I ask one now?"

"No; not now," said Mr. Jacobs. "There is a time for all things. Never ask questions when older people are conversing. I am talking with your cousin Anna."

A shadow fell across the countenance of Philip. But cousin Anna withdrew her hand from his waist, and lifting it to his forehead, laid it among his glossy curls, and drew them tenderly back against her bosom.

"We'll have our talk all in good time," she said, softly.

The child made a strong effort to repress his eager curiosity. Very, very long, as it seemed to him, did his father hold cousin Anna in conversation. In several of the pauses, he threw in a question; but was rebuked, or threatened, each time.

"Go away from your cousin Anna!" Mr. Jacobs at length said, almost angrily. "She's tired with a long journey, and you are worrying her to death. Call Jane, and have him taken from the room." Mr. Jacobs glanced over to his wife.

"Oh, no, uncle! Don't send him out of the room," interposed Anna. "He does not trouble me in the least."

"Wait patiently, dear," she then whispered the child. "Your time will come soon, and then I'll talk to you just as long as you please."

That time did come at last; but after what seemed to Philip a long, long delay. During supper time, his father threatened him twice, without fully repressing the impulsive curiosity which almost every object excited in his young mind; and finally sent him from the table, ordering him, at the same time, to be taken off to bed. Anna looked surprised and grieved at this, and her pitying gaze followed the unhappy child as he was borne from the room. His sad, disappointed face, as she saw him lay it down, almost hopelessly, upon the shoulder of Jane, touched her sympathies, and brought tears to her eyes. Mr. Jacobs observed the effect upon her of Philip's removal. The shade of disquiet alone that dimmed her young countenance rebuked him; for he perceived the cause.

"There is no other way," said Mr. Jacobs. "You might as well talk to the wind."

But Anna made no response.

"As to satisfying his idle curiosity, that is impossible."

"I have never thought the curiosity of children idle," said Anna. "The world is all new to them—and all a mystery. We hold the key to these mysteries; and must unlock for them the doors of knowledge. If they do not come, questioning, to us, where can they go? We are their only hope."

There was nothing in the manner of his niece, as she thus answered, to offend. She spoke with simple truthfulness. And Mr. Jacobs was not offended, though her words threw light into his mind; and the light rebuked him.

"They are so thoughtless of time and seasons," remarked Mr. Jacobs.

"They are young, artless and ignorant," replied Anna, "and need our widest consideration. I often think that we expect too much from them. Making all allowance for the difference of age and experience, we will find grown persons quite as inconsiderate as children."

"I believe you are right," said Mr. Jacobs, as he leaned back in his chair, and looked unusually thoughtful. "It has often occurred to me that we have too little patience with children. Well; you have full liberty to experiment with Philip—and if you satisfy his curiosity, I will have your name handed down to posterity as the eighth wonder of the world."

Anna smiled, and replied that she had no objection to make the experiment, and if they would excuse her, would go to Philip at once and soothe him in his trouble.

"I don't wonder at his impatience," she added, as she arose from the table, "for I was in the very midst of some very interesting explanations when you came home, to which he was listening with eyes and mouth, as well as mind, wide open, trying to take in my words at every possible and impossible avenue."

When cousin Anna entered the bed-room to which Philip had been sent in disgrace, she found him half undressed, lying with his face buried in a pillow, and Jane endeavoring to remove his clothes.

"I never saw such a bad boy!" said the nurse, impatiently. "He's always doing something. Turn over here, I say!" But the child remained as immovable and heedless as a piece of wood. "Philip!"

What a magic there was in the voice of cousin Anna! What quick life flashed electrically through all the child's frame. She had

bent over him as she spoke. Scarcely died the sound of her voice, ere his arms were about her neck.

"I will undress him, Jane," said cousin Anna. The girl left the room, half wondering at the singular influence gained over the restless, almost ungovernable boy, by a stranger who had not been three hours in the house.

Tears dry quickly on the warm cheeks of childhood. Scarcely three minutes had glided away, ere sunshine succeeded the rain.

"Now tell me about the people on the other side of the world. Can't we dig right through?"

Anna had, through many interruptions by Philip's mother, who constantly repressed the child's questions, and reproved him for annoying his cousin, endeavored, during the two hours that succeeded her arrival, to satisfy his highly stimulated curiosity in regard to the strange story he had heard about the world's turning round. She had made some progress, when her uncle returned home, and interrupted the talk with the child.

In reply to his renewed query, Anna, by aid of the lamp, and an India rubber ball which happened to be lying on the bureau, showed Philip, by one of the common illustrations, familiar to every one, how the earth moves on its axis, giving the alternations of day and night. Of course, he was only partially convinced, and had many difficulties to interpose. He could not see how it was possible for the people to remain sticking on to the side of a round ball—and he wanted to know who turned the world around; if there was a man moving it with a crank like a grindstone; and why the water did not run off?

Not once did cousin Anna smile at his amusing queries. She saw that they were the simple, outspoken difficulties that met him on the path of knowledge he was so eager to tread; and with wise and loving patience she answered and illustrated, until the grateful boy was satisfied. For full two hours he pressed his inquiries, going over the entire ground of doubt and difficulty already encountered in his young experience, and then, after so rare a feast of knowledge, listened with tranquil delight to a pleasant story that left his mind ready for sleep and dreams.

For the last hour, Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs had listened near the door.

"God bless her!" whispered the father, as he laid his hand upon the arm of his wife, and drew her away. "She is wiser than we. Her loving patience is a rebuke. How unjust to that boy I have been!"

On the next day, Mr. Jacobs offered his niece a permanent home in his family.

"Be to us as a daughter," he said, "and to our children an elder sister."

She smiled, half sadly, as she replied, "My mother will not give up her claim. Let me be to you, dear uncle! a grateful niece, and to your sweet children simple cousin Anna."

"She's better than any sister, I'm sure—a great deal better than George Fidler's big sister Mary, who's always saying, 'Oh, hush!' to him. I want her to be just cousin Anna; and that's a great deal better than any sister."

Philip had been listening, and this was his uninvited commentary.

"It shall be cousin Anna and no more," said

the gratified girl, stooping to hide her blushes, and kissing the forehead of the loving child.

And cousin Anna she remained, blessing that household with her presence, and receiving her reward daily. Not so much in outward acknowledgments as in deep interior satisfaction, arising from the consciousness that she was doing good among the children who loved her as a sister.

If any one inquired of Philip whether she were his sister, he would answer almost indignantly,

"No—she's not a sister! She's cousin Anna!"

And no one who saw or heard him make this reply, could fail to understand his impression of the vast superiority of a cousin over a sister.

THE TWO FLOWERS.

BY M. SUMMERS DANA.

A FRAGILE flower bent o'er the rippling wave,

A pearly dew-drop nestled lowly there,

The pure and limpid emblem Nature gave

To token to that bud, all blooming fair,

Its modest worth;

But soon a ruthless storm swept rudely by,

The crystal drop was shaken in the stream,

The chilling waves pressed onward silently,

And soon each leaf, with Sol's last ling'ring gleam,

Mingled with earth.

A youthful form with hopes all beaming bright,

The sunlight of a circle loved and dear,

In whose dark eye beamed forth the fervent light

Of Love and Virtue in those early years,

Gladdened life's way;

But Spring, with genial breeze, came stealing o'er,

And veiled those hearts in dark and fearful gloom,

For that loved one in saddest grief we bore

To her last home within the silent tomb;

Had passed away.

Each bloomed in love and beauty one bright day,

Bright gems from Paradise in earth below—

Alike, they soon in silence passed away,

Leaving a void of dark and fearful woe,

To mortals given;

Soon shall the flower return to bloom again,

And soon shall we that lost one ever dear

Meet in a world unknown to grief or pain,

In blest re-union dwell through endless years

With Love in Heaven.

TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

Through the holy twilight falling,

Is a voice upon mine ear,

Like a white-winged angel calling

From yon far celestial sphere;

Gently doth it float around me,

Like the zephyr's dying breath,

Or the last farewell that cometh

Ere the lips are sealed in death.

Is it thine, oh! holy mother?

Sainted mother, is it thine?

Thou hast gone to that far country

Where they need no sun to shine,

And thou now dost dwell in brightness

Where the living waters flow;

Is it thine to hold communion

With the child thou hast left below?

Is it thine to hover round her,

Fondly warding off each ill?

I am mortal, thou immortal,

Mother, dost thou love me still?

Then, oh! then is love a feeling

Far less earthly than divine?

Then it is a precious something

We do not at death resign;

Blessed thought and breathing gladness,

Earth-worn wanderers to cheer,

Yes, the blest in Heaven may love us

Fondly as they loved us here.

LA BELLE LIEGOISE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER IX.

AN imaginative mind often utters the prophecy which a strong will accomplishes.

There was a year of famine in France, exactly as Therese De Merincourt had foreseen. With the reading policy of a statesman, this young woman scattered gold, supplied by the Duke of Orleans, over city and province; and the grain, thus hoarded, flowed back upon the starving poor, laying up golden opinions for the king's brother, and clouding the court with still deeper odium. The Duke of Orleans became one of the most popular men in France. His gold had won forgiveness even of the royal blood in his veins—and the name of Therese De Merincourt rang loud and wide, as the friend of Mirabeau, Danton, Camille, Desmoulins and Robespierre. She belonged to no faction, but carried her influence everywhere—into the tribunal—through the midnight clubs—and even among the royalists themselves. The Palais Royal supplied her with gold, and with that and smiles still more potent, she won her way even to the throne. Her spies were everywhere, in the very bed-chamber of Maria Antoinette, in the cabinet of Louis, in the hotel of the Marquis De Maury.

But the force of her power lay among those hordes of ferocious women, who were the fiends of that awful time. Step by step, she was working out her own vision in the Chateau De Maury, her father's dream on the night when she last beheld him.

Her genius, her beauty, everything was given up to the one grand idea of vengeance on the caste that had insulted her, on the man who had wronged her. The handbills that flew over Paris, like bows of fire, inflaming the fiercest passions of the people, were written in her midnight watches, for she was almost sleepless, and always vigilant. The aristocracy of France, in one broad mass, were her enemies; but looming out from this sea of hatred, rose the queen, her rival, and the Count De Maury, the man for whom she had clothed herself in the red garments of an avenger.

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Therese was prodigal of the gold which she gave to the Demon which France called liberty, but she was simple, even austere, in her own modes of life. Her home was in the centre of the people, a chamber high up in the roof, and reached only by flights of stairs trod by a hundred feet as well as her own. As her character hardened, the beautiful taste which had blended with so many bright womanly qualities, changed also. Her garments took a masculine air, her forehead was smooth as marble, but inflexible as steel. If she smiled, there was a vague mockery in the effort, which made her sternness preferable. Her life was one rude tumult. She began to love rebellion and riot for its own sake. Her enthusiasm broke forth in the clubs. She harangued them in words of fire. Every new outbreak found her an instigator or an accomplice. That beautiful girl, whom we saw first flushed with joy, eager and full of proud womanliness, had become the Demon of the Revolution.

In her wildest enthusiasm, Therese never lost sight of Count Alfred. Hatred had grown strong in her bosom as love had been; but how to avenge herself, how to make this detestation a lasting and eternal pain, as her love would have been a joy.

Death! Therese's lip curled with scorn at the word—a thousand times could she have taken his life, bought it with gold, sought it in the midst of those tumults, or given him up to assassination with a signal of her hand; but this would have been an inadequate revenge. She had meditated death not only for him, but his whole class, even to the supreme head of that class; but it must be a death which struck terror into the whole world, surrounded by a pomp of cruelty that after ages should look back upon with horror. The whole plebeian class, to which she belonged, must share in the retribution which avenged her.

Thus, like a Judith, this young woman rose up and wrote her blood-red name in the history of the Revolution.

In her originated that first mystic emblem of

blood, *La Bonnet Rouge*. Upon her own ebony ringlets she first placed its ensanguined circlet, and appeared before the clubs like a heathen goddess fired with inspiration. In a week this terrible cap became the symbol of a party, more cruel than had ever sprung up before in France. Men of the lowest order, led on by demagogues who received their inspiration from her—women from the fish-markets, the quays, and the lazarette, recognized this badge, and were ready to follow it blindly.

Thus, in her way, Therese Merincourt became the sovereign of more hearts than Maria Antoinette. The aristocracy of birth and intellect fled from the beautiful Austrian. But the instincts of ignorance, and the force of brute strength, were faithful to La Belle Liegeoise.

It had taken months, nay, years, to bring this inveterate reaction about. Many an evil nature, and many a bitter wrong, gave its evil force to the spirit of anarchy that grew more and more supreme as it thundered at the foot of power. The proud order, that had for so many centuries hedged in the monarchy, yielded step by step, and was at last submerged in the encroachments of the people. The national assembly had been established, troops menaced the people of Paris, who rose in open revolt. The women of France unsexed themselves, and joined in these popular tumults, fiercer than the men, more brutal than wild animals. For a time France was divided into three classes, men, fiends and victims.

And here Therese De Merincourt first appeared in the unholy records of the Revolution. She had been diligently sowing dragon's teeth, and now came forth boldly to reap the fearful harvest. She was at the head of every revolt. She was its evil spirit, that rose up in the midst of every tumult, and by her eloquence, fired the populace to greater excesses. She stood by the side of Camille Desmoulins, and harangued the multitude, scattering green cockades right and left as she spoke. While the troops charged the populace at the Tuilleries, she was pouring the burning lava of her eloquence into their heated passions at the Palais Royal, while the Duke De Orleans stood privately at a window of his royal apartments and looked on, now almost trembling at the audacity of her stormy language, now admiring the splendor of her beauty.

At the storming of the Bastille, she led the most fearless. She was among the first to enter the gates of that fortress, when with a cry for liberty that rang through all the nations of the earth, it was torn away and hurled back from the heart of France. The influence of this one woman, rooted deep in the populace, reached

from the clubs of Paris over the whole country. Like electricity, it spread from club to club, inspiring the men, and exciting the women of the people. Liege, her native city, felt the spark of Paris, and arose in open revolt. The queen herself felt her influence.

And yet Maria Antoinette had forgotten Therese De Merincourt. The interview, which she had held with the young girl in the pavilion, had been painful enough to occupy her mind a brief time. But the whole subject had been only a passing episode of her then brilliant life. Count Alfred De Maury was now wedded to her favorite lady, and the firmest friend she possessed about the court. If love for herself, still unsuppressed, secured this fidelity, she scarcely took the trouble to ask; for little time had this unhappy woman for sentiment now. The wheels of the Revolution were in slow motion even then, and terrible events crowded so close on each other, that her whole soul was carried off in the great national struggle. Thus, she forgot Therese De Merincourt, and only looked on Count Alfred as the most faithful of her friends. But there came a period at last when this proud woman was compelled to acknowledge the power, which had struck her as an idle boast at the time of its utterance; for Therese De Merincourt headed the Amazons who swept down from Paris, with the outpouring of its populace, when Louis XVI. was driven from his stronghold of royalty at Versailles, and forced into the Tuilleries, which long disuse had rendered still better than a prison.

When Versailles was filled with insurgents who threaded those noble galleries, and scarred the mosaic floors with their iron nailed shoes, gazing about with venomous curiosity in the very heat of an attack, Therese Merincourt led them on. She longed to meet the woman who had repulsed her face to face. She thirsted to trample down the pride, which had washed the last gleams of virtue from her heart.

With the intuition of hate, she headed the women, who, on that fearful day, went in advance of the worst men, in the expression of demoniac passions. She rushed from room to room, brandishing the sabre given to her prowess on the floor de Bastille, and calling out "the queen—the queen," in a voice that rang through those saloons, like the cry of an eagle from its mountain peak.

The queen, who lay in her chamber sleeping sweetly, unconscious of the tumult, was aroused by this vengeful cry, and fled to the king for protection, or perchance the rage of Therese De Merincourt had appeared itself in her blood that

day, and saved humanity the horror of that after drama, which left France crouching like an unnatural monster in the blood of her own children.

But even the vengeance of a wronged woman failed to snatch that royal victim from her fate. The people were not altogether demons yet, and contented themselves with forcing the king to follow their tumultuous lead to Paris. He consented, and from that hour was but a waif, flung on the turbulent ocean of human passions, that was only to be calmed with his blood.

The queen, the brave, beautiful queen, followed her husband into the vortex of his enemies, and inspired by that moral grandeur which makes the sublimity of womankind, stood by his side, face to face, with the storm of fiendish hate that assailed him.

At last, Versailles was left almost empty; its most sacred places desecrated by the mob; the very couch of its exiled queen pierced through and through with bayonets leveled at her life. No place around that noble pile had been spared; the canaille had trodden on the very altars of the chapel, and left the tracks of their iron nailed shoes even on the ermine rugs and mosaic floors of the queen's boudoir.

Like a whirlwind, the people of Paris had swept away the royalty of Versailles. In the midst of a heaving and uproarious mob, amid hoots and insults, that brought the modest blood in fire to her cheeks, Maria Antoinette descended the first step downward from her throne. Shuddering with the outrages heaped upon her—innocent, and yet suffering the keenest pangs of shame—her cheek burning, her eyes full of hot tears, this beautiful woman was carried forward by the people who hated her. The heads of her murdered guards, reeking with blood, rose and fell with the waves of coarse, brutal life, that surged and grew hoarse around her.

As she sat in her chariot, amazed and pale, as if laboring with some fearful dream, a cortege of women, the coarsest and lowest of the kind, swept out from the crowd and whirled itself around the carriage, their eyes glowing with wicked hate: and rude, coarse lips uttering execrations on her and her helpless children, hedged the unhappy lady in, as it were, with a coil of writhing venom. At the head of this terrible band, appeared a woman, so unlike the rest, so picturesque and proud in her wicked power, that the poor queen gazed on her with frightened eyes and parted lips, like a bird fascinated with the serpent, that lay with open jaws to devour it.

This woman, whose beauty was grandly pic-

turesque—whose blood-red garments swept down the black sides of her horse like waves of flame; whose red cap, surmounted by plumes that quivered like fire as she moved, and seemed to kindle and glow above the raven folds of her hair; this woman, whose eyes were bent upon her victim, whose teeth shone through the parted lips which gave forth nothing but lurid smiles; this was Therese De Merincourt.

"Tell me," said the queen, bending forward, pale and shuddering beneath the glances of those eyes, "tell me, Count Alfred De Maury, who, and what is that?"

Count Alfred, who rode close to the queen's carriage, and who had kept guard over her all that terrible night, lifted his face and looked at the red amazon. His cheek blanched, his eyes dilated, he had no power to sink his glance from that triumphant face, much less to answer the queen.

The young amazon smiled disdainfully, crowded her horse close to the carriage, and stooping till her red plumes swept the queen's face, addressed her with a smile,

"Madam, you do not recognize your friends. We have met once, in the pavilion at Trianon."

Marie Antoinette turned those beautiful blue eyes on her enemy, with a look of touching gentleness.

"Alas! I pitied you then," she said.

"And I pity you now—as the hawk pities his prey—as hate pities the enemy it has been tracking with cold patience. I thank you, woman of Austria, for appearing in the midst of an insulted people, with that man by your side; but for that, I might almost have been your friend."

"He! De Maury!" exclaimed the queen. "Oh! me, I remember. You loved him!"

"And now, better than ever!" almost shrieked the amazon, shaking the fiery plumes back from her forehead. "Oh! love was nothing to the mighty joy of this meeting."

Drawing her horse in, till his neck arched, and his writhing lips scattered foam into the very face of the queen, Therese plunged through the crowd, as these words left her lips, and followed by the train of females that marked her progress with hisses and execrations, was engulfed in the crowd.

Maria Antoinette turned her affrighted eyes on De Maury; but his head was bent, and he rode on pale and still, like one in a trance. Was this the effect of his sin? Was that terrible woman the fair young girl who had loved him so fervently; whose pure young blood rose in tumults to her cheek when she heard his foot-

steps approaching the thorn tree on the banks of the Outhé.

Without heeding the anxious glances of the queen, De Maury put spurs to his horse, and forced his way through the crowd, till he once more encountered the beautiful amazon.

She saw his object, and drew in her horse.

"Therese!" he said, riding close to her side, "tell, in the name of heaven, tell me, what is the meaning of all this? How came you in Paris?"

The woman started as that voice, once so full of music, fell upon her ear; and the red plume that swept her cheek, could not brighten its sudden pallor. For an instant the burning fire of her eyes went out, and she bent one glance upon him, long and searching, that bespoke the last gush of womanly tenderness that ever left her heart.

"You have mistaken my name, monsieur. I am not Therese Merincourt, but Theraigne De Mericourt. No longer La Belle Liegoise, but the woman of France."

"Theraigne—Theraigne De Mericourt—and are you, my Therese, that fearful, fearful woman?"

"I am what you have made me," answered Therese, sternly. "My own and my country's avenger."

The young man sat upon his horse, shocked by her words; his hands relaxed their hold on the bridle, and fell heavily downward; his eyes, full of terror and self-reproach, were riveted on those stern features.

She received his glance with a look of irony, that cut him to the soul; the last flashes of a once noble nature, seemed to smoulder away in that withering look.

"Therese!" he said.

"Theraigne! Keep back that name, nor attempt to desecrate it here. I will not have it traced through this herd of wild beasts from your tongue. Therese is buried under the thorn tree on the Outhé! Call me Theraigne, if you would be answered!"

"I will call you anything, even by that hideous name, if you will but soften that iron look and listen."

"I listen!" said Therese, bending her plumed head.

"Not here—not in this tumult. I must see you alone."

A spasm swept over the woman's face. She lifted her hand suddenly, as if to brush the anguish, from her forehead, but dropped it again, nay, almost dashed it on the neck of her charger.

"And so you would meet Theraigne de Mericourt alone. Well, when and where?"

"Anywhere, and any time, Therese!"

Again the amazon winced beneath her crimson garments.

"To-night, at the Palace Royal," she said, throwing off the emotion with an audacious smile, which De Maury felt with a pang, as any man must feel the degradation which his own conduct has brought upon another.

"Not *there*, Therese. I would not willingly seek you in that man's dwelling."

Therese burst into a bitter laugh.

"So you believe this loud-mouthed scandal—you believe me capable of anything vile. Be it so!"

"But you ask me to meet you in the Duke De Orleans palace. You, a simple young girl from the Outhé—he, a prince of the blood. What am I to think?"

"That liberty takes rapid strides, drawing extremes together; that birth and position are nothing in an age like this. Creatures are now fitted together as God made them, and nature directs that the strong guide the weak. I guide and control this unstable prince, not through his vices as you compliment me by thinking; but his weakness yields to my strength. He has power, and I have a will, which wields this power, as it controls this mob of viragoes—as it shall hurl that haughty woman from the throne of France."

"Hold, Therese. This is insolent—it is ungenerous."

"True, and unwise—this is no place for hooting; and more, my women are getting impatient; they wonder to see Theraigne conversing so long with the queen's favorite; besides, her majesty seems anxious, see how earnestly she looks this way. She knows perhaps that this sabre was won at the storming of her pretty toy-house, the Bastille, and fears that I may use it on a recreant lover. Go back to your post, Count; the queen grows impatient, and you see how restive my women are."

"Not till you name a place where we may meet again."

Therese took the cover of an old letter, and a worn pen from the folds of her dress.

"Has any one a pencil, or a drop of ink?" she said, looking round upon a tall red-bearded man, who had retreated from her side as the count rode up, and at the women, who surrounded him like a group of hyenas checked in pursuit of their prey.

"A drop of ink! has no one an ink-horn about him?"

"Will this do?" cried the horseman with flowing beard, snatching a spear from a burly man who moved forward with the party: and lowering one end to the ground, he brought a livid human head, dripping with blood, down to a level with the hand, which Therese held out. The Count De Maury drew his horse back, with a cry of horror, for he recognized in those collapsed features a man whom he had passed on guard at Versailles, not one hour before. Therese also drew back, with a shudder. But the man laughed roughly from behind his red beard.

"Ha, ha, ha! Women, look how your leader turns pale at the sight of our first blood. See, her garments are red as our hands, but she fears to baptize them!"

Therese had come to a full stop, as that ghastly head answered her call for ink. The women gathered around her, and the crowd swept by on either side, while she sat upon her horse motionless, as if that horrible sight had frozen into a statue of ice. Thus, for a moment, she sat cold and ghastly as the features which seemed to reproach her from behind the raven beard, that was still dripping with blood.

"See how pale she is!" cried the women, hoarse with rage and disdain.

Therese heard the taunting words of this man, and felt the shout which followed, in every nerve of her body. She knew that, this moment, her supremacy over this horde of fiends, must be lost or secured forever. She moved in her saddle, made her beautiful horse curvet, dashed up to the head, and thrust her pen into the dripping beard, only betraying the recoil of horror, by a spasmodic closing of the eye-lids. The thousand writhing faces, that had watched her so jealously, fired up with joy—a hideous shout followed, and in their pride, the crowd crowded upon Therese, and almost lifted both her and her horse from the ground.

"Back!" she commanded, waving the hand which held her pen, in which a drop of blood trembled like a ruby, "Back, my women, you give me no room; I cannot write."

Again the women shouted, and the man lifted his spear, with a triumphant laugh, brandishing the head on high.

"You see how impossible it is to do one's education credit in this tumult," said Therese, and but that a smile quivered across her ghastly mouth, belying the composure of her words, she might have been taken for the demon she wished to appear. While speaking, she spread the scrap of paper on the neck of her horse, and wrote an address, which she handed with a terrible smile, to the young noble.

He shrunk back with a gesture of abhorrence. Therese dashed the paper down with a shudder, and prepared to obey the vociferous cries that urged her to motion. But she reeled in the saddle, sickened by the scene into which she had been forced, and the deathly head that went before, was scarcely so bloodless as her features, as she was whirled off in that mob of terrible women.

The paper, as it fluttered from her hand, fell upon the shoulders of De Maury's horse. He grasped it, read the address, and plunging again into the crowd, forced his way to the queen's carriage.

Thus, amid tumult, outrage and insult, the Court of France entered Paris, prisoners in fact, of a people sublime in their long suffering and terrible in the spirit of insurrection, that had at last seized like a demon upon them.

CHAPTER X.

THERESE DE MEHINCOURT had spoken in the wantonness of cruelty, when she desired De Maury to meet her at the Palais Royal. Her residence neither was, nor ever had been in that royal building. In her manner of life she was simple, almost severe. A garret, in one of those vast houses, that swarm like bee-hives with poverty and want, was the home she had chosen. Bare walls, a hard pallet, and two or three articles of furniture of the plainest kind, were all the adornment she allowed to this meagre place. Like some of the prominent democrats, who acted with her, she affected, or rather chose to share, the extreme poverty of the poor, as an insulting rebuke to the extravagances of the court.

It was to this garret that De Maury had been directed, and here he came at midnight, after the unhappy king and queen of France had been sheltered from the mob, in the desolate and neglected grandeur of the Tuilleries.

Never perhaps in his life, had the young aristocrat found himself in a part of the city, so full of squalid want. For once he was brought face to face with the *canaille*, he had so often scoffed at, at a distance, and ridiculed. In this repulsive place he came to seek Therese, the fair bright girl, who had seemed a spirit of the busy country. The contrast was fearful.

She was waiting for him, this wronged, beautiful young woman; waiting for him, not as she had watched that night in her pretty boudoir on the banks of the Outhé, with bloom on her cheek and wild hope in her heart; but pale, stern, and calm, from the very force of will that kept her

passions in subjection. She walked the room up and down, slowly and with heavy footsteps, pausing now and then to listen, but without a sign of impatience, without a gleam of suspense. She waited for him as one waits for death, when life has become wearisome.

Once her eyes fired up, like those of a young eagle, when it hears a cry; she paused in her slow walk, and stole toward the door, listening among confused noises of the place for a foot-step, whose first sound had given her heart a sort of shock, not enough to warm the cold cheek, but which left her lips in a pale, disdainful curve, that seemed fixed as ice.

The steps drew nearer, the door opened, and young De Maury entered, pale almost as she was, but with a restless, nervous action, that bespoke him the weaker of the two. He had something to save. She had nothing.

There is great fortitude in past suffering; but it is a fearful thing, when any human soul can say, with that iron composure which is so near to despair, and yet so much stronger than hope, "Well, let what will come, I can bear it, my soul has been tried to its utmost, and is hardened to endure." Alas! what are the pangs of a breaking heart, to a hardening process which produces a strength like this?

They stood together face to face, alone for the first time since they had loved each other, or since that wronged girl had thought herself beloved. There was no outbreak of passion in their meeting. She was too strong for reproaches, and he too guilty for words. They looked upon each other a moment, and then fell apart with natural repulsion, and sat down distant, but within easy speaking distance.

"You must let me see you alone. I am here in my own home," said Therese, in a cold, clear voice, that sounded unnatural to the young man.

"And is this your home, Therese? The Palais Royal —"

"Belongs to its prince. I am of the people. I did but mock when it was mentioned for this interview. This, and this alone, is my home."

"How unlike —"

"The boudoir in my father's house, you would say," persisted Therese, interrupting the regretful words that were on his lips, "and so it should be—love is luxurious, hate austere."

The young man looked at her with mournful glances.

"I remember a time," he said, "when there was no such word as hate on those lips, Therese."

"Yes, there was a time. I think it is long,

long ago. Many a lurid stretch of life lies between this room and then," she answered, dreamily, and looking afar off into the black night, that lay outside the window, as if searching for those lost days in the distance.

The young man arose, and drawing near to Therese, took her hand.

A shudder ran through her from heart to limb. She drew her hand away, with a thrill of bitter repulsion. The ashes of a dead love were stirred by his touch.

"Tell me," he said, striving to plead with her, "this is not hate. If you have ceased to love me, Therese, you can yet be generous; it was not I, so much as my birth, that wronged you."

Therese turned her eyes on his face. "True, your birth—that was the fiend which led you away, up and up till it stopped only at the throne, which totters to its centre, and will carry down with it the woman for whom you forsook me."

"You mistake—the countess was not the cause of that abandonment; it was the difference of station, of thought, of habit."

"True, the difference was on the wrong side. It wounded your self-love to lift Therese De Merincourt to your side. But there was glory in pursuing Maria Antoinette in her exaltation. It was not of the harmless girl you have made a countess, that I spoke, but of the queen of France."

"The Queen of France!" faltered the count, recoiling.

"The Queen of France! She is the rival on whom my heel is placed. When I avenge myself, all France shall breathe more freely. We gave her a guard of women to-day. I was their leader: had I but waved my hand her head had ornamented a pike, side by side with those of her guard."

"Therese! Therese! this is horrible."

"Count Albert De Maury, it is just. The crimes of aristocracy have trampled down the bosom of France, as you have trodden on my heart. This woman is the enemy of both. When one is avenged the other will tremble for joy."

"Therese! I have wronged you; but God only knows how deeply I regret that wrong—I know that you are powerful among this frenzied people. This day and its events prove it. Life and death, even of the most exalted, may hang on your will; for when anarchy reigns, power is capricious. But make me alone responsible for my own sins. At all times I bare my breast to your vengeance. But on me alone let it fall. As for the queen——"

"You love the queen!"

"As the tree loves the starlight that kisses its leaves at night. Who dare love that noble woman with less respect?"

The womanly pride, which Therese had trampled down in her heart, rose terribly at this. Her lips turned blue with rage, her eyes filled with smouldering fire. She could better have endured protestations of love for her rival, than this sublime respect. It insulted her own degradation. She looked around her meagre chamber and laughed.

"Soon, monsieur, very soon, you shall look for this starlight through the bars of a prison. The drama of this revolution is but just opening. On the ruins of the Bastille we will erect the scaffold, which shall fill her drained ditches with the blood of kings. You have been ruthless to me. The aristocrats have been ruthless to France. Let her atone for it all, and I am content."

"Therese! Therese! this is horrible. You do not mean it. Remember, I was young, arrogant, reckless; but not so cruel as you think. Is no atonement possible? Can nothing quench this hate of the innocent? Point out some way by which I can redress——"

"Redress!" shrieked the woman, bursting

forth in a frenzy of rage, and pacing up and down the room like a panther. "Redress! where is your power? Can you give back the bloom to my life—the innocence to my heart? Can you take the writhing scorn from men's lips? Can you return to me my home—to my old father, whose head is white with the ashes of my shame? Can you sweep Theraigne De Merincourt from the history of France, and leave the young girl, who loved you, in peace on her parent's hearth? Man, man, you cannot remove a single atom of the ruin it was so easy to make. Atonement! Redress! I tell you there is nothing left in the world for me but vengeance, and that I will have!"

"Let it fall on me then! I am ready to die!"

"Die! As if that were vengeance. No, you shall live, live to see the woman you love, dragged through the mob. To see her hooted at, her beauty the scoffs of men whom she would disdain to tread upon, her head in the dust, her——"

"Hold!" cried De Maury, moving backward toward the door, "I cannot hear even the name of that angel woman torn by this fiendish hate!"

He went from the chamber as he spoke, and Therese De Merincourt fell forward on the floor, exhausted by the evil spirit within her.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE BIRDS.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

WHEN Spring from out bright Flora's horn,
Spreads beauty, joy, and life new-born,
Comes robin red-breast, true—
From all the minstrel band apart,
And seems to pour his little heart
From out its coat of blue!

But soon the restive, cawing jay,
And cat-birds' sweet melodious lay,
Falls grateful on the ear;
Whilst from the dew-bespangled spray,
The lark soars up, with lively lay,
The farmer's heart to cheer!

And now, amid the waving grass,
The bob-o-link his time doth pass,
But fears the mower's blade;
Whilst wren and linnet, free from harm,
And merry thrush, prefer the charm
Of woodland's leafy shade.

The Summer wakes the pheasant's drum;
And round the rose the thumb-birds hum,
On airy pinions light!
And when the day-birds cease their round,
The whip-poor-will's shrill notes resound
Throughout the live-long night.

When Autumn gilds the harvest sheen,
The partridge gleams the fields erst green,
Nor deems her task a breach:
Whilst far beyond the cottage smoke,
The wood-pecker, with measured stroke,
Taps at the hollow beach.

Now purple finch, with plaintive tone,
And lordly owl, whom all will own
Sentinel of the night!
And golden robin, all agree,
To sing the requiem revellie
Of all that once was bright!

But yet, when from the eaves each spear
Plainly bespeaks cold Winter here,
From Northern fetters free!
With tiny feet, and ermine breast,
The snow bird on old Juno's crest,
Doth chirp and skip in glee.

And thus these minstrel warblers cheer
Our dormant hearts, throughout the year,
With sweet and plaintive lays!
'Tis meet, then, that mankind rejoice,
And raise to God, with human voice,
A hymn of heartfelt praise!

HOW MRS. JONES WENT TO AUCTION.

BY SMITH JONES, JR.

MARY ANN, dear soul, is a miracle of economy. At least, she says she is; and I am too prudent to contradict her. She is forever talking of what she saves on this; how cheap she bought that; what extravagance Mrs. Reckless is guilty of; how wasteful the Skimpkinses are; and other like self denying themes.

Mary Ann, like all professional economists, is very fond of auctions. She spends about two days, in every week, attending sales of this description. I feel what a great sacrifice it is, on her part; and she feels it also; for it compels her to employ a seamstress to do the plain sewing for which she has no leisure; and as Mrs. Jones is particular, the work never satisfies her, which naturally aggravates her placid temper.

We sometimes differ, though in quite an affectionate way, as to the cheapness of auction goods. Once or twice, I have yielded—for even the best of husbands are dyspeptic and unjust sometimes—to the insane delusion that my wife might possibly be in the wrong. I have, on such occasions, gently expostulated with her. But she invariably comes off conqueror.

Our last controversy was about an extension-table. She had long desired such an article, but as we owned two excellent ordinary tables, which had answered our purposes for several years, neither she, nor I, could see the necessity of a change. Frequently, indeed, she would say to me, "It's a pity somebody wouldn't buy those tables, an extension one would be so much more convenient;" and I would invariably answer, "But as they won't, my dear, we must get along the best way we can:" to which she would reply, snappishly, "To be sure, who ever said otherwise:" and there the matter would drop.

One day, however, she came home, saying,

"I've bought such a cheap extension-table, Smithy love. Only to think, twelve feet long, and made of the best walnut, and all for fifteen dollars. The auctioneer said the maker would lose twenty dollars on the table. We can now afford to send our old tables to a second-hand-furniture shop, for they'll bring enough to pay for the extension-table, if not more."

I had some misgivings about this, but deemed it most prudent to keep them to myself; for in the enthusiastic state in which Mary Ann was,

it would have been cruel to contradict her. So we sat down to dinner, Mrs. Jones radiant with joy to such a degree, that the children were suffered to eat as much pie as they pleased, without a word being said about the unwholesomeness of pastry, an incident that had never occurred before.

That night, when I came home to supper, I found the new extension-table ostentatiously displayed. I am not much of a mechanic, but the table seemed to me rather rickety. I ventured to express my fears, on this point, but my wife re-assured me: and when I returned to the subject, a little after, tartly told me, "I didn't know what I was talking about:" a conclusion to which I tacitly assented.

Later in the evening, after the children were abed, Mary Ann asked me for five dollars to help pay for the extension-table. I inquired, in some surprise, if she had sold the old tables. She hesitated, then said she had; and finally confessed they had not brought as much as she expected.

"I want five dollars still," she said. "But it will be a saving in the long run"—she spoke quite briskly now—"for it took so much time to run out the two old tables, that we'll make up the price, in a year, in that way alone."

I said no more. Mary Ann spoke with decision, and when people are decided, you may be sure they know better than you; for of course obstinacy and ignorance never go together.

I could not conceal from myself that the new table grew more and more rickety the longer it was used. But I never said so. I shook it slightly, now and then, at meals, to test its strength, however. One day, Mary Ann, no longer able to tolerate this conduct in silence, broke out,

"Do now let that table alone, you Jones," she said, sharply. "You've been trying to break it, ever since it came home; and you'll do it, some day, see if you don't."

One night we had a grand party. My wife, bless her economical heart, had been saving up for it, for nearly a year, or ever since Mrs. Skimpkins, next door, gave her famous *soires dansante*. We issued a hundred invitations; had our confectionaries from the most fashionable

firm; and altogether did the thing quite genteelly. The entertainment would have been, as the French say, a decided "success," but for an accident, of which, I unfortunately, as dear, truthful Mary Ann informed the company, was the proximate cause.

The supper-table, groaning with ices, fruits, oysters and chicken-salad, and brilliant with a great pyramid of candies in the centre, was ready, at last, a master-piece of festal magnificence; the waiter had come to the parlor door to announce the fact; and the concluding whirl was being made by the waltzers, when there was a sudden crash, in the direction of the dining-room, as if the ceilings had fallen in, from roof to cellar, and the entire building might be expected to follow. The ladies screamed; the fiddlers stopped; the waiter turned white with horror. I, with a few other gentlemen, rushed to see what was the matter.

I had already foreboded the truth, and was not surprised, therefore, to see the ceiling unhurt, but the table in ruins. Our new purchase—I say our, for Mary Ann is positive she bought the table only because I was always complaining of the old ones—had given way at both ends, as well as in the middle, so that oysters and ices, plates and glasses, liquids and solids lay in undistinguishable confusion on the floor.

We had no supper, that night. But, on the whole, the company behaved admirably. To that witty fellow, Joe Snarl, I owe it that there

was such general good-humor; for no sooner did he see the wreck, than he clapped his hands and cried, "Bravo, Jones has given the greatest *break-down* of the season." Of course, everybody knows that a party, in our town, is always called a *break-down*. You should have heard the laugh that followed Joe's wit.

Even Mary Ann laughed. I could see, however, that it was only a surface laugh. But she behaved with wonderful tact. She ordered the fiddlers to strike up, with as much *nonchalance* as if that crash had not carried down, in the shape of crockery to be paid for, the household savings of two years to come.

Yes! of more than two years. For I am still eating scant dinners, though more than that period has elapsed; and whenever I complain, Mrs. Jones has the same stereotyped answer.

"You've nobody to thank but yourself. You made me buy the table, and then worked at it till it got to be good-for-nothing. I don't complain, though I wasn't to blame at all, and though I like good dinners as well as yourself. But it's the way with you men."

My wife still goes to auction; still keeps a seamstress in consequence; and still has occasional catastrophes, like "Jones' great *Break-down*." It was only last night that a chair gave way under me, and though I nearly broke my back, Mary Ann only said, "You're always breaking chairs. You sit down like an elephant. But it's the way with you men."

THE OLD HOUSE.

BY HATTIE BOOMER.

We have shut up the dear old house to-day,

And tied up the latch with a string—
But ere I have turned from the loved doorway,
A song in its praise I will sing.

It was the dear house in which I was born,
And tho' it looks dingy and small—
It was faded by many a pitiless storm,
Through which it has sheltered us all.

The mossy old roof—it has half fallen in—
But oh! the bright dreams I have had,
As untroubled beneath it—tucked in to my chin—
I slept in my low cottage-bed.

I cared not for storms—tho' sometimes a clatter
Forewarned it was not tempest-proof,
And my fancies were sweet, when the rain with soft
patter,

Sang a lullaby song on the roof.

The mad, merry romps we have had through this
door,

With brothers and sisters at play—
We knew every nail in that old kitchen floor,
And the knots which would always look grey.

Despite of the drubbings which busy hands dealt
If a holiday feast were in store—
When we furnished the rooms—nor a hope ever felt,
Nor a wish to have anything more.

That damask rose there, by the window so low,
Of all our glad Summer—the dower—
A mother's dear hands placed it there long ago,
Ah! I well can remember the hour;

It blooms brightly to-day by the sunshine refreshed,
The frost, and the dew, and the rain—
But those laboring hands are now crossed in the rest
Which will never be broken again.

Ah, forgive! but the old house is painfully dear—
I'll sing not its praises to-day,
But drop o'er its beauties an old-fashioned tear,
And turn from its sunshine away.

THE SONG-WRITERS OF AMERICA.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

POETRY is the daughter of the gods. The divinest faculty of man is the gift of song. If there is anything that links us to the angels, it is our longing for supernal beauty—a longing which we seek to gratify in painting, in music, in earthly loveliness, but most of all in poetry. To the eye of the poet the commonest things of life have a beauty greater than the most beautiful things of earth to the eye of the uninspired. There is not a leaf that rustles in the wood, nor a wave that sparkles in the sun, nor a bird that sings in the thicket, nor a flower that lifts its face to the summer sky and smiles, but is lovelier to the poet than the most splendid pageant to the mere "hewer of wood and drawer of water" of earth. A ripple, a dew-drop, the tinkle of a waterfall, the shout of a child at play in the woods, the first star that glitters at evening, a wild pigeon on the wing, these, and ten thousand other things stir innumerable chords in the soul of the poet, wake visions of supernal beauty, and brace him for the ills and turmoil of life. Milton, blind and poor, was happier, we doubt not, than Charles upon his throne.

composer of an epic. His department is a different one, but in that department he may display equal genius. The true song is music and poetry melted into one. It appeals, unlike the epic, to two distinct elements of our nature. There are hundreds of poems, which their authors call songs, that have no title, critically speaking, to the name. A lyric, to be perfect, should have but one main thought; should go at once to the theme; should be clothed in language alike terse and polished; and should burn with passion, or melt with tenderness, as the subject demands. America, young as she is, can boast many true lyrics. At the risk of being considered invidious, we shall proceed to verify this assertion, by selecting a few out of the hundreds published.

Foremost, both on account of its merit and the period at which it was written, we quote an exquisite song by Dr. Shaw. This gentleman died in 1809, and the song that follows was written many years before. It has touches in it that equal Shakspeare, and is, perhaps, surpassed by few lyrics of the kind in the language.

SONG.

"Who has robb'd the ocean cave,
To tinge thy lips with coral hue?
Who from India's distant wave,
For thee, those pearly treasures drew?
Who, from yonder orient sky,
Stole the morning of thine eye?
Thousand charms, thy form to deck,
From sea, and earth, and air are torn;
Roses bloom upon thy cheek,
On thy breath their fragrance borne.
Guard thy bosom from the day,
Lest thy snows should melt away.
But one charm remains behind,
Which mute earth can ne'er impart;
Nor in ocean wilt thou find,
Nor in the circling air a heart:
Fairest, wouldst thou perfect be,
Take, oh, take that heart from me."

But the best of our song-writers, perhaps, is Pinckney. He had that combined simplicity and finish—that rare union of the two highest merits of a song—which distinguishes the old masters. Here is one of his shorter lyrics.

SONG.

"We break the glass, whose sacred wine,
To some beloved health we drain.
Lest future pledges, less divine,
Should e'er the hallow'd toy profane;

But poetry, not only sheds its effulgence over the poet's soul, it glorifies life for those who read it in all ages afterward. Achilles has been dead three thousand years, and the beauty of Briseis has mouldered into dust; but we still hear him lamenting, by the "ever-sounding sea," for his lost and lovely captive. The shriek of Laocoon, as the serpent crunched his little ones, still rings in our ears, though Ilium has been a ruin for centuries, though the language of Virgil is dead. Beatrice smiles, up in heaven, for us, as she smiled, saint-like, for Dante. The vision of Eve, as she rose, in matchless grace and beauty, before the mental sight of Milton, is a heritage for all time. With Rosalind we have roamed in the forest of Ardenne. We have seen the spotless Imogen asleep: "'tis her breath perfumes the chamber." We have been spectators of Richard's midnight terrors; have heard Lady Macbeth's "out, out damned spot;" have soared with Ariel to the skies; have wept over the dead Cordelia.

The song-writer, though he gives us no such visions as these, is as much of a poet as the

And thus I broke a heart that pour'd
Its tide of feelings out for thee,
In draughts, by after-times deplored,
Yet dear to memory.

But still the old, impassion'd ways
And habits of the mind remain,
And still unhappy light displays
Thine image chamber'd in my brain,
And still it looks as when the hours
Went by like flights of singing birds,
Or that soft chain of spoken flowers,
And airy gems—thy words."

And here is another. With what easy grace
he rhapsodizes!

SERENADE.

"Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, lady, up—look out, and be
A sister to the night!—

Sleep not!—thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast:
Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should fly,
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay
With looks, whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day."

Charles Fenno Hoffman was popular in his day. He differs from Pinkney in not having the *ars celare artem*. The songs of the first, though often ornate in details, have, in general, a chaste and severe simplicity. In Hoffman's songs there is no such thing as simplicity. They are all "sparkling and bright" as the wine he loves to commemorate, or the bright eyes it is his delight to extol. He resembles Tom Moore too much. His best lyric is the following.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

"Sparkling and bright in liquid light
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.
Then fill to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time through Life's dominions,
We here awhile would now beguile
The graybeard of his pinions,
To drink to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

But since delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor fond regret delay him,
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
Nor sober Friendship stay him,
We'll drink to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting,
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting."

P. Pendleton Coke has written several exquisite lyrics, of which one, at least, is almost without a rival. It has haunted us for years. Often, as twilight draws on, we find ourself unconsciously "crooning" it.

FLORENCE VANE.

"I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew, in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain,
My hopes and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told—
That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excell'd the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main,
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!

But, fairest, coldest, wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas, the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.
The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep
The daisies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!"

Of a homelier type is Woodworth's "Bucket." This song is known from Louisiana to Maine, and will live long after more pretentious ones are forgotten. A lyric, which can thus penetrate to the hearts of the masses is one of high merit in its way, although it may be deficient in that exquisite finish a highly cultivated mind desires.

THE BUCKET.

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood!
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.
That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that Nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
How quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.
How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips;
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

And now, far removed from the love's situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket which hangs in his well."

We might quote others of the "Songs of America." But we forbear. Our space is out. In what we have given, we have sought to represent, so to speak, different schools. To quote specimens even of all the really good lyrists of our country would demand more room than we can afford, just now.

MEMORY.

BY GERALD SIDNEY.

I do not mourn my growing old,
The smouldering of my passion's fires,
My warm impulses waxing cold,
The unattainment of desires.
For Memory hath given power
To draw a screen before to-day,
To hide the cares which blight its flowers,
To shut the flowers too away—
And then to throw back, fold on fold
The shrouds from dead delights—to pour
Into their veins, nerveless and cold,
The quickening tide of life once more.
With but a breath to waken bloom
From leafless Autumn boughs, and bring
Upon the Winter's apathy
The passionate surprise of Spring.

She giveth up unto my clasp
White fingers, thrilling every vein;
Eyes to my gaze, whose tenderness
Colored the Heaven of my brain.
And hours I sit and lose myself,
And all I know of outward things,
Tranced in deliriousness of joy,
Listening the music that she brings.
And oh! 'tis then, and only then,
My eyes forget, in smiles, to weep;
And I that hers for many years
Have sunken in a sightless sleep.
And that the fingers, soft and warm,
I hold such willing captives, fold
Their skeletons beneath a lid
Under the church-yard sods and mould.

THE PRAYER

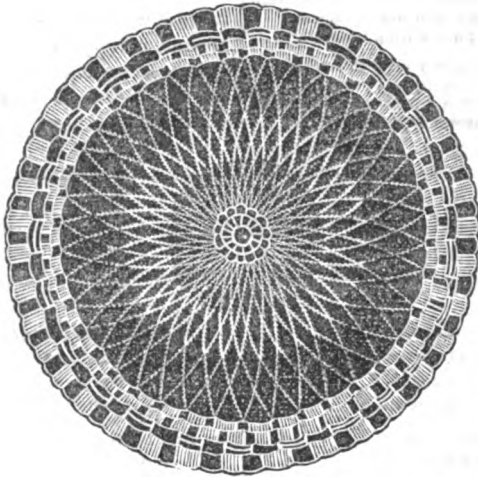
BY EVA EVERGREEN.

LITTLE hands all meekly folded,
O'er the bosom pure and fair;
Eyes so earnestly uplifted,
Heedeth not the evening air.
Heedeth not the air that listeth,
Curls all golden from the brow,
White and smooth as purest marble;
Lips low breathing—listen now.
"Father, thou who dwellest in Heaven,
Heed, oh! heed! my feeble prayer;
Let my sins be all forgiven,
Keep me in this world of care.
I, by mother's grave am kneeling,
I, an orphan drearily;

I, my loneliness e'er feeling,
Fain would ask to be with thee."
Was the earnest prayer e'er answered?
Did the Father, pitying, take
Home that sinless child to Heaven?
Bid her in his arms awake?
Morning came with sunbeams gleam'g,
'Mid the mass of golden hair,
Clustered 'round the brow of marble,
'Round the brow so pure and fair.
Ellie heedeth not the stranger;
Heedeth not the cold world's care;
Safe in Jesus' arms enfolded,
Lieth sweetly dreaming there.

NET FOR THE HAIR.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



MATERIALS.—Three good skeins of scarlet or blue netting silk; elastic ribbon, and tassels to correspond; crochet hook, No. 12.

Make 6 chain, and form them into a round.

1st.—1 tc. into every chain, and 1 ch. after every tc., thus making 12 stitches in the round.

2nd.—1 tc. on one chain, 3 ch., miss tc. stitch.

Repeat.

3rd.—x 1 tc. on the centre of the loop, 5 ch., x repeat.

4th.—x 1 tc. on centre of loop, 7 ch. x repeat.

5th to 10th rounds inclusive.—Like the last, increasing two chain at every round, so that 9 ch. are made in the 5th and 19 in the 10th round.

11th.—8 tc., 8 ch., miss 8. Repeat.

12th.—x 3 tc. on 3 ch. 3 ch., miss 3, x repeat.

13th.—x 4 tc., 4 ch., miss 4, x repeat.

14th.—x 4 tc. on 4 ch., 5 ch., miss 4, x repeat.

The elastic ribbon is to be run in the 11th round, and tassels fastened to hang over the ear.

KNITTED POLKA.

BY SARAH COPLEY.

MATERIALS.—One lb. of purple fleecy wool, 4 thread, and of three shades of green ditto 4 oz. each, 2 bone needles No. 8, and 2 of No. 4, coarse bone crochet hook.

Begin at the waist by casting on 168 stitches with the fine needles, and knit in brioche stitch from the waist to within two inches of the arm. The length knitted must depend, of course, on the size of the person. Do two inches more with the coarse needles. Then knit 62 rows at one end, with 42 stitches, which will form as

much of one front as will reach to the shoulder. At that side of the front which will join to the back, you will then diminish one stitch every two rows, and do twelve rows before you cast off any at the other side of the piece. Then take in one at the end of every row until only one stitch is left, cast that off, and one side of the front is completed.

Take off 42 stitches for the other front, and knit them in the same way, to make the two correspond.

For the back, knit the remaining 84 stitches, backward and forward, for 62 rows. Then, every alternate row, knit 2 together at the beginning and end, until 16 stitches only are left, cast them off.

FOR THE COLLAR.—With the fine needles, cast on 87 stitches, and knit 18 rows, knitting two together at the beginning of every row. Cast off, join the shoulders together, and sew this collar round the neck.

SLEEVES.—Coarse needles. Cast on 84 stitches. Knit enough to go round the arm comfortably over the sleeve of the dress, casting off 80 stitches when sufficient is done for the width round the wrist, and gradually casting off 10 more before coming to the widest part round the upper part of the arm.

As brioche knitting is the same on both sides, the sleeves may be done alike, and the second afterward turned. The cast off part goes at the back of the arm.

FOR THE JACKET.—Cast on, with the coarse needles, 168 stitches. Knit two plain rows.

8rd.—x knit two together, pass the wool twice round the needle, x; repeat. Knit two together at the end.

4th.—Purled.

Knit 40 rows in brioche, knitting two together at the beginning of row. Cast off.

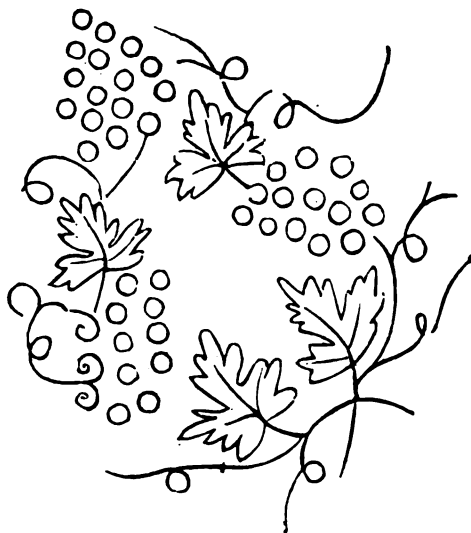
Sew this to the wrist of the polka; put in the sleeves, and trim this. With the lightest green work sc. all round the polka, and the wrists.

2nd.—2 dc., 2 ch., miss 2. Repeat all round, but without missing any of the corners.

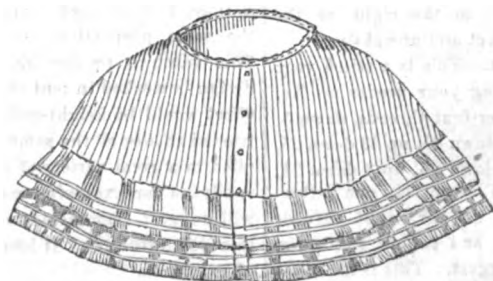
8rd.—2 dc., on 2 ch., 2 ch., miss 2; repeat, with the same exception as before.

With the next shade of green, repeat the two rows, and also with the darkest. Work a round of sc. in every stitch, and fasten off. Trim with buttons, loops, and girdle.

VARIETIES.



CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



CAPE.

STITCHES IN FANCY NEEDLE-WORK.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

In order to render the elementary stitches of fancy needlework as easy of acquirement as possible, we have prepared the following diagram. The lines represent the threads on the canvas, the squares numbered being the holes formed by the intersection of the threads.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70
71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80
81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90
91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110
111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120

By following the directions, we shall now proceed to give, any lady will be able work any of the stitches used in fancy needlework.

TEXT STITCH.—Work the cross way of the canvas, bringing your needle up through the diagram, No. 2 down 11, one stitch; up 8 down 12, up 4 down 13, and so continue to the end. This stitch is proper for grounding, and for groups of flowers; but in the latter case, it will produce the best effect if the flowers are done in tent stitch, and the grounding in tent cross stitch (which is the same as tent stitch, only crossed.)

CROSS STITCH.—Is the same as marking stitch; bring your needle up 21 down 8, up 28 down 1, one stitch, up 41 down 23, up 43 down 21, and so continue till your work is finished. All the stitches must incline to the right, or the work will appear imperfect and unsightly.

DOUBLE CROSS STITCH.—This is a stitch very easy of execution. Bring your needle up No. 41, over four threads, down 5, up 1, down 45, up 48 down 25, up 3 down 25, up 3 down 21, up 43 down 21, one stitch.

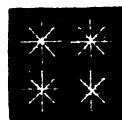
Four, six, or eight threads may be taken in depth, and two in width, according as taste may suggest. This is an admirable

stitch for large pieces of work. Gold thread introduced between each row is a desirable addition to its attractive beauty.

STRAIGHT CROSS STITCH.—This is a new invention, and has a pretty appearance. Bring your needle up No. 11 down 18, up 2 down 22, one stitch; up 31 down 23, up 22 down 42, and so on in like manner, till the work is finished.

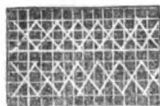
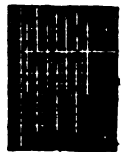


DOUBLE STRAIGHT CROSS STITCH.—Bring your needle up No. 8 down 48, up 21 down 25, up 14 down 82, up 12 down 84, one stitch. Owing to the number of times the wool is crossed, each stitch has a very bead-like appearance. A piece wholly worked in this, has an admirable effect.



GOBELIN STITCH.—This truly beautiful stitch is especially calculated for working on canvas traced with flowers, leaves, &c.; and also for working designs, copied from oil paintings. Bring your needle up No. 2 down 21, one stitch, up 3 down 22, up 4 down 23, and so on to the end of the row. The stitches may be taken either in height or width, as may best accord with the taste, or with the subject represented.

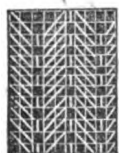
IRISH STITCH.—Bring your needle up No. 1 over four threads down 41, one stitch back two threads, up 22 down 62, up 43 (observe this is in a line with 41) down 83, up 64 (in a line with 62) down 104, up 102 down 62, up 81 down 41, continuing thus over the square. The spaces left between every other stitch must be filled up with half stitches, for instance, up 81 down 101, up 83 down 103. It is also sometimes worked covering six and eight threads of the canvas at a time, coming back three or four threads, in the same proportion as the directions given. This stitch is proper for grounding, when the design is worked in tent or cross stitch; and the effect would be heightened by two strongly contrasted shades of the same color. It can be applied to a great variety of devices, diamonds and vandykes for example, and many others which will suggest themselves to the fair votaries of this delightful art. It looks pretty, and is easy of execution.



BASKET STITCH.—This is the same as Irish stitch, but the arrangement is different. Work three stitches over two threads; these are called short stitches; and then the long ones are formed by working three over six threads, the centre of which are the two on which the short stitches were worked. Thus you must continue the short and long stitches alternately, until you have finished the row. In the next, the long stitches must come under the short ones; and this diversity must be kept up until all the rows are completed. To finish the pattern, you have only to run a loose film of wool under the long stitches on each of the short ones, and the task is done.



FEATHER STITCH.—This, as its name implies, has a light and feathery appearance, and will be found proper for any work in which lightness should predominate. You must proceed as in tent stitch, and work over twelve threads or less, but not more; then bring your needle out one thread below, and cross on each side of



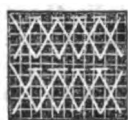
your straight stitch: you must so continue, taking care to drop a thread in height and keeping the bottom even with the long stitch with which you began. Thus proceed until you have ten threads on the cross, which will make a square: of course you must, in the same manner, form all the squares necessary to complete the row. You can vary the pattern considerably by making the edges irregular, which is done by lowering your slant stitches, the first one two, and the next one thread, and so proceeding. This will, in our opinion, improve the appearance of the work. You can introduce as many shades as you please, only taking care that a proper contrast is duly preserved. You finish by stitching up the centre of each row on a single thread. For this purpose, silk or gold thread may be introduced with advantage. It should be remarked, that each row must be worked the contrary way to the one that preceded it, so that the wide and narrow portions may meet and blend with each other.

POINT STITCH.—To work this stitch, take four threads straight way of the canvas, and bring



the needle three steps up, and so proceed until your point is of a sufficient depth. This stitch looks pretty, worked in different and well contrasted shades, and may be applied to many useful and ornamental purposes.

QUEEN STITCH.—Work over four threads in

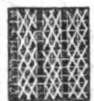


height and two in width, crossing from right to left, and back again. Finish each row by a stitch across, between them, taking a thread of each, and, of course, working upon two threads. This is a very neat stitch.

QUEEN'S VANDYKE.—This is supposed to be the invention of Princess Clementina, one of the daughters, we believe, of a king of France. Take twelve threads, and reduce two each stitch, until the length and breadth are in conformity. It can be introduced into a variety of work, and looks well.



SINGLE PLAID STITCH.—Pass the needle across the canvas through two threads, from right to left; you then cross four threads downward, and pass the needle as before; then cross upward over two threads aslant, and again pass over four threads, always working downward, and passing the needle from right to left across two threads, until the row is completed as far as you desire.



DOUBLE PLAID STITCH.—This stitch is from left to right across four threads aslant downward, and crossed from right to left, the needle passing out at the left, in the middle of the four threads just crossed, and so continue working downward, until you have finished the pattern.



VELVET STITCH.—This is a combination of cross stitch and queen stitch, and is very ornamental when properly done. You work in plain cross stitch, then leave three threads, and again work three rows as before; thus proceed until your canvas is covered, leaving three threads between every triple row of cross stitch. Then across the rows work in queen stitch with double wool; but instead of taking two distinct threads for each stitch, you may take one thread of the preceding stitch; this will give an added thickness to your work. It will be advisable to work the wool over slips of card or parchment, as doing so will make it better to cut. If you work it in squares, they should not be larger than seventeen stitches; and to look well, the squares must each be placed the contrary way to the other.

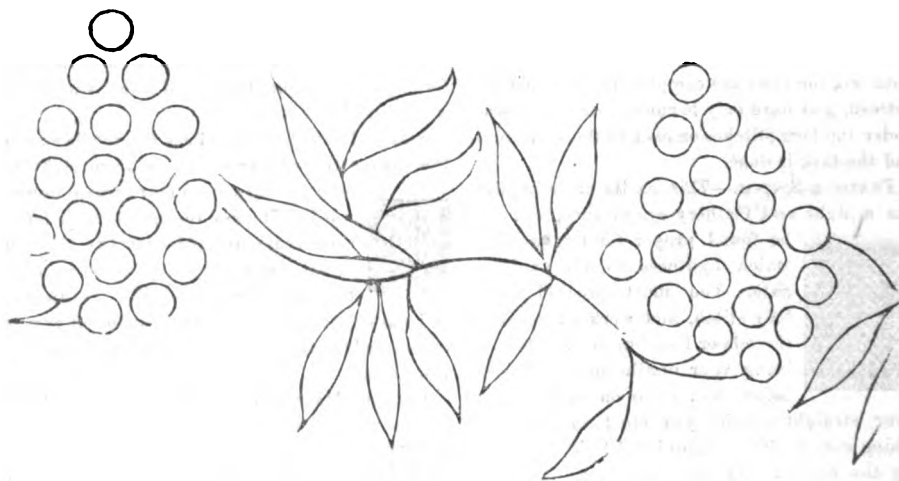
ALGERINE WORK.—This work much resembles a Venetian carpet, but is finer; it looks best done in very small patterns. It is worked over cotton piping cord, the straight way of the corners; the stitches are over three threads. Your work as in raised work, putting the colors in as you come to them, and counting three stitches in width, as one stitch when you are working

Berlin pattern. The paper canvas is No. 45 and the cord 00. It is proper for table mats and other thick kinds of work.

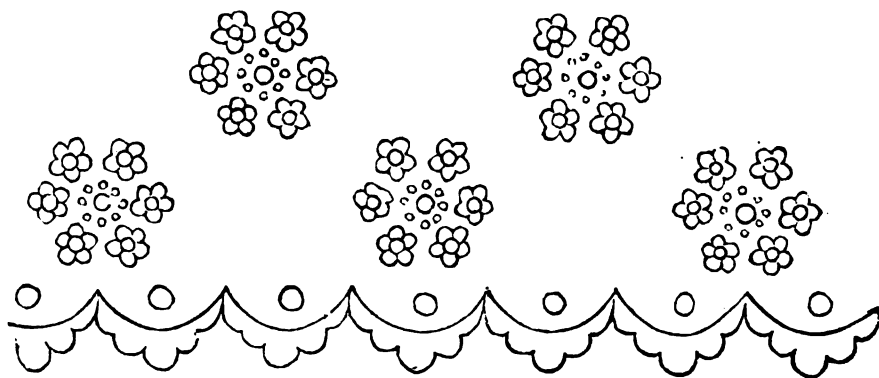
prefer and shade in accordance with the subject. In these, and ornamental borders, &c., there is much room for the development of taste and judgment.

To FILL UP CORNERS.—Work in any stitch you

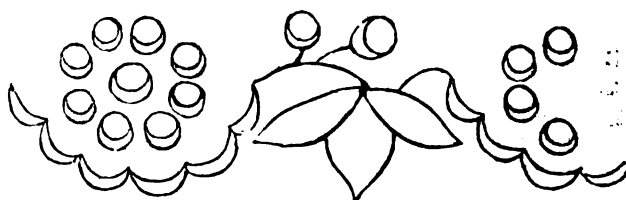
VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



BOTTOM FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



SILK EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL PETTICOAT.

A CAP FOR A BOY.

BY SARAH COPLEY.



MATERIALS.—Pins No. 7. Double Berlin wool or single wool worked double.

N. B.—The following size is for a boy from three years old to eight or nine, but the cap is worn by gentlemen, and much approved. For that purpose cast on twelve stitches more than here directed, and work one pattern (four rows) more in the depth of the head-piece. In other respects the same, as the top quarters will be necessarily enlarged by the additional size round the head. It also makes a pretty head-dress for a baby. In that case cast on twelve stitches less than the following directions, and work one pattern less in the depth of the head-piece. As to color—for a baby, white wool, with seams of the same, or of royal blue or scarlet, white chenille tassel. For an older boy, black, with gold color seams and tassel; or shades of sable brown with seams of royal blue; tassel, dark brown or black. The latter color is generally preferred by gentlemen. It is not particular that a shade be commenced with a row. The wool may be joined in lengths of a skein, from dark to light, and back to dark, and repeated as required.

Cast on seventy-nine stitches.

1st row knit.

2nd slip first stitch \parallel : T \parallel to end of row.

3rd slip first stitch \parallel : K loop between stitches K regular stitch \parallel .

4th purl—one pattern is now completed.

5th knit.

6th K2 \parallel : T \parallel K last stitch.

7th K2 \parallel : K loop K stitch \parallel end K2.

8th purl.

Repeat these eight rows twice (three times in all) and from 1st to 4th once more, making in the whole twenty-eight rows. Now fasten on the bead color. K two rows P1 K1. This forms the bead or welt, between the head piece and crown. Return to the ground color:—

Knit 1 row.

2nd K1 \parallel : O K \parallel to the end of the row, increasing the number of stitches to one hundred and sixty-seven.

3rd knit, 4th purl, 5th knit.

6th commence a pattern, as 2nd row in head-piece.

10th the same as 6th row in head-piece.

14th the same as 2nd row in head-piece.

17th (the last of the pattern commenced 14th row) the bead color is to be introduced to form the quarters. For this purpose, if double Berlin wool is used, cut six lengths of a yard and a quarter. If single Berlin is used double, cut two skeins, each in three lengths, bring the ends of each together, and at the proper places fix one on securely by tying to the ground wool on the wrong side. Work the 17th row thus \parallel : P 24; fasten on bead wool and P2 \parallel repeat this five times (six in all) and finish the row with P1 in ground color.

18th* K1 ground color \parallel : P2 bead color K24 ground color \parallel *N. B.*—In changing the colors, be careful always to bring the wool to be used, round the wool laid down on the wrong side.

19th and 20th (pattern rows) work same as 2nd and 3rd of head-piece, only observing to work the two bead stitches in their proper place, purling them in the front rows and knitting them in the back rows, so as to make all the working of those two stitches appear on the right side.

21st (commence reducing the quarters) thus \parallel : Tp Tp P16 Tp Tp K2 bead color \parallel end with P1 ground color.

22nd K1 \parallel : P2 bead color K20 \parallel .

* This single stitch is intended to preserve the compact appearance of the bead, and also to form a selvage to sew to the other edge in making up.

23rd ||: slip first ||: T :|| nine times Kl. K2 bead color :|| end with Kl.

24th ||: Kl ||: P2 bead color K2 K loop K stitch nine times :||.

25th ||: Tp Tp P12 Tp Tp K2 bead color :|| end with Kl.

26th knit, except the bead stitches, which purl.

27th ||: K2 T seven times K2 bead color :|| end with Kl.

28th Kl ||: P2 bead color K2 K loop K stitch seven times :||.

29th ||: Tp Tp P8 Tp Tp K2 bead color :|| end with Kl.

30th Kl ||: P2 bead color K12 :||.

31st ||: slip one T five times Kl K2 bead color || end with Kl.

32nd Kl ||: P2 bead color K2 K loop and K stitch five times :||.

33rd ||: Tp Tp P4 Tp Tp K2 bead color :|| end with Kl.

34th ||: Kl ||: P2 bead color K8 :||.

35th ||: K2 T three times K2 bead color :|| end with Kl.

36th Kl ||: P2 bead color K2 K loop and K stitch three times :||.

37th ||: Tp Tp Tp Tp K2 bead color :|| end with Kl.

38th Kl ||: P2 bead color K1 :||.

39th ||: K T K K2 bead color :|| end with Kl.

40th Kl ||: P2 bead color K2 K loop and K stitch :||.

41st ||: Tp Tp T bead color :|| end with Kl.

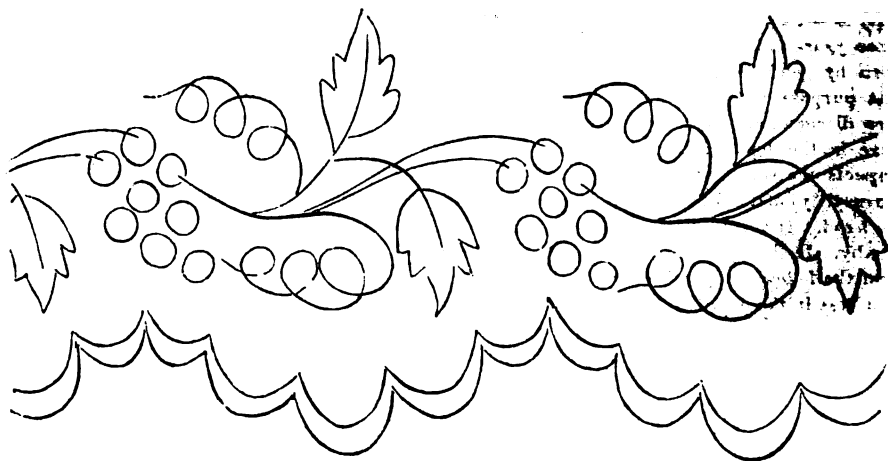
The stitches are now reduced to nineteen.

42nd knit as one the first stitch and the bead stitch. T K bead color T K bead T K bead T K bead T, which reduces to 12 stitches.

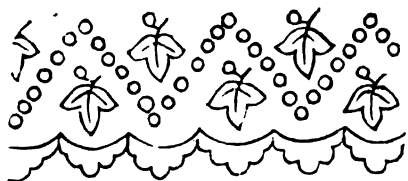
43rd begin at the other end, and cast off with the bead color, in every stitch taking as one a bead color and a ground color stitch. Fasten off on the wrong side by tying together very securely two ends of the bead wool that are opposite to each other, thus, the first with the fourth, second with fifth, third with sixth.

Pick up the stitches first cast on, and with the bead color work on them four rows, thus: knit two rows, purl one row, knit one row, cast off loosely. Sew up the cap, taking care to match neatly both the beads and the pattern. Finish at top with tassel.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



SILK EMBROIDERY FOR BABY'S BLANKET.



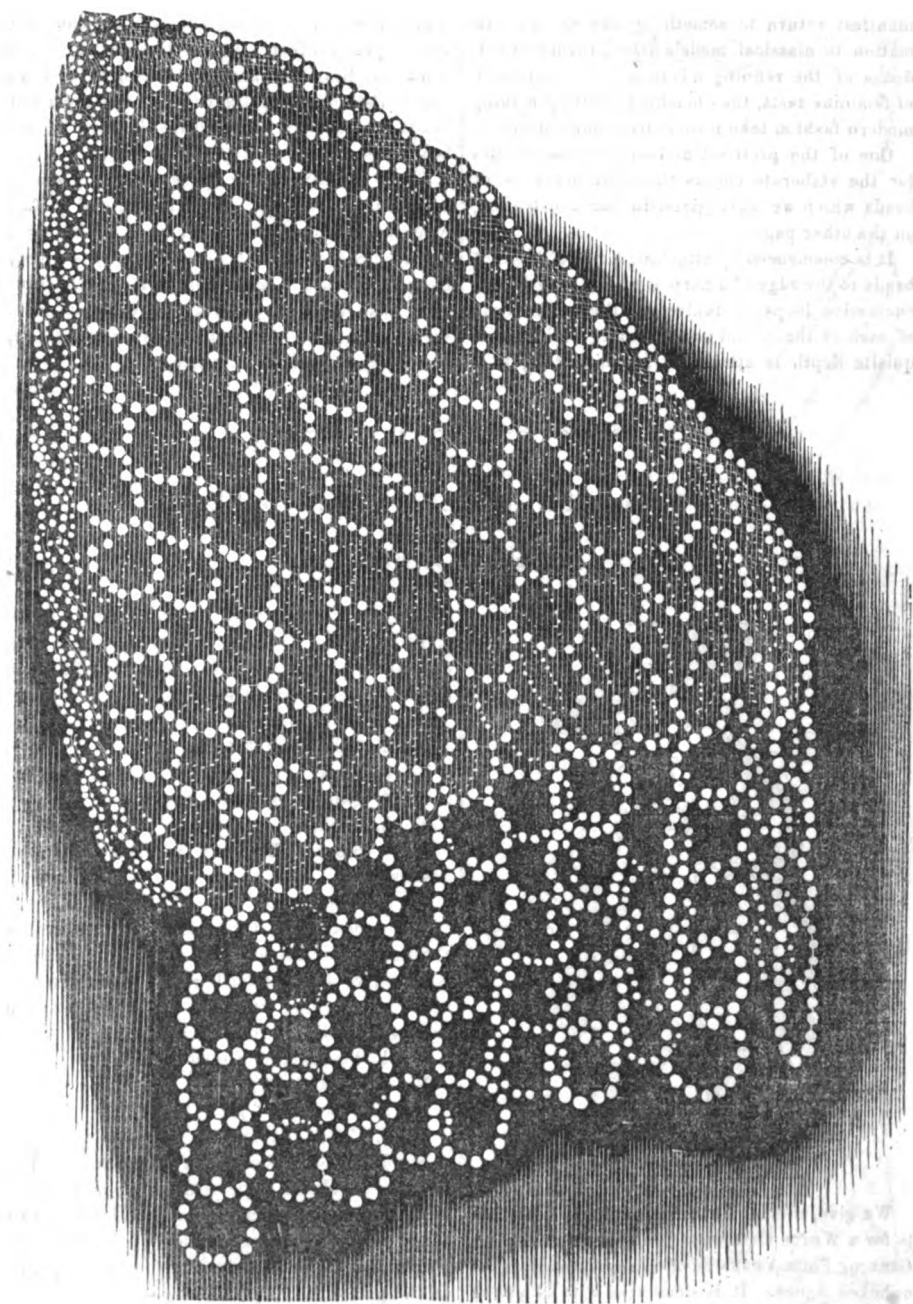
EDGING.



INSERTION.

BEAD-NET HEAD-DRESS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.



PERHAPS in no other instance is the taste of the day more marked in its character of improvement than in the decorations of the head. Those who look at the portraits taken during the early part of the present century, cannot but be struck with the vast superiority which the present era exhibits over the past. Our manifest return to something like an approximation to classical models itself, furnishes evidence of the refining advance and progression of feminine taste, thus marking itself by making modern fashion take lessons from ancient art.

One of the prettiest and simplest substitutes for the elaborate cap is the light net-work of beads which we have given in our illustration, on the other page.

It is commenced by attaching a row of loops of beads to the edge of a narrow ribbon, and adding successive loops by taking up the centre bead of each of these, and so continuing until the requisite depth is attained. In doing this, it is

necessary to leave off the end loop of the rows, so as to form the fan shape when the net-work is spread out. The hanging circlets are formed by threading the beads on hair wire and closing them neatly after each has been passed through its predecessor, the first of all being linked into the lower loop of the net-work. These falling together gracefully at the back of the head have a very pretty effect. The ribbon on which the work has been commenced, is then to be sewn over either a cap spring or wire, and a plait of beads laid over it, which forms the front of the head-dress.

These Bead-Net Head-Dresses are very pretty made in rather small, black beads, and in this way can be worn with any dress. If intended for a fuller toilet, small pearl beads have a very elegant effect. It must not be forgotten, however, that these last are liable to break with very slight pressure, and in this respect are, therefore, not quite so eligible.

HOW TO MAKE ONE'S OWN DRESSES.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, two diagrams. The first is for a WHITE CASHMERE PALETOT FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF FOUR YEARS OLD, as represented in the annexed figure. It is decorated with two rows

of large white buttons. A narrow turn-down collar. Sleeves widening at bottom, with a deep cuff and two buttons. The dress may be made of white quilting if necessary.

No. 1. Front.

No. 2. Side-piece of back.

No. 3. Back.

No. 4. Skirt of paletot.

No. 5. Pocket.

No. 6. Sleeve. The cuff is marked by two dashes.

No. 7. Collar.

The second is a COMPLETE COSTUME FOR A LITTLE BOY OF FOUR YEARS OLD, to be made of Kersymere, and trimmed with several rows of braid. According to taste the braid may be arranged in stars, squares or lozenges.

No. 1. Forepart of a sack-paletot.

No. 2. Back (half.)

No. 3. Sleeve (half.)

No. 4. Collar (half.)

No. 5. Trousers, completing the costume. The trousers should be made of the same material as the paletot; they open in front and are drawn round the top. On each side of the trousers there must be an ornament in the same style as on the paletot.

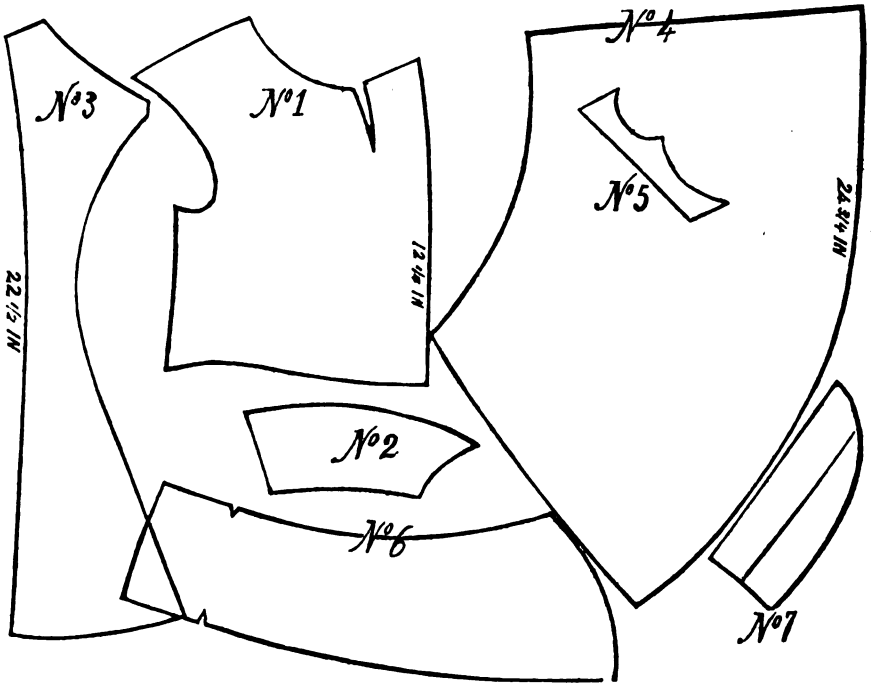


DIAGRAM FOR LITTLE GIRL'S PALETOT.

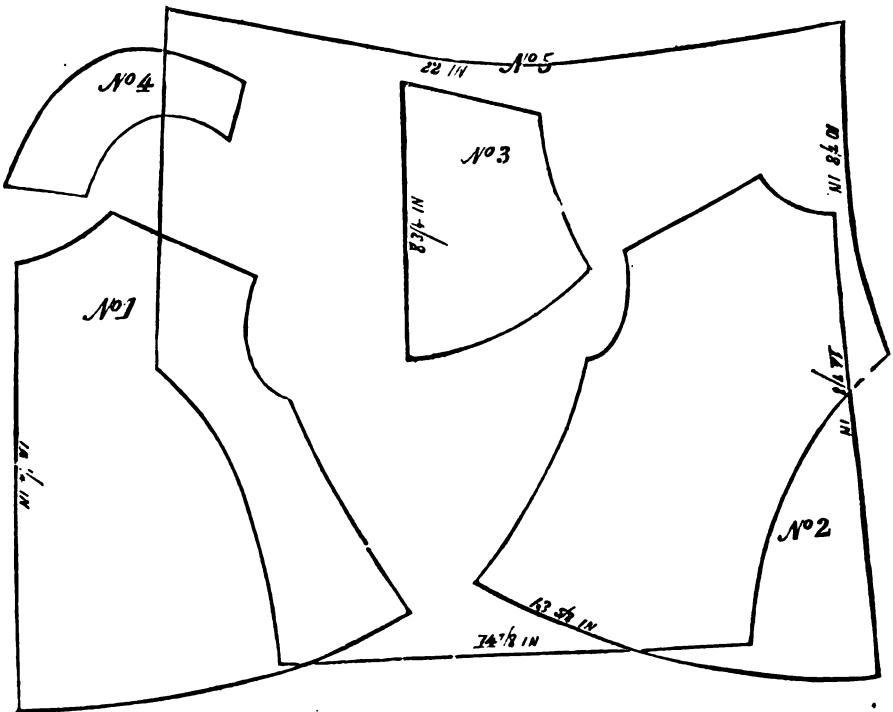


DIAGRAM FOR LITTLE BOY'S COSTUME.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

SUCCESS OF "PETERSON"—OUR UNEQUALLED LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.—The approaching end of the year reminds us that we ought to express our thanks to the ladies, for the generous manner in which they have sustained "Peterson's Magazine." From the very first our periodical has been a triumph. That can be said of it, which cannot be said of any other Magazine: that its circulation has increased, with every volume, and never declined. Other periodicals fluctuate; "Peterson" does not. We shall close 1857 with a circulation nearly double what it was in 1856. We owe this remarkable success to the enthusiasm of the ladies in favor of "Peterson!" And that enthusiasm is caused by the scrupulous care we have taken to fulfil our promises; by the novelties we are constantly introducing; by the eminently useful character of our Receipts, Work-Table, &c.; and by the general superiority of our steel-plates, fashions, mezzotints, and colored embroidery patterns. But, perhaps, we owe it still more to the excellence of our literary articles, which are acknowledged to excel those in any other ladies' Magazine.

By careful winnowing, we have got together a list of contributors, such as would make the fortunes of any two ordinary Magazines. Alice Cary, V. F. Townsend, E. L. Chandler, Anna Bache, Hetty Holyoke, A. L. Otis, E. W. Dewees, M. A. Denison, Carry Stanley, E. J. Cate, T. S. Arthur, Frank Lee Benedict, Clara Moreton, Clara Augusta, Martha Russell, Mary W. Janvrin, and others familiar to our readers, are all *first class Magazine writers*. It is through their valuable aid, that we are able to make "Peterson" what it is. Whenever a new writer appears, who is worthy of "Peterson," we lose no time in engaging him or her.

For 1858 we expect to publish a better Magazine than ever, especially in the literary department. We shall not, however, interfere with variety, by printing too many long stories. We intend to put into each number of "Peterson" as many single stories as any cotemporary averages, and give our continued novelets extra. In this way the Magazine will be indispensable to every lady of taste in literature.

"SWEET SIXTEEN."—Our principal October embellishment was very much admired. The editor of the Journal, at Lykenstown, Pa., says:—"It is so much to our taste, that we are almost in love with it. It represents a girl so entirely different from the usual pictured impossibilities of Magazine Beauties—so full of fun, frolic and mischief, that one could readily believe her his own 'pet cousin,' and act accordingly." A fair lady, at our elbow, asks if that editor "isn't a bachelor?"

A BIT OF GOLD.—Thackeray has made many capital hits, but none superior to the following:—"It is better," he says, addressing young men, "for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is rather slow, and you know the girls' songs by heart, than in a club, tavern, or in the pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth, to which women are not admitted, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, or have stupid or gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard-cues all night, call female society insipid. Beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast, who does not know one tune from another; and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water-anchovy and brown-bread and butter, I protest I can sit all night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman, about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits man may derive from women's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit of great good to your moral man, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes and say we won't go out, and prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to man from woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself, to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful."

THE BEST.—Says the Skaneateles (N. Y.) Democrat:—"Peterson's Magazine for October, 1857, is already upon our table. Such plates, and such a quantity of reading, for two dollars a year, transcends all we ever saw in the periodical line. There is always a freshness about the stories in Peterson, that causes them to be sought after and read by lovers of the beautiful. It is undoubtedly the best Ladies' Magazine published."

WITTY REJOINDER.—The following is neat enough to preserve.

Said Anna's preceptor—"A kiss is a noun,
But tell me if proper or common," he cried.
With cheeks of vermilion and eyelids cast down,
"Tis both common and proper," the pupil replied.

STITCHES IN FANCY NEEDLEWORK.—As we have been asked, frequently, by new beginners in embroidery, for descriptions of the stitches in fancy needlework, we give an article, on this subject, properly illustrated, on a former page.

ILLUSTRATED DUODECIMO EDITION OF DICKENS—COMPLETED.—"The writings of Dickens' have so truly become an integral and a permanent part of Saxon literature," says a cotemporary, "that no library, ambitious of deserving the name, can be without them." Never was truer word written. Take them all in all, the novels of Dickens are without a rival in the language, for fun, pathos and elevated sentiment. It is impossible to read them without becoming better. In every chapter, be its subject grave or gay, we realize that the author's aim is human advancement. Dickens writes, not only to delight, but to enlighten the reader. Yet, as mere works of amusement, how wonderful these novels are! Who has not choked with laughter over "Pickwick?" We never think of Dick Sniveller, though it is years since we read "The Old Curiosity Shop," without a smile. What inimitable characters are Susan Nipper, Sary Gamp, Mr. Micawber, Toots, *et id omne genus!* Nor is Dickens less powerful in moving tears. To all time, and in every human heart, little Nell will be a sacred memory.

The "Illustrated Duodecimo Edition" of this writer, which T. B. Peterson began to publish about a year ago, is now completed. It is acknowledged to be the best, in either the United States or England. The Dollar Newspaper says of it, in a notice of "Martin Chuzzlewit:"—"T. B. Peterson in his serial publications, is unlike many other publishers, who expend liberally on one or two of their first numbers, and when they think they have interested the public in their work, fall off in enterprise and give an inferior article. Not so with 'T. B.,' as the last issue of his series of Dickens attests. There is unquestionably an advance in the typography of the present volumes, a marked advance, while the engravings are also of a superior description. These are not, as is apt to be the case in re-prints of illustrated novels, worn-out plates, touched up, but *new and carefully executed fac similes* of the original designs of Cruikshank. To fully appreciate his later works, it is necessary to study Dickens in his development and in his earlier novels, and the shortest, cheapest and easiest way to do this to buy the Peterson series. If you do not buy all at once, buy them separately, as you can afford." We may add, that each story is in two volumes, handsomely bound in cloth, at \$1.25 per volume.

GETTING MARRIED.—A loafer, who had been noisy, was up before the mayor's court. His honor told him to pay over five dollars for his fine.

"C-e-o-can't do it," muttered he; "a-a-ain't got the p-p-pewter."

"Are you a married man?" inquired the mayor.

"N-n-n-not exactly so f-f-far gone yet, sir."

"Well, I will have to send you to the work-house," said the mayor.

"T-t-t-tain't nuthin' to g-g-g-o there," said Alick, "b-b-b-but when you t-t-t-talked about m-m-marriage, old fellow, you f-f-frightened me!"

HOUSEHOLD DUTIES.—A late writer—we cannot discover who—says capitially:—"There are many women, constantly suffering from ill-health and ennui, who would soon obtain relief of body and comfort of mind, if they would only personally manage their household affairs. Health and happiness cannot be enjoyed without much physical exercise. Now, just such exercise as is needed, is that obtained by doing, what ladies call *their own work*—or, at least, by doing the easier part of such work. Such labors may, aye, *will*, in many cases, cure *dyspepsia*, a disease which is, to a greater or less extent a species of insanity, beclouding the mind—filling it with the most terrible forebodings of evil, and rendering the victim morose, irritable and wretched. Let all true ladies spend a part of each day in the kitchen, and our word for it, they will add not only to their own happiness, but to the happiness of others. There is something decidedly wrong in this eschewal of domestic labor, in which American ladies stand almost alone. A German lady, no matter how high her rank, never forgets that domestic labor conduces to the health of the body and mind. An English lady, whether she be only a gentleman's wife, or a duke's, does not despise the household, and even though she has a housekeeper, devotes a portion of her time to this, her true, her happiest sphere."

FOR GRECIAN PAINTING.—Hiawatha Wooing is a beautiful new engraving, recently published from Longfellow's late poem, size of plate 14 by 13. The Indian costume, and rich and varied scenery, with paper prepared for the purpose, make it the most desirable of all pictures used for this art. When painted by the direction furnished, it can be hardly distinguished from the finest oil painting. It will be sent, post-paid, on a roller, on receipt of price, \$1.50, with full directions for painting it. A liberal discount to teachers and dealers. Address J. E. Tilton, Publisher and Dealer in Artist Goods, Salem, Massachusetts.

MORE READING FOR THE PRICE.—It should not be forgotten, that "Peterson" gives more reading matter, in proportion to its subscription price, than any Magazine of literature and fashion. For example, the three dollar Magazines give but twelve hundred pages, while "Peterson" gives nine hundred, or three-quarters as much, though its subscription is only two-thirds. The same comparative excess distinguishes it in all other departments.

COLORS ENBELLISHMENTS.—The little girl, in the chair, with the caps, &c., for infants, printed in colors, are specimens of a new style of illustration, which it is our intention to give, next year, in addition to those formerly given.

THE HARVEST HOME.—Almost Arcadian is it not? Our artist has surpassed himself, this month, in his beautiful engraving.

VALUE OF FLANNEL.—Flannel is, for most persons, the most suitable material to be worn next to the skin. Cotton wool merely absorbs the moisture from the surface, while woollen flannel conveys it from the skin and deposits it in drops on the outside of the shirt, from which the ordinary cotton shirt absorbs it, and by its nearer exposure to the exterior air it is soon dried without injury to the body. Having these properties, woollen flannel is worn by sailors in mid-summer of the hottest countries.

GETTING UP CLUBS.—Now is the time to begin. If you wish a specimen number, to show to your friends, write for it immediately.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa. Being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the auspices of H. B. M.'s Government in the years 1849—1855. By Henry Barth. Vol. I., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—When Dr. Richardson, in 1849, undertook his final exploration into Africa, in the employment of the British government, he was permitted to take with him two foreign savans. One of these was Mr. Barth, of Berlin, who, after the death of Dr. Richardson, in 1851, was authorized, by the British Ministry, to carry out the objects of the expedition. The result has been a better knowledge of Central Africa than was ever possessed before. In fact, the interest of this work almost rivals that of Cook's Voyages, a book little read now, but which, in its day, fascinated all Europe. The volume has merits, moreover, of the most solid kind. Mr. Barth has not only noted accurately the configuration of Central Africa, but has represented the tribes and nations, whom he visited, in their historical and ethnographical relation to the rest of mankind, as well as in their physical relation to the regions which they inhabit. An excellent map and numerous engravings illustrate the text. The volume is printed on superior paper, with new and large type. We await anxiously the completion of this noble work.

The Heart of Mid-Lothian. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—We have here the thirteenth and fourteenth volumes of that "Household Edition" of Scott's novels, which the publishers justly claim to be the cheapest extant, because the best. The paper continues to be of the finest quality; the type was cast expressly for the work; and the illustrations are all newly engraved, after designs by Landseer, Faed, Harvey, Darley and others. The edition contains all the latest notes and corrections of Scott; and the notes are at the foot of the page, which is a great convenience to the reader.

White Lies. By Charles Reade. Part II. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is not inferior to "Peg Woffington." Two more parts will complete the work.

Guy Livingstone; or, "Thorough." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a novel by an anonymous author, who is apparently one new to the public, for we fail to recognize the style. The book is one of great power. Many things in the book remind us of Thackeray, though the satire is less cold and steely. The characters, however, are drawn with much dramatic force. Guy himself, Flora Bellasys, Constance, Mohun and Charley Forester, though all so different, are sketched with the hand of a master. The style is clear and pointed. The plot, too, is artistically managed, if we except the murder of Charley, which was not necessarily required, and which, with the melo-dramatic arrest and confession of Bruce, spoil, so far forth, the book. The author is too fond of quoting Latin, Greek and German, which we take to be a proof that he is comparatively young. If this is so, if he is not some practised writer wearing a mask, English literature has found a new athlete, who, if he gives himself the proper training, will be able to strike for the championship, when Bulwer, Dickens and Thackeray cease to compete for it. By all means, read the book.

Souvenirs of Travel. By Madame Octavia Walton Le Vert. 2 vols., 12 mo. New York and Mobile: S. H. Goetsel & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The author of these two volumes is a lady of acknowledged social position and great personal popularity. She visited Europe at two different times, and having written numerous letters home, has, at the solicitation of her friends, digested them into a book. Mrs. Le Vert saw the most exclusive circles of European society, under the most flattering auspices; and it is no wonder, therefore, that she describes everything *colour de rose*. We have been particularly interested in her accounts of Queen Victoria's State Ball and the visit of the English court to Paris.

Poems. By Rosa Verteur Johnson. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The author of this volume is one of the most accomplished, brilliant and beautiful women of Kentucky. Her poetical effusions, which have hitherto been confined chiefly to a select circle of friends and acquaintances, now appear in a collected form, in the best style of one of our most tasteful publishing houses. The poems, "Angel Watchers," "A Legend of the Opal," and "The Midnight Prayer," we commend especially to our readers. A graceful portrait of the author, which adorns the title-page, is a revelation of intellectual and spiritual loveliness, which an artist might copy for an ideal.

Fresh Leaves. By Fanny Fern. 1 vo., 24 mo. New York: Mason Brothers.—A collection of the later fugitive stories, sketches, &c., of Mrs. Parton, issued in the "blue and gold" style, which Ticknor & Fields have made so famous.

Sylvester Sound. By Harry Cockton. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A capital novel, which has been allowed to go out of print, but which Mr. Peterson has spiritedly re-printed.

The Hand-Book of Household Science. By E. L. Youmans. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Though written for a school text-book, this work will be found instructive to all. It gives the scientific aspect, as well as the ordinary one, of heat, light, air, cleanliness, &c. We have been particularly interested in the account of bread, and bread making, which we recommend to every housewife.

The Adventures of Paul Periwinkle. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This author, next after Marryat, is the best writer of sea-stories, whom contemporary England has to show. The work before us is printed in a cheap, double-column edition, just the thing for the times.

Mabel Vaughan. By the author of "The Lamplighter." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.—The extraordinary run, which "The Lamplighter" had, will secure for this work an immediate sale. We have read enough of it to see that it is quite up to its predecessor.

Brian O'Linn. By Col. Maxwell. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We are glad to see this spirited novel printed again. The edition is a cheap, double-column octavo one, the very thing for convenient reading.

The Sisters. By Henry Cockton. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A cheap edition, double-column, of a capital novel, by the author of "Valentine Vox," "Sylvester Sound," &c.

Con Cregan. By the author of "O'Malley." 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A new edition, published in cheap style, double-column octavo.

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, &c.

A CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.—Take of ammoniac gum (the real drop) $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; reduce it into a smooth pulp with as little water as possible; then add $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of extract of hemlock, and three drachms of the strongest mercurial ointment; the whole to be well mixed together. When used it should be spread on soft leather and sewed on the feet, and need not be removed above once a week. For recent chilblains, and for their prevention, this plaister is infallible. The above quantity is sufficient for a family of three or four children for the winter if their feet are properly attended to.

CHICKEN PANADA.—Boil a chicken till about three parts ready in a quart of water; take off the skin, cut the white meat off when cold, and pound it to a paste with a little of the water it was boiled in, season with salt, a grate of nutmeg, and the least bit of lemon-peel. Boil gently for a few minutes to the consistency you like; it should be as thick as custard. This conveys great nourishment in a small compass.

REMEDY FOR DANDRIF.—Let the roots of the hair be well washed with the following solution every day:—Lime water 1 pint, distilled vinegar $\frac{1}{2}$ pint. Mix.

Eggs.—An egg broken into a cup of tea, or beaten and mixed with a basin of milk, makes a breakfast more supporting than tea alone. An egg divided, and the yolk and white beaten separately, with a little wine put to each, will afford two very wholesome draughts, and prove lighter than when taken together. Eggs very little boiled, or poached, taken in small quantity, convey much nourishment: the yolk only, when dressed, should be eaten by invalids.

FLOUR CAUDLE.—Into five large spoonfuls of water rub smooth one dessertspoonful of fine flour. Set over the fire five spoonfuls of new milk, and put two bits of sugar into it; the moment it boils pour into it the flour and water, and stir it over a slow fire 20 minutes. It is a nourishing and gently astringent food. This is an excellent food for babies who have weak bowels.

PANADA.—To make in five minutes. Set a little water on the fire with a glass of white wine, some sugar, and a scrape of nutmeg and lemon-peel: meanwhile grate some crumbs of bread. The moment the mixture boils up, keeping it still on the fire, put the crumbs in, and let it boil as fast as it can. When of a proper thickness just to drink, take it off.

FOR A COUGH.—Take of treacle and the best white wine vinegar six tablespoonfuls each, add forty drops of laudanum; mix it well and put it into a bottle. A teaspoonful to be taken occasionally when the cough is troublesome.

RICE CAUDLE.—When the water boils, pour into it some ground rice mixed with a little cold water; when of a proper consistency, add sugar, lemon-peel, and cinnamon, and a glass of brandy to a quart. Boil all smooth.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

To Fricassee Chickens.—Cut the chickens up very nicely, and lay them into cold water. Then put them into a stew-pan with a piece of butter, the legs first, as they require more time than the other joints; dredge them very lightly with flour as they stew, and moisten with a little broth; add whole white pepper, a faggot of parsley and thyme, and an onion. Let them stew in this way for about half an hour; take off the butter and scum; reduce the sauce made from the bones, and thicken it with cream and the yolk of an egg, and send it to table; a little lemon juice will be necessary, and a few mushrooms are a great improvement. Another side-dish may be made of the legs boned and filleted, and fried in batter. In filleting take out the bone, skin, sinews, &c.; make a nice forcemeat; stuff and roll the fillets round. Four legs will make eight pieces, which will be sufficient for a small dish, and these may be augmented by small pieces of fried paste cut into crescents, cocks-combs, or other shapes.

Calf's Head.—Observe: the skin should always be left on calves' heads, otherwise they are scarcely

worth the pains bestowed in dressing them. Take a calf's-head, remove the brains and the tongue, also the gristle that forms the nose, and the eye; soak it for two hours in lukewarm water to make it look white, and to draw out the blood from the neck portion of it. Put it in cold water, and skim it very carefully; let it boil very gently until rather well done than otherwise; take it up, throw it into cold water, brush it over with eggs, and sprinkle crumbs, mixed with chopped parsley and marjoram, over it; brown it well in the oven, and serve it with brown caper or tomato sauce. Having soaked in warm water and carefully cleaned the brains, boil them in water with a little lemon-juice, chop them fine, add a tablespoonful of melted butter, some seasoning, and chopped parsley; boil the tongue, skin it, and serve the brain-sauce round it.

Imitation of Mock-Turtle.—Put into a pan a knuckle of veal, two calf's feet, two onions, a few cloves, peppers, berries of allspice, mace, and sweet herbs; cover them with water, then tie a thick paper over the pan, and set it in an oven for three hours. When cold take off the fat very nicely; cut the meat and feet into bits $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch square; remove the bones and coarse parts; and then put the rest on to warm, with a large spoonful of walnut and one of mushroom ketchup, half a pint of sherry or Madeira wine, a little mushroom powder, and the jelly of the meat. When hot, if it wants any more seasoning, add some; and serve with hard eggs, forcemeat-balls, and a squeeze of lemon.

To Cook Perch in the Dutch Mode.—Have five large perch, clean, and tie up their heads, boil them in salt and water, with a lemon cut in slices, an onion and a carrot sliced, whole parsley, thyme, bay-leaf, and a little mace; boil nearly half an hour; when done, take them up, lay them on a cloth, cut off their fins, and with a knife take off all the scales on both sides; then dish them on a napkin, placing the largest in the middle; surround the piece with potatoes boiled in salt and water; stick upright the red fin of the perch down the centres of each fish, and serve two boats of melted butter, to which add salt, pepper, lemon juice, and a little grated nutmeg.

To Stew Chickens in Haste.—Take fresh-killed chickens, clean, cut them in pieces, and scald them in hot water, without giving them time to cool: fry them in butter with sweet herbs chopped, white pepper, and salt, then add some boiling water and flour; stew them until the sauce is reduced: strain, and add to the sauce a tablespoonful of cream, the yolk of an egg beaten, squeeze a little lemon-juice over the chickens, and serve them up. This dish will be useful when it is requisite to add to the dinner at a short notice; and if the chickens do not grow cool, they will be tender.

Candied Orange-Peel.—Soak the peels in cold water, which change frequently, till they lose their bitterness; then put them into syrup till they become soft and transparent. Then they are to be taken out and drained.

Hashed Veal.—From any joint not overdone cut thin slices, remove the skin and gristle, put some sliced onions over the fire with a piece of butter and some flour: fry and shake them. Put in some veal gravy and a bunch of sweet herbs; simmer ten minutes; strain off the gravy, and put it to the veal, with some parsley chopped small, and a little grated lemon-peel and nutmeg; let it simmer one minute. If to be stewed, then add the yolks of two eggs, beaten up with two spoonfuls of cream and a very little pepper, and stir over the fire one way until it becomes thick and smooth; squeeze a little lemon-juice in, and serve.

Raspberry Tart.—Line a patty-pan with thin puff paste. Lay in some raspberries and stew over them some pounded loaf, finely sifted. Cover the tart with puff taste and bake it. When done, cut it open, and put into it half a pint of cream, to which the yolks of two or three eggs, beaten, and a little sugar, have been previously added. Return the tart to the oven for five or six minutes.

Candied Lemon-Peel.—This is made by boiling lemon-peel with sugar, and then exposing it to the air until the sugar crystallizes.

Lemon Syrup.—Lemon-peel, 3 ozs.; boiling water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pint; steep for a night; strain and add white sugar, 2 lbs.

Syrup of Orange-Peel.—Orange peel, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; white sugar, 24 lbs.; water, 2 gallons.

ENIGMAS.

ANSWERS to those in October number. I. Stool, tool. II. Bass-i-net. III. Snow-drop.

I.

My first's a spirit small,
My next comes last of all,
My whole is what misfortune does,
When just about to fall.

II.

In ancient times and foreign clime
To lofty deeds I'd fain aspire;
But luckless fate, my pride elate,
But served to set the world on fire.
And now condemned by foe and friend
To drag my weary way,
Through street and lane, o'er hill and plain,
Now tell my name, I pray.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

COLUMBUS' TRICK—THE STANDING EGG.—To make an egg stand on one end on any polished surface seems very extraordinary, yet it can be done, even on a looking-glass. Now, from the form of an egg, nothing is more liable to roll, and on nothing more so than on a looking-glass; to accomplish this trick, let the performer take an egg in his hand, and while he keeps talking and staring in the face of his audience give it two or three hearty shakes; this

will break the yolk, which will sink to one end, and consequently make it more heavy, by which when it is settled you may make it, with a steady hand, stand upon the glass; this would be impossible while it continued in its proper state.

TO TELL A LADY IF SHE IS IN LOVE.—Put into a phial some sulphuric ether, color it red with orochanet, then saturate the tincture with spermaceti. This preparation is solid ten degrees above freezing point, and melts and boils at twenty degrees. Place the phial which contains it in a lady's hand, and tell her that, if in love, the solid mass will dissolve. In a few minutes the substance will become fluid.

ARTIFICIAL FIRE-BALLS.—Put thirty grains of phosphorus into a bottle which contains three or four ounces of water. Place the vessel over a lamp, and give it a boiling heat. Balls of fire will soon be seen to issue from the water, after the manner of an artificial fire-work, attended with the most beautiful coruscations.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Wash Printed Muslins.—The following method of washing dresses of printed muslin, so as to preserve the colors, is recommended by a competent authority:—The dress should be washed in lather, and not in the usual way by applying the soap direct upon the muslin. Make a lather by boiling some soap and water together. Let it stand until it is sufficiently cool for use. Previously to putting the dress into it, throw in a handful of salt. Rinse the dress, without wringing it, in clear cold water, into which a little salt has been thrown. Remove it, and rinse it again in a fresh supply of clear cold water and salt. Then wring the dress in a cloth, and hang it to dry immediately, spreading it out as open as possible, so as to prevent any part lying over another. Should there be any white in the pattern, mix a little blue with the water.

To Clean the Glass Chimnies of Lamps.—Glass chimnies are liable, when they come in contact with the flame of a lamp, or *vice versa*, to be (as it were) eaten into, and the consequence is, that minute greyish, or brownish-yellow globules generally make their appearance on the interior, as also on the exterior surface of the chimney. When that is the case, and you find apparently, that nothing will remove them without the glass being put in danger, the best and easiest way is to procure some very fine sand-paper, and continue to rub these ugly spots until they do disappear.

To Prevent Rust.—Mix with fat oil varnish 4-5ths of well rectified spirits of turpentine. The varnish is to be applied by means of a sponge; and articles varnished in this manner will retain their metallic brilliancy, and never contract any spots of rust. It may be applied to copper, and to the preservation of philosophical instruments, which, by being brought into contact with water, are generally liable to lose their splendor and become tarnished.

Pomatum for the Hair may be made as follows:—Into a perfectly clean and well-tinned stew-pan, put one pint of very fresh oil of sweet almonds; set it over a slow fire, and gradually melt it in one ounce and a half of spermaceti, and two ounces of very fresh hog's lard. The heat must be barely sufficient to melt these substances, for a high temperature would make the oil rancid in a few days. The whole being melted, pour it into a china or earthenware basin; and when almost cold, stir into it whatever essential oils will communicate the perfume you prefer. Pot it off, and, when cold, tie paper over each pot.

For Restoring Faded Parasols.—Sponge the faded silk with warm water and soap, then rub them with a dry cloth, afterward iron them on the inside with a smoothing iron. If the silk be old it may be improved by sponging with spirits, in which case the ironing should be done on the right side; thin paper being spread over to prevent glazing.

Lavender Water.—Take a quart of rectified spirits of wine; essential oil of lavender, two ozs.; essence of ambergris, five drachms; put it all into a bottle, and shake it till it is incorporated.

To Clean Druggets and Felts.—Rub them well with stale bread, as soap and water injure the surface and often makes the color run. The dry bread removes the soils and revives the colors.

To Remove Stoppers from Smelling Bottles.—A simple plan for removing stoppers from glass bottles, is to heat the neck gently over a flame; the neck expands and the stopper is released.

How to Dye Cloth Black.—Impregnate the material with the acetate of iron mordant, and then boil it in a decoction of madder and logwood.

Oil for the Hair.—Oil of ben, one pint; civet, three grains; Italian oil of jasmin, three fluid ounces; attar of roses, three minims. Mix, and it is ready for use.

THE TOILET.

WHITE TEETH, Perfumed Breath and beautiful Complexion can be acquired by using the Balm of a Thousand Flowers. What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when using the Balm of a Thousand Flowers as a dentifrice would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth as white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate that their friends will never mention it. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure each bottle is signed Pettridge & Co., N. Y. For sale by all druggists.

"WOODLAND CREAM."—A pomade for beautifying the hair. Highly perfumed, superior to any French article imported, and for half the price. For dressing ladies' hair it has no equal, giving it a bright, glossy appearance. It causes gentlemen's hair to curl in the most natural manner. It removes dandruff, always giving the hair the appearance of being fresh shampooed. Price only fifty cents. None genuine unless signed Pettridge & Co.

ART RECREATIONS.

GRECIAN PAINTING, AND ANTIQUE PAINTING ON GLASS.—Mr. J. E. Tilton, Salem, Massachusetts, will furnish all materials and directions. He deals extensively in the artist's material line, and will fill orders promptly. We annex his

CIRCULAR.

The subscriber will furnish for \$3.00 a package of twelve mezzotint engravings, (suitable for practice) and full printed instructions for Grecian painting, and a new style originating with himself, and equal to the finest copper painting, called Antique Painting on Glass, with a bottle of preparation, receipt for varnish, &c. The directions are so explicit as to enable any one to learn fully without a teacher. He also includes at above price, directions for Oriental Style and the beautiful art called Potichomanie.

For \$2.00 more, or \$5.00, he will send with the above all paints, brushes, oils, varnishes, &c. &c. needed for these arts, (Grecian and Antique) and other oil painting.

For directions *only*, in the above arts, Grecian, Antique Painting, Oriental, Potichomanie, sent free, by mail, one dollar, they are so full and plain, that any one with no previous knowledge of drawing can be sure to acquire.

He has also published a new picture for Grecian and Antique Painting, called "Les Orphelines." The paper, printing and engraving are thoroughly fitted for it, and the effect and finish, when painted, are fine, and superior to canvas painting. Price with rules for painting it, colors, how to mix, &c., one dollar, sent free, by mail. Address,

J. E. TILTON, Salem, Massachusetts.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

GENTLEMEN'S SHIRTS.—The most important department of plain needlework is shirt-making. For this purpose Irish linen is certainly the best, it lasts well, and keeps the color in washing; but many gentlemen prefer calico or long-cloth, as preserving the heat of the body better in our variable climate.

New linen or calico can always be cut and sewed best if washed first; but if, from any urgent necessity, there is no time for this measure, it should be rubbed well over with hard white soap, which will make it easier for the scissors and the needle to pass through.

Before it is cut it must be measured and exact calculations made, that nothing may be cut to waste. If the selvages seem at all broken, it is better to pare them off, and hem down the seam; a little more work is well spent in making it neat and secure.

A piece of good Irish linen, the usual price being from fifty cents and upward for a yard, measures twenty-six yards, and will make seven full-sized shirts. Long-cloth may be bought of the same width, at about half the price, and both are cut out in the same way.

It is scarcely necessary to say that a shirt, like any other garment, must be made to fit the person who is

to wear it, and therefore all directions must be varied according to size and figure.

For the length you must have a pattern to measure; the body is made the whole width of the linen, a little longer behind than before. The sleeves should be long enough to allow the arm to bend freely, but not too wide, which is a great inconvenience. The arm-hole should not be too wide, and the gusset should be filled a little in setting in. The wristbands are usually made about five inches in depth, of finer linen than the shirt, and the buttons set on to make them fit the wrist.

The most important part to make is the front, which is made of very fine linen or lawn, and let into the body. The whole of the front of the shirt body must be cut out to the neck-gusset, and as low as the waistband, and the fine linen, a half-breadth on each side, must be let in, gathered at the top and bottom; at the front there must be a broad hem, standing out beyond, to fold over. The upper part, which is pulled into the collar, must be sloped out exactly to fit the form of the wearer, and on the accuracy of this operation depends the comfortable and neat fitting of the shirt. Proper sized holes for the studs usually worn must be worked down the front.

The collar must be only a narrow band, as loose collars are now universally worn. The linen cut out of the front is used for making gussets, bands, &c. Before working the button-holes a thread should be run twice round, and sewed over strongly at the ends, which keeps the button-hole in shape, and prevents it being torn.

The cotton with which the seams are sewed should be strong, but the stitching should be done with very fine; strong silk is the best for gathering and for sewing on buttons.

LADIES' CHEMISES.—For the body, cut two breadths of yard-wide linen into lengths of a yard and a quarter each. This will make a chemise sufficiently long for a middle-sized woman, or for one rather above the middle size. For a small woman, a yard and a half-quarter will be long enough. From one side of each breadth, cut a gore to sew on the other side; thus giving an equal slope to both. The gores should be little more than an inch wide at the top. Pin the selvaige sides of the gores to the selvaige edges of the linen, lay them evenly on a bed, and slope the gores upward at the bottom; otherwise, the lower ends will hang down in peaks. The pieces sloped off the bottoms of the gores must be kept to line the sleeve-holes.

If the sleeves are to have broad hems, cut them a quarter of a yard deep. One breadth across the linen will make a pair of sleeves, excepting the gussets. If they are to be gathered on an arm-band, a half-quarter and a nail will be sufficient depth for them. Next, cut out the sleeve-gussets, allowing each a finger square. A breadth across will make four sleeve-gussets and two shoulder-straps. The shoulder-straps should be half a finger broad (when doubled) and two fingers in length.

If you have plain, loose sleeves with a broad hem, the chemise, to correspond, should have the neck or top (it being perfectly straight across, behind and before) simply faced on the inside with a fine twilled tape, so as to form a case for a drawing-string. If the bottoms of the sleeves are gathered into arm-bands, the neck or top of the chemise body may be gathered also into a band, made to fit the width across, from shoulder to shoulder; in which case, there must be a slit of a quarter of a yard deep, either down the back, or down the front of the neck, fastening with buttons. Cut this band bias.

Make the body of the chemise first; finishing the neck, and putting on the shoulder-straps. Then have ready the sleeves, and set them into the sleeve-holes left at the two sides. The sleeves should be gathered on the top of the shoulder, and the shoulder-straps hemmed down upon them, on each side. If there are arm-bands, they should sit loosely round the arm. Next, take the sloped pieces that came off the bottom of the gores, and with them, line that part of the body that forms the sleeve-holes; carrying down the lining about an inch below the lower corner of the gusset. This will greatly strengthen the part round the sleeve-holes.

Cut out in the above manner, the whole of the linen will come into use, and there will be no shapings or clippings whatever. What is called a long piece of yard-wide linen will thus make ten chemises for a woman of moderate size; with the addition of an extra yard and a quarter to complete the body of the last.

A lady's chemise may be trimmed with thread edging, with tatting, or with linen cambrie frilling. The frilling, to look neat, should be very narrow. In fulness, allow it a little more than twice and a half the extent of the parts on which it is sewed.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—A HOME DRESS OF BROWN CASHMERE.—Skirt plain. The body is high, made with a basque and borthie bretelles. The sleeves are of the pagoda shape, slightly opened on the inside of the arm, and trimmed with brown velvet ribbon. Puffed sleeves trimmed with ribbon. Head-dress of chenille. (For the rest of the figures in the steel plate see children's fashions.)

FIG. II.—CLOAK OF BLACK VELVET, with a deep Venetian sleeve, trimmed with rich tassels.

FIG. III.—CLOAK OF GREY CLOTH, with a border in lighter colors, figured with leaves in black. This elegant cloak gives the effect of a long shawl. It is made with shawl cords in front, and is finished with a deep fringe. A trimming like the border extends around the shoulders.

FIG. IV.—THE ST. CLOUD.—A mantilla of black cloth, striped with black velvet, and edged with a rich fringe. The long pointed hood is finished with heavy tassel.

FIG. V.—THE LABRADOR.—A basque of rough brown cloth trimmed with velvet. The sleeves are of the Louis the XIV. style. The basque has two capacious pockets.

FIG. VI.—AN OPERA CLOAK OF WHITE CASHMERE, trimmed with cherry-colored velvet of different widths.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dress goods were never richer than at present. The costlier silks and poplins are of the heaviest material and most gorgeous colors. Flounces are still very much worn, though they are more graceful if made of a thin tissue than a heavy silk. The pyramid, or side-trimming, is newer, and of a more quiet style than flounces; and more suited to winter goods. Some of the richest dresses of this style, that we have seen, are of black poplin, with side-trimmings of the most brilliant Tartan plaid, woven in the dress. Most of the new silks have similar trimmings, the dress being of one color, such as green, purple, or dark blue, with black satin or velvet side breadths, in wreaths, lacework, &c. The poplin dresses, of this fashionable style, cost from twenty-three to forty dollars; the silks range from seventy-five to one hundred dollars. Many plain silks, cashmeres and merinos will have side-trimmings of black velvet ribbon, figured moire-antique ribbons, &c. Among the ornaments which form the very staple of fancy trimmings, those most employed for dresses are quillings, velvets, pendant buttons and fringes. There is also a velvety ribbon, which is used as a border for double skirts with good effect. There must be two rows some distance apart on the first, and one row on the second skirt.

SHAWLS will be very fashionable this fall. Nothing is more elegant, if properly worn, than a shawl, especially a long shawl. In wearing a shawl never draw it too tightly around the figure.

CLOAKS will mostly retain the deep-pointed hood.

BONNETS are somewhat larger than heretofore, but are of the same general shape.

COLLARS with bars are in favor, and will be much worn this winter. These collars consist of rich embroideries or lace insertions; some indeed are entirely Brussels lace. The ends cross on the breast and cover the front of the body, for they come rather low, very nearly to the waist.

UNDER-SLEEVES retain their aristocratic elegance. They are still made with large puffs and lace frills decorated with bows of ribbon. Those for morning wear are jaconet embroidered in colors. The collar should be the same. This new style is very charming and quite a novelty. Under-sleeves for ball-dress often consist of a large puff only, closed round the wrist by a puffed band with a ribbon run in it. Some of the new under-sleeves, ornamented with purl interlaced with velvet, black, cherry-color, sky-blue, pink, or maroon, of No. 0 size. These under-sleeves are worn with plain toilet, and have collars to match.

HEAD-DRESSES present nothing very new. The graceful floating ones are still popular, as well as

hanging fringes of jet or bugles. One of the prettiest which we have seen is made of black velvet, blended with pink and white snow-balls. Long ends of velvet hang down the shoulders.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE BOY'S DRESS (see steel plate) is of black velvet, the edge of which is seen under a coat of grey cloth. White trousers, with a deep border of needlework. Boots of grey cashmere, with tips of black glazed leather. Cap of the Glengarry form, made of black velvet, and trimmed with black ribbon striped with red.

FIG. II.—LITTLE GIRL'S WALKING DRESS is of poplin, with a brown cloth basque. The bonnet is of black velvet, lined with cherry-colored silk. It has a full blonde cap ornamented with very narrow cherry-colored ribbon.

FIG. III.—LITTLE GIRL'S IN-DOOR DRESS (see plate printed in colors) of white cashmere, with two skirts, each having a Greek border above the hem. The body is made with braces. The sleeves are full and gathered up on the inside of the arm with a bow of blue ribbon. A similar bow is placed in front of the waist.

CAPS FOR INFANTS, of the newest styles, will be seen on the same plate.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.—From every section of this vast republic, the voice of the press comes up, pronouncing this "the cheapest and best" of the ladies Magazines. Says the Waterloo (Ill.) Patriot:—"We have received the October number of this cheapest of ladies Magazines. The stories of 'Love's Labor Won,' and 'La Belle Liegeoise' get more intensely interesting as they progress, making one very impatient for the next number." The Peterboro (N. H.) Transcript says:—"The October number of Peterson is at hand. It grows better and better." The Hillsboro (Ill.) Herald says:—"This is the cheapest and best of the Philadelphia monthlies—so the ladies aver." The Clinton Co. (Ind.) Republican says:—"Peterson's Magazine can't be beat either in mechanical execution or in its literary character." The Circleville (O.) Herald says:—"It is always in advance of all the other Magazines, and *always welcome to our home circle.*" The Lexington (S. C.) Flag says:—"Its fashion plate *les mode Parisiennes*, is magnificent." Says the Franklin (Tenn.) Review:—"We have contracted a fondness for Peterson which we feel for no other Magazine. There is always sure to be something in it that exactly hits our fancy; and when we receive it, we very rarely lay it aside until its contents become ours." The Appleton (Wis.) Crescent says:—"There is a freshness and originality about its pages which are seldom met with." The Napierville (Ill.) News-Letter says:—"This Magazine is always as regular as clock work, and loses none of its original merits, but rather advances in the estimation of its readers. The engraving of 'Sweet Sixteen' is a rare beauty, and is only evidence of what Peterson can do." We could quote a hundred similar notices, if necessary.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTION.—No subscription, at club rates, taken for less than a year.

BACK NUMBERS.—Back numbers for 1857 can be had of the publisher, or of the principal agents.

"PETERSON" FOR 1858.—We ask attention to our advertisement for next year. It is impossible for us to mention, in its limited space, the half of what we intend to do in 1858. Rest assured, however, that we shall be "always ahead." We already give more embellishments and reading matter, in proportion to our subscription price, than any periodical in the United States. Next year we shall do still better. Now is the time to get up clubs. It is not a bit too early to go to work. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fairly presented, unless an engagement has been made to take some other Magazine; so you cannot begin too soon. We will send a specimen, gratis, for you to show around, if you will write for one. Don't lose a moment! We hope, next year, to print a larger edition than any other Magazine. Shall we?

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

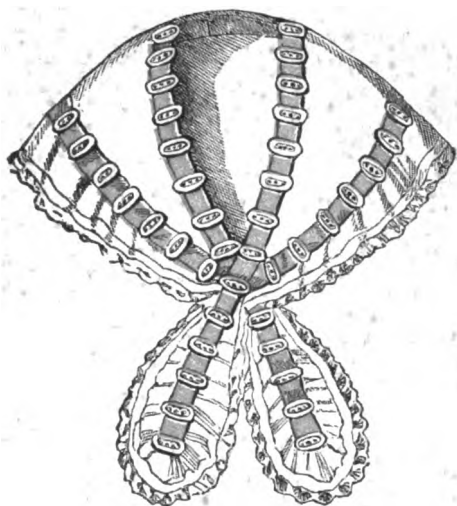
SAVE A DOLLAR.—"A dollar saved," said Franklin, "is a dollar earned." By taking "Peterson," you get the best ladies Magazine, a dollar less than others cost.

POSTAGE ON "PETERSON."—This is four and a half cents, every three months, and must be paid in advance at the post-office where the subscriber lives.

"PETERSON" AND "HARPER."—For \$3.50 we will send a copy of "Peterson," for one year, and also "Harper's Magazine," for one year.

CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.—In this case, state the post-office where you lived, as well as that to which you have moved.







HEAD-DRESSES.



CONHEATH MANTILLA.



FRONT OF NIGHT-CAP IN BRAIDING.



THE HAVELOCK.



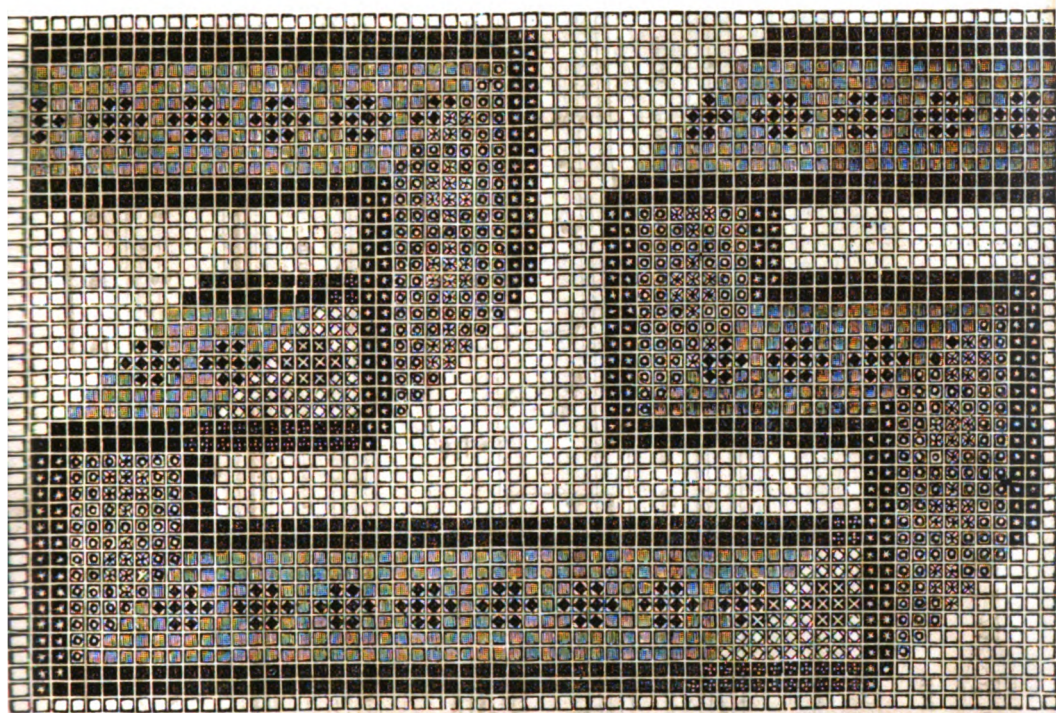
GERMAN TEXT FOR MARKING.



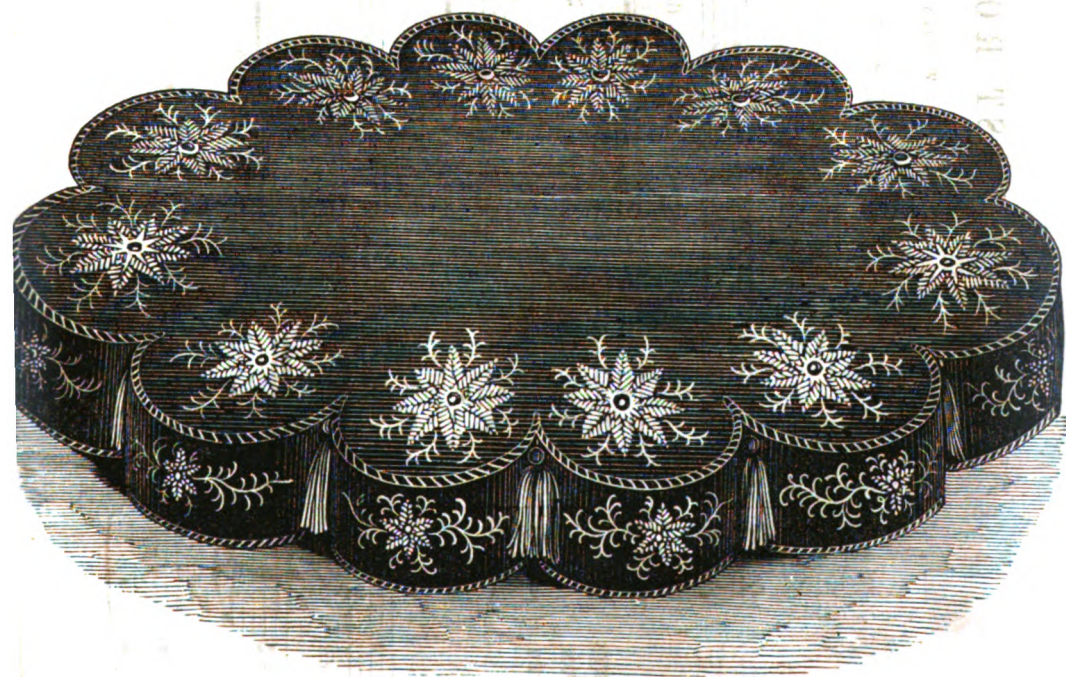
WORK-BASKET IN STRAW AND VELVET.



MONTESPAN COLLAR.



GREEK BORDER FOR A TABLE-COVER.



DRAWING-ROOM ELBOW CUSHION.

THE LAST ROSE OF WINTER.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

How sweet when a - round us af - fle - tion's dark pow'r, E - clip - ses the sun - shine of life's glow - ing hour, When

p

Andante
Ma non
Tropo.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Last Rose of Winter'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. A piano (p) dynamic marking is present. The tempo/mood markings 'Andante', 'Ma non', and 'Tropo.' are listed below the staves.

drop - ping de - ject - ed in sor - row we bend, Is the con - stant ad - he - rence of one faith - ful friend. The

The second system of the musical score. It continues the three-staff format (vocal, piano treble, piano bass). The lyrics continue below the vocal line. The musical notation includes various notes, rests, and bar lines, with some phrasing slurs.

crowds whom we sailed with when glad - ness was ours, Are sum - mer's bright blos - soms and au - tunn's gay flowers; But the

friend on whose breast we in sor - row re - pose, That friend is the win - ter's lone beau - ti - ful rose.

Dal segno al fine



BONNET.



BONNET.



BONNET.



INFANT'S CAP.



SLEEVE.



SLEEVE.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1857.

No. 6.

THE COSTUMES OF THE ORIENT.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.



THE East is still picturesque. The old antique poetic dress of earlier times survives in the Orient. The traveller, landing at Alexandria, sees the identical porter that appears in the Arabian Nights. Asia, ancient mother of nations, yet retains the romantic costume of the primitive ages, and is younger, in that, than any of her children.

Some of the most graceful fashions of the East are to be found in India. In that delicious climate, where the balmy breeze blows through the sacred banyan, wafting toward one the fragrance of the oleander, the myrtle, and the jasmine, everything conspires to poetry; and dress takes its shape accordingly. In India also everybody wears ornaments. Even the poorest women contrive to have a silver bangle or bracelet for the arm; while the rich are gorgeous with jewelry. The Affghans, north-west of Hindoostan, particularly dress picturesquely. The men have trousers of dark-colored cloth; a low cap; and half boots of brown leather, laced or buttoned up to the calf. Over this, for a great part of the year, is thrown a large cloak of well-tanned sheep-skin,

with the wool inside, or of soft and pliant grey felt. This garment is worn loose over the shoulders, and with the sleeve hanging down, and reaches to the ankles. The women wear a shirt of the finest materials, generally colored or embroidered with flowers in silk. Their trousers are colored and comparatively tight. On their heads is a small cap of bright-colored silk, embroidered with gold thread; and a large sheet, which they wear attached, and with which they hide their faces when a stranger approaches.

In the Mogul empire, the dress of the rich is particularly splendid. The women wear a silk net veil of a crimson or purple color, embroidered in silver, and with which they either cover the face, or throw back over the shoulders as an ornament. Their chemise is of transparent gauze, reaching to the slippers; and beneath are seen the drawers of green satin, flowing with gold. The hair is long, divided from the forehead, and ornamented with pearls and other jewels. The silk-net, thrown over the head, was worn also in the classic times of Greece; for in the "Odyssey," Helen presents such a veil to Telemachus.

"The beautiful queen, advancing, then display'd
A shining veil, and thus endearing said,
'Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,
Long since, in better days, by Helen wove;
Safe in thy mother's care the vesture lay,
To deck thy bride and grace thy nuptial day.'"

The rich men of the Seepoth Cafirs wear a white blanket, put on like a Highland plaid, that



comes down to the knee, and is fastened with a belt; they also wear cotton trousers, which, as well as their shirts, are worked all over with flowers in red and black worsteds: the trousers are slit at the bottom, so as to make a sort of fringe. They also wear worsted stockings, or perhaps worsted fillets, rolled round their legs, and the warriors wear half-boots of white goat-skin.

In Hindostan the costumes, as seen in our initial embellishment, are even

more picturesque. The Hindoo women wear a garment, tied round the waist, and hanging in a graceful manner to the feet; it is afterward brought over the body in negligent folds: under this they cover the bosom with a short waistcoat of satin, but wear no linen. Their long black hair is adorned with jewels and wreaths of flowers; their ears are bored in many places, and loaded with pearls; a variety of gold chains, strings of pearl, and precious stones, fall from the neck over the bosom, and the arms are covered with bracelets from the wrist to the elbow. They also have gold and silver chains round the ankles, and abundance of rings on their fingers and toes; among the former is often a small mirror. They perfume their hair with oil of cloves, cinnamon, sandal, mogrees, and sweet scented flowers, and those who can afford it use the ottar of roses; they also make use of henna and antimony, like most other Eastern nations, to heighten their beauty.

The costume of the Mahomedans in India is much like that of the Hindoos, especially the turban, the long white gown, sash, and shoes; but, in addition, they wear full trousers, usually of satin, with gold and silver flowers, and a *catarra*, or short dagger, in their girdle. The Mahomedan women adorn themselves with a variety of jewels, worn over a close gown of muslin, with long sleeves and a short waist;

silk or satin drawers reach to the ankles, and a transparent veil covers the head.

In Burmah, the women tie their hair in a bunch at the top of the head, and bind it round with a fillet, the embroidery and jewels of which mark their respective ranks. Their dress consists of a short chemise, and a loose jacket with tight sleeves. Round their waist they roll a long piece of silk, or cloth, which reaches to the feet, and sometimes trails on the ground. When women of distinction go abroad, they put on a scarf, or shawl, made of silk, which they throw around them with much grace and elegance. Women in full dress stain the palms of their hands and their nails of a red color, and rub their faces with powder of sandal-wood, or of a bark called *sumaka*. The lower class of females often wear only a single garment, in the form of a sheet, which wrapped round the body and tucked under the arms, descends to the ankle.



In the vale of Cashmere, over the hair, which is worn in a single braid, the women place a cap, generally of a crimson color, to the back of which is attached a triangular curtain of the same stuff, which falls upon the shoulders and conceals much of the hair; round the lower edge of the cap is folded a shawl or piece of cotton

or woollen cloth, which gives it much the appearance of a turban.

The Persian gentleman, on horseback, is the ideal of an oriental cavalier. The dress of a Persian lady, in-doors, consists of a large black silk handkerchief round the head, a gown which descends to the knees, a pair of loose trousers, and green light-heeled slippers. The women of the upper classes wear the costliest costume, perhaps, in the world. A traveller, who saw the queen, says that her dress was rendered so cumbersome by the quantity of jewels embroidered upon it, that she could scarcely move under its weight. Her trousers in particular were so engrafted with pearls, that they looked more like a piece of mosaic than wearing apparel: they were padded with cotton inside, and stiffened by cloth of gold without. The Shah's daughter, who was celebrated throughout



the country for loveliness, was greatly disfigured in the eyes of a European by the immense quantity of red and white paint with which her face was decorated.

The Persians almost generally shave their heads. The men of rank wear magnificent turbans, and as they are very particular about keeping the head warm, they never

take off this covering, even in the presence of royalty. The common people wear a cap of black lamb skin. The rest of the costume, with all classes, consists of a straight under garment, open at the chest and throat, as is also the upper vest, which is fastened round the waist by a girdle; and this girdle, with the rich, is made of a fine cashmere shawl. The legs are clothed in socks and slippers generally of a green color. The pelisse is cut out under the arms, so that the sleeves can either be drawn in, or thrown behind the back. The material of these vests consists, with the poor, of coarse cloth; but the rich use expensive furs, muslins, and silks.

The costumes of Syria and Palestine were thought to be substantially what they were in Scriptural times. The trousers and tunics of the women were made of fine linen, and rich

silks embroidered in gold and jewels; they wore also a veil, which fell over the whole person down to the feet. The anklets of gold or silver, often alluded to in Scripture, were very heavy, and made a ringing sound as the wearer walked. The pride and pleasure that the Jewish ladies took in making a tinkling



with these ornaments, is severely reprehended by the prophet Isaiah. It is supposed that the caul alluded to by the prophet was intended to describe the peculiar manner of dressing the hair. It was at that time divided into tresses plaited with silk threads, gold ornaments, and golden coins.

Besides the anklets, the Jewish women wore ear-rings, nose-jewels, chains of silver and gold, and bracelets. The ear-rings probably contained a verse from the Scriptures, to serve as an amulet or charm, in which most Orientals place much faith, as they believe these amulets have power to avert evils and obtain blessings. They also wore from the waist boxes or bottles containing rich perfume; these they fastened to a chain and hung to their girdles. Herodias dancing was attired very much like a girl of Palestine, to-day, only in richer materials.

When abroad, the Syrian women have the face disguised, like all other females of the Turkish dominions. They also wear the *ferigee*, to hide the figure, a long, loose garment reaching to the ankles. Yet, even when thus transformed, they are eminently graceful, as every traveller knows who has seen them, at sunset, tripping from the wells, bearing their water jars.



The dress of the Arabs in Syria is simple and uniform. It consists

of a blue shirt, descending below the knees, the legs and feet being exposed, or the latter sometimes covered with the ancient *cothurnus* or buskins. Near Jerusalem, the ancient sandal is frequently met with, exactly as it is seen on Grecian statues. A cloak is also worn, of one square piece, with holes for the arms. In this we probably behold the form of our Saviour's garment, for which the soldiers cast lots, being without seam, woven from the top to bottom throughout.

The Druses, who inhabit part of Syria, wear a coarse, woollen cloak, with white stripes, thrown over a waistcoat and breeches of the same stuff, tied round the waist by a sash. They cover the head with a turban, which is flat at the top, and swells out at the sides. The women wear a coarse, blue jacket and petticoat, but no stockings. Their hair is plaited, and hangs down in tails behind. They wear a singular shaped head dress, called a *tamtoor*. It is like a silver cone, and is evidently the same as Judith's mitre.



The Chinese seem to consider that Fashion mars, instead of improving, the charms of her votaries; for, ever since the days of Confucius, they have steadily resisted all her blandishments, closed their ears to her flatteries, and followed, in every respect, the ordinances of their great lawgiver with regard to dress, in both fashion and materials.

By this decree the poorer classes are obliged to wear their clothes of a dark blue, red, or black color. The emperor and princes of the blood are alone allowed the privilege of having yellow dresses, and many of the most delicate colors are reserved exclusively for the ladies. Pure white is the emblem of mourning among all classes.

So strictly is everything relating to the toilet managed among this grave people, that even when the seasons change they are not allowed to clothe themselves in thick or thin coverings, according to their fancy, but must wait with patience to change the winter for the summer, or the summer for the winter garb, till the viceroy of the province has performed this important ceremony, when the whole outward appearance of the people alters as if by magic; and a stranger to their laws, who, the evening before, had seen the streets of Pekin crowded with people, all enveloped to their chins in the warmest furs, would imagine everybody struck by a magician's wand,



when, on going forth the following day, he finds the same people all, by one accord, habited in their summer attire.

The extraordinary admiration of this people for small feet subjects them to much pain and inconvenience.



As soon as a female child in the wealthier ranks is born, the toes are bent under the foot, and tightly bandaged day and night, till the growth of the foot ceases. This barbarous custom is attributed by some old writers to Tak ya, the wife of one of the first Chinese emperors.

She is represented as having been very beautiful, but haughty and imperious. She per-

suaded her husband to allow her to make what laws she pleased, and having very deformed feet, she bound them with fillets, and ordered all the ladies of the country to imitate her example; thus attempting to make a deformity pass for a beauty.

The Chinese people of rank never go abroad without boots made of satin or silk, or sometimes even of cotton. They are made without heels, and fit with the greatest nicety. Their stockings are of silk stuff, quilted and lined with cotton, and ornamented with velvet or cloth. In summer they have light slippers, and the common people black cotton shoes. Besides wearing quantities of false hair, the Chinese women also employ paint to heighten the charms of their complexion.



In Japan, the people dress very much like they do in China, the differences being so slight as not to call for notice.

MAGGIE MOORE.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

Oh! Maggie Moore, but that I'm poor,
And you, my love, not worth a penny,
These ten years sped, we had been wed,
And lived as gay a life as any.

Oh! Maggie dear, 'tis very queer
How some folks all the good are getting,
While you and I work hard, and try
Our patient souls with constant waiting.

But, Maggie sweet, we yet will beat
Grim Fortune, and in chains we'll lead her;
To spirits brave she's but a slave,
And when she loses none will heed her.

Oh! Maggie Moore, of this I'm sure,
You're worthy brightest gifts she's giving;
Not queenly brow, but heart hast thou
That throbs with love for all things living.

LOVE ME.

BY MRS. SARAH S. SOWELL.

Love me when the morning cometh
Like a radiant bride,
With the soft light flowing round her
In a rosy tide.
Love me when the glowing noonday
Cometh like a queen,
With her trailing robes of splendor
Sweeping o'er the green.

Love me when mild evening breatheth
Her low, gentle sigh,
Like a veiled nun to vespers,
Gliding softly by.
Love me when in solemn splendor
Night comes calmly down,
Wearing in her stately grandeur,
Starry robes and crown.

THE CHAMPAGNE CORK.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

A HALF a dozen young men sat chatting over their champagne, after a lively supper, with Harry Beaumont, at his mother's country-seat, in the vicinity of Philadelphia. As the hour grew late, and the guests reluctantly spoke of departure, the young host called on them to drink one more glass to the "loves of their hearts" at parting.

"And especially," added Frank Treverton, the gayest of the party, "especially to your mother's charming guests, Grace and Mary Bloomwood!" And he bowed to Harry.

"Why do you omit their cousin Blanche?" asked Harry. "She is worth both the beauties put together. For any man who could put up with the plain setting, she's a jewel."

"Is she?" returned Frank, carelessly. "Well, I've thought so once or twice myself. But it's a pity, for she's confoundedly plain, and will never get a husband unless by chance."

"The more fools they that overlook her," returned Harry.

"Why the mischief don't you appropriate her yourself then?" asked two or three voices.

"I? Oh! I'm in love with a beauty myself, and could not think of such a thing—but that only proves I'm a fool like the rest of you."

"I declare, Harry, you almost persuade me to take her," cried Frank. "At all events I'd be willing to run the risk of having happiness 'thrust upon me.' Besides it's a shame such a fine girl should not have one chance for a husband. What say you, boys? Suppose we agree that the fellow that is hit by the cork Harry is going to let fly, shall offer himself to Miss Blanche, and thus be made happy for life in spite of himself?"

"Agreed," cried some voices. Others, however, demurred. At last, after some debate, the resolution was carried, with the proviso that a prior attachment should be an exemption from the decree.

Harry cut the wire, and the cork, after vaulting almost to the ceiling, descended plump on the head of the originator of the proposal.

"Dished! by thunder," cried that luckless hero, inelegantly, when he felt the fatal tap on his crown; while roars of laughter from his sympathizing companions attested their enjoy-

ment of the humor and justice of the fiat, as well as perhaps their sense of personal relief at their own escape.

"Well, I'm in for it," cried Frank, after a great gasp. "I'll stand by my bargain. I'll offer myself, as per agreement, and trust to my lucky stars for a refusal."

A derisive jeer, and the universal exclamation, "No hopes of that—no hopes of that!" damped his rising spirits at view of this mode of escape. "Why not?" he asked, rather faintly.

"She, plain and poor—you, handsome and rich," returned one of the party, laconically.

Frank sighed; he felt the force of circumstances.

And now, reader, it is time for me to let you into a secret. The whole of the strange conversation I have described, was overheard by the person most interested in it—namely, Blanche Bloomwood herself.

For, with the other young ladies, Grace and Mary, she had gone into the conservatory adjoining the dining-room, and there, in consequence of the raised voices of the young men at their supper, had recognized her name. The result added one more confirmation to the truth of the everlastingly true proverb, about "listeners hearing no good of themselves."

It is needless to say that Blanche's feelings of mortification and annoyance, on this occasion, were severely painful. The reader may well imagine that as the conversation progressed she blushed—she hid her face—she tried to stop her ears, and being prevented from making her escape by her companions, who roguishly held her still, fearing any movement might betray them, she finally sat, pale, and quiet, while tears of real agony rolled down her cheeks.

But what of that? What if another, and yet keener pang, mingled with the mortification she felt at hearing her name so disrespectfully mentioned? What if, like a silly, susceptible girl as she was, she had been foolish enough to look too often and too kindly on Frank Treverton's open face, till a warm and tender feeling for him had almost unconsciously sprung up in her imprudent heart? We are not going to accord her any sympathy on that account—she had no business to look—no business to feel. She was plain

as a pike-staff: and what business have plain women to be looking about, and feeling, especially as nobody is likely to look at, or feel anything for them? No, it was most reprehensible, in our heroine, and she has got to take the consequences—to receive her punishment, which is coming.

On the following day, Frank, who was one of those persons who like to remove the pressure of a disagreeable, impending duty by instantly performing it, called on Blanche to get through the task his folly had imposed on him. Besides, he shrewdly calculated that by making his offer suddenly, without any preliminary advances, he greatly increased his chances of a refusal.

As for poor Blanche, she had passed a sleepless night. She had been harassed by distressing thoughts. Surely hers was a trial of a peculiar kind. She felt that she loved Frank—and felt as plainly that he had never even given her a thought. Yet, by a strange chance, she saw him about to put himself in her power. She had but to accept his offer, and honor would bind him to her. Afterward—so the tempter whispered—she could win his heart—she would then have opportunity which was now denied her; and if, after all, she found this hope vain, she could then release him, and be no worse off than she was now. But opposed to this special pleading came her woman's pride—her woman's delicacy, which forbade her to accept a feigned suit, or to force herself on any man.

It was some relief to her, after such a disturbed night, during which every distressing thought visited her with exaggerated horrors, to find that by broad daylight she could scarcely regard the agreement of the night before as anything but a jest. Notwithstanding this conviction, however, she dressed herself with particular care, (for a plain woman is more regardful of such things than a pretty one) and the silly child could not help thinking of possibilities.

Therefore, when Frank was announced, as he was shortly, she went down to the drawing-room, perfectly sure of his errand, and perfectly sure, too, of her answer.

Frank, the elegant, and perhaps too confident man of the world, was evidently not himself on this occasion. He was manifestly confused and embarrassed. He spoke hurriedly of a thousand things, passing abruptly from one subject to another. The composure of his companion gradually restored his tranquillity, in a measure; but his agitation returned as often as he thought of offending her dignity by the blow he meditated. There was something, too, of sensibility and tenderness in her face, which made him

shrink from wounding her feelings. He procrastinated, and the longer he delayed, the more impossible seemed his task; for the more he conversed with Blanche, the higher he was obliged to estimate her character. More than once, charmed by the brilliancy of her conversation, and the grace of her manner, he half determined to defer his offer till he knew her better, feeling that it might possibly, one day, be made in a very different spirit.

The morning was already far spent, ere he called up resolution to say,

"Miss Blanche, I have called here to-day on a most disagreeable—I mean—most agreeable, though—extraordinary—errand—"

A warm blush rushed to Blanche's face; she trembled visibly. Frank went on with forced bravery,

"Miss Blanche, I am here to offer you my hand—" He stopped abruptly, at a loss how to round his periods.

Poor Blanche's heart palpitated so that she could not speak. During the silence which followed, Frank recovered from his embarrassment enough to notice and wonder at hers; but Blanche soon composed herself.

"Mr. Treverton," she said, in a low, distinct voice, "I shall not ask what has impelled you to make your strange offer. It is enough for me to be sure that you do not love me, and poor and plain though I am, I cannot forego affection in a husband. I feel, too, that it was not kind in you to—" She could get no farther. The coming flood of tears threatened to wash away all her dignity. She made hastily for the door.

Frank, well nigh melted to tears himself at sight of her impassioned sorrow, followed her, and caught her hand at the door to detain her.

There was something within the hand he seized, which she left within his as she escaped from him, just managing to say, with a convulsive smile,

"A keepsake."

Frank clenched his hand upon the trifle, without thinking to look at it till after he had taken two or three turns up and down the room, during which he heartily berated himself for his folly and unkindness, and as heartily pitied poor Blanche. When he unclosed his hand, he saw something carefully wrapped in a silver paper. He unfolded it, and found—a champagne cork.

It would be a difficult matter to describe Frank's feelings as he left the house and walked homeward. He had made his escape; met with the refusal he hoped for; yet he did not seem the light-hearted fellow one might have expected. In fact, Blanche's intelligence, gentleness and

refinement of manners, still more, her dignified rejection of his suit, had made a deep impression on him. Perhaps, too, with man's ready intuition on such points, he divined the state of her feelings toward him; for men are vain creatures, and quick enough to see, or if necessary to imagine, what flatters them.

At all events, her keepsake proved that she was cognizant of the motives which induced him to make his unlucky offer; and her feelings under such singular circumstances offered a curious subject for his speculations, especially if his surmise as to her state of mind was correct.

He felt himself called upon, if only as a mere matter of curiosity, to investigate the latter point.

Philosophic investigations, however well in-

teended, are dangerous under certain circumstances. This truth Frank discovered long before his course of study was complete. He fell so deeply in love as even to satisfy the requirements of a plain woman on that point.

Some superficial observers may think that this is not saying much. I tell them it is saying a great deal—since in addition to the love which would satisfy a handsome woman, a plain one demands as much more as shall quiet her doubts of her own powers of attraction.

But, as I have said, poor Frank's infatuation was complete. He was even heard to say, that the happiest moment of his life was that in which Blanche confessed to him, that, though she did not choose that her fate for life should be decided by the popping of a champagne cork, she had loved him then, and ever since.

CHILDHOOD'S SUNNY DAYS.

BY WINNY WOODBINE.

Oh, for the sunny days
Of childhood's smiles and tears,
Ere Time had brought the weight
Of other years!
Life was all beautiful,
And bright its op'ning hours,
Ere blighting care had touched
Its blooming flow'rs
Now life flies quickly by,
Its hopes and all its fears,
And I have often wept
With bitter tears!
Oh, would that I had lain
My youthful, careless head,

In childish innocence,
On earth's green bed.
Where violets soonest blow,
And where the pale rose
Would twine a blooming shade
O'er my repose!
Methinks it were most meet
To gently droop and die,
In childhood's sunny days,
Ere sin come nigh.
The heart that knows no care,
No bitter grief nor guile;
To fly away and be
At rest, the while!

CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY W. B. RANDS.

To live for love, to pardon wrong,
To think that God is kind and just,
These things to every day belong,
Like honest work and earnest trust:
We would not meet this festival
With any straining of the heart—
May He who sees and succors all
Make each one faithful in his part;
And let pretence be put away,
This simple, cheerful Christmas Day.
But if there be a fault to own,
Or if an injury to forget,
Then let us pardon or atone,
And ease the life-string of its fret.
Now, when the old symbolic time

Such frank occasion seems to give,
In echoes of the immortal chime,
Peace and good-will to all that live!
Let sins and shames be put away,
This humble, hearty Christmas Day.
And if there be a heart that breaks,
Or bonds too low beneath its cross,
May thoughts of Heaven, which gives and takes,
Alike in love, make up its loss!
Oh, friend, who mourn'st the vacant chair!
Oh, mother, with the babeless breast!
Your book of life is writ more fair
Above, where all shall be redrest;
Come, bear your grief in gentler way,
This sacred, hopeful Christmas Day!



THE FIRST COPY-BOOK.

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DI ASHLY'S WAGER.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

CHAPTER I.

"I TELL you, cousin Jack, that it's all nonsense. Talk about 'simplicity in dress,' and 'beauty unadorned,' and 'intelligence and amiability always being appreciated,' and the dozen other flippant, stereotyped phrases, which you gentlemen always have ready to quote for the benefit of our sex; I say talk about them as much as you please, but *I know* that of two girls of the same merit and beauty, the best dressed one would be courted, and the other unnoticed."

Di Ashly had commenced this long sentence calmly enough; but her eyes were flashing, and her cheeks flushed, as she ended it, almost breathless.

"'Women who despise all this finery make the best wives,' do they?" she continued, as she turned from the mirror, before which she had been adjusting a wreath of pond lilies.

The paper knife, with which Jack Summers had been cutting a review, during all this tirade, suddenly stopped, as he looked up and said,

"Yes, Di, I tell you a man marries a woman for what heaven, and not what the milliner, makes her. It's heart and intellect, and not silk and crinoline, that a fellow wants in a wife. We sensible men despise the walking advertisement of a dry-goods store; a waltzing, polking figure, that the dress makers use for the benefit of their pockets."

"'We sensible men' despise them, do you?" asked Diana Ashly, starting from her seat, and tossing on a table the wreath, that had already suffered under her impatient fingers, as she listened to her cousin. "I'll tell you, John Summers, what kind of 'sensible men' despise them; those who have no eye for either color or form, but see more beauty in a metaphysical disquisite, that will benefit no one, than in a volume of Shakspeare or Milton. And, cousin Jack," continued the girl, approaching his chair, "I've always noticed that venerable Methuselahs, who are too old to waltz, or stumbling young gentlemen who are too awkward, are exceedingly rigid in their notions of propriety. What a pity, cousin John, that other people's morals depend so much upon our own deficiencies! There's a point in metaphysics for you. And the women, too, who are the most rabidly virtuous, and

encase themselves like mummies, you may be sure have neck and arms like skeletons. I'm an observer of human nature, and know that it's true," she said, as she glanced at the reflection of her own beautiful neck in the mirror.

Diana's thrust about "awkward young gentlemen" had gone home; and John Summers sat uncomfortably enough, under the consciousness that he had repeatedly taken private dancing lessons, which had been of no use, except to make his awkwardness more palpable to himself.

His cousin walked about the parlor, absently, fingering the elegant knick-knacks; for a new train of thought had been suddenly started. She had a warm heart and highly cultivated mind, and she wanted to be loved and appreciated. Wealth was carrying her on the tide of life through pleasant, sunshiny places, and she had never before stopped to think whether any one of those who were now accompanying her, would extend a helping hand or sheltering heart if the clouds closed around and storms broke over her. She went from one pretty toy to another, shifting vases and statuettes, till she startled her cousin, who was again reading, by exclaiming, "I have it, Jack, I have it!"

"Have what? a fit of insanity?" asked the bewildered student, looking up.

"No, no, an idea!"

"Keep it, Di, it is something new for you," was the answer.

"Pshaw! don't try to be witty, but do listen. I'm going to put your theory to a test, most sapient cousin, and of course you will help me to demonstrate a pet principle of your own."

"I am your 'servant to command,' except to marry you. I don't want bales of silk and tons of crinoline."

"Marry me! Good gracious, I would as soon ask one of Aggasiz' fossils to do me that honor as you," replied Diana, as she threw herself on a sofa opposite her cousin.

"Well, but your idea?"

"Oh! it's so good. When I go home with you, I'll ignore crinoline and waltzing, wear my last year's dresses, and a bonnet that covers my head instead of my neck. Won't it be fun? Shan't I have all the '*sensible men*,' of your acquaintance, cousin Jack," she spoke ironically,

"at my feet before the end of a fortnight? All for myself alone! Only think of it! for I am to be neither rich nor fashionable."

Mr. Summers looked grave for some time. In fact, he was very fond of theorizing about abstract beauty, and railing at the fashionable follies of the day; but he was very proud of his brilliant cousin, and not at all prepared to part with the *eclat* which would accrue to himself, from the relationship and chaperonship of so stylish and elegant a girl. He was forced to acknowledge, mentally, that dress *might* make a difference; that "one's eye got so accustomed to certain things."

"It will not do," he said, at last. "Elsie has announced to all her friends, that Di Ashly, the belle and heiress, is going to make her a visit, and promised gay times. Your *ruse* will never succeed."

"Better and better," exclaimed Diana, clapping her hands gaily. "I'll demonstrate 'the theory of John Summers, versus the theory of Di Ashly,' the country cousin against the belle. I'll be sensible and well-bred, but unfashionable, for two weeks; to be flouted by ladies, unnoticed or stumbled over by beaux in white kids, and occasionally *patronized* by bald-headed, middle-aged, sensible gentlemen. Shan't I have sport? Then, Queen of Hearts, have mercy! Goddard's balloon shall have miniature dimensions compared with my crinoline. My bonnet shall only be a thought, a dream of blonde and flowers; I will dazzle with the magnificence of my jewels and the whiteness of my neck; I will waltz till my partner is dizzy, and the rest of the gentlemen are expiring of envy;—and before the end of another fortnight my toilet-table will be covered with bouquets and billet-doux, and I shall have had the opportunity of refusing some of the 'most sensible men of your acquaintance.' Eh! cousin Jack."

Jack Summers was beginning to enter into the spirit of his cousin's plot. He was willing to endure the ignominy of gallanting a "country cousin" for two weeks, determining to indemnify himself in her brilliant after-career.

"Write to Elsie," said he, "and prepare her for the plot. Tell her to announce a visit from a cousin of the same name residing in the country. (as you do in summer time, you know) and that Di Ashly will be there a few weeks later."

"Good! We shall see how much attention the former will receive. I will leave it to uncle Cyrus to decide, by my experience, whether your theory is correct; and cousin Jack, I wager a dozen of Jouvin's best kids against a Watteau fan, that the veridiot will be against you."

CHAPTER II.

ELSIE SUMMERS watched the unpacking of Diana Ashly's trunk, with a most dissatisfied look; and said,

"I declare, you are going to make yourself a perfect fright, Di. I *do* wish you had tried your Quixotic experiments somewhere else. Dresses a year or two old, and only second-rate at that! I suppose I shall see you twirling your thumbs, the next thing, if any one speaks to you."

Her cousin gave a gay laugh, as she answered, "That's not my plan at all, Elsie. I am going to be as agreeable as possible; and no matter about this little trunk, for that immense one in the corner contains the latest styles."

One, two, three days of Di Ashly's visit elapsed. Every morning at the breakfast-table she would count up the attentions which she *had not* received. How Tom Curtis, who was fast, had passed her with a stare, after making a profound bow to Elsie. How Harry Smith had fondled his moustache with his lavender kids, when he joined them on the street, and "tuthpothed thith noithe almoth devithend" her. How sensible Mr. Scott profoundly observed that she must notice a great difference between the atmosphere of the city and country. How elegant ladies only bent their swan-like necks in acknowledgment of her presence. In short, how sure she was of winning her wager.

There was a brilliant party at Mr. Summers'. Diana herself was almost sorry for the part she had taken, the temptation was so great to array herself in airy tulle and pearls, instead of in a plain white organdy and natural flowers. And then the music! Her impatient feet would keep time to the waving measure of the "*Varsovienn*e" and the gliding step of the "*Esmeralda*," as she sat unnoticed in the gay throng. Unconsciously to herself, her figure was swaying to and fro in time with the waltzers, as her eyes followed couple after couple around the room.

Suddenly, her glance was arrested by the figure of a gentleman leaning against the mantle-piece. An amused smile was playing over his features as he watched her. Diana's face colored, for a moment, as she flashed on him a haughty, surprised look; and then, in spite of herself, she broke into a gay laugh.

"I must have looked like a fool," she soliloquized, "my body swaying about like a conductor's baton. He's very handsome. I wonder who he is."

But by the time she had extricated her dress from under the feet of a fat dowager, and looked again in the same direction, the gentleman had disappeared. Di, strange to say, no longer felt

the same interest in the waltzers. Her eyes were wandering around the room, in search of the missing cavalier.

A tap on her shoulder from Jack Summers made her start.

"Mr. Howard, Miss Ashly," he said, introducing the gentleman who had so attracted her attention. "A very sensible man, Di," he whispered, as he left her.

She glanced up, and saw that the remark had been overheard. Di Ashly was a girl who always plunged through awkward places, as the quickest way of getting out of them.

"My cousin says you are a sensible man, Mr. Howard; pray prove it by beginning the conversation without telling me that it has been a fine day."

A quick light flashed from the grey eyes of the gentleman. Michael Howard thought the country girl a *rara avis*.

"Pon my word, you are a most charming and original young lady," was the answer.

"I am convinced that you are sensible of my attractions. 'Further the deponent saith not,' " was the reply.

"I assure you that I am more than sensible—I'm a genius, for I've discovered a star of the first magnitude."

"Not in the constellation of beauty, though," said Miss Ashly.

"It is not polite to contradict a lady," was the quiet answer, with a bow.

Di was piqued, and so they had a tournament of words during the rest of the evening; she entirely forgetting the fascinations of Schottish and Redowa, as long as the shuttlecock of conversation was kept up between them.

"What a brilliant girl! I wonder if she has any heart," mused Michael Howard, that night, after he got home, as light wreaths of smoke from his cigar enveloped him in all kinds of pleasant fancies.

"What an agreeable man! I don't believe he's a fortune hunter," muttered Diana Ashly, as she surveyed herself in the mirror, and wondered if she did look so plain and old-fashioned that evening.

"I say, Elsie, who is that Mr. Howard, that Jack introduced me to, last evening?" she said, next morning, to her cousin.

"Oh, that is Michael Howard, one of your fastidious people, who frightens all girls if he begins to talk to them."

Mr. Howard had the excuse, the next day, of calling with a book for Miss Ashly; and the next to inquire how she liked it; and on the third to pay a party call on Miss Summers; and

after that he went, somehow, without any excuse at all.

As for Di, she really hoped that she would lose her wager.

CHAPTER III.

"Do you know, Howard, that my unsophisticated country cousin has left?" asked Jack Summers, as he met his friend on the street, one night at the end of the fortnight.

"Left!" was the surprised answer. "Why she said nothing about it to me, last evening, when I saw her."

"It was rather sudden. She did not expect to go herself," said Jack. "But no matter, old fellow. Though you seem rather 'sweet' on her, and she is a fine girl, I will show you one more stylish and fascinating, in a day or two."

"I don't particularly admire 'stylish and fascinating' women," was the reply.

"This is a near relation of Miss Ashly—Di Ashly, one of the belles of B—. She is coming to make Elsie a visit."

Michael Howard bowed himself off, mentally resolving that he would not seek the lady's acquaintance, and that he would find an excuse for following Miss Ashly to her country home.

"A dozen of Jouvin's best kids, if you please, my conquered cousin," exclaimed Jack Summers, as he entered the parlor one evening. "That 'sensible man,' Michael Howard, is rustivating in the country somewhere. A sudden passion for potatoes and cabbage, Di! Won't he look rather astonished when he goes to 'The Cedars,' and finds instead of a homely, comfortable, well-stocked farm, as he expects, a splendid country-seat with all its appurtenances. Hurrah, Di! 'A dozen of Jouvin's best kids against a Watteau fan,' and the decision will be in your favor, will it?"

"I will willingly pay the dozen Jouvin's kids, Jack, in order to have the character of your sex redeemed," said his cousin, "still you have not won them yet: my trial has not been finished. Seven just men did not save Sodom, and one sensible one will not disprove my theory."

Di Ashly, the belle and heiress, had been introduced into society. A few who had observed her at all, as the country cousin, saw a striking likeness to the young lady who had recently visited Elsie; but this girl had "so much more style," and was "so brilliant and self-possessed," with "none of the *mauvaise houte* of a person that had never mingled in society," that although many were puzzled at the likeness for the first few days, they never suspected that the gay

young lady who appeared in the latest styles and most elegant of wardrobes, could be capable of so insulting Japonicadom.

As Diana had predicted, bouquets and billett-doux were numerous on her table. Her hand was the first to be asked for the waltz; her company was in constant demand for the opera. At last, through Jack, who had enjoyed the whole thing immensely, Di's *ruse* began to be whispered abroad. The few, who had condescended to notice her at all, plumed themselves on their disinterestedness or knowledge of character, whilst the rest vowed they liked a girl of such spirit and originality, and were more attentive than ever. Japonicadom is not easily abashed!

Di Ashly was now dressing and waltzing and flirting as usual, but there was a larger experience, and a greater contempt for human nature in her heart than heretofore.

Miss Ashly was on the top of the wave of fashionable favor, when Michael Howard came back. He lounged into the opera on the evening of his return, and to judge from the expression of his face, he was not entirely satisfied with his "rusticating." During his survey of the boxes, his eye fell upon the Summers party. Di was leaning forward perfectly absorbed in the gipsy song in "Trovatore," unconscious of the

interest with which she was being watched. In spite of the French coiffure, in spite of the magnificent dress and jewels, Howard at once knew that elegant face. The box was crowded, and he could not approach her, but he was rewarded by a bright smile, and gay nod of the head, when Di spied him.

A few months after this, Miss Ashly was drawing on her travelling gloves, for she was going home, and Mr. Howard was to accompany her.

"A dozen of Jouvin's best kids, Di," exclaimed Jack Summers, as he picked up one of her gloves which had fallen on the floor.

"A Watteau fan, Jack," said his cousin. "I intend to rest satisfied with my conquest——"

"Of Michael Howard," put in Jack.

"Pshaw! no, I mean my victory in argument," replied Di. "Uncle Cyrus, you know about our wager, and you were to decide. It was on general facts, and not on an isolated one."

Uncle Cyrus' eyes twinkled behind his glasses. "Yes, yes," said he, "I have heard the argument on both sides, and decide that John Summers pay a fine of one Watteau fan, but that Diana Ashly, spinster, pay the costs in the shape of Michael Howard."

And so Di Ashly won both a husband and her 'WAGER.'

HEART SHADOWS.

BY MAGGIE STEWART.

I'm gazing down Life's pathway dim,
A dreary path to me;
My spirit hears no choral hymn,
No sunny spot I see,
My Fancy spreads the future out—
A weary, tangled maze;
I read its mystic pages o'er,
And read with eager gaze.
A chequered path before me lies,
O'ercast by sorrow's gloom,
Thick clouds obscure the sunny skies,
Flow'rs fade amidst their bloom,
"Hope's star" shines faintly through the clouds;
Life seemeth darkest night,
Will it be long ere morning dawn
In gladness to my sight?
I cannot crush these longings down,
They burn with quenchless glow:
My lone heart asketh with a moan,
Will it be always so?

No friendly hand to guide and cheer,
Sad, weary—all alone;
No eye to bend on me a glance
Responsive to my own;
No "own heart's home" where holy love
Will ever shelter me;
And when I come with weary feet,
No smile to welcome me,
No voice to speak in cheering tone,
No warm lips pressed to mine;
No strong, true arm to lean upon,
Or closely 'round me twine.
Hush! throbbing heart, thy bitter wail;
Cease thy vain, useless quest,
Trust in the love that will not fail
To calm thy wild unrest;
Hope whispers softly through the gloom
'Twill not be always night,
A fairer, brighter day will dawn
Illumed by Heavenly light.

FIVE MINUTES TOO LATE.

BY A. L. OTIS.

"Mr dear Ada, have you posted that letter?" my aunt asked me.

"No, not yet. I will, by-and-bye. I don't feel like going now. The foreign mail does not close until seven."

"It looks like a thunder-storm, and then you can't go."

This was all my aunt said, and left the room.

My cousin Randolph sat at his writing-desk by the parlor window, and heard our words.

No one on earth ever has been, or ever can be, so dear to me as my cousin.

He was an invalid, and was also suffering from some great grief, the nature of which I did not know. My yearning tenderness and pity, given blindly, he put away from him. He said he dared not accept it.

This was the first day of his escape from a sick-room, his first appearance at the family circle at tea-time, and now, just in the sunset, I was so happy in his presence, that I could not bear to leave him, even to post a letter to my darling sailor brother. When my aunt left the room, we were alone.

"Come here, Ada, love," he said to me, and I flew to his side delighted.

"Go at once with that letter, and when you come back I will tell you what changed me from a happy, strong man, to the guilty, grief-broken wretch you have always known me. Good-bye, and hasten, Ada, dearest."

"Grass did not grow under my feet." In half an hour I had returned and was sitting by his side on the bamboo settee, looking from our porch over the garden, to where the heavy purple clouds were still sailing in the golden glory. Randolph held my hand in his, and my heart, in intense listening.

"You know that I was a junior partner in the firm of Smooch & Swansen. One of our clerks, Vincent Underhill, had fallen under suspicion of embezzling large sums from the firm, and was on trial. All the evidence proved him guilty, and his conviction was certain. No one doubted that when his case was concluded, he would be sentenced to the State's prison. Underhill had been a favorite companion, indeed a friend of mine—and I was one evening expressing my grief at his criminal conduct, and horror at his

punishment, within hearing of some of the porters. I observed that one of them, who had been a protege of Underhill, listened intently, and turned very pale.

"That night, after I had been asleep in my boarding-house for some hours, I was awakened by a knock at my door, and was informed that a man must see me immediately. I had him sent up.

"It was Karl Weiss, the porter to whom Underhill had been so kind. He came, in an agony of repentance, to tell me that he knew the real culprit; that Vincent was innocent, but that he had been bribed, and threatened into swearing false testimony against him, which he had done at the trial. He told me that the guilty man was now at Albany. He was a clerk who had voluntarily left our employment some months before.

"I thought my plain course was, to keep all quiet until I had secured the proofs of guilt, which Karl told me where to find. I was so afraid that my man would get information of Karl's repentance and make his escape, that I got up, dressed myself, talked the matter over with my partners, who secured Karl, and set off by the early morning train for New York. It was before the days of telegraphs.

"I arrived in time, secured certain papers, had the man arrested, and then sped homeward again. All this was promptly done, Ada. But my energy flagged, and I have been paying the heavy penalty ever since.

"I was tired, and worn-out for want to sleep, which I had not enjoyed for three nights. While in New York awaiting the cars, I took a hearty supper and a cigar. When the time came for me to go, I was deliciously resting in an easy-chair, and had but half finished my cigar and my newspaper. I lingered ten minutes longer—ten fatal minutes!

"Oh, Ada, never defer a duty a moment. There is but one right time given us to do it in, and to occupy another time, is defrauding some other duty of its hour. It is irreparable mischief done, and may bring upon you, dear, some grief like this of mine!

"I knew I should have to use great haste to reach the depot before the train left, so I

promised the driver extra pay if he would get me there in time. You see, I was anxious not to miss this train, as it was the last that day, and I wanted to be in court before the jury brought in their verdict, that that dreadful word 'Guilty,' might not strike into my friend's quivering and innocent heart. I knew Underhill to be a person of great sensibility, and I knew, too, that he was engaged to be married. The verdict 'Guilty,' would be an almost insufferable pang to two persons.

"Ada, I know by the pain it costs me to make this confession to you, in whose eyes I most desire to be good and blameless, what poor Vincent must have suffered, when he felt that she whom he loved, would hear him pronounced a criminal. To be sure, I knew that he would be cleared again, but that word would stain their life with grief, and grief stains cannot be wholly washed out in after-happiness.

"My punishment began with my ride to the cars. In order to secure the promised advance in fare, the driver lashed his poor brutes unmercifully. I remonstrated, but the fellow only grinned, saying, 'No time to lose, sir.' I could hardly bear to hear the savage blows which the poor horses were enduring, to make up for my indulgence in ease. But I did bear it. When arrived at the depot, I found the train had left.

"The next morning I was in time. But there had been a collision between two stone-trains, and it took five hours to clear the track. So that I was nine hours in reaching Philadelphia, and when I arrived, the jury had brought in their verdict, 'Guilty.' After it was pronounced,

through the yet unbroken stillness of the court, poor Underhill heard stifled cries and sobs in the gallery, and fainted. He was now in another room, being revived sufficiently to return and hear his sentence. This was told me, as I made my way in frantic haste through the crowd. I quickly informed the proper persons of his innocence, gave up the proofs, and ran to take the news to my friend. Ada—"Randolph leaned his head heavily on my shoulder. "Oh, Ada, he had just—cut his throat! I saw it."

Randolph was fainting. My kisses and tears could not revive him. Help came, but that emotion was too much for his weakened frame. When they lifted him from my shoulder, a gush of blood poured from his mouth.

In a few days he was well enough to talk a little. I sat alone by his bedside.

"Ada," he said, "I expect another hemorrhage hourly. I want you to make me a promise while I have strength to ask it of you, and sense enough to enjoy your compliance."

"Anything, Randolph."

"Don't sob, darling. This suffering is but retribution. It almost gives me satisfaction to see my blood flow as his did. But I would willingly spare you what his poor Mary endured. It is my heaviest punishment that I cannot. Grant my request, dear. It is to write this cruel story for warning to others. I believe no human failing produces such fatal results as procrastination. Let others see what evil may come by being only five minutes too late."

Poor Randolph has made full retribution. He is dead.

A FRAGMENT.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

This world is full of poor and needy mortals,

The children of misfortune and despair;
Go forth at noonday from your happy portals,
And you will find them everywhere.

But look upon them, sad, heart-broken creatures,

With glaring eyes, forms shrunken, thin and gaunt:
The deep lines seen upon their ghastly features

Were gnawed there by the wolfish tooth of want.
Hunger and care have robbed them of uprightness,

And bowed them to the earth like creeping things;
Their souls have almost lost their native brightness,
So dark the woeful night "cauld poortith" brings.

Yet God created them—they are your brothers;

They wear the likeness of the Holy One;

Do unto them e'en as ye would that others

Should do to you: let God's high will be done.

If ye would do a deed to call down blessings

Upon you from the very throne of life,
More to be prized than favors and caressings

From th' proudest king that ever lived by strife—

Let thy warm charity be now extended

To them to dissipate their lonely cheer,

That once with smiling happiness attended,

They may behold the dawning of the year.

The poor are always with ye: he that giveth

Unto the needy lendeth to the Lord;

Then give: As surely as Jehovah liveth

Ye shall not fail to merit sweet reward.

THE QUEEN'S SECRETARY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT, AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW WORSHIP AND OTHER POEMS."

CHAPTER I.

THE Chateau of the Marquis de Senlis was just visible through the trees, which surrounded an imposing ruin, that had once belonged to the proudest nobleman and broadest domain in all France. Feuds and disaffections had crippled and entailed the estate, till at last encumbrances of all kinds had eaten it entirely away. Nothing but the massive pile of ruins, and a few acres which had once been ornamental grounds, now remained to the lone girl, who with two old servants inhabited a wing of the mansion.

In a desolate old chamber sat the mistress of that decayed heritage, whiling away the long hours of a weary day with a work of embroidery, in which the women of that time excelled. She was a pale, sorrowful-looking girl, whose mournful destiny seemed written in the dark eyes, which wandered unconsciously from her task as the day wore on. Her attire was simple, almost to poverty, but every movement and attitude betrayed the proud descent which was her only patrimony.

She raised her eyes slowly as a door opened, and an old woman stole in and stood in respectful silence before her.

"What do you want, Ursule?" the girl asked, in that low voice which grows habitual to one that lives much in solitude; "I have been wondering that you did not creep in to see what I was doing here alone."

"Robert has been down to the village, mademoiselle," replied the woman, "and old Michael, the fisherman, gave him a fresh trout to bring home to you—shall I cook it for your supper?"

"No, you and Robert eat it, dear nurse, I am not hungry."

"Ah, that is always your answer; you do not eat as much as a sparrow, and that grieves me more than all the rest."

"Never mind, Ursule, to-morrow I will do better, I have been too much in-doors of late. Did Robert see any one beside old Michael, at the village?"

"Oh, yes, mademoiselle! the queen of Sweden was out on horseback, with all the great people staying at the chateau. Robert says——"

"Bid him come in, bid him come in!" interrupted the girl, with a degree of animation

unusual in her. "I want to hear all about Queen Christina."

The woman went to the window and called to a man who seemed several years older than herself, though he looked vigorous and healthy still.

"Robert, Robert! mademoiselle wishes to speak with you—come up immediately."

"I would give the world to see the Swedish queen," continued the girl. "If she would only come this way now."

"Ah, once there couldn't have been a festival at the Chateau de Senlis without your family, mademoiselle, but this proud marquis seems quite unconscious that one of the House of Sorbonne is living within bow-shot of his castle. Ah, me——"

"Hush, hush!" chided her mistress, gently. "Here comes Robert, do not sadden him with such thoughts."

The old man entered with the respect that he might have shown a queen, bowing low with his cap in his hand, and remaining stationary near the door until the young girl bade him advance.

"So you saw the queen of Sweden, Robert? Tell me how she looked? Were there many people with her?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, but they seemed the visitors at the chateau. The queen rode with the marquis, laughing and merry as a peasant."

"Is she beautiful, Robert?"

"Oh, no, mademoiselle," he replied, shaking his head, "not in the least—she is not a bit like you."

"Who is?" retorted the old woman, sharply; "it isn't given even to queens to look like a De Sorbonne."

"Was her dress pretty?" asked their mistress, smiling at the simplicity of devotion displayed by her servitors.

"I suppose so, mademoiselle; but somehow, with the black plumes falling about her face, she looked like a boy, and then she laughed so loud, and once when the marquis said something to her, she struck him on the shoulder with her riding-whip, and I think——"

"What, Robert?"

"Well, mademoiselle, I don't know, but if she

hadn't been a queen, I should have thought it was a *jeuon* I heard.

"Oh, fie, Robert, to fancy a thing like that of a lady, much more of a queen."

"I know it, mademoiselle, and I don't think I did hear it, but it sounded very like a word that escapes me once in the while and makes my old wife scold."

"I wish I could see her," murmured the girl, as if thinking aloud; "I am so curious. You will laugh, Ursule, but it seems to me as if some change was coming to me through her."

"If she only saw you, mademoiselle!" exclaimed the old woman, clasping her hands enthusiastically; "I tell Robert, every day, that if our mistress could only get to court——"

"To court, Ursule? And what should I do there?"

"Make a grand marriage, to be sure, like demoiselles of your rank," returned Ursule, indignantly.

"And the fortune to offer my husband?" asked the girl, laughing almost gaily at her attendant's manner. "Should I present myself before the king in this dress?"

"Oh, dear, oh, dear! It is breknig my heart, that it is," moaned the old woman, choking back a sob. "Robert and I dream only of your getting your fortune back, and——"

"There, there, nurse! You will begin to cry in a moment, and I shall follow your example, so be quiet; I shall go out to walk, now, while you and Robert devise some means of making that grand marriage, on which you have set your hearts."

"It will come, mademoiselle, never fear," said the man, as confidently as if he felt that he was uttering a prophecy. "You will live to see great changes, and have a home as splendid as this chateau once was."

"I hope so, Robert," returned his mistress, throwing a light veil over her head and preparing to leave the room. "Dream on, Ursule, I am content to believe your visions prophetic."

Agnes De Sorbonne passed down the broad staircase, which had formerly been the architectural pride of the mansion, but was now broken and decayed, and descended to what had once been a garden, but was at present only a wilderness of weeds and untrained flowers. Further on, a few great oaks and a thick undergrowth of saplings formed a sort of grove, which Agnes loved to frequent; and here Robert had trained a grape-vine over the branches of the trees, making a little arbor which was cool and refreshing even in the heat of mid-summer.

The young girl sat down and gave herself, without restraint, to the thousand wild fancies which become the chosen friends of a lonely dreamer like her.

Half an hour might have passed, when a foot-fall upon the turf aroused her, and springing up she found herself standing face to face with a stranger.

"I beg your pardon, mademoiselle," he said, lifting his riding-cap with grave courtesy; "I thought this ruin uninhabited, and tempted by its extreme beauty to take a nearer view, have, I fear, intruded on you."

Solitude had not rendered Agnes timid, and after the first moment of surprise, which sent the rich color to her cheek, she replied,

"You are at liberty to examine the place as it pleases you, its beauty frequently attracts strangers."

"Perhaps I have the honor of addressing its mistress," said the stranger, with an air of more distant respect, as he caught the movement of pride which she could not wholly repress in her answer.

"It is a poor domain," she replied, "but such as it is I believe it owns me as its lady; and decayed and fallen though it be, the inheritance of my ancestors is dearer than all the world beside."

The stranger looked at her with strong curiosity, in which was mingled an expression of admiration, that was too respectful to offend. He was himself a man to attract more than a passing glance. He was not over thirty, and remarkable for high beauty; but his fair, colorless complexion and sunny brown hair, gave him even a younger appearance. A slight accent betrayed his foreign birth, and in his manner there was something of respectful and modest courtesy, which Frenchmen, even of that chivalrous age, seldom attained.

"Permit me to withdraw, mademoiselle," he said, after an instant's silence, "and pardon this unwitting intrusion."

"If you desire to visit the ruins do not allow my presence to deter you; you will find an old servant somewhere about the grounds, who will be happy to show you all there is worth seeing."

"A thousand thanks, mademoiselle, but I fear that I have already lingered too long; I became separated from my riding party and lost the way—my horse is tied near the entrance yonder. I must retrace my steps, for the queen of Sweden likes not that any one attached to her train prove a laggard."

"Christina," exclaimed the girl, forgetting everything in the unaccountable emotion which

that name aroused; "are you attached to Queen Christina's court?"

"Nay, a court one can scarce term it, her train is made up of a few trusty followers—I am her secretary."

Agnes bowed in silence. To her excited fancy there seemed almost a fatality in this meeting. The stranger lingered still. Several times he turned toward her as if to speak, but allowed the words to die unuttered upon his lips.

"Perhaps I shall have the happiness of meeting mademoiselle at the Chateau de Senlis," he said, at length.

"I have not the honor of the marquis' acquaintance," she replied, with a proud humility.

"Once, I trow, a De Sorbonne would have made this avowal in a different spirit—it would have been from their ignorance that a family so named had ever an existence."

"No one could better understand all that those words imply than myself, mademoiselle. I have seen such changes in the fortunes of the royal lady of whom we spoke but now, that I comprehend all the pride which breathes in your answer."

Thus they stood conversing, alike heedless of the lapse of the time; at another moment, Agnes would have been shocked at the idea of addressing a stranger in that manner; but now she had forgotten everything in the interest of his words; and there was something in the low, deep accents of his voice, which awoke a thrill at her heart like the echo of familiar tones.

It was growing dusk when they parted. The new moon was stealing softly into the sky, as the beautiful vision which broke upon their hearts, filling each soul with light and glory as the moon deluged the heavens with its radiance.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTINA of Sweden sat in the sumptuously decorated apartment which had been prepared for her in the Chateau de Senlis.

She seemed ill at ease or strangely impatient, for ever and anon she raised her head and looked eagerly forth into the gathering shadows of night, as if restless from expectation. Suddenly she started up and began pacing the room with quick, impatient steps, that had something unfeminine in their energy and haste. Yet there was a sort of picturesqueness in her appearance which rendered her attractive, and the very singularity of her attire, which would have been displeasing in most women, only added to the charm.

"By my faith!" she exclaimed, at length; "he wears his honors proudly—does he dare to

keep me waiting? Nay, this is something too much, his arrogance and pride shall go no farther."

The door opened softly, and the young man, whom we saw an hour before lingering around the ruins, entered the chamber. Christina turned and stood for a moment regarding him with haughty indignation.

"It is well," she said, angrily; "you have condescended to return at length—will it please you to give me an explanation of this singular procedure?"

"If it is the queen who asks in that tone," he replied, proudly, "it is my duty to answer, but if the woman——"

"Nay, nay, Monaldeschi, you are angry now," she interrupted, with sudden fondness, while her face softened as if by magic, for there is no humility like that of a proud woman in the presence of the man she loves. "I was wrong to speak in that tone—you know well that where you are concerned the queen does not exist. But tell me what meant your inexplicable absence?"

"I lost my way, madam, in the wood, and it was sometime before I found any one to direct me back to the chateau."

"There, there! I was childish, silly, what you will, I might have known that you did not intend it. Forgive me, Monaldeschi," she continued, holding out her hand, with a winning grace that few men could have resisted; "surely you can pardon suspicions which spring wholly from love."

He bent one knee to the floor and taking her hand, pressed it to his lips with more of respect than fondness.

"At my feet again! Nay, it is long since you have put on this guise of humility: of late our positions have rather been reversed."

There was a renewal of passionate bitterness in her tone, which stung her listener like an expression of scorn. He rose to his feet, and folding his arms over his breast, said, harshly,

"After all, madam, you see how impossible that you should forget the queen in the woman."

"You wrong me, Monaldeschi, and you do it wilfully! I have given up everything for you—throne, country, crown—you have no right to taunt me thus. I could not send you by my side while possessed of royal state, and I vacated to descend to you!"

"Again, madam! you seem to fear that I shall forget that I was your majesty's poor secretary, you remind me so constantly of the gulf which separated us."

"It is not true, and you know it. I have no wish to hurt your pride, but you goad me into

harsh words by the constant indignities you offer me. Do not force me to believe that I have in vain relinquished grandeur, wealth and power, and that it is impossible for a queen to find affection even when she has cast aside her crown to obtain it."

"You are wrong, Christina, and you will not be convinced of your own blindness. It is that you cannot forget you were born a queen, and that you stooped to love one beneath you; it outrages your haughty spirit if I cease to remember it; and yet you are offended when I act as if it were constantly in my thoughts. You would have me your passive slave, but I would not yield my own judgment or freedom of action to an angel; you are passionate and reckless, if your happiness is wholly wrecked, you will have only yourself to blame."

"By heaven, it shall not be! No, no, man, Christina of Sweden would defy Fate itself! I tell you, you are mine, I have bought you with a princely sacrifice, and there is no power could wrest you from me."

"Am I a man to be spoken of thus?" he exclaimed, his cheek paling with anger. "Do not render the tyranny of your love odious, madam; remember I am a man, and one who would no sooner stoop to become the tool of a woman's caprices than a king upon his throne."

"Hush, hush!" she pleaded, growing womanly and gentle once more. "Smooth those ruffled plumes, my mountain eagle, and let us be friends. Christina loves you, ah, you know that but too well! she would sacrifice the whole world to give you a moment's pleasure, but remember," and she laid her hand heavily on his arm, while her eyes darkened again with stern passion—"woe betide the charms that shall win you from me. If Christina was reckless in her love, she will be unyielding in her hate."

The young man turned from her in stern displeasure. There was something so unfeminine even in the great love which actuated her that he could not respect it. There rose in his fancy another face, whose calm loveliness was at variance with the passion-worn visage before him, that his soul reached toward it as it might have turned from some common-place spectacle of earth, to gaze upon a vision of angelic beauty.

A sudden movement of Christina aroused him to consciousness; she was bending over him, her large, grey eyes eloquent with love and tenderness; but there was no magnetic power in their glance to awaken a thrill in his heart. She took his hand between her hands and pressed her lips down upon his, repeating broken words of fondness, that struck him, for the first time, with a

feeling of repulsion. There was no passion in the eyes which met her own, no warmth in the lips which faintly returned her caress; that girlish face still haunted him like a blessed dream, its holy calm contrasting with the adoration of that fiery-hearted creature, whose every change of feeling had something ferocious in it.

CHAPTER III.

It was the evening before Christina's departure from Senlis. She had been out on horseback with Monaldeschi, accompanied only by a single attendant. On their return, they passed within view of the ruins, which Monaldeschi had more than once visited since the evening upon which our story opened.

It was partly accident, and partly a desire to have the queen see the young girl, whose fate had grown to be dearer than his own, which caused him to chose that direction for their ride. There was a strange contradiction of feeling in his bosom, for which he did not attempt to account. He could not bear the thought of leaving Agnes alone in that desolate spot, and trusted to Christina's kindly impulse to become interested in her welfare; yet he trembled as he thought of the constant peril which must menace her, were she placed under the watchful eye of the unscrupulous Swede. He felt himself to be placing his dove in the falcon's nest, but it was too late to retreat; he had delayed that meeting until the last moment, but now it must take place—Agnes must accompany him on their departure. Of the deception which he was practising upon a woman who loved him, Monaldeschi did not pause to think. With the selfishness of a man, who has found the yoke of an exacting woman's affection unbearable, he was ready to blame her for all that had transpired, and almost hated her for standing between him and his happiness. He had never loved the queen; there were depths in his nature which a woman like her could never reach. He had yielded weakly to the strange fascination of her manner. He was enthralled, for a time, by the flattering consciousness that, in spite of the crown upon her forehead, no shackled serf was more completely the tool of her master's wishes, than that proud woman the slave of his will.

Yet Monaldeschi was neither a false nor a bad man. He had only yielded to circumstances, for he was at all times to be controlled by each passing impulse, or easily led by a strong will when more selfish desires were not aroused to support his resolution. He had been hurried along by the whirlwind of that woman's passion

—mad himself with the sudden frenzy of an hour—and when he awoke to consciousness, it was to find himself at once master and slave, all powerful and yet utterly helpless. Since then the bondage had grown each day more insupportable, and now that it shackled his movements and threatened his happiness, he could have flung it remorselessly to the earth, though he trampled a human heart to death with it.

"What ruins are those?" Christina asked, suddenly, pointing with her riding-whip to the massive old towers of the Chateau De Sorbonne. "I must have a nearer view, Monaldeschi; we are close to the entrance—ride in."

The secretary obeyed in silence; he had no strength to pronounce a word—there was a chill feeling of anxiety which oppressed him almost like a foreboding.

They rode up the deserted avenue and paused before what had been the main entrance of the chateau. Monaldeschi assisted the queen to dismount, gave the horses in charge of the attendant, and they passed into the silent court-yard.

"Will you remain here for a moment?" he said, in a tone so calm that it astonished himself; "there may some one be living here who can direct us; these doors appear to be fastened within."

Christina sat down upon a pile of fallen stone, and Monaldeschi left the court-yard and hurried round to the wing of the chateau, by a path which during the last week had grown familiar to his feet.

He flew up the staircase and entered the room where Agnes usually sat. At the sound of his footsteps the girl sprang out of an inner chamber with a cry of suppressed joy, which ended in a burst of hysterical weeping.

"I thought you would never come!" she exclaimed. "Alas! I have had a terrible grief since yesterday—Ursule is dead."

"Great heavens, when?"

"Last night, very suddenly—I am all alone now."

"Listen, Agnes, the queen of Sweden is below. She will come here—perhaps she will speak with you, but—but—she must not think that we have ever met before. The very word love is abhorrent to her, and the knowledge that our hearts are pledged would be the signal for my disgrace."

"Strange! But I will remember! Bring her hither, Monaldeschi; yet I tremble, I know not why."

Her lover left her with assuring words, and returned to the court-yard where Christina was still seated.

"I have witnessed a very painful sight, madam," he said, in a voice which trembled from other emotions than the queen ascribed to his agitation. "Within there is an old woman dead, and the last of this noble house is weeping over her—the woman was her sole surviving friend."

"Lead me to her!" exclaimed Christina, springing up, "I must see her—the friendless always belong to me."

Monaldeschi conducted her to the old tower which he had just left. As they ascended the staircase, Agnes De Sorbonne came out to meet them, as if the sound of their footsteps had aroused her.

"My poor child!" exclaimed Christina, carried away by her excitable nature. "I was once the queen of Sweden, I am now only a high-born woman like yourself, and scarce richer than you are, but I can perhaps aid you."

Agnes glanced at Monaldeschi, startled by this strange coldness, but recovering herself, she bowed low, and replied,

"I cannot thank you for these kind words; but believe me, I am deeply grateful."

"I hate words, they are of no use except to conceal one's thoughts," returned Christina. "Stay here, Monaldeschi! Come with me, child, and tell me your story in two words."

She drew the frightened girl into the chamber and closed the door, while Monaldeschi stood paralyzed, as he thought of the danger which they had escaped.

Scarce half an hour had elapsed ere they returned, but to that excited man it had seemed an eternity. At intervals the sound of their voices reached him, but he could distinguish nothing of what they said.

"It is all settled!" exclaimed Christina, flinging open the door with the violence which characterized her movements, and drawing Agnes out with her, pale and trembling from emotion and surprise. "This child goes hence with me to-morrow—there is an old man left, it seems; he shall be provided for. Now don't protest against it, Monaldeschi, I will have no interference. She goes with me—if we agree, well—if not, she can enter a convent, the fate of half the noble girls in France. But the Marquis De Senlis shall know what I think of his disregard of one whose family was powerful and great before his name had an existence. Come now, I must return! Adieu, Agnes; let that woman be buried, and prepare to depart with me to-morrow."

The lovers found only time to exchange a parting glance before they separated. Agnes

returned to her lone vigil, full of emotions which had no name, while Monaldeschi followed the queen, sick with dread at the success of his own stratagem.

All night long the Lady of De Sorbonne sat alone in the ruins of her old home, mourning over the last female friend she had on earth. The entire solitude which surrounded her, the presence of death, and above all, some nameless dread which haunted her whenever she thought of Queen Christina, kept her wakeful and wretched. On the morrow she saw her humble friend laid in the grave, and at nightfall was on her way to Fontainebleau and Paris.

CHAPTER IV.

"MONALDESCHI, there is some mystery here which I cannot comprehend! Queen Christina terrifies me; she is generous, even affectionate, but I fear her kindness as if it were the playfulness of a tigress."

"Foolish child, do not torment yourself with these fancies! Are we not together—is not this happiness enough?"

"I am happy, yes, far happier than in all my life, but these things perplex and trouble me. You seem anxious and worn—the queen watches your every movement, as a wild animal might its prey. Tell me what means this? Sometimes I think that you are in possession of some secret, which places you in her power, and yet makes her fear you."

"Ah!" he returned, moodily, "there is a secret! Hush, Agnes, no more, I pray you! It were dangerous to seek a clue to Christina's mysteries! Be content to live thus for a season; there will come a change; but at present be satisfied with the assurance of my love. In a little time I will claim you before the world."

"I am satisfied," she replied, her face lighting up with trustfulness; "I will tremble no longer."

They were standing in one of the apartments in the palace of Fontainebleau, whither Christina had returned, without ever apprizing the king of France of her intention. A delicately worded command had forbidden her proceeding farther for the present, but written in a manner which made her the sovereign mistress of the chateau, where she had taken up her abode.

Agnes' situation was in many respects pleasant; and beneath the sunshine of her lover's smile, though they met seldom in secret, her heart was expanding to happiness like a flower stretching forth its petals to the sun. Christina treated her with her usual capricious

manners; at times gentle, almost affectionate; then harsh and unreasonable.

The queen was anxious and jealous, though her doubts had never rested upon the young girl. She believed that Monaldeschi had met some one at the court of France, from whom he grieved to separate, and she burned with desire to return thither and learn the truth of her doubts. She loved that cold man still, with a passion that was little short of insanity, but woe to the hour when her jealous fears resolved themselves into certainty—the victim had been safer in a tiger's lair!

"And you will be fearful no more?" Monaldeschi asked, after a moment's silence. Before the girl could reply, there was the sound of an impatient step in the gallery without. "It is the queen!" he exclaimed. "Fly, fly, she must not find you here."

Agnes disappeared through a door which conducted to her own apartments, and in an instant Christina entered. Monaldeschi was standing by the window, looking out into the park, apparently calm and at ease, for he had learned well the difficult lesson of self-control.

"Here you are!" exclaimed the queen, approaching him rapidly, holding in her hand the black hat and feathers which she usually wore, and which gave her the appearance of a handsome, dashing boy; "I have been looking for you, Monaldeschi. You have sought of late to avoid my presence—do not contradict me—only a coward stoops to falsehood! I demand an explanation of your conduct—as your queen I have the right."

"Has the queen anything of which to complain? Have I not performed my duties faithfully—in what have I erred?"

"Oh, this is the pitiful subterfuge!" exclaimed Christina, stamping her foot violently. "But I will not be put off thus—I will find for myself the clue to your conduct—and then beware."

"This language has been only too often repeated, madam," returned he; "of what avail is it? You allow neither yourself nor me any peace."

"Nor will I! You do not know with whom you have to deal! I have relinquished the world for one intent, do not think I am to be defeated in that. I trampled a crown beneath my feet—thrust another into my throne—and all for you—"

"Oh, madam, I know this tirade by heart!" he broke in, passionately. "You did all of your own free will—I never demanded these sacrifices—why do you reproach me with having made them?"

Christina stood for a moment in silence, but there was that in her face which would have made the stoutest heart quail.

"Let me understand you," she said, at length, in a cold, hard tone, which had something terrible in it. "You have dared much, but I never dreamed that you would venture to insult me thus. You would remind me that I first made known my love—true, I did—I avow it without shame! The strongest should ever be first to speak. I was the eagle, no one could soar to my level, those who have no equals must perforce stoop—it was my right, and what I have stooped to take shall never be resigned alive."

Before he could reply the door was opened and an attendant appeared, saying,

"Your majesty, Monseigneur Merigny desires an audience."

Christina motioned him away, turned again to Monaldeschi, shook her clenched hand at him with a menacing gesture, and rushed from the chamber.

Monaldeschi stood transfixed with disgust and horror; ere he could collect his thoughts, a light step stole into the room; and he started as Agnes' white arms were flung about his neck.

"Tell me what has happened?" she said. "Was not the queen angry? I heard her voice loud and quick, and oh! how it terrified me. Is she displeased with you, Monaldeschi—how have you offended her?"

"Nay, I know not; Christina's humors would puzzle a philosopher! She will go mad, if she does not learn to control her fierce temper."

"I fear her, Monaldeschi! I would that we were far away—rather a crust of bread in some quiet spot than the wretched anxiety of this life."

"My own dear one," he exclaimed, clasping her to his breast with passionate fondness; "bear on a little longer, and we will go hence—where, I know not, but earth has surely some asylum for hearts that love like ours."

"I care not how humble were the home, were you near me," she said, blushing at her own boldness; "even the ruins of my old chateau would seem a paradise."

"Perhaps such will be our destiny, dearest! At least we will quit the service of Christina—I fairly loathe her presence."

There was a sudden rustle of the hangings at the farther end of the apartment, but that pair were too much engrossed to heed it; in an instant the drapery was motionless again, as if it had only been a passing current of air, which stirred its folds.

"Soon, Monaldeschi, shall we go hence soon?"

This gloomy palace is like a prison, and that strange queen, watching everything with her fiery eyes, seems to me like some weird enchantress who holds us in her power."

"Nay, that she cannot do; she shall not interfere with our happiness—that is too pure a thing to be contaminated even by her knowledge."

"I must go now, Monaldeschi, she will send for me soon—I came back because her angry voice frightened me."

"She shall not harm you!" he exclaimed, pressing her again to his heart, as if he would shield her from all earth's ills; "she is powerless here."

The young girl released herself gently from his arms and fled away, looking back to cast a parting smile at her lover, which broke over his soul like a gush of sunlight.

When she had gone, Monaldeschi turned to leave the apartment. Suddenly the curtains waved to and fro—parted slightly—and there, gazing upon him, pale, terrible, was the face of the Swedish queen. He stood in helpless despair—almost believing it to be some vision of his excited imagination—and ere he could move or speak the apparition had disappeared.

Monaldeschi could not credit the evidence of his own senses. He started forward, but before he could cross the room, the door was flung open and two guards entered.

"You are our prisoner!" said the foremost.

Monaldeschi's arms fell to his side; he stood motionless, feeling that his doom was sealed.

In silence they bore him away, and when he could realize what had passed, he found himself confined in a small room, that opened from a desolate gallery which was like the corridor of a prison.

It was Christina that he had seen, stern and terrible as an avenging spirit! She had returned to the apartment—had caught the murmur of voices—and overheard all.

For a time reason seemed wholly to have forsaken her, though her manner was almost calm from the very excess of passion. She passed into the gallery—gave the order to her guards—and descended to the apartment where her visitor awaited her.

"Monseigneur," she said, abruptly, before he could offer his salutations; "there is a man in this palace who has only a quarter of an hour to live: will you shrive him?"

"You alarm me, madam! Is the man ill?"

"In as good health as you or I, but his moments are numbered. He was my servant, he has proved a traitor—are you answered?"

"This cannot be—your highness would not commit an act like this without more reflection."

"Go you to him, and say no more—go, or he dies without confession."

Almost paralyzed with horror, the priest followed an attendant to the gloomy chamber where Monaldeschi sat in terrible expectation.

"A priest!" he exclaimed, as the bishop entered. "Great heaven, am I to die?"

"Such is your doom, my son—I am sent to offer you consolation."

"No, no, this cannot be—she would not dare! Go to the queen, bid her reflect—she endangers her own safety by this murder, for such the King of France will consider it—go, plead with her, my father."

"She will hear nothing; I strove to calm her wrath, but all in vain."

"The charge—what is the charge?"

"She denounces you as a traitor."

"Lying tigress!" he exclaimed, frantically. "I cannot, will not die! Oh, Agnes, Agnes. My God be merciful! This is a dream—speak to me if you are human, tell me that it is not real."

"Be calm, my son; it is not thus that you should pass the last moments allotted you here."

"To the queen, I implore! Ask for a day, an hour—if she takes time for thought she will never murder me."

"I cannot refuse your prayer," returned the old man, moved almost to tears by his anguish; "but do not delude yourself with false hopes, the queen is without mercy."

He left the wretched man again alone, and returned to the apartment where Christina was pacing up and down like a chained animal.

"Is it over?" she exclaimed, as the priest entered. "Did he prove a coward to the last?"

"I come to plead for mercy," he said, throwing himself at her feet. "Pause to reflect before it be too late."

"Rise," she returned with a gesture of fury. "Were an angel to plead for him, my answer would still be the same—he is a traitor and shall die."

"But remember, madam, you are not in your own kingdom—you are the guest of a foreign sovereign—would you stain his palace with blood?"

She stood with her clenched hands folded over her breast, her eyes blazing with insane light; but there was a grandeur in her mien, which no words can describe, as she answered him.

"I have given up my kingdom and my crown, but I will never relinquish the divine right of monarchs—the power of life and death over their

subjects. Not a word—I will hear no more! Hence, and shrive the traitor, or his soul shall go unconfessed into the presence of his God."

The priest had no voice to reply. He quitted the chamber and again entered the prisoner's room. I cannot linger over that terrible scene! It was more fearful a thousand times than death, the pleadings of a strong man for life, which a pure love had rendered precious.

Brief was the time allotted him. Even while the priest was administering the last rite the door was opened, and strong hands forced the victim out into the gloomy corridor. The priest fled, unable to witness the terrible scene.

Monaldeschi struggled with all the madness of despair—he closed with the executioner and forced his sword from him—in his frame seemed concentrated the force of ten men. But they overpowered him with numbers—threw him down—again he rose—rushed across the gallery—fell against a casement at the farther end—a blow—another—a gasp—a moan—a quiver of the limbs—and all was over.

Agnes De Sorbonne left her room oppressed by strange apprehensions. Everything in the palace seemed fearfully still. As she gained the corridor which conducted to Christina's apartments, a female form shrouded in darkness came upon her, caught her by the arm with an insane grasp and dragged her on. She could not shrink—she was powerless in those iron hands.

On she was forced, to the extremity of the palace—a door opened and she was commanded to look in.

Upon the floor, beneath the arched casement, lay a form she recognized only too well, and upon which she gazed like one frozen to stone.

"So perish all traitors!" hissed a voice that sounded like the whisper of a fiend. "The Queen of Sweden is avenged!"

Without a cry the hapless creature extended her arms, fell slowly forward, and lay like one dead by the cold form of her lover. Christina stood a moment looking at them in silence; her face was pallid with unslaked rage, and the hair falling in disheveled masses about it, gave her the look of a wild animal.

"Dead," she muttered, "dead, both of them! Let her have him now—he will not feel her kisses on his cold cheek or the clasp of her soft arms. Let them rest together, Christina can endure to be alone."

But even wrath like hers must know a change. Late in the night, when all was still, and that vast old palace seemed more like a tomb than a habitation for kings, the dethroned queen and

woman passed down the corridor again. But this time she was wringing her hands in wild grief. The fire of her rage had quenched itself, and she moved on more like the ghost of some evil thing than a human being. The gallery was filled with her sobs as she passed along, and the very shadows seemed to tremble to the sounds of a grief so terrible. She reached the spot where the victim was lying; the moon had risen; and fell in a sheet of silver over the deathly group. Agnes was seated upon the floor, with the pale head of Monaldeschi in her lap. Her eyes were bent upon him, her lips muttered his name over and over in a hopeless monotone that sounded like a dirge.

Christina advanced, stricken with terrible remorse. She would have fallen on her knees by the man she had murdered, but Agnes motioned her away with the stern majesty of a holy grief.

"Not here, not here must you bow, dread woman—kneel to the King of kings, before whom your victim stands in judgment against you!"

Like some fallen spirit shrinking from the rebuke of an angel, Christina of Sweden glided mournfully away, leaving Agnes alone with her dead.

Three months from the day she left it, the Lady of Sorbonne brought the remnants of her ruined life to her ruined home again.

IN MEMORIAM!

BY JOHN BURNS WALKER.

SISTER dear, how deep we miss thee,
Sorrow's pang can best express;
Thus to see cold death embrace thee
Doth imbitter our distress!
Vainly for thy step we listen,
Sadly looking round the room—
While with tears our eyelids glisten,
Thou art sleeping in the tomb.
No, not sleeping! thou art singing
In the bright angelic choir;
And thy voice through Heaven ringing,
Rivals the seraphic lyre.
Hope and Love, all fear suppressing,
Point us to the angel host,
And we know that thou, though missing,
Art not either dead or lost.

Thus the balm of consolation
Heals the wound that rends the breast,
And the heart's sad desolation
Turns to gladness, peace and rest.
Thus we feel that death is thwarted,
That he grasps the soul in vain;
And we tell the dear departed
How we long to meet again!
Sister, dear, these tears of sadness,
On thy grave in sorrow shed,
Are the harbingers of gladness,
Gladness, free from doubt and dread.
Death has but thy name engraven
Deeper on the memory;
Hope and Love, though sadly riven,
Draw us daily nearer thee.

THE OLD NORTH WIND.

BE G. W. B. MASSINGER.

LIST to the sound of the old North Wind,
Singing his song so free,
With a cheerful tone, and a gladsome shout,
Listen what tales tells he.
He sings of the North, of the stormy North—
Where the ice-king ever reigns,
'Tis there that he issues his mandates forth;
That fetters the earth in chains.
A gay old chap is this same North Wind,
A frolicsome fellow is he—
He scatters the leaves of the forest wild,
As he passes in fun and glee.
He brightens the flush on the maiden's cheek,

And kisses her lips as he goes,
But this same old wind, his breath is so cold;
That in kissing, he freezes her nose.
But the midnight hour is the chosen time,
For his frolics and revellings gay,
As madly he dashes o'er mountain and dale,
As he speeds on his airy way;
When his revels are over, away—away,
To the realms of the ice-king once more—
To repose, 'midst the frost-diamonds, sparkling so bright,
For his frolicsome journey is o'er.

LOVE'S LABOR WON.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," &C.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 330.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

NIGHT AND ITS ONE STAR.

On my finger is a ring,
Which I still see glittering,
When the night hides everything.
E. B. BROWNING.

Two years had elapsed since the disappearance of Margaret Helmstedt—for since her parting with Ralph Houston, the unhappy girl had not been seen by any of her friends.

Rumor asserted that she had in company with Ensign Dawson fled to England; and for once rumor had told the truth.

Major Helmstedt, hearing this report, had caused secret investigations to be set on foot that had resulted in demonstrating, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Margaret Helmstedt and William Dawson had embarked as passengers on board the barque *Amphytrite*, bound from Norfolk to Liverpool.

From the day upon which this fact was ascertained, Margaret's name was tacitly dropped by all her acquaintances. She had become the scape-goat to bear all their sins into the wilderness; the Curtius whose immolation had closed the yawning gulf of eternity between opposing families. She was guilty—that fact once admitted, the cause of disagreement was removed, and a common cause of sympathy substituted; and the Helmstedt and the Houstons frequently meeting at church, mart, and festival, gradually approached each other, and at length became reconciled.

It was about twelve months after the disappearance of Margaret, that old Mr. Wellworth died, and his orphan daughter Grace found a refuge in the home of Nelie Houston.

Ralph Houston was then at home—considering himself quite released by circumstances from his rash vow of forsaking his father's house.

Grace was very pretty, and in her mourning dress and orphan sorrow, very interesting.

Ralph was idle, depressed, and compassionate.

Pity first led him to pay some friendly attentions to the clergyman's orphan child, and the

soft brown eyes and gentle tones of Grace drew him into deeper sympathy.

But Grace, the weak-hearted little creature, permitted herself to mistake all this brotherly kindness for a warmer affection, and to fall incontinently in love with Ralph Houston.

Now Ralph, with his profound, grave and earnest character, felt himself so much older, wiser, and higher than this little soft-brained girl, that he would never, for an instant, have suspected the passion with which he had inspired her feeble little heart, but for the interference of—Nelie Houston!

There are some good-natured, well meaning, busy human beings, who really ought to be drowned, or put to some other painless death; just upon the principle of "the greatest good to the greatest number," to prevent them doing more harm than they have already done. And Nelie Houston was one of these.

When the clergyman's orphan had been their inmate for six months, and had so won her way into Nelie's heart, as unconsciously to have made her a partizan—for the girl was really affectionate and artless, Mrs. Houston called the attention of Ralph to the fact that Grace was pining away under a secret sorrow, which was not for the death of her father.

Ralph was sympathetic, but entirely unsuspicious, and redoubled his kindly attentions to the suffering girl, which of course only "aggravated her symptoms."

Then in a week or more, Nelie astounded the young man, by informing him that he was "really cruel," that unless his intentions were serious, "he really should not go on so with the poor, fatherless and motherless girl."

Here was a revelation!

Now Capt. Houston did not love Grace—but neither did he hate her; on the contrary, he rather liked her; he thought her very pretty, gentle and winning; he supposed her to be tender, constant and pious; moreover he believed her soft, pliable, elastic, little heart capable of being broken!

It is true she had not Margaret Helmstedt's splendor of intellect, ardor of affection, and earnestness of character; but then who would desire such gifts to lead—as in Margaret's case—to such results? The carefully trained, pious child of the clergyman would be at least a safe investment for a man's peace, honor, and comfort.

And since Margaret was lost to him forever, and since it was impossible he should ever love another woman as he had loved that "frail one," and since it was, nevertheless, inevitable that he must marry, why perhaps he might, as well as not, make this pretty, engaging little creature his wife.

Despair of the possibility of wedded bliss, indifference to the future, restless desire for change, recklessness of fate, combine to make many strange, unhappy marriages.

All these might have influenced, but could not have governed Ralph; but that the constant presence of Grace was a constant appeal to which he once impulsively yielded! Then—the die cast, the Rubicon passed, the word spoken—there was no honorable retreat.

Grace gave a tearful, blushing, tremulous consent, and Ralph Houston left her presence the most miserable of all accepted lovers—accusing himself of culpable weakness; yet resolved to bear the penalty of his rashness.

His father, who desired nothing more than his happiness, congratulated him, and kissed his bride elect.

His little betrothed had referred all the arrangements to her friend, Mrs. Houston. And Nellie, very happy with a wedding in prospect, set about the preparations with great zeal.

The marriage was appointed to come off early in November; but strangely enough, just so soon as Grace was sure of her conquest, she began to fear him in the light of a prospective husband. Nor were her instincts at fault; for since their betrothal, Capt. Houston had not seemed nearly so amiable as before; he had grown thoughtful, gloomy, stern. Grace compared him most invidiously with the frank, free, and joyous young ensign who had first won her heart; but of whom she said it was of no use to think now. As her marriage day approached, she pleaded for another month's delay, a petition which was granted by Ralph, with a promptitude anything but flattering to the prospective bride.

Christmas was the next day appointed for the wedding. And as the season approached, Grace was seized with a second fit of doubt, fear and trembling.

"He does not love me a bit, dear Mrs. Houston! I'm sure he's sorry he ever asked me;

ever since he has been engaged to me, he looks as glum as the old rusty suit of armor with the closed visor in the museum. I know if he marries me, he will misuse me and break my heart! I had a great deal rather break it off," said Grace, to her friend.

"Break a fiddle-stick! You are a little fool! Do you expect a grave, thoughtful, earnest man, like Ralph Houston, to be forever simpering and fawning and fondling you, like a feather-brained fool? Break off the marriage for such whimsies indeed! Such a scandal! I'm astonished at you!" And thus partly in kindness, and partly in wrath, Mrs. Houston scolded her protegee into submission; and Grace, "half willing, half afraid," consented that the preparations should go forward.

Clare Hartley unwillingly consented to officiate as bridesmaid; Frank Houston reluctantly agreed to act as groomsman; and Dr. Hartley offered to give the fatherless bride away.

It was arranged that the wedding should be conducted upon the quietest plan; namely, that early in the morning the bridal party should repair to the parish church; that immediately after the marriage ceremony, they should return to a family breakfast at the Bluff; after which the newly wedded pair should set out for a short bridal tour through the South; and that whatever nuptial festivities Nellie might be disposed to indulge in, might be deferred until their return, a month later: this was designed by Ralph Houston, with a view of putting off the evil day of parade as long as possible.

The twenty-sixth of December, the day appointed for the wedding, dawned clear and cold; the sun arose in cloudless splendor above hills white with snow and imperaled with frost; over forests clothed with icicles as with foliage; and over waters that shone like a sea of molten sapphires.

The whole bridal company that had assembled the evening previous, were ready at the appointed hour to set out for the church.

To do the Houstons justice, this orphan girl and dowerless bride was most generously dealt with; her trousseau was extensive, costly and elegant; her bridal presents were very *recherche*. Her dress was superb—a rich white satin, trimmed with point lace; a white camel's-hair shawl; and white bonnet with marabout plumes and point lace veil. Never had little Grace been so splendidly arrayed or so excessively frightened. Her sole bridesmaid was also dressed in spotless white of simpler material and form.

At eight o'clock the bridal train started for the church. The little bride, attended by her

bridesmaid and her acting father, occupied the first carriage; the bridegroom accompanied by his groomsmen, his father and his step-mother, followed in the second; old Col. and Mrs. Compton and Major Helmstedt in the third carriage, brought up the rear; many of the men and maid servants, who had obtained leave to attend the wedding, preceded, flanked, or followed the carriages.

And so, a few minutes before nine o'clock, they reached the church. Dr. Simmons, the pastor, was already, by appointment, in attendance at the altar. A few of the Bellevue and Heathville people, who had obtained information of the intended wedding, were sparsely scattered through the pews.

The bridal party passed up the aisle and formed before the altar. As Ralph Houston led Grace Wellworth to the central position, he felt her hand quiver upon his arm and saw how pale she was; he stooped and whispered some kind and re-assuring words in her ear, and resolved in his own heart to devote his life to the happiness of the gentle little trembler by his side.

Amid the solemn silence that ever precedes such rites, the marriage ceremony commenced.

"Dear beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony; which is commended of Saint Paul to be honorable among all men; and therefore is not by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly; but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God. Into this holy estate, these two persons present come now to be joined. If any man can show just cause why they may not be lawfully joined together, let him now speak, or else, hereafter, forever hold his peace——"

Here the minister made the customary pause; and then, just as he was about to resume his reading, there was the sound of an opening door, a bustle in the vestibule, hurrying steps along the aisle, and a clear, commanding voice, exclaiming,

"Stop, on your lives! the marriage must not proceed!"

And at the same moment all eyes were turned, in astonishment, to see a gentleman with a veiled lady leaning on his arm, advancing toward the altar.

The minister laid down his book; the bridegroom turned, with a brow of stern inquiry, upon the intruder; the bride stood in trembling amazement; and Col. Houston, alone, had the presence of mind to demand, somewhat haughtily,

"Pray, sir, what is the meaning of this most

offensive conduct? By what authority do you venture to interrupt these solemnities?"

The young stranger by this time came to a stand in the midst of the disturbed circle, where he stood respectfully uncovered, and presenting to view a very handsome specimen of the pure Anglo-Saxon race—tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, with fair, roseate complexion, merry blue eyes, and open forehead, shaded by masses of chestnut curls.

"It is William Dawson!" exclaimed Grace, under her breath, turning very pale.

"It is Lord William Daw!" cried Nellie, in amazement, forgetting the flight of years.

"I demand of you once more, sir, by what authority you dare to break upon this ceremony?" sternly repeated Col. Houston.

The young stranger turned and bowed to the questioner, smiling good-humoredly as he answered,

"Faith, sir! by the authority conferred upon me by the ritual, which exhorts that any man who can show any cause why these two persons may not be united in matrimony, he forthwith declare it. So adjured, I speak—happening to know two very good and sufficient causes why these two persons may not be lawfully joined together."

"What mean you, sir?" thundered the colonel.

"Good heavens, sir! because the fair bride has been, for two years past, my promised wife, and because the gallant bridegroom's betrothal ring still encircles the finger of Margaret Helmstedt!"

"And who are you, sir, that ventures to take these words upon your lips?" now asked Ralph Houston, deeply shaken by the mention of his Margaret's name.

"I am," replied the young man, speaking slowly and distinctly, and looking around to read astonishment, wonder and incredulity upon each face, "William Daw, Earl of Falconridge, the half brother of Margaret Helmstedt, by the side of our mother, Marguerite De Lencie, who previous to becoming the wife of Mr. Philip Helmstedt, had been the wife and the widow of Lord William Daw—as had my father lived, she would have been Countess of Falconridge!"

The mystery was revealed; the secret for which Marguerite De Lencie had lost peace, liberty, and life; and for which she had periled her only daughter's position, happiness and fair fame, was given to the winds!

"Should my statement require confirmation," continued the young man, "it can be furnished by documents in my possession, and which I am prepared to submit to any person concerned.

Should even these documents need endorsement, it can be procured from Gen. A——, our lately returned Ambassador to London, and from Mr. F——, his majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington;" and, bowing to the astounded party, he retraced his steps.

The silence of amazement bound all the hearers; nor was the spell broken until the young lady, who leaned upon the arm of Lord Falconridge, drew aside her veil, revealing the pale and lovely countenance of Margaret Helmstedt, and crossed over to the side of Major Helmstedt, saying,

"Father, the labor of my life is accomplished; her first marriage is proved; her son is acknowledged; her fame is clear forever!" and overpowered by excess of emotion, she sank, fainting, at the feet of her astonished parent.

"Margaret, my Margaret!" exclaimed Ralph Houston, forgetting everything else, springing forward, raising her in his arms, and bearing her toward the window.

"Take her into the vestry," said the clergyman, leaving his stand and preceding the party.

Thither, Margaret Helmstedt was carried and laid upon a sofa. Mr. Simmons and Dr. Hartley hastened away to the parsonage to procure restoratives. Other friends gathered around the insensible girl, but all who looked upon her death-like face, knew that this was no common swoon, but a total exhaustion of the vital powers, from which it would be nearly impossible to arouse her. Nature, long strained to the highest point of tension, had suddenly given way, as if, indeed, "the silver cord were broken." The restoratives were quickly produced and eagerly applied. In vain! no breath passed her pallid lips, no pulse vibrated through her small, transparent wrist. It seemed, indeed, as though she had reached the goal of her labors only to die! In fear, and grief, and deep remorse, her friends renewed their efforts. All curiosity to hear further particulars of the strange revelation made by Lord Falconridge, gave way to intense anxiety for the restoration of Margaret.

The sofa upon which she lay was narrow and uncomfortable. The disused vestry had no conveniences for being well warmed. Altogether it was absolutely necessary that she should be removed to more comfortable quarters.

Nellie Houston pleaded hard, with tears in her eyes, that she might be placed in her carriage and conveyed to Buzzard's Bluff.

Major Helmstedt wished to have her laid on a bed in a boat, and taken, at once, to the Island.

Mr. Simmons cordially tendered the use of

the parsonage, which was close at hand. And Dr. Hartley insisted that she should be conveyed no further than the asylum last offered.

So, tenderly lifted in the arms of Ralph, Margaret was conveyed to the parsonage, and laid on the bed in the best chamber—namely, the one upon the first floor, adjoining the parlor. Here there efforts to restore her to consciousness were renewed, and vainly pursued.

Nellie Houston, really sorrowful, compunctious and terrified, insisted upon staying at the parsonage, to take care of her—begging her father and mother to draw off all other guests, and entertain them at the Bluff.

But though old Col. and Mrs. Compton pressed the party to accompany them home, not one was found willing to accept the invitation, or leave the neighborhood of the suffering girl.

Ralph Houston absolutely refused to stir from the parlor adjoining her chamber.

Major Helmstedt walked up and down the piazza in front of the house, but declined going further off.

Lord Falconridge begged the clergyman to direct him to some inn, near enough to admit of his hearing from his sister every hour. And having angled so skilfully for an invitation, he received it, to make the present house his home. And thus the young man was, for the second time, under very different auspices, the guest of the parsonage.

Grace would willingly also have remained; but Mrs. Compton had authority over her, at least; and so informed her, much to her chagrin, that as the parsonage was quite as full of guests as it would hold, she must return with them to the Bluff. And so they carried her off.

But, in truth, the bachelor establishment of Mr. Simmons occupied so little space, that there was quite room enough in the house, for all the guests that remained.

All that long day and longer night, they watched by Margaret Helmstedt's insensible form, resuming, at intervals, their efforts to restore her. Vainly, for a long time.

And when, at last, a change came, returning life was scarcely less alarming than apparent death had been.

A low, nervous fever supervened; and for weeks, during which her life trembled on the verge of the grave, she wandered in a most distressing delirium, which revealed to all who heard her, how long, how intensely, and how patiently she had suffered.

Now, she lived over again the weary months of misunderstanding, suspicion, and solitude in her apartments at Buzzard's Bluff. Now

she turned, heart-broken, from the communion-table, from which she had been repulsed; or departed, crushed in spirit, from the roof from which she had been expelled; or steered through the mid night sea, for the fearful duelling-ground. Sometimes she talked with her dead as her living mother, promising for her trust a fidelity unto death; sometimes she pleaded with Mrs. Houston; or sought to comfort her unacknowledged brother; or besought her father to stay his murderous hand; or prayed Ralph to suspend his judgment; or invoked her mother in heaven to help her; or besought God in mercy to save!

It was terrible to those who took their turn in watching by her bed, or in the parlor next her room, to hear these piteous, broken-spirited ravings and pleadings, and not be able to pass the barrier of her unconsciousness, and make her feel how they now knew, and loved, and trusted her; how deeply they repented; how much they sorrowed; how earnestly they desired to atone for all they had caused her to suffer.

Grace was summoned from the Bluff, to assist the worn-out Nelie in nursing the patient.

Day and night, Grace and Nelie took turns in watching by her bed.

Day and night, Major Helmstedt and Capt. Houston relieved guard in the parlor.

Day and night, Lord Falconridge kept a horse saddled in the stable, ready to ride at a moment's notice.

It was pitiable to hear poor, little, penitent Grace, in her hours of watching, trying to penetrate the mist of her patient's insanity, and make her comprehend the state of affairs. When the suffering girl would, in imagination, plead with Ralph, praying him to suspend his judgment, Grace would stoop and whisper distinctly in her ear,

"Margaret, listen to me! he does love you, Margaret! nobody but you; although you found him standing up to be married to me. I don't know why he wished to marry me, but it was not because he loved me, for he loved only you! Ah! if you could see him now you would know it. He looks as ill as you do, although he is walking about. Oh, Margaret, if I could only make you heed me!"

But the sufferer heeded nothing but the scenes passing before her own disordered imagination.

One thing was remarkable—in the most dreadful paroxysm of her fever and delirium, if her wandering glance happened to flash down upon the plain gold ring that encircled the third finger of her left hand, it acted as a charm, her

agonized face would soften into a beautiful smile, and with her eyes fastened upon the token, she would sink into repose and then gradually into sleep.

This cause and effect being observed by her attendants, whenever she would become unusually excited, they would call her attention to the ring upon her finger, whereupon she would grow composed.

Many weeks passed in this anxious manner, when at length their prayers were heard, their efforts were crowned with success, the illness of the beloved patient took a favorable turn. But her convalescence was long, slow, and very tedious.

Her recognition of friends was at first so vague as scarcely to seem real, and her communications with them so interrupted by the orders of the physician, as to give but little satisfaction.

Ralph Houston's face was the first object, and his voice the first sound that she recognized. It was with a thrill of the deepest joy, gratitude and praise to God, that he perceived her first intelligent glance respond to his anxious gaze; felt her fragile fingers close upon his clasping hand, and heard her tender tones respond to his fervent thanksgiving.

It was about this time, when their minds were relieved from acute anxiety, that Major Helmstedt and Lord Falconridge had a long business conversation.

Major Helmstedt desired to examine those documents alluded to by Lord Falconridge, and he also advised that letters should be despatched to Gen. A—— and Mr. K——, requesting their written testimony to the facts advanced—not for his own (the major's) satisfaction, he said, but for the sake of those who might be disposed to cavil.

The documents were exhibited; the letters written and satisfactory answers received.

Then the major informed his lordship, that being perfectly assured in regard to his identity and his claims, he should proceed to make an act of restitution, and deliver up into his hands such portion of his mother's estate as he would have legally inherited.

Lord Falconridge strenuously opposed this contemplated measure, alleging that his own fortune already in possession and in prospect, was fully adequate to his most extravagant desires.

But Major Helmstedt was firm of purpose, and proceeded to invest his step-son with what he considered his legal rights.

After the transfer was made, the first step of Lord Falconridge was to execute an instrument, conveying the whole disputed property to his

sister, Margaret Helmstedt, "and her heirs forever."

It was in the soft, spring-like weather early in February, that Margaret Helmstedt was pronounced well enough to be removed, and was conveyed to the Island. Ralph Houston, at his own earnest desire, accompanied her thither as her father's guest. Lord Falconridge was of course one of the party.

But not until Margaret was fully restored to health, was the whole secret history of her mother's most unhappy life revealed. The facts obtained at intervals were in brief these.

Marguerite De Lancie, tempted by inordinate social ambition, flattered by the deep devotion with which she had inspired her boy-lover, and fascinated by the gleam of a marchioness' coronet in perspective, had at length consented to a private marriage with Lord William Daw. His lordship's tutor, the Rev. Mr. Murray, who perhaps calculated that his permanent interests would, eventually, be served best by flattering the passions of the heir presumptive, rather than the prejudices of the old nobleman, became a party to the plan, even to the extent of performing the marriage ceremony. His lordship's valet was the only witness. The certificate of marriage was left in the hands of the bride. The ceremony took place at Saratoga, in the month of July.

Two months after, early in September, Lord William Daw, summoned by his father to the bedside of his declining mother, sailed for England.

Once, by a return vessel, Marguerite received from him a letter dated at sea, and in which he addressed her as his "beloved wife," and signed himself, boy-lover like, her "adoring husband." This letter was directed to Lady William Daw, under cover to Marguerite De Lancie. It was the only one that he ever had the opportunity of writing to her; it arrived about the time that the wife first knew that she was also destined to become a mother.

In the January following the receipt of this letter, Marguerite went with the Comptons to the New Year's evening ball at the Executive mansion. It was while standing up in a quadrille that she overheard two gentlemen, lately arrived, speak of the wreck of the barque Venture, off the coast of Cornwall, with the loss of all on board, passengers, crew and cargo, a fact that did not become known in the city until the issue of the next morning's papers.

† Marguerite, on hearing the fatal news, fainted; and thence followed the long and terrible illness that brought her to the borders of death—of

death, for which indeed she wished, and prayed, and hoped; for what a wretched condition was hers!

She, one of the most beautiful, accomplished and high-spirited queens of society; holding her lofty position equally from ancient blood, boundless wealth, and great personal worth; beloved by her friends, adored by her acquaintances, idolized by the world; found herself fated to become a mother, without the power of proving that she had ever possessed the right to the name of wife; found herself in imminent danger of being hurled from her high place, down, down, down, to the dust of degradation! In the excessive anguish of grief, distrust and wounded pride, she would make no confidant; ask no counsel; seek no comfort!

As soon as she was able to recollect, reflect, and act, she felt that her only hope of recognition, as the widow of Lord William Daw, rested with the family of the latter; she knew that for every reason it was better that her child, perhaps destined to be the heir of a British marquisate, should be born on British ground; and she determined to go secretly to England.

She made her preparations and departed.

She reached London, where, overtaken by the pangs of maternity, she gave birth to a son, and immediately fell into a long and dangerous fever.

Upon recovering at the end of two months, she sought the Yorkshire home of her father-in-law, and revealed to him her position.

Marguerite was prepared for doubt, difficulty and delay, but not for the utter incredulity, scorn and rejection, to which she, accustomed from infancy, to the language of affection, deference and adulation, was subjected by the arrogant Marquis of Eaglecliff. Her rare beauty, queenly grace, and perfect address, made little impression upon the world-hardened old nobleman—for were not all successful adventuresses pre-eminently gifted with these accomplishments?

Stifling the mighty passion of her indignant heart, Marguerite exhibited the certificate of her marriage, and the sole letter her young husband had ever had the power to write to her, and pleaded for a recognition.

Now the old marquis knew the hand-writing of his son, and of his chaplain; but feeling outraged by what he chose to consider artifice on the part of Marguerite; disobedience on that of William; and treachery on that of Mr. Murray; and to stigmatize as a conspiracy between the three, he contemptuously put aside the certificate as a forgery, and the letter beginning, "My beloved wife," as the mere verbal nonsense of a boy lover writing to his mistress.

Outraged, indignant and broken hearted, Marguerite took her son and returned to her native country; put the boy out to nurse, and then sought her home in Virginia, to reflect, amid its quiet scenes, upon her future course.

What could be done? She possessed the certificate of marriage certainly; but how could she prove it to be genuine? The man to whom she had been married, the minister who had performed the ceremony, the only witness who had been present, were all dead. The letter in her possession offered but slight corroborative testimony, for though it was superscribed to Lady William Daw, and was signed "Your adoring husband," yet it afforded no internal evidence that the present claimant of the name was the person thus addressed.

With this problem still burning in her brain, Marguerite re-entered society, and to all inquiries relative to her long, mysterious absence, answered gayly, "I've been gipseying!"

To Nelie's persistent questions—first, of "Where did you go?" she answered with fiery blushes, "To Terra-del-Fuego!"

And when farther asked, "Where did you come from, last?" she replied, with a shiver, "From Iceland!"

A bitter fitness lurked in the hidden meaning of both phrases!

Marguerite's confidential consultations with various eminent lawyers, had resulted in no encouragement for her to seek legal redress; and dreading, above all things, to blazon her proud name before the world in so questionable a suit, with the probability of disgraceful defeat, she determined, for the time, to remain quiet, to preserve what trifling proof she possessed of her marriage; to rear her boy in secrecy; and watch, if perchance, some opportunity for successfully pushing his claims should occur. Farther, she resolved to remain unmarried, and to devote herself to the welfare of this unacknowledged son, so that should all his rights of birth be finally denied, she could, at last, legally adopt him, give him her family name, and make him her sole heir. Somewhat quieted by this resolution, Marguerite De Lancie became once more the ascendant star of fashion. The greater part of each year she spent in the hamlet in the state of New York, where she had placed her son at nurse, accounting for her long absence by the gay, defiant answer, "I've been gipseying."

Thus three years slipped away, when at length Marguerite De Lancie met her fate in Philip Helmstedt, the only man whom she ever really loved, the only man whom it was possible she

ever could love, the man, in short, who kindled in her heart a fire destined to consume her whole life. Fiercely, for a time, she struggled with this passion; madly at last she yielded to its power; desperately then she hoped to reconcile the two incompatible antagonisms of her fate.

The tale she durst not tell her lover, she insanely hoped might be successfully concealed, or safely confided to her husband! She thought to exercise so firm a self-control and so fine a tact, as to hide from him the least sign of the fact, that there had been anything unusual in her antecedents, until time and intimacy should give her so strong a place in his confidence, as to enable her safely to communicate to him the history of her secret marriage and maternity.

Ah, vain hope! fatal sophistry! Philip Helmstedt, to the last degree incredulous, jealous and suspicious, was the worst man on the face of the earth to whom to confide her questionable story, with any hope of receiving belief or toleration at his hands. And so, to her mortal cost, she found him!

They were married; and for a time she was lost in the power that attracted, encircled, and swallowed up her whole fiery nature.

From this deep trance of bliss, she was electrified by the receipt of a letter, advising her of the sudden and dangerous illness of the unowned child, and beseeching her to hasten to his bedside.

Here was an exigency for which she was totally unprepared. But concealing the motive for her purposed journey, she prayed Philip Helmstedt to permit her to depart, for a season, unquestioned. This strange petition gave rise to the first misunderstanding between them. With the terrible scenes that followed the reader is already acquainted. She was not suffered to depart.

A subsequent letter informed her of the convalescence of her son.

A superficial peace without confidence ensued between herself and husband.

They went to Richmond, where Marguerite, filled with grief, remorse, and terror, so distractedly over-acted her part as queen of fashion, that she brought upon herself, from wondering friends, the suspicion of partial insanity.

It was at this time that she received a third letter, advising her of the nearly fatal relapse into illness of her child.

Knowing, from past experience, how vain it would be to hope for Philip Helmstedt's consent to her unexpected absence, she secretly departed to spend a few weeks with her suffering child.

She reached the hamlet, nursed her boy

through his illness, and then, having had some reason to suppose that the people to whom she had confided him, however well disposed they might be, were, nevertheless, unfit to commence his infant training, she removed him, and placed him to be reared and educated in the family of the poor village pastor, to whom, for his services as tutor, she offered a liberal salary.

The Rev. John Braunton was a man past middle age, of acute intellect, conscientious principles, and benevolent disposition. It was not without some hesitation that he consented to assume the charge of little William Dawson, a measure to which he was finally led, as much by a desire to be useful to the orphan boy as by any hope of gain. But from his keen perceptive faculties it was impossible to hide the fact, that the mysterious lady, who took such deep and painful interest in this child, was other than his own acknowledging mother. He kept this knowledge, or this suspicion, in reserve, to be brought into use if the future interests of the boy required it.

Having arranged a system of correspondence with the clergyman, and paid a half year's salary in advance, Marguerite Helmstedt departed for her Virginian home, full of intense anxiety, as to the reception she would meet from her husband—a high tempered, arrogant, and despotic man, whose rights and feelings she had most fearfully outraged!

We know what that reception was. Philip Helmstedt must have sacrificed her life to his jealous rage, but that she was destined to be the mother of his child. But in sparing her life, with cruel ingenuity, he devised a plan that should vindicate his own outraged authority, and constrain her to a confession, or else consign her high-wrought nature to a punishment worse than death! a punishment that made her beautiful home into

"A prison harsh and rude!
And pent within its narrow 'hell'
How would her spirit chafe and swell,
How brook the stern, unbending law?"

But, oh! he was perfectly "gentlemanly" in the administration of his own justice; perfectly refined in the execution of his own sentence, upon his offending wife! He turned no bolts or bars upon her, laid no commands! He was far too fastidious for such coarse despotism! But he riveted the fetters of his will upon her heart! He calculated upon the infatuation of that passion that gave her up, body, soul, and spirit into his power.

Repeatedly he reminded her, "I am not your warden, Marguerite! You are your own custo-

dian! Give me up your severed confidence and take the largest liberty—go and come at your pleasure. Keep your own counsel, and still—go if you will, I should scorn to hinder you, only in this case—never more return! My home would be barred to you forever!" And thus he had kept his wife, a willing prisoner, for fifteen years!

But in the meantime, Mr. Braunton, who regularly received his salary, wondered that he received no more visits from the guardian or mother of his pupil. As the years passed, he expostulated by letter. But she was unable to explain. He wrote that the boy pined for the beautiful lady, whom he had identified with the spirit of the spring, for the spring used always to bring her, in advance of the flowers and fruits.

Marguerite wept, but could not go, or going could not return; and she sent money with directions that the boy should want no possible indulgence, however costly, that he might rightfully enjoy.

Mr. Braunton's letters next assumed a threatening aspect; he bitterly complained of the lady's personal neglect in refusing to visit the child, and farther declared, that in any exigency, he should not refrain from seeking the supposed mother at her own home, and putting her relationship to the test of investigation.

This filled Mrs. Helmstedt with alarm. She wrote soothingly to the exasperated tutor, speaking of her declining health, and promising, as soon as possible, to visit the lad.

And some time after this, when Braunton suddenly appeared before her, on the Island, her soul was overwhelmed with terror. But the minister had come, not to denounce, but to inform her of the fact, that her boy, grown restive in his rustic residence, had run away from home. Though nearly killed by this intelligence, she had the presence of mind to place in the hands of the clergyman, a thousand dollars, with instructions that no expense should be spared in pursuing and recovering the fugitive. And, the same night, the minister departed on his mission.

But nothing could be discovered in relation to the missing youth, and from this time Marguerite Helmstedt's health rapidly declined—grief, remorse, and terror consumed her life.

The war of 1812 broke out, and Mr. Helmstedt went to join the American army in the North. Once more, Marguerite saw her son. In the spring of 1814, he suddenly appeared before her in the uniform of a British soldier—claimed her assistance, and adjured her to reveal to him his birth and parentage.

His miserable mother evaded his question, besought him to return to the protection of Mr. Braunton; hastily collected all the money she had in reach placed it in his hands, and promising to write, or to see him again, dismissed him.

But that visit was the death-blow from which Marguerite never recovered. She died—and dying, bequeathed to her daughter the legacy of this secret.

At this part of the narrative, Major Helmstedt broke into bitter lamentations, exclaiming,

"Oh, Margaret! Margaret, my child! had my Marguerite only confided in me—in me, her husband—had she but laid her heavy secret upon my faithful bosom! I would have proved worthy of the holy trust! I would have bound up her broken heart, and upheld her, blameless, before the world! Yes, yes, I would have taken her son to my own paternal bosom, and frowned down all questions of his legitimacy, and compelled his father's stubborn family to acknowledge his claims!

"And you would have done well, my father," said the daughter, solemnly.

"But you see, my child, she refused to trust her husband, she was ever self-willed, proud, and obstinate!"

"Hush, hush! my father! no word, no breath, no thought of reproach to her! She was right!"

"Right, Margaret?"

"Right, my father! for you would have given it no credence!"

"No credence! Have I not just told you that I would have made her cause my own? taken her son to my heart and battled for his rights?"

"You think so now, dear father, looking from your present point of view. But you would not really have acted, as you now, looking back from this, think you would have done!"

"Margaret, I would! for let me tell you that, notwithstanding all, I should have felt sure that she loved me only—first, and last, and truly! Margaret, she was slain by her own accursed pride, her own fatal distrust!"

"Father, do not deceive yourself! She knew you best. If she had confided to you her dread secret, you would have discredited her marriage, stigmatized her son, repudiated herself! Father, you would have driven her mad, which would have been a more terrible fate than that of the slow heart-wasting of which she died! Forgive me, father, that I speak to you so plainly; but I know no holier duty than to vindicate her memory!" said the maiden, with the mild, fearless, dignified firmness of one whose spirit had grown strong under great suffering.

"Margaret," said the iron-hearted soldier, quite subdued by her words, "do you believe that your father could have acted thus cruelly?"

"I think, dear sir, that you could not have helped it. Remember, that when the cloud rested heavily upon my head, you could not believe in me, the child of your heart, who had grown up under your eye. How then could you have believed in her—the acquaintance of a year, the wife of a few weeks?"

"Would to God she had put me to the test!" exclaimed this self-deceiver. "Would God, she had put me to the test! Instead of withering away in her youth, she would now be living in her beautiful prime beside me! Oh, my child! In her death, what a waste of glorious life! Had a hundred common-place women perished at once, by fire or flood, that could not have shocked me with such a sense of wanton waste of life, as the premature death of my own magnificent Marguerite! Alas, my God! what necessity was there for that waste?" exclaimed Philip Helmstedt, dropping his face into his hands and groaning bitterly.

Margaret said nothing.

At last he looked up, saying,

"There is one thing, my little Margaret, that in your judgment of your father, you should know, and it is this, Margaret I am yet in the noon of life. For five years past I have been a lonely man, exposed to all the winning blandishments of your sex; yet never has my heart, for one moment, wandered from its fidelity to her who sleeps beside the river, nor does earth hold a prospect sweeter than that of lying, in my last sleep, beside her!"

Margaret was weeping now. "I know it, dear father, I know it! But oh! if you could only realize that there is another life where those severed on this earth may meet, never more to part."

This whole interview between the father and daughter had been a most significant one. It was strange to see that once proud, scornful, despotic man, on trial, subdued to gentleness, and pleading his cause, before that pale, fragile, suffering girl, who by force of moral strength alone had gained a high supremacy!

Having vindicated her mother's honor, Margaret would now withhold the particulars of her own perseverance, self-denial, and labors in the cause of her brother.

But the interest felt by her father and her lover was not to be thus put off. And little by little, they drew from the reluctant girl the story of her heroic devotion to her mother's trust and her brother's welfare. The ample income, drawn

from her mother's legacy of Plover's Point, had been regularly sent to Mr. Braunton, to be invested for the benefit of William Dawson; afterward, under cover to the same agent, a correspondence was opened with the young man.

When subsequently they happened to meet and became personally known to each other that day, on Helmsstedt Island, the young man drew her into the thicket and sought to compel, from her lips, the story of his parentage; but Margaret refused to tell him anything, and spoke of her mother only as his patroness.

But when he begged to be shown her grave, Margaret consented to accompany him thither. They took a boat and went up the river to the family burial ground at Plover's Point. They spent the middle of the day there; and while still lingering beside her grave, the merry-hearted soldier, merry no longer, wept, saying,

"Be reserved as you will, Margaret Helmsstedt, but well I know that she who sleeps below, was my own mother, also! I know it now, as I knew it when, year after year, with returning summer, would come that lovely lady! Do I not know that none but my mother could have bent over me with the looks of mourning love that she wore? Margaret, do not look so distressed. I have breathed my private convictions to your ear; you need not confirm them; you will not do so; and I will never venture to claim her as my mother, or you as my sister, until you give me leave; Margaret! not to be the possessor of the richest landed estate in England—(I am an Englishman by birth, you know,) would I compromise her memory or distress your mind."

Margaret started. Was his allusion to the English estate accidental, or had he, in any way, obtained a clue to the knowledge of his father? After observing him narrowly, she concluded that it was a mere coincidence.

They returned in the evening—the young soldier to rejoin his comrades—Margaret to rejoin her friends, and to meet suspicions which she had no power to quell.

It was some weeks after this, when the famous attack upon the parsonage was made, and young William Dawson was surrounded and taken prisoner. After this, after his convalescence, and while upon his parole, an irresistible attraction drew him to seek Margaret in her own home. He visited her in her private apartment, entering and departing by the garden door. Nellie, watchful as a cat, saw him depart. He came again; but Margaret, though she pitied this unacknowledged brother from the depths of her heart, besought him to come no more. After that, longing with an almost lover-like desire to

see his gentle sister, he lingered near the house, watched for her, and met her in her walks. The spies of Nellie Houston discovered and reported this interview. Yet again they met in the woods, where Margaret entreated him not to waylay her. From that day she walked no more thither.

About that time also, Clare Hartley, calling one day at the parsonage, spoke in the presence of the young ensign of her own and Margaret Helmsstedt's purposed visit to Fort Warburton. The visit, however, was not made; but William Dawson, missing Margaret from her accustomed haunts, supposing her to be at the fort, and longing above all things to see her again, wandered off to the neighborhood of Fort Warburton, where, while lurking about he was taken as a spy, and as such might have been hung, had he not been fortunate in bribing a messenger to go and carry a note to his sister, whom he now knew to be not at the fort. The messenger entered, as he had been directed, by the garden door leading to Miss Helmsstedt's apartments. In going away, he was seen by Nellie, who naturally took him to be the young ensign. Margaret obeyed the peremptory summons, and the same night departed for Fort Warburton, whither she arrived early the next morning, and where she had a partially confidential interview with her old friend, the commanding officer, which, after some difficulty, resulted in the discharge of the young soldier, to return immediately to the parsonage to redeem his parole. Thus she had saved his life! And with the terrible train of misfortunes that thence ensued to her, the reader is already acquainted.

Immediately after the prevented duel and the parting with her lover, Margaret sought her brother, who still lingered in the neighborhood, and together they went to Mr. Braunton, to draw from him the fund she had placed in his hands for the use of the young man. Then Margaret formed a determination that she immediately carried into execution—this was to proceed to England and make an effort to get her brother recognized by his father's family. Without confiding the purpose to William, she expressed a wish to accompany him to England, to which he readily consented.

Taking the marriage certificate and the letter of Lord William Daw, which she always carried about her person, she embarked with her brother for Liverpool.

On reaching England, she immediately sought the northern home of the Marquis of Eaglecliff, to lay before him the claims of his grandson.

They arrived very opportunely. The feeble, elder brother, the Earl of Falconridge, had lately

died, unmarried. And that circumstance disposed the childless old nobleman to investigate, candidly, a claim that might give him a lineal heir. The certificate and the letter were re-examined and pronounced genuine. Moreover there lived a witness of whom the old peer was cognizant; though of whom others interested were ignorant.

This was no other than Allan Whisk, the valet who had been present at the marriage, and who had been the sole survivor of the wreck of the Venture. The man was hunted up and produced. He acknowledged his own signature, and expressed himself competent to give the fullest testimony. As he was known to be a man of undoubted probity, his evidence was invaluable.

Then at that stage of the proceedings, Margaret gave the marquis the address of her brother, for whom he despatched a carriage. At the first sight of the young man, the aged peer made an exclamation of surprise; so great was his likeness to the late Lord William Daw, that the marquis almost fancied he beheld again his long lost son.

Legal steps were immediately taken to establish his identity and confirm his position. Law processes are proverbially slow—and these in which the heritage of one of the oldest marquises in the three kingdoms was involved, proved to be most tedious. Mr. Braunton was brought over from America as a witness. And in all, it was about twelve months between the time that William Daw was acknowledged by his grandfather, and the time when his position as the legal heir of Eaglecliff was permanently established. And it was more than two years from the day upon which the brother and sister had sailed to England, to that upon which they so opportunely arrived, to arrest what would else have been a most unfortunate marriage.

But little remains to be written. With spring, Margaret's beauty bloomed again.

In June, the month of roses, Ralph Houston led his long affianced bride to the altar.

After their marriage they left home, accompanied by their bridesmaid, Clare Hartley, and their groomsman, Lord Falconridge, for a summer tour—not among the crowded watering-

places, but through the majestic and beautiful scenery—among the mountains and lakes of New England and Canada.

They returned late in the autumn, and took up their residence in the city of Richmond, where Ralph Houston had been appointed to a high official post. Here the youthful bride found a rich heritage of social distinction. Nothing could exceed the prestige of interest that invested the daughter of "the magnificent Marguerite De Lancie." Some people thought her more lovely than her mother had been; while others contended that she could never rival the splendid beauty, grace, and genius of that wondrous woman, whose memory was then, as now, worshiped almost as that of a goddess.

Lord Falconridge remained through the winter, the guest of his sister and brother-in-law. Major Helmstedt, of course, took up his abode with his daughter and her husband.

Honest Frank Houston married Clare Hartley, with whom he lives very happily at Plover's Point.

I am sorry that I cannot present poor, little Grace Wellworth as a countess, but truth to tell, the young earl, her lover, considerably cooled down by her fickleness, never resumed his addresses. So Grace, in fear of being an old maid, accepted the proposals soon afterward made to her by Mr. Simmons, to whom she makes a very exemplary clergyman's wife.

One incident remains to be recorded. Before taking his departure in the spring, Lord Falconridge, accompanied by Margaret, Ralph Houston, and Major Helmstedt, went to pay a farewell visit to his mother's grave. As the party went up the wooded hill, their eyes were attracted by a marble statue, gleaming whitely from beneath the shadow of the old oak, under which she lay. It was the monument raised by Lord Falconridge to the memory of his mother.

It was the majestic form of a woman, draped in simple, classic robes, her regal brow crowned with a chaplet of intermingled bays and thorns, and at her feet a broken harp. It was, in short, the life-sized, perfect form, in marble, of her whose maiden name it bore,

MARGUERITE DE LANCIE.

MORNING.

BY FREDERIC W. A. SHULTZ.

THE day is unloosing its quiver,
On mountain and valley and main;
The sunlight illumines the river,
And dew-drops embellish the plain.

A thousand sweet birds raise their voices,
In many a beautiful strain;
All animate Nature rejoices,
For morning is dawning again.

THE MAGAZINE BORROWER.

BY CARRIE BEACH.

"PLEASE, Miss, sister Julia would like to borrow your Peterson's Magazine—the last number," said a bright-eyed boy to me, one morning.

"Why don't your sister subscribe for it?" I answered, for this was not the first time he had come on a similar errand.

"Pa gave her the money to do it, last winter," he replied. "But she spent the two dollars on a head-dress."

I handed the Magazine to him. But as he went out, I sighed to think how many "Sister Julias" there are, who neglect the mind to adorn the person.

The Mortons were a wealthy and influential family. The father was a lawyer in extensive practice. The mother was a vain woman, who lived entirely for show. Julia, the daughter, was a mere butterfly of fashion. Willie, however, my little visitor, had an intellect above his years and was very fond of reading. Between him and his sister there was little companionship. He liked better his orphan cousin, Edith, to whom his father had given a home, on the death of her parents; and who, though possessed of rare taste and abilities, Mrs. Morton and Julia treated more like a servant than a companion.

"Coz," said Willie, when he got home, "I wish you or I could afford to subscribe for Peterson's Magazine; for I'm really ashamed to borrow it for Julia, month after month."

"Well, Willie," answered Edith, "I will subscribe for it. Uncle gave me two dollars yesterday to buy gloves and ribbons with, as he said; but I'd rather have a good Magazine. Besides it's a disgrace for the family to be borrowing in this way."

"I'll go, at once, then; and put the money in the post-office," cried Willie, eagerly. "Write the letter, that's a good girl." And he danced about with delight.

Edith wrote the letter, and enclosed the money. But before she had finished, it began to rain. She heard the drops pattering on the window, looked up, and said,

"Ah! Willie, we'll have to wait till to-morrow."

"No, no," cried Willie. "I don't mind the rain. Give me the letter. I'll take an umbrella. It won't rain long. That's a dear, good girl—do."

Edith finally yielded; but with reluctance. The rain, however, instead of ceasing, increased in violence; and when Willie returned, he was wet through. Before night he was attacked by a chill and compelled to go to bed. The next morning he was in a high fever, and a doctor had to be called in.

The physician, Dr. Harding, was a rich young bachelor, the matrimonial prize of our village. Accordingly, Miss Julia felt the necessity of being in attendance on her brother, during that hour of each day when the doctor called, though for the remaining twenty-three hours the lad was left to Edith's care. At the very first visit, Julia took occasion to reprehend her cousin severely for sending Willie out in such a storm. Gladly would the little fellow have explained to the doctor that he had insisted on going, and that it was all his fault, had not a glance from Edith deterred him. But one day, when he had been sick about a week, the physician happened to call earlier than usual, so that Miss Julia, not being in presentable order, did not happen to be in the room; and Edith having left, for a moment, to send a servant for a prescription, Willie seized the occasion to tell the whole story.

Dr. Harding had been half inclined to fall in love with Julia. He had always thought her a girl of beauty and style; and her apparent concern for her brother had lately given him a high opinion of her affectionate disposition. From this delusion Willie's narrative suddenly awoke him. He resolved to watch Julia, more closely, and satisfy himself if she really was deceitful. Before long he became convinced, that, beneath her brilliant exterior, she concealed the greatest heartlessness.

As he lost his growing liking for one of the fair inmates of the Morton mansion, he began, almost insensibly, to admire the other. Hitherto he had hardly looked at Edith, for Julia had told him, on one of his earliest visits, that she was a poor girl, whom they retained in their family out of sympathy. But now, when he learned the truth, he contrasted her daily with the heiress; and the result was infinitely to the advantage of our heroine. By the time Willie no longer needed his services, Dr. Harding found that he could not live without the presence of

the sweet, gentle face, to which he had become so accustomed in the sick-room.

Col. Morton heartily rejoiced in his niece's good fortune, and, on the wedding day, presented Edith with a handsome bridal gift. But neither Mrs. Morton, nor Julia, could conceal their chagrin, till one day, when the latter was giving vent to her indignation before Willie, the lad stoutly replied,

"You've nobody to blame but yourself."

"Myself! What do you mean?" said Julia.

"You know as well as I do, that it all came of your borrowing Peterson's Magazine," was the reply.

The retort was so much to the point, that, from that hour, the disappointed heiress not only kept her resentment to herself, but ceased to be a *MAGAZINE BORROWER*.

DEPARTED JOYS.

BY MISS CARRIE E. FAIRFIELD.

SOFTLY the sunlight from the Western skies
Hath ebb'd away;
And from the valley, spectral shadows rise,
In dim array.
The tall oaks listen to the dirge-like hymns,
The night winds wail;
And through the azure depths the half moon trims
Her phantom sail:
O'er all the landscape fair a crystal light
Is softly flung.
From silver cressets in the Halls of Night
By angels swung;
As on their Heaven-appointed vigils bent
Solemn and slow,
Through the great temple of the Firmament,
Chanting they go.
Yet e'en the loving ministry of Night
My heart's dull pain
Cannot assuage; her tones, her smiles of light,
Are all in vain;

Beneath the shadow of grief's sable plume
My lone heart pines;
And o'er the heavy darkness and the gloom
No star-ray shines.
Oh! ye bright joys which clustered round my path
In Love's brief day,
Who spread your pinions 'neath the storm-king's wrath
And fled away;
Where have ye folded now your silver wings?
What verdant isles
Are gladdened by your flute-like murmurings,
Your golden smiles?
Oh! that my heart could find that sunny clime,
Those rosy bowers,
Where to the music of a silver chime
Roll on the hours.
To gain its blissful shores how would I fly,
With panting breath,
E'en though the goal were those bright spheres on high
Whose gate is—death.

IMPLORA PACE.

INSCRIPTION ON A MONUMENT.

BY MRS. SARAH S. SOWELL.

Thou ask'st not happiness. Oh! stricken sleeper,
In the bright world where thou hast found release;
Thy weary soul sighs not for joy and gladness,
Thou ask'st not happiness, but only peace.
Was there no spot 'midst all earth's gladsome beauty
Could yield a calm repose to thy sad breast?
Could'st thou not find for thy lone heart a haven,
Save in the tomb, where all the weary rest?
Methinks some bitter grief, some great affliction
Has bound thy spirit with its heavy chain;
The hours which over others flitted brightly,
To thee were fraught with misery and pain.

Perchance thou didst pour out thy warm affections
With strong undoubting faith and holy trust;
And then the flame was quenched upon Love's altar,
And its bright garlands withered into dust.
Thine eyes, perchance, were dim with secret weeping,
And lonely vigils in the midnight deep,
When cold neglect, or scorn, or hidden sorrow
Preyed on thy broken-heart and banished sleep.
But now, oh! sleeper, now thy prayer is answered,
Where pain, and woe, and weeping ever cease;
O'er thy freed spirit earth hath now no power,
In the cold grave at last thou hast found peace.

MATTIE;
OR, A LEAF FROM THE PAST.

BY DELLA R. FLORENCE.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS sixteen—bright, joyous and happy. Yet mine was no envied lot, according to fashionable ideas; for no stately mansion reared its lofty columns above my young head, no velvet carpet yielded to the tread of my bounding feet. I was the eldest of a family of eight children. I knew that I was not needed at home, and day after day, as I saw the weary look of my father, and witnessed the self-denial of my mother, I longed to earn my own living. An opportunity soon presented itself, and in company with two or three of my school-mates, away I went, several hundred miles from home, to a cotton-factory. My mother gave me much parting counsel; my father looked grave and anxious; and my little brothers and sisters gathered around me and wept; but I resolutely choked back the great, swelling sobs, with which my own heart seemed bursting, and turned, for the first time, away from my home.

I was successful; I lived economically; and each month I placed a small sum in the saving-bank.

One evening I was reading, in my chamber, when Nellie, my room-mate, came bounding in; and twining her arms about my neck, and putting her face between the book and my eyes, she said,

"Mat, I've a compliment for you."

"Hush, you silly girl," I replied, kissing her upturned face; "and take your saucy head out of my way. You have interrupted me in the middle of an interesting passage."

"But, Mattie, dear, this is a real good one," she cried. "I know you don't care a fig for compliments about your rosy cheeks, black eyes, or beautiful, soft, brown curls. This is something different. *George Fletcher loves you!*" and the saucy girl looked into my eyes, as though she would read the secret of my heart.

There was no need of so close a scrutiny. The most casual observer might have discovered it, from the crimson blush that almost burnt my cheek, neck and brow, but instantly receding left me pale as death.

"Why, Mattie, dear, what ails you?" said Nellie, in alarm, stroking my cheek.

"Nothing," I replied, rising, and ostensibly

busying myself with arranging the books upon the stand, but really taking time to recover my self-possession.

"You haven't told me whether you were glad or sorry," resumed Nellie. "I thought you would be glad: but you look so awfully, I'm afraid I was mistaken."

I was glad, at least, that she had not discovered my secret. So resuming my seat, I drew her to me, and asked her how she had learned what she had just told me.

"Oh, he confessed as much to Andrew," said she, "though I knew it well enough before."

"Ah, yes," I retorted, "the secret was exchanged for one as precious, concerning my own little Nellie. In that case, I fear it will not do to take it for granted, so I shall think no more about it."

Her attention, thus turned into another channel, I felt sure that she would not question me further. When we had laid our heads upon the pillow, there followed a long, girlish conference, in which Nellie confided to me all her love affairs; and before she had come to ask my confidence in return, she fell asleep. I lay awake for long hours thinking, until thought became a burden; and toward morning I fell into a troubled sleep.

George Fletcher was the son of a farmer, of moderate means, residing near the village which had sprung up around the factory. I had frequently met him at church and singing-school. He was a year or two my senior. Nellie had often scolded me for shunning him as I did; and I always turned her off with a pleasant jest; for, had I have attempted to explain, or justify myself, I could not have done so. Indeed it was impossible to find a reason for my conduct toward George. I knew none myself why I should. I did it instinctively. Timid and shy as I was to all, I was a thousand times more so toward him. Sometimes, when leaving church, my heart would leap into my mouth as I would see him coming toward me. As soon as I attempted to speak, all my self-possession vanished; and I was painfully conscious of saying and doing things, for which I severely reprimanded myself afterward. Often had I sought my pillow, to weep, unseen,

over some inexcusably awkward act, of which, at such times, I had been guilty. I frequently said, "What must he think of me." I felt as if arraigned before the bar of justice for some criminal offence, as if a verdict of "guilty" had been rendered. Thus more than a year had passed since our first acquaintance. But never, until Nellie's thoughtless remark, had I dreamed that I loved him. Even then it was long before I could acknowledge it to my own heart. When, as I lay there awake, I had to confess the fact, I resolved that none, not even Nellie, and much less George Fletcher himself, should ever know my secret.

From that day I felt an increased embarrassment in George's presence; and I fancied I detected in him a little reserve toward myself. What could it mean? Nellie had been mistaken in her assertions, I said to myself; he did not love me; and he must have discovered my secret. I wept long and bitterly, from mingled grief and shame; and resolved that he should no longer believe in my weakness. So encasing myself in an armor of pride, I swept proudly past him when we met, with barely a bow of recognition; and always in his presence, assumed a careless and haughty air.

CHAPTER II.

Two years had passed since I left home. As my education had been limited to a common-school one, I made arrangements to return the coming autumn, having laid by a sufficient sum to support myself a year, at the seminary in my native town.

My friends were duly apprised of my intended departure. The last Sabbath of my stay arrived. As usual I attended church. As I walked home, after service, I heard a step behind me; it was one I well knew; and directly George Fletcher joined me. I offered my hand. He grasped it warmly in his own.

"And so you are going to leave us, Mattie," said he.

I bowed in the affirmative.

"How long will you remain away?"

I replied that my stay was indefinite; and for the first time I told him of my plan of attending school, saying that then I hoped to find myself qualified to teach; and that it was hardly probable that I should ever return to L—. He was silent awhile; then remarked,

"And are you going, Mattie, without saying good-bye to my mother?"

"Your mother has been very kind to me, George," I answered. "I will call upon her to-morrow, for I leave on Tuesday morning."

"So soon! But do not fail to come. Mother would hardly forgive you for going away without calling."

Here several of my young friends joined me, and saying, "I will see you again," he bowed and left us.

"Yes, yes; it is to see his mother he wishes me to come," I mused, that evening. "However, I suppose I must go. Courage! I shall soon be out of reach of all this nonsense; only one more trial and then I shall be free."

The next afternoon I called on Mrs. Fletcher. She urged me to pass the afternoon with her; but I was inexorable; so, after a few minutes, I arose to leave. Bidding her an affectionate good-bye, I walked rapidly down the lane, congratulating myself that I had not encountered George. The constant fear of betraying to him my sentiments was now stronger than ever. Could I get away without giving him any clue, I fancied that it would then all be over; that by giving my mind wholly to my studies, I should soon forget him.

As I turned from the lane into the road, George sprang lightly over the fence. "Going so early, Mattie," said he. "I thought you were going to stay till night."

I replied, that I had no such design, as I had much to do to complete the preparations for my journey.

"I am sorry, Mattie; I have only one load more of grain to get in, and then I had promised myself a pleasant afternoon in your society."

He took off his hat and brushed the clustering curls from his fine forehead. He seemed at a loss what to do.

"Mattie," said he, finally, "can't you possible give us another hour of your society?"

"Us!" Had he said "me," I would have returned with him; but my pride rose in an instant. "I cannot," I replied. "The stage goes early in the morning, and I must hasten home, and get my trunks ready." He walked by my side a little way in silence; then halted as though he were going to return. My haughty manner seemed to puzzle him. I halted too, and gave him my hand, as I said, "good bye, George."

"Mattie," said he, restraining my hand, "will you not sometimes think of me? May I not hope to hear from you?"

"Oh, yes;" I replied, with assumed indifference, "I am not going to renounce my friends in L—. I shall write often to Nellie, and no doubt you will hear from me as much as you wish." He looked earnestly into my face. I removed my hand and drew myself proudly up.

Oh! why could I not have unbent and been myself? I would have given worlds, afterward, if I had done it; for in that eager gaze I read his heart. But pride and timidity interposed. Hardly knowing, in my confusion, what I did, I turned and walked away.

"Good bye, God bless you," I heard, in a trembling voice; but I did not look back. I reached my room, threw myself upon my bed, and wept long and bitterly. "There, that is the last tear I shall shed for him," I said, at last. I arose, bathed my eyes, and set about completing the arrangements for my journey. The next morning, at daybreak, I was on my way to my distant home.

CHAPTER III.

INSTEAD of one year at the seminary, I remained two, by dint of the most rigid economy. I had astonished my teachers with the rapid progress I had made; and as an expression of her interest in me, the principal of the institution helped me to a situation as assistant, in an academy in a distant town. I was highly elated with my success. I wrote often to Nellie, who was now the wife of Andrew Williams, an overseer in the factory at L—; and received frequent letters from her in return. She always had something to say of George, though I never mentioned him in my letters to her. She told me how handsome he was growing; that his father's few acres had become too small a space for him; that he was going to Boston to build for himself a fortune. All this I read with interest; and I often wondered whether, in his plans for the future, he ever thought of me, or acted for my sake.

I had been six months in the academy, when another letter from Nellie brought the tidings that George had left L—, and gone to Boston, where he had obtained a good situation as clerk, in a large mercantile house. But one passage in the letter gave me acute pain. It read as follows:

"I once thought, Mattie, that you and George loved each other; but am now disposed to believe myself mistaken. There is a pretty, black-eyed beauty, lately come to L—, who, I sometimes think, resembles you. Rumor says that a partiality has sprung up between herself and George, and that since he went away she often receives letters from him."

I hastily folded the letter, and as soon as my labors for the day were over, sought my room. I reviewed all that had passed between George and myself; dwelt upon every word and look of

his; but could recall no act in which he had in any way committed himself. Then again, I saw the eager gaze of the dark eyes, and concluded that their peculiar expression originated from my own yearning heart—that I had looked through a false coloring. If he loved me, why had he not told me so? Or, at least, why had he not asked me to write to him? Calmly and coolly I renounced the bright hopes, which for four years I had almost unconsciously cherished; awoke from a blissful dream, and with new zeal, threw all my energies into my occupation.

Another year passed. If, at the bottom of the current, the dark waters dashed madly over their uneven bed, their great depth kept the surface unruffled. About this time, I received an unexpected proposal of marriage from my patron, the principal of the academy. I had always stood in some awe of Mr. Russell, for he was fifteen years my senior. When he came and sat by my side in my little parlor; took my trembling hand kindly in his own; and respectfully, but earnestly, told me his love, my fears all vanished. I raised my eyes to his, and if it was not sincere affection he read from them, it was so near akin to it as to deceive us both. He drew me to him, and made me rest my head upon his bosom. I burst into a flood of tears. Oh! how sweet to find a resting-place for my weary head, a noble bosom where I might weep till my swelling heart had eased itself of its burthen. They were the first tears I had shed since my last night in L—. When I had become calm, he quietly lifted my head and pressed his lips to mine. "Mattie," said he, (he had always called me Miss Kendrick) "this is the happiest moment of my life."

We were married; and five years of quiet happiness passed quickly away. I received occasional letters from Nellie, who congratulated me, in glowing terms, upon my good fortune, as she termed it, adding that she feared I should forget my humble friends in L—.

But the darkest trial of my life was yet in store for me. My husband was attacked with a malignant fever, and in one short week I saw that he must die. How earnestly I prayed that he might be spared to me. I fear there was little resignation in that prayer. I tried to say, "Thy will be done;" but my heart was not in the words: I could only wring my hands and cry, "Spare him oh, God! spare my husband." The seventh day of his illness he seemed sinking; and as I stood over him, bathing his brow and lips in ice-water, he seemed to revive, and looking up, motioned me to sit down. "Mattie," said he, clasping my hand in his burnig palm,

"you have been a faithful, loving wife. I cannot tell you the happiness I have experienced since our marriage. Earth has been growing more beautiful each year. I fear my heart is too firmly bound to it; yet I can cast myself upon the bosom of our kind Father, knowing that he doeth all things well. Have you the same confidence, Mattie?"

An overwhelming burst of grief was my only answer.

"'Twill be only a little while, dearest. In heaven our reunion will be eternal. But I wish to say a word concerning yourself. You are yet young, Mattie. The world must not be forever clouded to you. There may be a time when it will increase your happiness to wed again; and——"

"Oh, don't! my husband; please don't talk so," I cried, chokingly.

"My darling, in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage; but are as the angels of God. It would not lessen our happiness that others were added to our circle in the land of the blest."

He fell into a gentle slumber. The physician silently entered and stood by my side. I looked inquiringly into his face. He shook his head mournfully. I buried my face in the pillow and wept.

The invalid slept nearly an hour, when his eyes languidly opened, and looking wildly around, he spoke my name.

"I am here, my dear husband," said I, bending over him. "Can you not see me?"

"Ah, yes! And this is death. Kiss me, Mattie. I shall never see your dear face again in this world; my eyes grow dim."

A low moan, a shudder, and he was dead.

How utterly desolate the world seemed to me, as I turned away from his grave. I felt that if I could lie down in the damp earth by his side, how gladly would I do so; but to live alone—alone—my heart sickened at the thought.

CHAPTER IV.

It is said that the most violent grief exhausts itself soonest. In a few weeks I found myself moving calmly through my new duties and responsibilities. I arranged my affairs in Rockwood, and returned to my parents. My first care was to place my family in easier circumstances. I paid off the mortgage on my father's farm; purchased a valuable lot adjoining; erected new buildings; furnished the enlarged farm with stock; sent my youngest brother to college; secured the place I had years before

filled in the academy, for my elder sister, whom I had previously educated; established my younger sisters, who were old enough to leave home, at a good school for girls; and replenished the wardrobe of the whole family. I then placed three thousand dollars in the hands of a banker for my father's use, if he should require it. My arrangements all completed, I found that I had spent nearly one third of my fortune. But I did not regret it. I was more than repaid by the satisfaction I experienced in lightening the burthen of my dear parents.

Thus occupied, two years passed. About this time I received two letters, one from Nellie, and one from a sister of my late husband, residing in Boston; and both containing pressing requests to visit them. I determined to accept both invitations. L—— lay on the route to Boston, and I decided to first visit Nellie, where I proposed to pass a month or two. In three weeks I found myself in L——. For eight years I had not heard one word of George Fletcher. Nellie had never mentioned him in her letters, and I naturally supposed that he had married. I refrained from mentioning him to her, and strove to restrain the strange fluttering of my heart, as I found myself among old familiar scenes. I could not realize the great change that had come over me since I labored in the mills of L——, a humble factory-girl. I could not realize, that, instead of a young, blithesome girl in her teens, dependant upon her own exertions, I was a wealthy widow of twenty-eight.

But few familiar faces greeted me in L——. Changes had come to others as well as to myself. I left Nellie, a sprightly, laughter-loving girl of twenty. I found her a buxom matron of thirty, but cheerful withal; and the mother of three rosy children.

One day I walked up to see Mrs. Fletcher. I arrived at the spot where, ten years before, I had parted with George. "Oh, beating heart, be still! he is now the husband of another, and I, what am I that I should think of him?" I dared not trust myself to stop, so I walked as fast as I could up the lane. Mrs. Fletcher was overjoyed to see me; her manner was extremely affectionate and respectful. I longed to ask for George, but dared not trust myself.

A miniature case lay upon the table at my side. I took it up and opened it. The blood instantly rushed back to my heart, and I trembled violently. It was a likeness of George; but he was changed too. The lofty brow had expanded, and the brown curls were brushed proudly back. The once rosy cheeks looked thin and pale; a heavy curling beard covered

the lower part of the face; and the large, dark eyes looked mournfully into mine.

"Yes, he is changed, Mrs. Russell; poor fellow;" and the mother bent over me and looked at the picture.

"Has he been unfortunate?" I asked, quickly. She looked earnestly into my face.

"Mrs. Russell, my son has no secret from his mother. Years ago he loved; but before he could summon courage to tell of it, she he loved went away and married another."

I thought in a moment of her of whom Nellie had written.

"Mrs. Williams wrote me about her," I said. Noting her puzzled look, I added, "She came here about a year after I left, didn't she?" I meant to be very calm, but was conscious of betraying more interest than I cared to manifest.

She looked at me a moment, and took my hand. "Mattie," said she, "you have a good, kind heart; and will at least pity him. It was Mattie Hendrick he loved, and no one else."

"But who was the other?" I gasped.

"You must mean his cousin, Jennie Bray. She married Mr. Melvin, the merchant at the village. She is a good, kind girl, and was almost like a sister to George."

With a mighty effort, I suppressed my emotion, and soon changed the subject. It was not alluded to again. "Nellie must have known something of this," I mused, as I returned home that night. Then I knew why she had never mentioned George in her letters, after my marriage with Mr. Russell. From my very soul I blessed her. Had I known that George Fletcher loved me, it might have darkened my married life. I would not have been unfaithful, even in my heart, to my noble husband; but thanks to Nellie's delicate tact, I had been saved even temptation. From that day I loved my friend better than ever before.

In a few weeks I went to Boston.

CHAPTER V.

I was warmly received by my sister-in-law, Mrs. Erskine. Every possible pains was taken to make my stay pleasant. For awhile I enjoyed the exciting scenes of the city. But I soon tired of it, and longed for some sequestered nook where I could sit down and meditate. We visited Mount Auburn. I was enchanted. I could not bear the pleasant conversation evidently kept up for my entertainment; neither did I like to be confined in a carriage. I longed to stroll at liberty and alone through the shady walks, and give myself up entirely to the

enchancing spell which was thrown around me. As we drove homeward, I determined to revisit the place next day alone.

Accordingly, the following morning, at an early hour, I prepared to go out, saying that I should be absent for several hours. Once at Mount Auburn, I gave myself to the influence of the place, strolling for hours through the shady, flower-bordered walks, and wild, winding patches, till at last, wearied, I sat down in a retired nook, and was soon lost in meditation.

I know not how long I remained there, when I was startled by approaching footsteps. I looked up. George Fletcher stood before me.

Thrown completely off my guard, I uttered an exclamation of surprise; then sank back faint and giddy upon my seat.

He seemed as much astonished as myself, and scarcely less moved. He sprang forward and grasped my hand.

"Mattie, Mrs. Russell," said he, "nothing could have given me more joy."

"I am Mattie, still, George," said I; and looking up, I encountered that earnest, loving gaze, which had sent such a thrill to my heart long years ago. But there was no dark mountain of reserve between us now; bitter experience had taught us both a lesson of common sense. Retaining my hand, he seated himself beside me, passed his arm around my waist, and strained me convulsively to his heart.

"Mattie, dearest, long lost Mattie, may I not love you now?"

Then came the remembrance of my dead husband. How I blessed him for those kind words, which at the time seemed almost cruel. Had it not been for the memory of them, I should have fancied that faithfulness to his memory required me to stifle the unbounded joy this meeting had occasioned; and I should have resolutely turned away, spurning the thought of happiness in this world. But as I recalled them, I felt that I would be acting in accordance with his wishes, if I resolved to be governed by the promptings of my own heart. I murmured, "Oh, George, you make me far happier than I had ever dared hope to be."

He pressed me closer to his bosom. "These long years of sorrow had not been for naught," he answered, "this moment of happiness is worth more than all." He bowed his head upon my shoulder, and his strong frame shook like a reed.

Long we sat there, talking of the past. Everything was explained to our mutual satisfaction. We were oblivious of the time, till the bell warned all visitors from the premises.

As we drove homeward we talked of the future.

"Why need we wait, Mattie?" said he. "I am engaged in a prosperous business, and can place you at once in the circle you are so well fitted to adorn."

"I must first secure the approbation of my friends here," I replied, "and then we will talk about making our arrangements."

I found Mrs. Erskine exceedingly anxious about me; and almost disposed to give me a sound scolding for causing her so much uneasiness.

After the children were in bed, and we were left for a few moments alone, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Erskine, I told her all. She listened attentively. When I had finished, I asked her if I had done right. She wound both arms about my neck, and kissing me, said,

"You could not have done differently, and acted the true woman that you are. You must invite Mr. Fletcher here and we will have it all settled forthwith."

The next evening, George came; and it was decided that three months would be long enough to make all needful preparations.

We took a house near Mrs. Erskine's, and on the appointed day we were married. That evening I presented George with twenty thousand dollars, the remains of my fortune. He looked astounded.

"I have never cared to inquire whether you were rich or poor," said he, "but as I knew nothing to the contrary, I supposed the latter. But this money shall not remain idle. I will invest it safely, and in your own right."

Six more years had passed. They have been years of happiness and prosperity. Mrs. Fletcher, now a widow, is an invaluable member of our household. Our little Arthur is named for Mr. Russell; and our two years old Nellie possesses as happy a disposition as my early friend, who visits us every year. They are precious treasures, these household jewels. Oh! for wisdom to mould their young minds aright.

SPIRIT-DREAMINGS.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

STARS above are brightly beaming,
Like blest rays of glory seeming,
Through the azure vault a gleaming,
Down upon the quiet earth,
As in their resplendent glory,
When they sang the wondrous story
Of Creation's happy birth.
Up the sky the moon is climbing,
Voiceless winds now go a chiming,
Like a poet's happy rhyming,
Like the music of a stream;
Thoughts of loved ones o'er me stealing,
Fill my mind with such a feeling,
That I live as in a dream.
Oh, I think of friends who slumber,
With death's congregated number,
Where no pain can them encumber,
In their long and dreamless sleep;
For the Eden-land elysian,
They have left me like a vision,
In this weary world to weep.
But those blest ones gone to Heaven,
Those to me in kindness given,
Speak to me this Sabbath even,
As they never spake before,
For I now in spirit union,
Seem to hold a sweet communion,
With the loved ones "gone before."

She—the loved—her life adorning,
In her beauty's early morning,
But who faded in the dawning
Of her guileless angel-hood,
Tells me, oh, a cheering story,
Of the unsurpassing glory,
In reserve for all the good.
As I sit in spirit-dreaming
Heaven's own light and joy are gleaming,
From her dark eyes on me beaming
Brighter than in days of old,
And she tells me songs supernal
Now she wakes to the Eternal,
On a harp of shining gold.
Oh, my heart with joy is swelling,
Ev'ry sorrow-dream dispelling,
Streams of love divine are welling
From the fountains of my soul;
Be my life in Heaven rewarded,
Boldly be my name recorded
On the Saving Angel's scroll.
Such bright dreams to mortals given,
Through the dusky gates of even,
Lift the soul from earth to Heaven,
To the loved and sanctified;
When life's pilgrimage is ended,
May my songs with theirs be blended,
Where is known no eventide.

LA BELLE LIEGOISE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 334.

CHAPTER XI.

THE scarlet wheels of the revolution moved steadily on. The passions of the people, guided and urged forward by evil men, concentrated themselves more and more closely around the throne, which trembled and shook under the concussion.

It was the tenth of August, 1792; and early morning as it was, the mob surged up toward the palace of the Tuileries, filling the Carrousel, choking up the entrance to the Champs Elysees, crowding like swarming bees along the banks of the Seine, and blackening the streets of the city as far as the eye could reach.

The beautiful grounds of the palace alone were quiet. Sentinels guarded the avenues, and formed picturesque adjuncts among the gorgeous masses of flowers in the gardens.

Eight hundred Swiss guards, in scarlet uniforms, were seated or lying down on the landing-places and steps, seeming to turn the great staircases into rivers of blood. These men alone of all the royal troops, were calm and faithful, waiting with composure the onset of the people against the throne.

For the last time in her unhappy life, Marie Antoinette stood amid the appendages of royalty. The stillness of her palace was broken by armed soldiery. Without one feature becoming a royal fortress, the chateau had all the confusion of a fortress, without its safety. The galleries, the guard rooms, the chapel and theatre, were crowded with weapons and military men; officers were constantly passing through the gardens, and from these rooms to the apartments of the king.

A few faithful followers, nobles of the court, too brave for flight and too generous for a thought of personal safety while the queen was in danger, gathered, the forlorn hope of royalty, about the apartments of the queen, ready to share her fate and die in her defence.

Among these was the young Count De Maury, his whole nature ennobled by sacrifice, his great object the welfare of the queen.

But like a monster, who crouches to rest be-

fore leaping upon its prey, the people paused before their final plunge against the throne. All night long the soldiers slept upon their arms. All night long the beautiful woman whose crown was falling from her temples; and Madame Elizabeth, one of the most lovely characters known to history, went to and fro, from the apartment of the king to that of the royal children, and from thence to the council hall, where the ministers were sitting. They crossed the rooms filled with their defenders, concealing their tears, and inspiring, by their apparent serenity, by their smiles and their words, the confidence that they had not wholly lost. The presence of these two princesses, wandering at dead of night in the palace filled with armed men—the one a queen and a mother, trembling at once for her husband and her children, the other a devoted sister, trembling for the life of a brother, each insensible to their own danger—was the most eloquent appeal to the compassion, the generosity, and the courage of the defenders of the chateau.

But the people saw nothing of this. The sublime fortitude, which these two women evinced, seemed to them a defiance; and even as their shadows passed the windows, a howl of detestation followed. Thus, for twenty-four hours, the concentrated hate of Paris gathered and fermented around that devoted family. Like a huge serpent, ready to wait because its prey is certain, it crept closer and closer to the heart of royalty, that trembled and beat within those walls.

It came, at last, the insult and the attack. As Paris had precipitated itself upon the Bastille, tearing up its very foundation stones, so it now hurled itself against the royalty of ages. Shrieking the Marseillaise, and thundering forth cries for the liberty of which they had no real idea, the multitude rushed upon the palace.

And now hemmed in by enemies, a hundred thousand strong, with only a few guards centred in their midst, the royal family came forth from the darkness of that terrible night.

The day began to break. Madame Elizabeth

approached the window and gazed out. The sky was red as if from the reflections of a conflagration.

"Sister," said the gentle princess to the queen, "come and look on the sun."

Maria Antoinette rose, sighed heavily, and for the last time beheld the sun through a window that had no bars.

As she looked, the Count De Maury approached her, and gazed forth also. Before the window, and surrounded by a horde of fierce women, he saw the flame-colored garments and that face of fiendish beauty, which had become his fate. A howl of rage broke up from that quarter, as De Maury found himself by the side of the queen. Two of the National Guard fell beneath an uplifted sabre, and like a throng of demons the women plunged forward into the gardens, trampling their red path through the flowers that seemed to wither and scorch beneath their feet.

De Maury turned white as death. He seized the hand of the queen, regardless of etiquette, and holding it an instant in his cold clasp, went out.

"Do you also forsake us?" said the queen, trembling.

"No! I can only die for you, that is all."

His voice was full of mournful resignation. This man, once so vain and selfish, went forth to sacrifice himself with the resolution of a martyr.

Through the red torrent of the Swiss Guards, that still encircled the staircase, he went down alone and unarmed, throwing himself into the midst of the enraged amazons, who were menacing the guards and uprooting the flowers with their pikes.

As the young aristocrat presented himself, a howl of anger greeted him; and these enraged fiends rushed forward ready to hew him down before the face of their leader. But Theraigne De Merincourt sprang forward, like a lion, and dashed aside the uplifted weapons.

"On your lives—on your souls, if ye have any—touch not this man. He is mine. Let his life be sacred here, everywhere. Let the word be passed that no weapon shall be lifted against him. He belongs to Theraigne."

"Therese! I beseech you, let me die! Complete your vengeance here and now. See, I am ready! What more do you ask than the blood of a heart that has wronged you?"

"What more?" repeated Theraigne, drawing close to him, and speaking almost in a whisper.

"A little time and you shall see."

She pointed with her sabre to the window,

where Maria Antoinette was standing; and a terrible smile spread over her features.

"Have mercy, and take my life. It is all I have to offer in atonement."

"And think you that one life will atone for the wrongs that clamor through the city? No! no! I will not be your murderer. There is not in all Paris a head that will be held more sacred than yours. Though it wore a crown, Theraigne would save it. Return yonder. See! the Austrian woman is trembling for your safety. Go back and tell her how groundless are her tender apprehensions. You shall surely live!"

The young count turned dejectedly and went back to the palace. A fair young creature met him in the ante-chamber, pale and shivering with terror.

"My lord, oh! my lord!" she cried, throwing herself into his arms. "You were in the midst of those terrible women. I heard the clash of their sabres, the hoarse war cry. Ah! me, are you indeed unharmed?"

"My poor wife! You see that I am safe!"

"But you are so still—so coldly white. Is this courage or despair?"

"Courage! my poor girl," gasped the count, pressing his cold lips upon her forehead. "Who speaks of despair?"

"But your look chills me. The touch of your lips is like snow."

"But you see that I am calm."

"Oh! but this pale calm is terrible. What did that woman, in the flaming garments, say to you? Her face was fearfully beautiful, like one that haunts me sometimes. The queen shrieked aloud, when she saw it—alas! the poor queen."

The gentle wife felt the heart on which she had cast herself heave against her side. She looked up to see the lip, whose touch was heaven to her, quivering with a sudden gush of tenderness.

"Let us go to the queen, Clemence, she has need of us."

"Oh! would that I were the queen."

"What! Now? When those fiends menace her very life?"

"But she has loved—she has been beloved!"

Clemence drew herself sadly from the arms of her husband as she spoke, and moved toward the council chamber, to which Maria Antoinette had gone. De Maury followed her with heavy eyes, muttering gloomily to himself, "And I offered this poor life without thinking of her."

That moment, an officer rushed up the staircase, calling out that Mandat, the commander general, had been shot, on the steps of the Hotel

de Ville, and that his corpse was now floating down the Seine.

De Maury followed this man into the council chamber. There all was consternation. The queen sat upon a stool, pale as death; but with the fire of courage still in her eyes. The children clung around her, and the unhappy king stood by, regarding her with sorrowful glances. The sight was too mournful for the young noble. He drew back, afraid to approach, lest his presence should bring new danger to that unhappy woman. The words of Theraigne had paralyzed him. He knew nothing of the deliberations of the council, though all passed before him; and when the queen arose, and every one prepared to go forth, he followed mechanically, unconscious that his young wife went also.

He knew that the royal family were about to place themselves under the protection of the Assembly; but without realizing it in the least, his mind was far off in the future, and that seemed more terrible than the present moment.

He saw only one person, the queen of France about to abdicate her sovereignty forever. She stood up beside the king, prepared to follow him into any danger, any humiliation. When he spoke she gave emphasis to his language by her noble appearance, by the proud, yet gracious, carriage of her head, and her dignified look. She would fain have inspired him, but only allowed her saddened and acute emotions to speak for her the feelings of the queen, the wife, and the mother, whose expression her sex compelled her to repress. It was evident that she was most deeply affected, but that courage and indignation dried her tears, almost before they flowed. The arms, the crowd, the clamors, the silence in the midst of which she advanced, all impressed upon her person the majesty of courage, dignity, sorrow, which in the eyes of the spectators equalled the solemnity of the scene and the importance of the moment. It was the Niobe of monarchy—the statue of royalty dethroned, but which had suffered neither soil nor degradation in its fall.

Thus the queen of France passed from the throne to the Assembly—from the Assembly to the Temple—from that to the deepest prison, to her trial and the scaffold.

De Maury followed the royal group; but his step was uneven, his soul paralyzed. Slowly as the cortege walked, he could not overtake them; but staggered on, sometimes pushing eagerly through the crowd, sometimes jostled wholly aside. As his vision cleared, and the strength came back to his limbs, he made a desperate effort to overtake the queen; for in that un-

happy group he saw no one else. But they had reached the terrace of the Feuillants. A crowd of furious men and women overwhelmed them from his sight, surging up the steps, trampling their way to the terrace, shrieking, mocking, and threatening the queen with cries and fierce gestures. The tumult flowed away, howling as it went, toward the hall of the Assembly, sweeping the royal party into that desecrated temple.

De Maury forced his way across the terrace, but as he paused upon the steps, looking for the royal party, a torrent of fierce women swept the space; and between him and the queen surged the red sea of Theraigne De Merincourt and her fiends. He staggered back, and unconscious of danger, or anything but that terrible defeat, wandered away into the city.

CHAPTER XII.

THE revolution rolled onward. The massacres of September followed; and then the death of the king. The Reign of Terror came on, reeking with innocent blood; and among the victims most loudly called for, was the queen.

De Maury still lived and still devoted himself to the cause of Maria Antoinette. His whole life was now devoted to plotting for her escape. He had learned that Louis, whom he met in the woods near Paris, and who had since married Hortense, was an influential member of the Council; and to the humble home of Tournay, with whom the young couple lived, he went, one night, to plead for permission to see the queen. Fortunately the womanly heart of the wife was moved; she joined in his intercessions; and he procured an order to admit him and Clemence to the prison, in the disguise of peasants. He set about immediately preparing a plan for the escape of Maria Antoinette. She was to personate Clemence, and to leave the prison at De Maury's second visit. The notice of the plot was to be conveyed to the queen in a bouquet, at the first interview.

All went apparently well, till the interview had closed. The poor queen had not, at first, recognized her visitors. It was only when the bouquet was put into her hands, that she saw who they were; and then a cry would have escaped her, had not De Maury given her a quick, warning look. Their hearts beat high with hope, as they turned away; they looked on the deliverance of Maria Antoinette as almost half complete.

But alas! a woman's eye was on them. On the threshold stood Theraigne De Merincourt. She spoke a few words to the guards, one of

whom arrested De Maury and his wife; while another entered, took the bouquet from the queen, and opening it, revealed the note. Then De Maury knew that all was over, and, without a word, followed his captors to the dungeon already prepared for him.

That night, as De Maury and his wife sat together in their damp cell, a torch reddened the desolation around them, and through the grated door De Maury saw the form of Theraigne. She looked in upon their misery smiling even pleasantly, but without speaking.

"Let no one visit them," she said, in going out, addressing the warden. "Keep them safe as the apple of your own eye. The commander has granted those two persons to me. When my order comes, obey it, but reject all others."

The warden bowed low, and the wierd woman passed, like a lurid flame, out of the prison.

It came at last, the hour when France gorged itself to the full with royal blood—the hour of Theraigne De Merincourt's vengeance. The hour when Maria Antoinette, the most unfortunate and most beautiful woman of her time, was given like a common malefactor, to the scaffold, already encrimsoned with her husband's blood. That terrible trial, the condemnation, everything had passed, and De Maury was kept ignorant of it all. At last he was summoned from his cell, placed on horseback between two guards, and engulfed in a crowd, whose very murmur was more terrible than vociferations. The light and confusion, coming so suddenly upon him after the darkness of a prison, almost blinded him at first; and he could only understand from the hollow mutterings that rose through the crowd, that some terrible scene was about to be enacted, in which perhaps his own execution would be a part. A dull, heavy pressure fell upon him with the thought, and he looked upon the multitude with a vague sense of gratitude that all would be over so soon. All at once a thrill of terrible repulsion darted through his frame, a red glow seemed to envelope him, and without looking he knew that Theraigne De Merincourt was by his side. The black horse pranced proudly by the sorry animal on which he was mounted; her rich garments grew more gorgeous by the squalor of his. Her proud lip was curved as with a bend of iron. She sat on her horse proudly, nay! fiercely, like a mounted demon. Then De Maury knew that there was no hope, that this wronged, evil woman would never give him the death he prayed for. Her presence doomed him to the anguish of life, and he grew faint with hopelessness.

All at once the crowd parted, and in the hollow space left vacant, he saw the queen of France, clad in white, with her hands bound with thongs as animals are prepared for slaughter. The tresses that fell from beneath her white cap, were white as snow, and looked ghastly in contrast with the black ribbon that bound it to her pallid temples. Shouts, taunts, and insults were hurled at her, for the crowd was composed principally of women, who had undertaken to conduct the condemned to the scaffold, with every possible insult. They placed her in the common car, from which hundreds had been taken to death. The people brandished their naked swords, and parted that the queen of France might pass through them to her death.

Close upon the car, so close that every change of that august countenance was visible, Theraigne urged her victim. Oh! it was a sight to crush any heart, that noble woman going to her death with hisses and taunts, instead of blessings. Her pale hands were bound before her, and her form rolled to and fro on the hard seat, as the car jolted over the pavement, though she endeavored to maintain the dignity of her attitude. Every movement, every look was a pang, to the man thus forced to gaze upon her. The cries, the looks, and gestures of the people overwhelmed her with humiliation. Her cheeks changed from red to a deathly palor. The tattered appearance of her dress, the coarse linen and crumpled plaits of her robe, left nothing to the dignity of her rank but its humiliation. A drop of blood was on her white lip, where she had bitten it in the first torrent of public mockery, that hailed her as she left the prison.

Thus he followed her down the whole length of the Rue Saint Honore. As she neared a house, crowded with spectators, he saw her look imploringly upward: a hand was outstretched in benediction; it was to her a sacrament. From that moment her countenance shone with composure. The bitterness of death had passed away.

A mist came over De Maury's eyes. He seemed in the midst of an ocean, with the waves heaving against his breast and blinding him with their foam. When the mist cleared away, he saw a scaffold looming up in the midst of a vast crowd, and a woman in white kneeling upon it, with her head bowed down. He saw her for one instant; then a sharp flash as if a gleam of sunshine had turned to steel; and then, a sea of blood that weltered up to his very lips strangling him to death. He reeled forward with his face on the horse's neck, and

fell under the feet of Theraigne De Merincourt's charger, lifeless as the pale form that lay bleeding on the scaffold.

* * * * *

An old man sat in a garden chair, on the terrace that overlooked his lands upon the Outh: a wan, old man, who had once been of portly presence and firm bearing. But now he trembled in his seat, and his thin, gaunt form had scarcely strength enough to carry him to and fro from the old house to his seat beneath the trees. It was sunset, red and golden as the sky had been years before, when Therese De Merincourt had first claimed the notice of my reader, standing like a young Juno on the turf steps of the terrace. The old man was thinking of his child. Alas! when did he think of anything else at an hour like that. Like a dream she had passed from beneath his roof, wherefore he never knew. Was she dead, that neither her destiny, nor her name, floated back to her native place? Would he ever see her again on earth?

The old man wept as he asked these questions over and over to himself, wept like a little child who has no one to chide or sooth its grief. His eyes, blinded for a moment, always turned to the terrace steps again, for still he watched the coming of his child.

Was the old man crazed? Had the sunset

turned his tears to crimson, or was that truly a human form? That face, those long tresses, white as snow, floating loosely over the scarlet dress? Great heavens, was that his child!

The old man arose, and tottered feebly along the terrace, with his hands clasped, and held pleadingly forward, as if afraid that the vision would melt from his sight. At last he called out, "Therese, Therese, my child—oh, God! my child!"

The woman uttered a wild cry, and fled, shrieking back, "Theraigne, Theraigne, old man, I am Theraigne."

The old man grew suddenly strong and followed after. "Therese! Therese, my child—oh, my child!" he said.

But she fled swiftly onward, bounding over the turf like a panther, and shouting back, "Theraigne, Theraigne," while the long white hair streamed backward like a banner, and her garments grew dusky in the coming night.

Still the old man tottered on, till she disappeared in a hollow of the hills. On he went, till the old thorn-tree rose in sight, and there, at its roots, with her arms clinging to the trunk, he found his child. She was muttering softly to herself, her cheek was laid against the rough bark of the thorn, her eyes dwelt sadly upon the turf. The insanity, which had commenced under that tree, was completed.

AUTUMN DAYS.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

* * * * * HERE we will pause,
Upon the summit of this sloping hill,
And gaze awhile upon this pleasant scene,
And let its beauty steal into our hearts.
How sweet and soft the quiet landscape smiles
Beneath the beams of fair October's sun,
As if it sought to win his love, and have
Him linger long. There is a dreamy haze
Upon the distant hills, that seems as if
It curtained from our view some fairy clime—
Some dream-land far away, to which we fain
Would fly, and know life's toil and pain no more.
Upon the foliage of the forest trees,
The artist, frost, has painted many a fair
And gorgeous scene; and yonder woody hill
Seems like some great bouquet, arranged to crown
The teeming Autumn for his golden store.
The busy chirp of insects steals upon
The air, who now rejoice beneath the warm
And genial rays; but short will be their songs—
Their little lives have nearly passed away.

Far in the woodland's depths, the hunter's gun
Is faintly heard, as he pursues his game—
A noble sport in these delightful days.
And over us the deep blue sky
Is bending lovingly; and all now seems
So bright—so fair—so much in unison
With hearts like ours—no wonder that we feel
Such life and gladness o'er our spirits steal.

Ah! yes, I love the pensive Autumn days.
They wake within the heart a gentle joy—
Such as we feel when list'ning to a strain
Of melancholy music—sad and soft.
At such a time, methinks, I fain would close
My life's calm lot; and in the church-yard old,
Beneath some maple's trembling shadows, where
The poet thrush would pour his requiem through
The whispering leaves—there would I love to lie,
With Autumn's flowers, and its foliage, bloody-red,
Falling upon my quiet tomb!

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING TIGER LILY.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



MATERIALS.—Thick orange color paper, lily stamens, carmine paint, leaves, gum, &c.

Cut six petals like figure 1, paint the spots on the petals as naturally as possible; make a deep crease through the centre of each petal with the plyers; gum three petals on to the heart or stamen, then the remaining three alternately with the first branch like figure 2.

Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 32 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

* MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.—

FANCY BASKET IN STRAW, VELVET AND BEADS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

A VARIETY of pretty, tasteful, fancy baskets, are now returning into use, perhaps brought into fashion by the increasing favor with which ladies in general are now regarding the Work-Table, as a useful means of carrying the little

implements of fancy work about with them, either when engaged in friendly and familiar visits.

The little article we are now giving—for the illustration of which see the front of the num-

ber—is simple but pretty. It is made in the following way:—The back and the front is first to be cut in card-board. Then straws are to be laid across, and plaited in and out with narrow velvet ribbon the same width as the straw. The color of this velvet ribbon is either black or blue. Being firmly fastened down at the edge all round, it must be bound with ribbon, to make it quite secure. It much improves the effect, to stitch down on each of the little squares of velvet thus left a steel bead in the centre.

The sides are formed by sewing straws together in the same way as that in which bonnets are made, only drawing them in at the top,

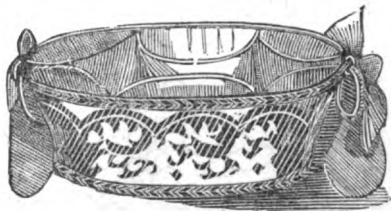
by laying them more over each other so as to make the width narrower. The piece which wraps over the opening is simply a continuation of the back of the basket, formed according to our illustration, bound round and fastened with a button. The edges all round, after they have been bound with ribbon, may either be finished off with a simple straw or a quilling of ribbon, but the last has the prettiest effect. The handles are also done in different ways. Sometimes they are of the straw and the ribbon velvet twisted round a cord; sometimes of two straws laid flat together and bound round and round with the velvet; and sometimes of a silk cord.

MAMMA'S WORK-BASKET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

MATERIALS.—A piece of white fllet, a little blue crochet silk, a frame, some white and blue satin, card-board, and blue gimps; a yard of blue satin ribbon.

Cover your frame with white satin on the outside, and blue in the interior, the bottom



being slightly stuffed with wadding. The sides are put in rather full. For the pockets you will take a piece a blue satin double the depth of the

basket, fold it in two, with a thickness of fine wadding scented with pot-pourri within it, and sew it in six pockets in the inside, plaiting in the fulness at the bottom, and concealing the stitches with a chenille gimp, which also edges the top. The outside of the basket is covered with the white netting, darned according to the design, in blue silk. It is edged at the top with three different gimps, and at the bottom with two, of blue and white intermingled. The handles are neatly covered with chenille, and further decorated with a hard gimp, besides being finished with bows and ends.

This is a most elegant and appropriate Christmas gift. It may be made in any other color, if desired; but should crimson or any deep color be used, black fllet would be more appropriate than white.

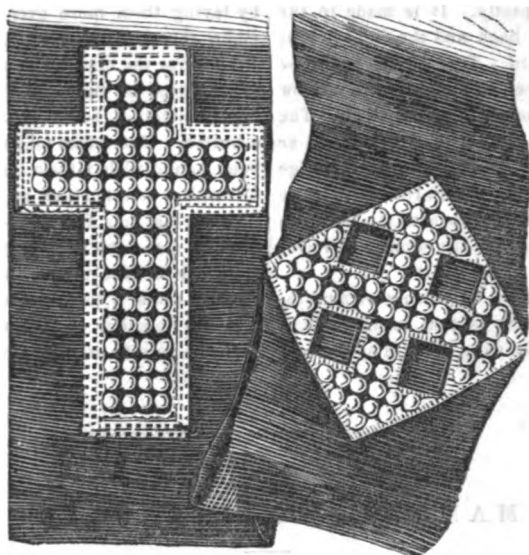
BIBLE MARKERS.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

MATERIALS.—One reel working cotton, No. 40; two pennyworth of finely perforated card-board; two strings of fine seed pearls; one and a quarter yards of purple, watered or stout sarcenet ribbon.

For the long cross, which is composed of three separate crosses, cut out, in perforated board,

the cross, the same size as in engraving. Then two others, each a size less. On the smallest work the pearls. Then sew this beaded cross on to the next-sized cross; then on to the largest. Double up the end of the ribbon so as to hide it under the transverse part of the cross. Now



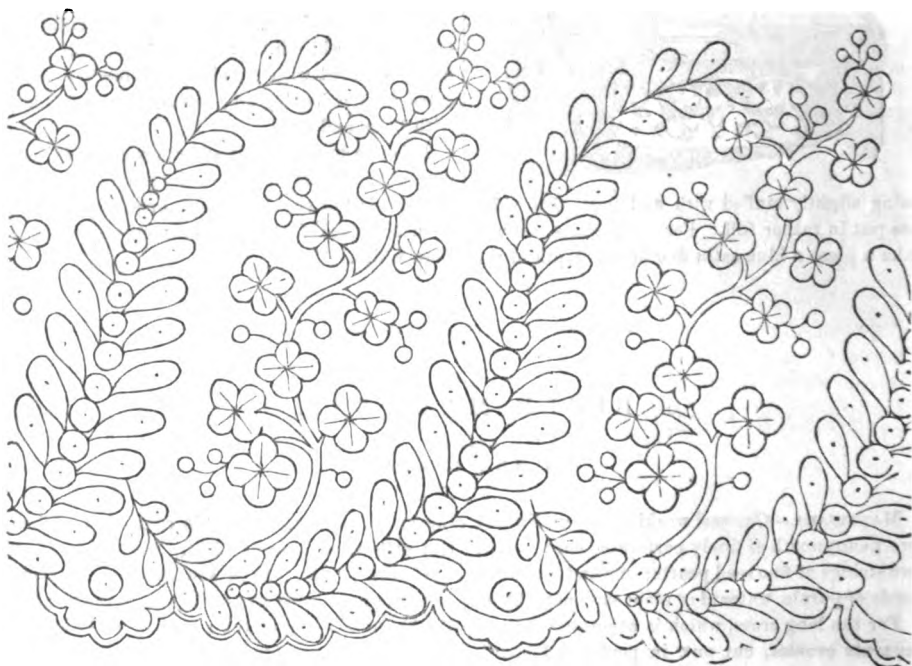
LONG CROSS.

MEDIEVAL CROSS.

sew the latter on to the ribbon. Cut out three other crosses. Place one on the other, and sew on to the back.

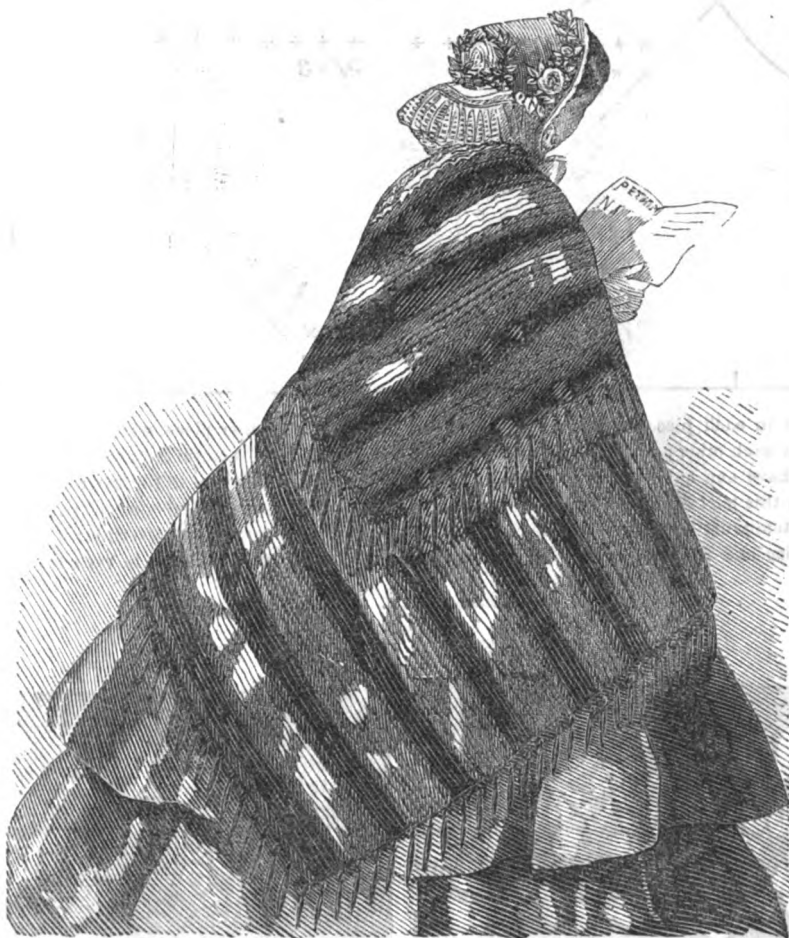
The Mediæval Cross is of one piece of board only. Cut it to the size of the engraving. Pearl it, and sew as directed for the largest cross.

BOTTOM OF SKIRT.



THE ALGERINE SHAWL MANTLE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

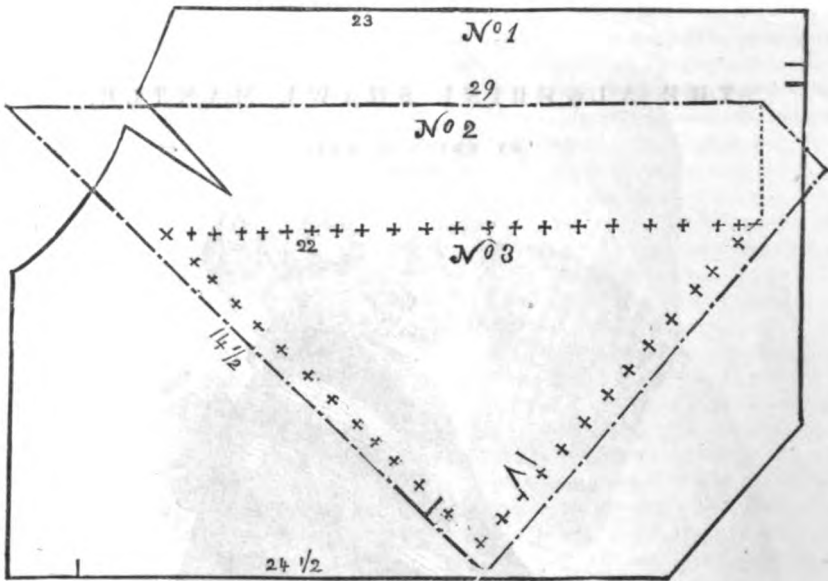


Our pattern, this month, for our department—"How To Make One's Own Dresses"—is the *Shawl Mantle*, the prettiest affair which has been produced, this season, in Paris. It is extremely easy to be made; and comparatively economical also.

It is made of black *taffetas*. The form is a half square, hollowed to the form of the neck, with a small plait taken out at the neck on each side, to make it fit well on the shoulder. On the *taffetas*, at equal distances, are rows of *guipure* insertion with narrow waved stripes of velvet woven in it; it is called *velvet guipure*: the

taffetas is cut from underneath, leaving the insertion transparent; at each side, the insertions are finished with a narrow *guipure* edging, lightly ornamented with jet. The rows of insertion are so arranged as to give the appearance of a square shawl; the edges are trimmed with fringe of silk and jet; a second row of fringe is put on in the middle of mantle, where the insertions are reversed.

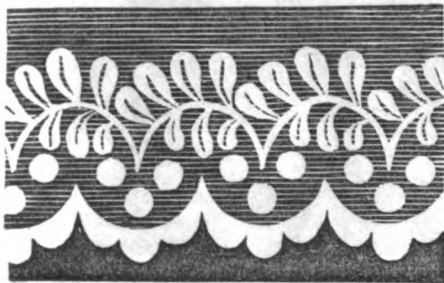
On the next page we give a diagram by which the mantle may be cut out. The three pieces of which the pattern consists is half the mantle; the manner of joining them together is indicated



by cuts in each piece, which are to be placed opposite each other; for instance, the two pieces which have one cut in them must be joined together; this part forms the front of the pattern; the bottom must have a corner joined on, of the same size and form as marked by the pricked

line. The smaller piece, which forms the corner at the back of mantle is indicated by two cuts, which must be joined to the two cuts at the back of the mantle: this completes the pattern. This would be a very good pattern for a plain velvet shawl, or may be trimmed in various styles.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



EDGING.



INSERTION.



NAME FOR MARKING.

CROCHET PURSE IN COLORED SILKS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.



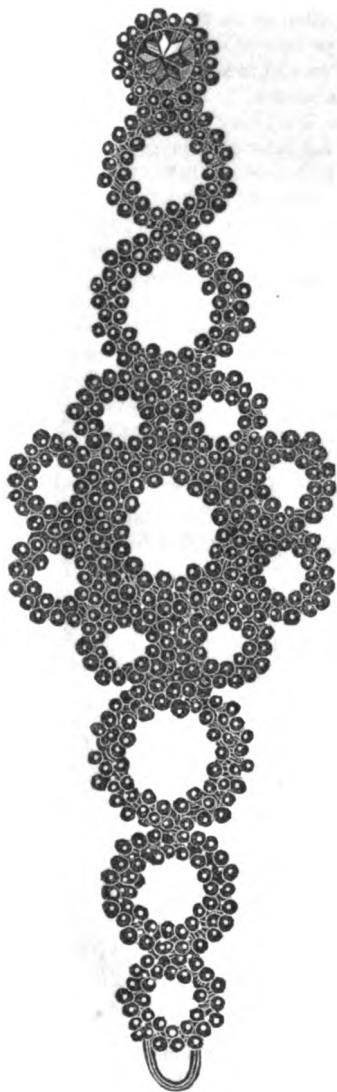
Our design is worked in simple crochet, the straight lines which divide the patterns are all colored silks, when not required to form the pattern, being worked in at the back. The pattern, which is composed of the small flower, alternated with three

leaves, is done, the flowers in crimson, the leaves in green on a blue ground. The other waving pattern is a yellow on a scarlet ground. The body of the purse is in blue. These purses are made up in different ways. Sometimes the square end has a deep fringe in steel beads,

with a rich tassel at the round end. At other times the square end has a tassel at each corner, similar to the one at the round end. There is at present a very pretty tassel in use, composed of three put together to form one, the pendant part being long.

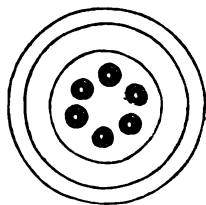
BEAD BRACELET.

BY MRS. WARREN.



MATERIALS.—Two bunches of cut jet beads the same size as in engraving; one reel patent black glaze thread; ten small curtain rings, three of the large, and two of the middle size, exactly the same size as those drawn in engraving; one small raised jet button; a tiny piece of black elastic for a loop; No. 2 Penelope hook. Small seed pearls, or turquoise beads, made up in this manner are really beautiful.

String the beads on the reel of cotton either with a fine darning, or gum the end of cotton till quite hard; this will pass through where a needle will not; take care that each bead is separate; if they stick together, cut them through with scissors; tie the cotton securely into the ring leaving an end on. For the smallest rings take up two beads and make a double crochet stitch, by placing the hook under the ring; draw this very tight; place two beads in every stitch; make the stitches as close together and as tight as possible; when the ring is covered, tie the two ends in a firm knot; cut off the cotton not too close, and proceed with the others. For all the other sized rings, take up three beads, when all are covered, with fine strong twist or stout silk, sew the eight smallest rings round one of the large ones by the double



crochet stitches, then sew their sides together so as not to draw, but to lie perfectly flat; then sew on each side of these eight rings two large ones; then on these again one of the next size, and lastly a small one. In one of these small ones place the jet button, passing the needle through the shank and through the double stitches on one side, then back again to the stitches on the other side; at the other end sew on a tiny piece of strong narrow black elastic. In pearls or turquoise the elastic must be white.

TO KNIT CUFFS, MUFFS, ETC.

BY SARAH COPLEY.

CUFFS and mittens may be worked on three pins (as stockings) or on two pins, and afterward sewed up; also, in some cuffs, the rows are worked from top to bottom and back; in others, they run round the arm.

Knitters who dislike working on three pins, may easily adopt almost any pattern to the other mode of working, by observing the following rules:—

1. If a pattern consists of slanting stripes of aoles, in knitting round it is usual to carry each round one stitch further than the preceding round. In knitting on two pins only this is to be met by commencing the row one stitch backward in the pattern than the last pattern row, or than is directed for working as a round. If this cannot be done (as if the previous stitch should be T) a plain stitch must be worked instead.

2. If, in knitting round, a plain round follows a pattern round, in working open, that row must be purled instead of knitted.

3. If every row be a pattern row, in working back the pattern rows must be reversed. The following common patterns are given both ways, as examples which will assist the learner in adapting other patterns.

1. To WORK ROUND.—Divide by 4. 1st round ||: O T K2 ||: 2nd K throughout and one loop beyond. (*N. B.*—This loop is the "O" of last round; thus the pattern is carried on a stitch.)

THE SAME PATTERN WORKED STRAIGHT.—Divide by 4. 1st row K ||: O T K2 ||: 2nd purl. 3rd K2 ||: O T K2 ||: end with "O T." 4th purl. 5th K3 ||: O T K2 ||: end with O T. 6th purl. 7th ||: O T K2 ||: 8th purl. 9th as 1st.

2. To WORK ROUND.—Divide by 8. 1st round ||: O T K3 O T P ||: 2nd round plain and one loop beyond.

THE SAME PATTERN WORKED STRAIGHT.—Divide by 8: allow 1 over for edge. 1st row slip 1st stitch ||: O T K3 O T K ||: 2nd purl. 3rd K2 ||: O T K3 O T K end with T. 4th purl. 5th ||: O T K O T K3 ||: end with K4. 6th purl. 7th K1 ||: O T K O T K3 ||: 8th purl. 9th K2 ||: O T K O T K3 ||: end with "O T K2." 10th purl. 11th ||: K3 O T K O T ||: end with "O T K." 12th purl. 13th same as 1st.

These patterns are adapted either to mittens or cuffs.

1. WARM DOUBLE CUFFS—*Sometimes called Siberian Cuffs*—are worked either in double German wool or in single wool worked double; they are sometimes worked in contrasted colors and embossed pattern or ribbed stripes, but more frequently in fur shades, either sable or chinchilla. No. 8, 9, or 10 pins are suitable for knitting them.

The number of stitches to cast on may vary from seventy to eighty, according to the size of the pins. Eighty stitches on No. 8 pins make a very large cuff. If there are nine shades of wool besides black, two skeins of each will be sufficient for one cuff, allowing one pattern of four rows to a shade. Of the lightest, which is the centre, only one skein will be required, as there is only one stripe of that, and two of the others. If the number of shades is smaller, a greater width must be worked in each. The following are suitable patterns:

1. Knit three rows. 4th O T throughout. Knit three rows. 8th K1 ||: O T ||: end with K1.

2. Knit one row. 2nd K1 ||: T ||: end with K1. 3rd K2 ||: K loop K stitch ||: 4th purl. 5th knit. 6th K2 ||: T ||: 7th ||: K stitch K loop ||: end K2. 8th purl.

3. 1st row knit. 2nd ||: O T ||: 3rd knit. 4th K ||: O T ||: end with K. *N. B.*—This pattern is much improved by always taking the two as one from the back.

Cast on with black, work all the shades in succession, then reverse them, work down to black again, with which cast off. Sew together the cast on and cast off rows, and also the two selvages.

For cuffs of a lighter texture, single Berlin wool is used. Pins from No. 10 to 12.

2. A CUFF WITH STRIPES ROUND THE HAND.—Two colors—say Blue and Puce. Pins No. 12; also No. 10 for part of the work.

No. 12 pins—puce-colored wool—cast on forty-six or forty-eight.

Two rows plain. 3rd ||: O T ||: 5th rows plain. Join on the blue wool.

K six plain rows; one row ||: O T ||: five plain rows.

With puce wool knit another stripe of twelve rows, (six knit, one O T, five knit) then another stripe of blue the same. Next a puce stripe, thus: six rows knit, one row ||: O T ||: continue

the puce stripe with the No. 10 pins, K one row, P one row, K two rows, purl one row.

BLUE.—Knit two rows, purl one row, knit two rows.

PUCE.—Purl one row, knit two rows, purl one row, knit two rows, purl one row. Repeat these stripes alternately, all with the larger pins, till four blue stripes are completed. Then with puce wool and No. 12 pins, P one row, knit one row; ||: O T :|| one row and cast off loosely. Join the selvages, and fold over the ribbed part.

8. MURRS.—These are worked in Berlin wool; either the common Berlin wool worked double, or that which is called double. The suitable pins are Nos. 8, 9, or 10. The number of stitches cast on to be regulated by the size of the pins employed, and that of the pattern intended, as well as of the muff required. The number may vary from sixty to eighty-four. The colors usually employed are, 1st. All black or dark brown; 2nd. Black and scarlet, black and blue, black and orange; 3rd. Shades in imitation of fur, either sable or chinchilla, or white with tufts in imitation of ermine.

As to patterns. In muffs of one color, several patterns are introduced, and look very well. Thus, after one plain row, one row ||: O T :|| and three plain rows. Repeat these four rows five times (six in all.) K five rows. One row ||: O T :|| and one plain row. One row K ||: O T :|| end with K. One plain row. One row ||: O T :|| Four plain rows. Twenty rows ||: O T p :||. Five plain rows. One row ||: O T :||. One plain row. One row K ||: O T :|| end K. One plain row. One row ||: O T :||. Seven plain rows. One row ||: O T :||. Three plain rows. Repeat the last four rows four times (five in all.) One row ||: O T :|| One row plain. Cast off.

The common Brioche Pattern does well either for one color or for fur shades.

The patterns generally employed for working fur shades, are the same as mentioned for fur cuffs.

4. FOR MAKING UP A KNITTED MUFF.—They are sometimes lined with silk and stuffed with fine wool and horse hair, finished with a silk cord or a quilting of ribbon. A black muff is generally lined with white or colored satin: or they may be entirely worked in knitting, as follows:—Having completed the number of patterns and the size required for the outside, leave the last row on the pin, and with pins a size smaller, pick up the loops of one selvedge; on these work a welt or bead, thus—K two rows, P one, K one. This should be worked in royal blue or crimson. Wool doubled the same as in the muff, or it may be in flos silk, which looks very handsome. Then fasten on 6-thread or 7-thread superfine white fleecy wool, and with the pins the muff was knit with.

1st row knit two as one throughout. 2nd and following rows, elastic knitting; this is, the same as plain, only turning the wool twice round the pin instead of once. Thus work a piece nearly half the depth of the muff from side to side. Pick up the loops of the other selvedge, and work a bead to correspond. Then a piece of lining sufficient to meet the other in the middle.

N. B.—Be careful not to make the lining too long, as it has to be turned inside; it need not be quite so long as that which has to cover, and which should entirely conceal it.

Next cast off double, on the wrong side, the cast on stitches of the muff with the last row left on the pin. Leave the muff wrong side outward; bring together the two halves of white, and cast them off double. Sew together the white selvages, and turn the muff. The thick lining hangs full and is very warm.

GREEK BORDER FOR A TABLE-COVER.

BY MRS. WARREN.

■ Dark Yellow.
 ■ Pale Yellow.
 ■ Black.

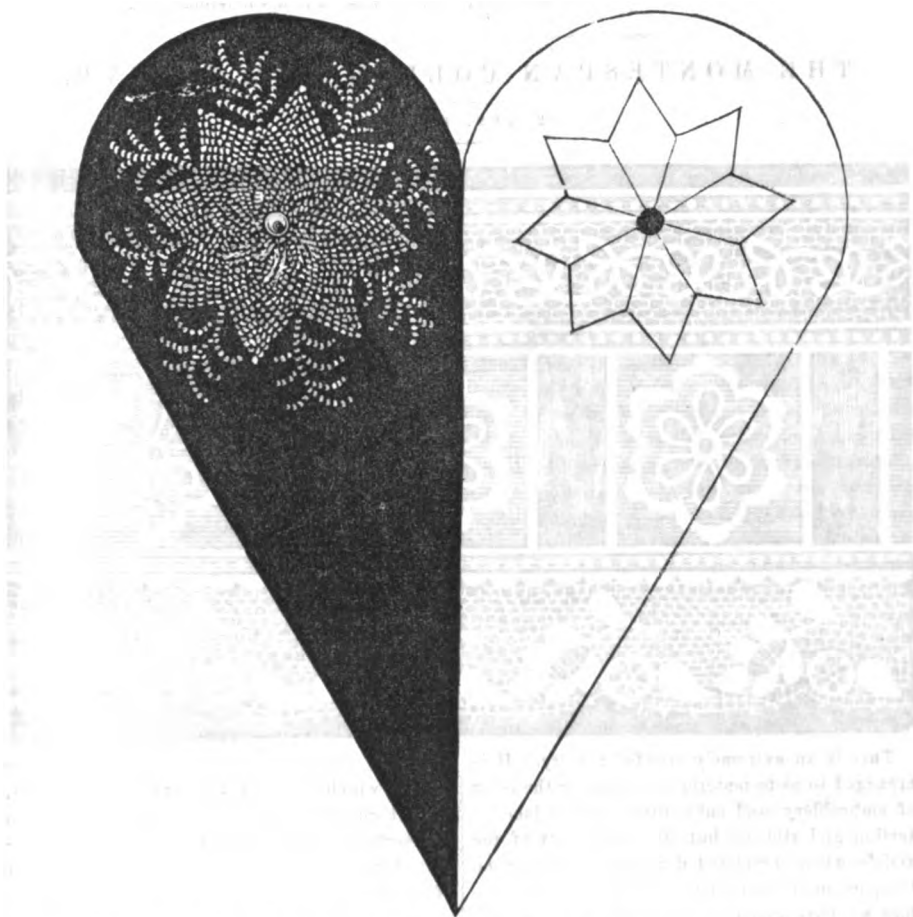
■ Claret.
 ■ Light Green.
 ■ Crimson.

■ Brown.
 ■ Medium Green.
 ■ Dark Green.

MATERIALS.—No. 16 Penelope Border Canvas. The design should be worked in floselle, and grounded with rich Napoleon blue. If the cover be for a small table, beads may be used, with opal for grounding. For illustration see front of number.

THE DRAWING-ROOM ELBOW CUSHION.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



THESE pretty articles of drawing-room luxury being now much in fashionable use, we give instructions for the formation of one which, though simple, has a very good effect. For the illustration of the cushion, as finished, see the front of the number.

The materials of which this cushion is formed are of scarlet cloth and white transparent beads, which contrast well together. The outer edge is divided into twelve semi-circles, in each of which is a star-flower of white beads to be worked. The mode in which this is done requires some little explanation. To give a richer effect to the appearance, the central parts should

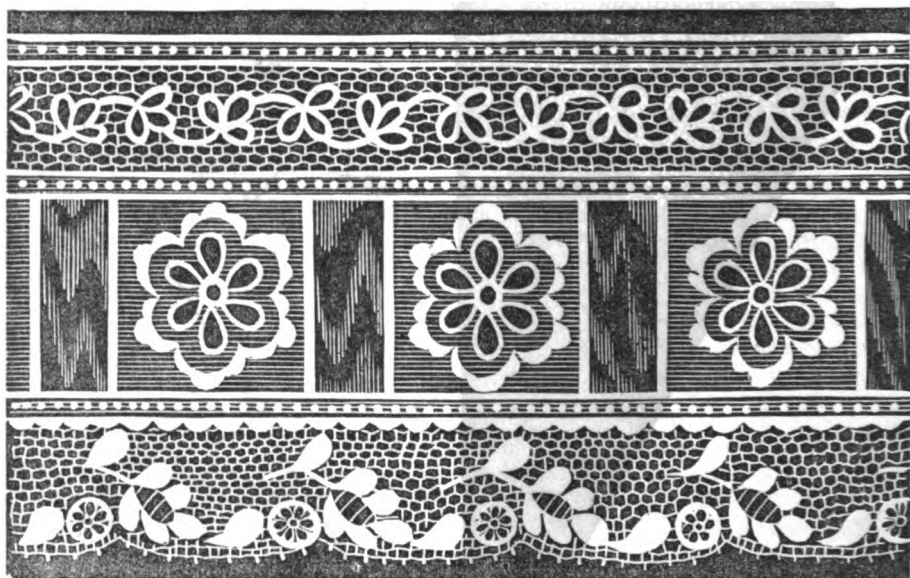
be raised. The best way of doing this is to carry the little strings of beads from the centre to the outer edge of the petals; first from the right hand and then from the left, thus doubling their thickness as they cross each other in the middle, but keeping single at the edges. The centres of these star flowers are made of one large white bead. The slight sprays scattered round are merely single threads of the small white beads arranged all round, as will be seen in our illustration above.

In the meantime the real cushion, of which this is only the ornamental covering, must have been prepared, cut exactly to its shape, and

having a border two inches wide. If this be exceeded the difficulty of keeping the cushion regular is much increased, without improving its appearance. The edges are finished with a twisted cord of red and white silk, and in each opening there is a small tassel introduced, of the same colors, either of silk or beads, the latter having the richest appearance, which much improves the general effect. We recommend this cushion to the attention of our lady subscribers, because it is a really elegant article of modern luxury, requiring but little labor in its production, and well worthy of any drawing-room. It would make a nice Christmas gift.

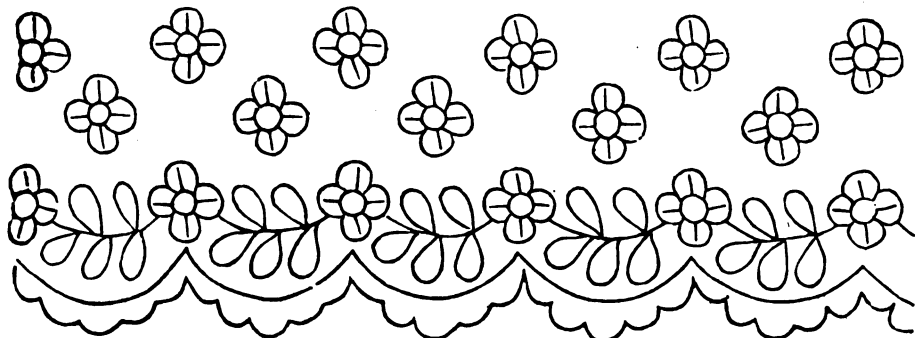
THE MONTESPAN COLLAR AND SLEEVE.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

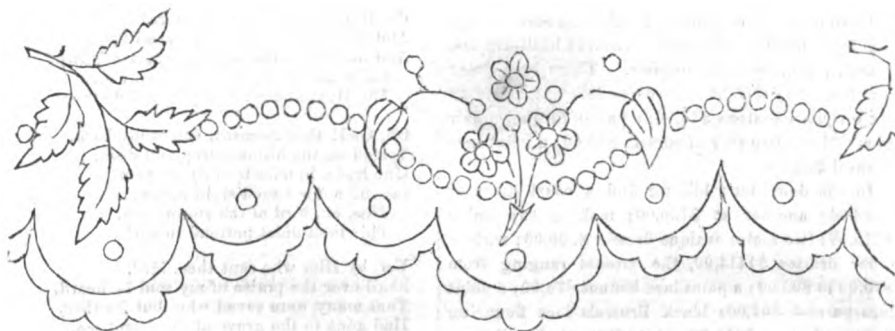


This is an extremely tasteful novelty. It is arranged so as to materially economise the labor of embroidery, and substitutes instead lace insertion and ribbon; but still the beauty of the article when completed depends principally on the portion of embroidery introduced, and therefore we have given, in our illustration, a suitable design. It is necessary that the muslin on which it is worked should be very clear, or it will look too heavy to correspond with the lace insertion. The muslin on which the embroidery is commenced is merely a narrow strip on which the sprigs are worked; between each sprig there are two straight incisions cut and sewn over—wide enough to allow the ribbon to be passed through without folding. The edge, which is worked in solid button-hole, must also be done on the same piece of muslin. When the embroidery is completed, the shape of the intended collar must be cut in paper, and this portion of it be tacked round the outer edge and round the ends; but the inner edge must be adapted to the shape by slightly contracting that part of the muslin which is left plain between the sprigs, and which will be entirely hid when the ribbon is inserted. When this is arranged, the lace insertion must be introduced to fill up the interior of the collar; an edging sewn round the outside completes this part of the needlework; it only remains to interlace a satin ribbon, of whatever color will best harmonize with the dress, through each of the openings, so that it may show between the sprigs, and be carried over each. This is now the most fashionable variety of collar that is at present worn. The sleeves are formed of corresponding work, and are made with a deep frill to fall over the wrist set into a band, also composed of alternate sprigs and ribbon, the same as the frill; a very wide falling of net above, completes the sleeves. Blue, pink, lilac, or amber ribbon are all extremely pretty, but the selection must depend upon the taste of the wearer. The above engraving is that of the sleeve. For the collar see front of the number.

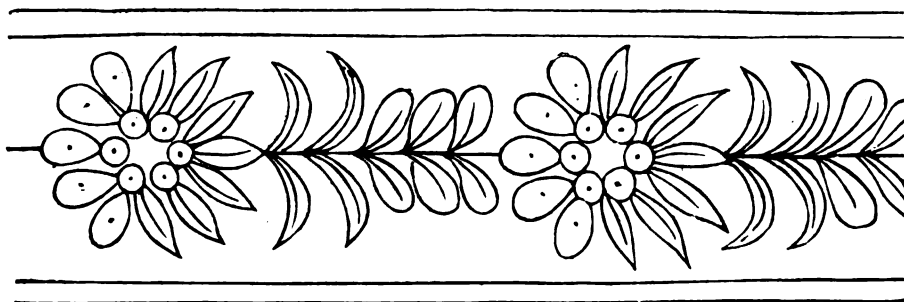
VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



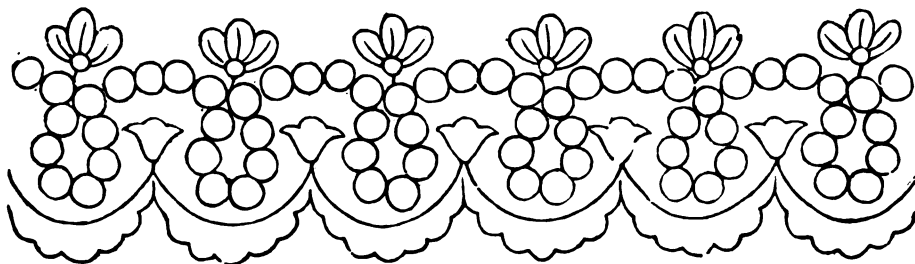
EDGING FOR CHILD'S DRAWERS.



RUFFLE FOR SLEEVE.



INSERTION.



YOKE AND SLEEVE OF CHEMISE.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

AN EXTRAVAGANT MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.—

In a recent bankruptcy case in London, a milliner's bill, with various items purchased by the wife of the bankrupt, was presented in court. Since the year 1850, the bill had amounted to \$13,770, of which \$4,500 had been paid at various times, still leaving the lady \$9,270 in debt to the milliner. We give a few of the items. Part of the amount is for the bridal trousseau of the daughter. In the mother's bill we find \$256,00 for a court dress; \$140,00 for a velvet dress; and \$1711,00 for various other dresses, but two of which cost under \$40,00, the others ranging from \$60,00 to \$90,00. Bonnets, head-dresses, mantles, &c., are innumerable. There is a point lace bonnet for \$63,00; a Brussels lace veil, at \$78,00 six turquoise buttons \$15,00; a pair of turquoise hair pins \$31,00; two pair of corsets \$23,00; a point lace parasol \$53,00.

In the daughter's bill we find a court dress at \$288,00; another at \$130,00; making two trains \$115,00; two moire antique dresses \$200,00; various other dresses \$1414,00, the dresses ranging from \$70,00 to \$95,00; a point lace bonnet \$74,00; a point lace parasol \$94,00; black Brussels lace flouncing for two dresses \$315,00; white Brussels lace flouncing for two dresses \$302,00; Venice point flounce \$420,00; other lace trimmings \$184,00; point lace lappets for the head \$53,00; blonde lappets \$42,00; wreath \$32,00; and point lace cap \$58,00. This is but a small part of the bill. Various items for the bridesmaid amounted to \$1015,00. There is also a bill of \$7535,00 for jewelry, and some of the items are as remarkable as those contained in the bill for millinery. It would seem from this that ladies abroad are even more extravagant than here: and that those are most extravagant often who can least afford it.

THE BIRD AT THE HELM.—All have heard of the terrible disaster, in September, to the Central America. They have heard also of the remarkable fact, told of the captain of the Norwegian barque, Ellen, which rescued many of the ill-fated passengers. His story was, that, when twenty miles distant from the wreck, a bird appeared on his vessel, and flew three times into his face, causing him to change his course two points, which brought him providentially, to the wreck. The following poem on the subject, by Thomas S. Donohue, is worth preserving.

A bird came out on the stormy sea;
I stood at the helm—it came to me;
It flew in my face three times, and then
Flew away in the storm again.
What did the bird of the stormy sea,
What did the bird portend to me?

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I stood at the helm—the strange bird crost—
It struck me again: two points I lost;
In her new course my bark must go,
For the strange, strange bird would have it so:
What did the bird of the stormy sea,
The spirit bird portend to me?

Over the deep was darkest night,
Blackness all—then awful light—
Rush of waves and thunder roll:
I stood in the storm and said to my soul:
What did the bird of the shrieking sea,
The ghost-like bird portend to me?

Norway's rocks are bleak and bare;
But if no more I rest me there!
And if no more—my soul leaped up
And dashed in the night my sorrow's cup;
Lo! what the bird of the stormy sea,
The Heaven-sent bird portends to thee.

Oh, God! that moment, before my bark,
Tossed on the billows deep and dark,
Hundreds, hundreds of dying men!
Let me not see such sight again!
This, oh, bird of the stormy sea,
This thou didst portend to me!

Yet, by Him who sent thee, bird,
Shall ever the praise of my soul be heard,
That many were saved who, but for thee,
Had gone to the grave of the secret sea.
For this, dear bird of the ravenous sea,
I thank my Guide, who guided me!

And the Dove, that still in life's unrest,
He sends with peace from His loving breast,
May it find us, whitherso'er we roam,
And singing of Heaven, conduct us home!
Bird of the Blest, life's stormy sea,
From its deep despair, calls up to thee.

QUESTION FOR A WIFE.—We do not know who wrote the following; but it ought to be printed in letters of gold. "Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? That was, is, and ever will be your evil genius! It is the tempter which labors incessantly to destroy your peace, which cheats you with an evil delusion that your husband deserved your anger, when he really most required your love. It is a cancer which feeds on those unspeakable emotions you felt on the first pressure of his hand and lip. Never forget the manner in which the duties of that calling can alone be fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide as well as touch him. Your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him—your softness subdue him; and the good natured twinkle of those eyes, now filling beautifully with priceless tears, will make him all your own."

ECONOMY IN EATING.—Hall's Journal of Health makes some timely remarks on economy in eating. It says: "When the best beef steak is selling at twenty cents a pound, the butchers are glad to sell the 'reina' piece at eight or ten cents a pound. It has no bone nor fat. Three pounds of this for twenty-five cents will make soup enough for a family of eight or ten persons two days, besides the meat for one dinner; it is a hundred per cent. cheaper than the purchase of a knee joint, at forty cents, for soup. Of all the parts of corned beef, that is the most nutritious and cheapest which is called the round, which has neither bone nor gristle, nor waste fat worth naming. Both in the purchase of meat and fish, persons are generally falsely economical in choosing an article with bone in it, at two or three, or more cents a pound less than a piece which has none. We purchase porgies, blue-fish, flounders, and the like, at six or eight cents a pound, instead of halibut, at twelve. But the halibut is cheapest, and also the safest for a family where there are children, as it has none but the back-bone; with that exception, it has solid flesh, whereas, in purchasing the smaller fishes named, they are weighed out with heads, entrails, fins, bones, and all. The halibut is caught on the banks of Newfoundland, weighs from one hundred to six hundred pounds, and is widely prized." We endorse the remarks fully. Of all nations in the world we Americans excel in extravagant eating: we both eat too much, and eat food unnecessarily costly.

NECESSITY OF EXERCISE.—Most of the current ailments of women arise from want of exercise. The body must undergo a certain amount of fatigue to preserve the muscles and organs in proper vigor. "When exercise is neglected," says the Laws of Health, "the blood gathers too much about the central region, and the oppression about the heart, difficulty of breathing, lowness of spirits, anxiety and heaviness, numerous aches and stitches, are evidences of this stagnation. People are afraid to take exercise, because they fancy they want breath and feel weak. But the very effort would free the heart from this burden, by urging the blood forward to the extremities; it would ease the breathing by liberating the lungs from the same superabundance; it would make the frame feel active and light, as the effect of equalized circulation and free action." A brisk walk, in the open air, daily, is worth a whole shopful of nostrums.

OUR NOVELETS CONCLUDED.—Both of our continued novelets are finished, it will be seen, in this number. Look out now for the novelets for 1858. One of them—perhaps more—will commence in the January number.

TITLE-PAGE FOR 1857.—The twelve female figures, in the centre of this graceful illustration, are emblematic of the twelve months of the year.

"I CAN'T AFFORD IT."—What! not afford two dollars for a good lady's Magazine? How much do you spend on ribbons? How much on other little elegancies? But if you join a club, "Peterson" will not cost you even two dollars a year, but only a dollar and a quarter. For ten cents and a half a month, you get a beautiful steel engraving; a colored steel fashion-plate; numerous other colored fashions: a dozen patterns for the Work-Table; all the newest styles for bonnets, caps, chemisettes, sleeves, basques, mantillas; a diagram by which to cut out either a boy's jacket, a little girl's dress, or a cloak or mantilla for yourself; half a hundred new receipts; and all the other novelties, either useful or ornamental, which every woman wishes to know all about. But this is not all. You get also two or three copy-right novelets every year; a dozen original stories every month; and beautiful poetry. How else can you spend ten cents and a half, monthly, and get so much in return? Not afford to subscribe for "Peterson!" Why, it is impossible to be so poor, under any circumstances, not to be able to spare ten cents and a half, when so much can be had in return. There are fifty things, off which you can save; fifty things you can do without better than without "Peterson."

TOBACCO CHEWING BRAUX.—Mrs. G. W. Myllys, in a late article on smokers and chewers, hits those who use the weed very hard. "Now just imagine," she says, "a lovely girl, with complexion like sunset shining on a snow-bank, and eyes as blue as April violets, and lips like rose leaves wet in a summer shower—do you suppose she wants to be kissed by a walking advertisement of 'Pipes and Lager Beer?' Do you suppose there are not plenty of fine young fellows, with breath as sweet as her own, who would give their very ears for a touch of those dimpled lips? Step aside, Tobacco Smoke! you stand a mighty small chance. Girls, tell your beaux that one of your fragrant kisses ought to taste sweet in their mouths for six months, without being supplanted by the vile weed! Tell them you have no mind to share your empire with a paper of 'Best Fine Cut,' or with a dirty cigar stump!"

BETTER AND BETTER.—A lady writes, saying: "Every number of your Magazine is better than the one before. The October number is better than we looked for; though we are always on the look-out for some improvement." Let us assure our fair friends, one and all, that the improvements, this year, are nothing, comparatively, to what they will be in 1858.

"TAKE, TAKING, TAKEN."—The editor of the Schenectaday (N. Y.) Star says:—"We like Peterson's Magazine. It has a look to it that is 'taking'; which, however, is nothing with the 'take' to it after reading." And nearly every lady, in these United States, will say, very soon, of our volume for 1858, that it is "taken" by them.

A COOL HAND.—In that freshest of all the late novels, "Guy Livingstone," there is a capital story told of one of the characters, Charley Forester. Charley was just nineteen, and on his first pic-nic, when he wandered away and got lost with Kate Harcourt, a self-possessed beauty, and an adept in flirting. When they had been away from their party some two hours, she felt, or pretended to feel, the awkwardness of her situation, and asked her cavalier, in a charmingly helpless and confiding way, what they were to do. "Well, I hardly know," answered Charley, languidly, "but I don't mind proposing to you, if that will do you any good." No wonder this cool rejoinder made Forester famous.

FOR GRECIAN PAINTING.—Hiawatha Wooling is a beautiful new engraving, recently published from Longfellow's late poem, size of plate 14 by 18. The Indian costume, and rich and varied scenery, with paper prepared for the purpose, make it the most desirable of all pictures used for this art. When painted by the direction furnished, it can be hardly distinguished from the finest oil painting. It will be sent, post-paid, on a roller, on receipt of price, \$1.50, with full directions for painting it. A liberal discount to teachers and dealers. Address J. E. Tilton, Publisher and Dealer in Artist Goods, Salem, Massachusetts.

OUR "DRESS PATTERN."—A subscriber writes:—"What a sunbeam is your monthly. We are not wealthy, so I am my own dress-maker; and to-day I was puzzling my brain over a pattern that I had just obtained, and thinking that I should never be able to 'fit it;' when in came your Magazine for October, and on opening it, what should I see but the very pattern I had just laid down in despair, made so very plain, that all I had to do was just to go to work (with Peterson's Magazine open before me) and fit my dress, oh, so charmingly. Indeed, this very number is worth the year's subscription."

THE LAST CRISIS.—Some wag, who wisely don't believe in crises, has perpetrated the following:—

A gentleman dined with a friend one day,
And above, he heard sobbing and crying;
He inquired of his friend in an anxious way,
"If there was any one sick or dying?"

"Oh, no," he replied, and smiling his best,
While they were discussing the ices,
"I've just refused sister a new silk dress,
And produced a financial cry—sis."

THE FIRST COPY-BOOK.—This charming mezzotint is one of the prettiest engravings we have published this year. The one for January, however, will be much more beautiful.

NEW CONTRIBUTOR.—We have to announce that Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, literary editor of "The Press," will contribute to this Magazine throughout the year 1858.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.—Our Work-Table department is full, this month, of articles suitable for Christmas gifts: some economical, some more costly, some adapted for presents from children to parents, others between wife and husband, others between friends and lovers. Thousands of fair fingers will be busy in consequence.

HOW WE DO IT.—A brother editor, in noticing our November number, wonders how we can afford to publish so good a Magazine for the price. The secret is "the cash system." We trust nobody, and so make no losses. Other Magazines, that trust, and lose money, can't afford to do what we do.

LATEST FASHIONS.—One of our contemporaries boasts, in his November number, of the lateness of his fashions. Late they are, in one sense, that of being shockingly *behind time*; for he gives, in that very number, fashions that we gave months ago. This happens continually.

HOOPS AND THE EQUATOR.—A witty country editor gave as a toast lately; "Crino-line and the Equinoctial-line: the one encircles the other, the other the heavens." He fainted, after it.

HOW TO BE MADE HAPPY.—If a lady, subscribe for "Peterson." If a gentleman, send "Peterson" to her you love best.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

City Poems. By Alexander Smith. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—In most respects, these poems show an improvement on "a Life Drama;" but in one or two particulars, they are inferior. They are more elaborately finished; have less tinsel and more thought; and exhibit a decided growth in intellectual vigor. In "Horton," especially, which is the first of the six poems, there are many lines of great beauty. The work is, in a considerable degree, autobiographic. A childhood of poverty; a boyhood spent in a murky manufacturing town; comparatively little acquaintance with rural life;—these are the salient facts, in the career of the author, which the volume before us reveals. Mr. Smith is an objective rather than a subjective poet: in other words he paints the outward aspect of things better than their inner. The influence of Tennyson can be traced distinctly in this volume. It is impossible to deny, however, that, as the poet's intellect ripens, and as his insight into the human heart gets to be more profound, he will become more original as well as more robust: and that he will ultimately take high rank among the great writers of his time. From a portrait of the author, prefixed to the volume, we learn how little like a genius, and how much like a shrewd, severe Scotchman, even a true poet may sometimes look.

Quits. A Novel. By the author of "The Initials." 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: Lippincott & Co.—This is a remarkable novel. It is fresh, natural, full of character, and intensely interesting from the first chapter to the last. The author seems to be as much at home in describing the dull monotony of existence in a secluded London household, as in delineating the half gipsying life of the Bavarian highlands. The heroine, Nora, is one the sweetest creations of modern fiction; and is only excelled by Hildegard, the heroine of the author's earlier novel, "The Initials." In the whole range of cotemporary novels, there is no scene more capitally drawn, than that in which Nora is, at last, "quits" with her lover and quondam enemy, Charley. In reading this fiction, we confess to a return to the old, boyish delight, which novels afforded us; for while the in-born longing for romance, that is for the ideal in life, is fully gratified, there is nothing in the incidents or actors unnatural; and thus our credulity is not shocked. Everything, recorded in "Quits," might easily have happened. The volume is handsomely printed and bound in cloth.

Dramas and Poems. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall.—Another volume of choice poetry in "blue and gold." We have often expressed surprise that no American publisher had undertaken an edition of Bulwer's poetry, and though the present is not a complete one, it is better than none at all. "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," and numerous minor poems, compose the contents of the volume. To have inserted all of Bulwer's poems, we suppose would have made the book too portly. A portrait of the author faces the title-page.

White Lies. By Charles Reade. Parts III and IV. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—We have been more deeply interested in this novel than any we have read, for months, except "Guy Livingstone" and "Quits." Its pictures of French provincial life are not less meritorious than its quick, stirring incidents, and its admirably drawn characters. Get it by all means.

The Bride of Lammermoor. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The fifteenth and sixteenth volumes of the unequalled "Household Edition" of Scott's novels. For convenience and elegance this edition is without a rival either in the United States or England. What a splendid Christmas gift it would make!

History of King Philip. By J. S. C. Abbott. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This account of the great chief of the Narragansetts is, perhaps, the most complete that has ever been put in press. The volume is illustrated with handsome engravings.

Propria Quæ Maribus: and the Box Tunnel. By Charles Reade. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Read.—Two racy tales by the author of "Peg Woffington." We like the "Box Tunnel" the best.

CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.

THE THREE SPECTRAL WAFERS.—Place three different colored wafers, say red, violet, and orange, upon a piece of white paper, in a triangular form, and fix your eyes steadily on them for two minutes, and then turn them away from the wafers, to a blank part of the paper, and you will see three spectral wafers, but the colors will be different; the red wafer is now represented by green, and the violet by yellow, and the orange by blue.

HOAR-FROST MADE TO ORDER.—Place a sprig of rosemary, or any other garden herb, in a glass jar, so that when it is inverted the stem may be downward, and the sprig supported by the sides of the jar; then put some benzoic acid upon a piece of hot iron, so that the acid may be sublimed in the form of a thick white vapor. Invert the jar over the iron, and leave the whole untouched until the sprig be covered by the sublime acid in the form of a beautiful hoar-frost.

TO BREAK A STICK UPON TWO GOBLETS.—Place two glasses full of water upon two joint stools, and lay the stick upon them; then strike the stick violently with another, and it will break without either injuring the goblets or spilling the water. This feat requires some practice.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

To Make Puddings.—The cook should be particularly nice in washing currants, which, even from the best shops, are bought with a large quantity of mud and offensive mixture. Nothing can be more disgusting than unwashed Zante currants. It should be remembered that this small grape, which is peculiar to the islands of the Levant, being little valued by the natives, is thrown into small round baskets for exportation, and trampled down firmly by the naked and unwashed feet of the country people. Suet should always be chopped, if meant to be kept some days, in a cool place, or it will run together in a greasy mass. Eggs should be turned every day to preserve them in a fresh state. This prevents the yolk, in which the vital principle is contained, from sinking by degrees through the white and coming in contact with the porous shell, through which the air penetrates, destroys the life, and addles the eggs. The whites and yolks of eggs should always be beaten separately, which makes the cookery lighter. In making a pudding the eggs should be thoroughly mixed in, before the milk is added. Puddings should always be boiled in cloths, through which the water may percolate. This thoroughly mingles the material, and the cookery is more certain. In a mould, puddings are often heavy and unwholesome.

To Make Calf's-Foot Jelly.—Whether for luxury, or for the sick at home or abroad, there are few families where calf's-foot jelly is not required, and every cook should be prepared to make it properly. In the first place, there should be a jelly-bag made of thick flannel, clean and ready for use. The feet must be

scalded, the hoofs removed, the hair closely scraped off, the feet carefully split, washed, and all the fat removed. Boil the feet in six quarts of water till reduced to half, strain it through a wire sieve, and when cold, remove the fat from the top. This forms the stock. When wanted, put this into a pan, with three-quarters of a pound of sugar, the whites and shells of six eggs beat together, the juice of three good-sized lemons, and the thin outer rind of them, with a pint of sherry; let it heat slowly, and boil very gently for fifteen or twenty minutes, but do not stir it. Take it off the fire, let it stand a minute or two, then pour it into the jelly-bag, which must be suspended near the fire, with a china bowl below it to receive the jelly. If not quite clear the first time, run it through the bag again.

Spiced Beef.—A piece of the buttock of beef, weighing fifteen or sixteen pounds, should be covered with a pound of salt, and turned every day for a week. It should be washed in cold water, well rubbed with two ounces of black pepper and a quarter of an ounce of mace, bound tight or skewered, and placed in a stone covered stewing-pan with two or three sliced onions fried and three or four cloves, covered with water, and baked for five hours. It should then be allowed to grow cold, and will be a very nice breakfast or supper dish, being as tender as potted meat. The liquor in which it has been stewed, when the fat is removed, makes excellent stock for soup.

Stewed Beefsteak.—A beefsteak is much improved by stewing. The steak should be an inch and a half thick. It should be fried a light brown on both sides with two small onions sliced, then put into a stewpan with a carrot and a turnip cut in dice, a little celery, salt and pepper, covered with a little broth or water, and then stewed gently over a slow fire, or in an oven for two hours, when the steak will be exceedingly tender, and the gravy delicious.

An Excellent Stew.—Slices of cold beef or mutton, or of any other kind of meat, dredged with a little flour, pepper and salt must be placed in the stewpan, a small onion, some potatoes, carrots and turnips, all previously half boiled and cut in slices, a cup of broth or gravy, and little water to cover the whole; this must stew gently till the meat is tender. It may be greatly improved by a spoonful of mushroom ketchup or Worcester sauce.

To Pickle Red Cabbage.—Take off the outside leaves of a good-sized red cabbage, quarter it, take out the stalk, shred the leaves into an earthenware colander, sprinkle them with salt, let the cabbage lie a day, sprinkle with more salt, then drain off the liquor, let it dry, put it into a stone jar, and cover it with vinegar in which an ounce of peppercorns and an ounce of ginger have been boiled.

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, &c.

FOOD FOR INFANTS.—If the natural food of the infant, by some unfortunate circumstance, is with-

held from it, it becomes, for some months, an important and responsible duty to feed it properly. It seems now to be decided by high authority that for the first two months the proper diet is three parts new milk and one part water, sweetened with a small quantity of moist sugar, made moderately warm, and administered from a feeding-bottle kept scrupulously clean, at not too distant periods. This seems to approach nearest to the natural diet, and to be the most easily digested. After this time a little farinaceous food may be given—arrowroot is highly recommended; but we believe the best food is made by the following receipt: first boil fine flour tied in a bag for two hours, which must then be turned out and kept for use. When dry, a small quantity must be grated into the usual milk-and-water preparation. This cooked flour does not produce acidity on the stomach.

CHILBLAINS.—These painful and irritating affections of the toes and fingers are easier to prevent than to cure. Healthy exercise, the hands and feet kept dry and warm, and the bowels open, with generous diet, are the best preventives against chilblains, which usually affect those of languid circulation the most, and are difficult to prescribe for, as the remedy in one constitution is inefficacious in another. The fashionable remedy of the day is iodine applied over the unbroken swelling once a day with a camel-hair brush; but without medical advice it is somewhat unsafe to meddle with this preparation. Among the simple remedies, we would name a decoction of camomile flowers; or common prepared mustard diluted with water till it is about the consistence of cream, spread over the swelling and allowed to dry on it; this should be repeated every night. If chilblains ulcerate, medical aid should be immediately sought, for they are usually very difficult to heal.

CHICKEN PUDDING.—For an invalid whose stomach cannot digest strong meat, condensed chicken is beneficial, and prepared in the following way is much more agreeable to a delicate person than the usual tasteless puddings of the sick-room:—Tie a fowl in a bladder and half boil it, that the flesh may be easily prepared; let it become cool, then take the flesh from the bones, and pound it finely in a mortar till you can pass it through a sieve. Boil an ounce of bread-crumbs in milk, and when cold, beat it well up with an egg and a little salt and nutmeg, mix this well with the pounded chicken, put the whole into a buttered cup and bake for twenty minutes, then turn it out, and if allowed, add a little butter or gravy.

AN EXCELLENT SYRUP FOR A COUGH.—An ounce of flaxseed must be boiled for half an hour in a quart of water, after which may be added to it half a pound of sugar, two ounces of sugar-candy, an ounce of Spanish liquorice, and the peel of half a lemon. Let this simmer slowly for half an hour, then add twenty drops of ipecacuanha wine, stir it well into the syrup, and when cool bottle it. A teaspoonful may be taken occasionally when the cough is troublesome.

LEMON JUICE IN DROPSY.—Lemons are recommended for dropsy in a Russian medical journal, and are said to be beneficial in the most hopeless cases. The first day one lemon was given, after taking the peel off and cutting it up into small pieces, in sugar; the two following days three were given, and afterward eighteen every day. For nourishment meat was given. In every case the water came off the seventh day.

CHAPPED HANDS.—This roughness of the skin, common in frosty and cold, dry weather, may be avoided by drying the hands perfectly after washing, and mixing a little oatmeal in the water, to prevent the soda of the soap affecting them. If the hands are actually chapped, half an ounce of glycerine to eight ounces of water will form a lotion which may be advantageously used twice a day.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Wash or Clean Swansdown.—Make a strong lather of the best white soap and lukewarm water; hot water will shrink the skin of the swansdown. Work and squeeze the swansdown through the suds, but do not rub it. Then do the same through a second lukewarm suds, and persist till you see that the article looks clean and white. Afterward rinse it through two waters, (the first lukewarm the second cold) squeezing it carefully. Then shake it out and dry it in the sun or by the fire, holding it in your hands and shaking it all the time, to prevent it looking matted or in tufts. When but little soiled, you may clean swansdown in the following manner, without washing it:—Powder some plaster of Paris as finely as possible, sift it through a fine sieve, and then heat it over the fire. When the powder is quite warm, but not burning hot, lay the swansdown in a large, clean metal pan, (heated also) and sift the powder over it through a sieve, turning the swansdown about, and seeing that the powder is dispersed well through it. Repeat the process till the swansdown looks very white, then take it out, and shake off the loose powder.

To Wash Furniture Chintz.—Furniture chintz must be first well dusted, and if curtains, must be ripped to pieces. Boil some rice, in the proportion of two pounds of rice to two gallons of water, till soft. Strain the water into a tub and let it stand till lukewarm. Then put in the chintz and wash it thoroughly, using some of the rice, tied up in a muslin bag, instead of soap. Again boil the same quantity of rice and water, strain it, and set the water to cool, but tie the rice in a bag and put it in a tub of clean water, through which you must wash the chintz, still using the rice instead of soap, till it is perfectly clean. Afterward it must be rinsed in the water in which the last rice was boiled, mixed with a cup of vinegar. Then draw it out even and hang it to dry. After it is dried and mangled it should be stretched on the ironing-table, and rubbed with a smooth stone or calender so obtain a gloss, but should never be ironed.

To Restore the Color of Flannels.—When flannels have become yellow from some neglect in washing, they may be restored by this process:—Mix a pound of flour in two gallons of water, and stir it over the fire till it boils. Then put the flannels in a tub and pour half the mixture over them; after standing half an hour, wash them, but without using soap; rinse them twice through clean cold water, do not wring, but hang them up a quarter of an hour to drain: then pour over them the remainder of the flour and water, which must be kept boiling, and repeat the process; after which they may be hung out to dry without wringing.

To Whiten Linen that has become Yellow.—Cut up a pound of fine white soap into a gallon of milk, and hang it over the fire in a wash-kettle. When the soap has entirely melted, put in the linen, and boil it half an hour. Then take it out; have ready a lather of soap and warm water, wash the linen in it, and then rinse it through two cold waters, with a very little blue in the last.

To Wash Thread Lace.—Fine thread lace, before it has ever been washed, should be soaked for a few hours in sweet oil, and then washed in the usual way, but blue or starch should never be used.

ART RECREATIONS.

GRECIAN PAINTING, AND ANTIQUE PAINTING ON GLASS.—Mr. J. E. Tilton, Salem, Massachusetts, will furnish all materials and directions. He deals extensively in the artist's material line, and will fill orders promptly. We annex his

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The subscriber will furnish for \$3.00 a package of twelve mezzotint engravings, (suitable for practice) and full printed instructions for Grecian painting, and a new style originating with himself, and equal to the finest copper painting, called Antique Painting on Glass, with a bottle of preparation, receipt for varnish, &c. The directions are so explicit as to enable any one to learn fully without a teacher. He also includes at above price, directions for Oriental Style and the beautiful art called Potichomanie.

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WHITE TEETH, Perfumed Breath and beautiful Complexion can be acquired by using the Balm of a Thousand Flowers. What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when using the Balm of a Thousand Flowers as a dentifrice would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth as white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate that their friends will never mention it. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure each bottle is signed *Fetridge & Co., N. Y.* For sale by all druggists.

"WOODLAND CREAM."—A pomade for beautifying the hair. Highly perfumed, superior to any French article imported, and for half the price. For dressing ladies' hair it has no equal, giving it a bright, glossy appearance. It causes gentlemen's hair to curl in the most natural manner. It removes dandruff, always giving the hair the appearance of being fresh shampooed. Price only fifty cents. None genuine unless signed *Fetridge & Co.*

ENIGMAS.

ANSWERS to those in November number. I. Impend. II. Phæton.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

For a flannel petticoat the best and finest flannel is the cheapest. It should be soaked for a night in cold water to strengthen the fibre before it is cut out. The usual quantity is four breadths of flannel, each a yard and a quarter in length. The blue selvage must be cut off, and the two edges laid one over the other, and first run together neatly along the middle, and then herring-boned down at each edge, to make the seam flat. A tuck is usually run in the petticoat at first, which may be let out if the flannel shrinks in washing; the bottom must be finished with flannel

binding, the top gathered, not plaited, and set into a linen band.

Flannel is the proper clothing for the skin, preserving the natural heat of the body, from being a non-conductor, in winter, and protecting the skin from the danger of a chill after perspiration in summer. However fine and thin the material for this under garment may be in summer, still it should be woollen; in colder weather to be exchanged for one of a thicker and warmer quality. This clothing should be first adopted in childhood, and never after laid aside.

Beyond this, there should be a sufficiency of upper garments proportioned to the season; it is not desirable that, even in winter, they should be heavy, but always warm. A more sensible fashion of wearing many petticoats has superseded that of the thin and flimsy dresses of the last generation, and this is certainly more conducive to health.

The covering for the head should be light, cool, and open, to admit the air. Close night-caps are an evil, and have long been discarded by men of sense; and if ladies will wear them to keep the hair tidy, they should be loose and transparent. A net would answer every purpose for which a night-cap can be required.

Night-caps should never be starched; the starch is shaken from the muslin by the movement of the head, and becomes deposited in the hair; besides the caps last much longer, and are certainly more comfortable without starch.

As it often devolves upon the mistress of the house to see that her husband's clothes are well attended to, she should not only understand the management and care, but be able, on an emergency, to brush, fold, or pack them herself.

A lady's bonnet should also be of light material, and open, to admit air. A velvet or fur bonnet is decidedly objectionable. The heavy, stiff, and frightful hats worn by men cannot be too much reprobated.

Above all things, it is most important that clothes should not be worn that are damp; if the clothes should casually be wetted by the rain, quick exercise may avert the ill effects, but they should be taken off immediately the wearer enters the house. To sit in wet clothes is as fatal as to sleep in a damp bed. A macintosh or water-proof cloak for exposed travellers is very desirable in our changeable climate, but it should hang quite loose from the person, that the circulation may not be impeded, nor the free escape of perspiration be checked.

If ladies will wear veils, green gauze are the best; a white veil only increases the power of the sun's rays, and does not save the complexion; and the spotted veils, so much worn, injure the sight, and are particularly dangerous for infants, who are better without any veil.

It has been observed, that a great deal of the character of a woman may be found out by her dress. It is certain that we may decide on her prudence and economy, if she be not dressed above her position;

on her good taste, if there be grace and harmony in the form and color of her dress; on her order and neatness, if it be clean and in good repair. A glove that wants mending, an unlaced boot, or unbrushed hair denote a sloven, a character always despised.

It is disgraceful to see a young lady with a shawl rumpled as if it had never been folded since it was bought, a dress soiled or unbrushed, a bonnet bent out of form, or a collar worn the wrong side out. All these circumstances arise from negligence or idleness, and an economical person is well aware that clothes last twice as long when they are well taken care of.

A lady's dress should be folded and placed in the drawer, or hung in a press, as soon as taken off. If it be silk or merino, it should first be dusted or brushed, and if a hook have come off, or a piece of braid be loose, it should be repaired immediately.

A bonnet should always be dusted after it is worn, and covered with an old cambric handkerchief when put by in the box or press.

Gloves should not be drawn one within another, but spread flat in a glove-box, which is always supplied at the shop where the gloves are bought.

A shawl should be folded exactly in the creases in which it is first bought, and will then always appear new.

Ribbons should be kept on wooden rollers; if white, in blue paper, which preserves the color.

All muslin dresses, not wanted to be worn for some months, should be washed, dried, without starch or ironing, and rolled up tight in a clean old towel till they are needed, as starch left in the muslin destroys the fibre.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF BLACK SILK, trimmed with nine rows of black velvet, graduated in width, and edged with black lace. The body is made with a basque and berthe, and trimmed to correspond with the skirt. The sleeves are of the pagoda shape, open on the inside of the arm.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF CHESNUT-COLORED HEAVY SILK.—The skirt is very full, and trimmed on each side with two rows of velvet of a darker shade of brown than the silk. A row of velvet buttons is placed down the side of each band of velvet. The body is made without a basque, but with lappets in front, edged with a brown silk fringe. There is also a berthe formed of velvet and fringes. The sleeves are very wide, made with a cap or jockey, and trimmed to correspond with the body.

FIG. III.—THE CONHEATH MANTLE.—This mantle is of grey cloth trimmed with black velvet and black tassel fringe, intermingled with black bugles. In form, it will be perceived, it closely resembles a basquine, the skirt or basque being extremely full, whereby it falls in graceful folds round the figure. The upper part fits closely like a jacket. The scarf, which is the peculiar feature of the Conheath Mantle, and which imparts to it its peculiarly novel and dis-

tinguished effect, is disposed somewhat in the manner in which the Highlanders wear the plaid. In the grey cloth mantle, represented in our engraving, the scarf is of black velvet, finished at the end by the broad tassel fringe with which the other parts of the mantle are trimmed.

FIG. IV.—CLOAK OF HEAVY ROUGH CLOTH OF A FAWN COLOR.—The under part is made rather full, and the cape is cut in the shawl style. Sleeves very wide. The whole is trimmed with a cloth of the same color as the cloak, but having a long hairy nap. A band of black velvet is set on just above the trimming.

FIG. V.—BLUE SILK BASQUE FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—It is made very deep, and trimmed with a double puffing of silk. The lining is of white Florence silk.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Flounces are still worn, though double skirts and dresses trimmed down the side, have the advantage of being of a newer style. We much prefer the latter style for heavy materials, rich silks, &c. The double skirts and flounces are beautiful for de lains, light silks, &c. The trimmings are made of bands of velvet, puffings of ribbon, buttons, fancy braids, &c., disposed of in innumerable ways, according to the fancy of the dress-maker. Dresses with double skirts, intended for walking costume, will be ornamented with very little trimming. For young ladies, three rows of buttons, placed on each side of the upper skirt, are a favorite style of trimming. Basque bodies are still in favor, though many of the new dresses are made round at the waist. For silks, especially those intended for evening wear, there is a slight point at the waist behind, and a deeper one in front. This is quite a fashionable style when there is a double skirt. The upper skirt alone is trimmed. Some of the new basques are cut much shorter in front than behind. A trimming formed of velvet ribbon put on in diamonds, with velvet buttons on each diamond, is much worn.

SLEEVES are made very wide and open; the undersleeves extremely full, those for the promenade closing at the wrist. Caps or jockeys on the sleeves are worn again. Of the ball dresses recently made, one of the prettest is composed of mallow-color silk, (a beautiful shade of lilac or purple) covered with two skirts of tulle of the same hue. At the edge of each of the tulle skirts there is a deep row of blonde, surmounted by a quilling of tulle disposed in a waved pattern. Between each of the waves, or spaces formed by the quilling, is fixed a bow of narrow gauze ribbon. A fichu, trimmed with blonde, ribbon, and quillings of tulle, is worn over the low corsage. The sleeves, which are short and in puffs, are trimmed with a frill of blonde, with bows and ends of mallow-color ribbon. A bouquet of mallow-color Glycine ornaments the centre of the fichu; and sprays of the same flowers, intermingled with its delicate pale green foliage, are worn in the hair. Another ball dress is composed of maize-color silk, covered with three skirts of tulle of the same color, each

edged with a puffing of tulle; in the puffing, small flowers of various colors are intermingled. The uppermost skirt is looped up, at intervals, by bows of maize-color ribbon. The corsage, which is low and full, is trimmed with blonde and flowers; the sleeves are in puffs, and ornamented with flowers.

OF MANTILLAS, the Algerine shawl mantle, which we give in another place, is one of the newest. This pattern made in velvet, without the insertions, would

be found most comfortable; it might be trimmed with fringe, or left plain at the edge. Cloaks and mantillas must be made sufficiently full, to allow them to hang easily over the wide skirts, now so fashionable.

BONNETS were never of a more becoming shape than at present. They come more over the face, are not so pointed on the top, and the capes are diminishing a thought in size. Very full caps are still worn.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

REMIT SOON FOR 1858.—There will be just time, after receiving this number, to remit in season for the January issue, which will be ready, at latest, by December the first. *Send on your clubs at once.* The press and public pronounce this the cheapest and best of the Magazines. Our strict adherence to the cash system enables us to publish, for two dollars, as good a Magazine as others print for three. "A dollar saved" says Franklin, "is a dollar earned." Ours is the Magazine for the times.

Recollect, in several particulars, this Magazine surpasses all others. 1st. None publish such powerfully written original stories, or have such celebrated contributors. 2nd. Our colored fashion-plates are later, prettier and more reliable. 3rd. More embellishments and letter-press are given, during the year, in proportion to the price. 4th. Our patterns for Crochet, Netting, Embroidery, Knitting, Bead-Work, Hair-Work, Shell-Work, &c., and our New Receipts will be more numerous. 5th. The Magazine is strictly moral, and is recommended by Clergymen, on this account, as the best for the family. 6th. We always do more than we promise. *All we ask is that "Peterson" shall be compared with other Magazines to verify these assertions.*

We hope that ladies, who know this Magazine, will interest themselves to extend its circulation. Every subscriber can easily get another; and this alone will double our list. Though we close the year, printing nearly twice as many copies as in 1856, we feel confident that we shall print threefold more in 1858, if the Magazine can only be brought fairly to the notice of the ladies, over the whole Union. We have nearly distanced the older Magazines: we wish now to print as many as *all put together.* Shall we not do it in 1858? It remains with you, fair readers, to say.

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of the letter, the name of the post-office, county and state. If gold is sent, fasten it to a bit of thin paste-board, of the size of letter when folded; for otherwise it may slip out. Tell nobody your letter contains money. *Do not register it.* If you take these precautions, the remittance may be at our risk.

WHAT TO REMIT.—If possible, send gold. If gold cannot be had, send bank-notes. Notes of banks in the cities of Philadelphia or New York preferred; next those of banks in Pennsylvania, New York, or New England, except those of Rhode Island. If none of these can be had, send bank-notes current in your neighborhood. Where the amount is large, buy a draft on Philadelphia or New York, if possible, and deduct its cost.

MORE AND BETTER.—Whatever others promise, we shall excel in performing. Though we claim to be something more than a mere picture book, we shall give, in 1858, more embellishments, colored and otherwise, than any cotemporary. And one of our embellishments will be worth two of any others. Mark it!

OUR NEW PREMIUM.—Our premium for 1858, "The Casket," contains, we think, prettier engravings than any of our pictorials. Its price is one dollar. But every person, who gets up a club, is entitled to it gratis. Those, who prefer, may have "The Garland" instead, or any other of our former premiums.

JANUARY NUMBER.—Nothing equal to it in elegance has ever yet appeared. Those who remit earliest, will receive the first and best impressions of the magnificent mezzotint, "Grandpapa's Carriage," which will adorn the number.

ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS.—The steel plates, in "Peterson," are engraved originally for it; and are not the second-hand refuse of English annuals. This is what "The Press," the highest critical authority in Philadelphia, says.

POSTAGE ON "PETERSON."—This, when *pre-paid quarterly*, is one and a half cents a number: if not pre-paid, it is three cents a number.

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